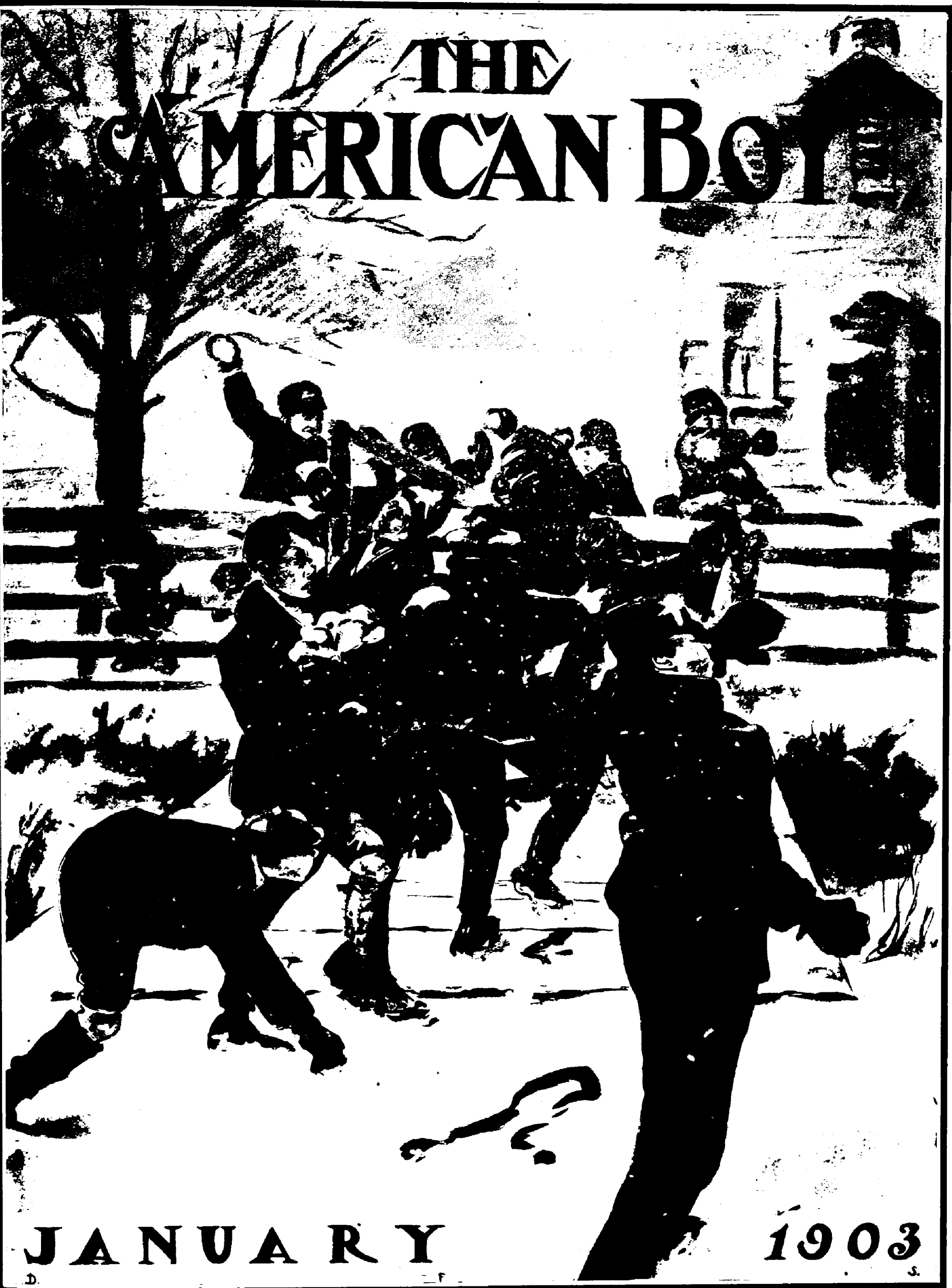


THE AMERICAN BOY



JANUARY

1903

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Napoleon

A History Written for

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE—THE SYRIAN CAMPAIGN.



ON August first (1798), ten days after the battle of the Pyramids, Lord Nelson with his splendid fleet, having learned that the French had landed in Egypt, came upon thirteen French ships of the line and four frigates under Admiral Brueys in the Bay of Aboukir, and after a terrible battle, which raged from six o'clock that evening until noon of the next day, gained a complete victory. This is known in history as the Battle of the Nile. Four French ships alone escaped. Admiral Brueys and five thousand brave French sailors were killed, and Napoleon was practically made a prisoner in Egypt with his thirty thousand men.

It was the great general's first reverse, and it was sudden and terrible. All Europe outside of republican France rejoiced, and every monarch settled himself more firmly on his throne. Nelson was overwhelmed with titles and presents. He was made Baron of the Nile and given a pension of ten thousand dollars a year. Every king and prince of Europe hastened to show him favor. Then followed new and more powerful combinations against France. With Bonaparte beyond seas and unable to return, now was the time to crush republicanism and seat the Bourbons on their hereditary throne.

But what of Napoleon? Does he act the prisoner? Does he rail at fate? Not a word or gesture betrays fear or discouragement. He writes to one of his generals: "We must die in this country or get out of it greater than the ancients. This will oblige us to do greater things than we intended. We must hold ourselves in readiness. We will at least bequeath to Egypt a heritage of greatness." Then this imperturbable, sphinx-like man takes his pen and writes to the widow of the brave Brueys: "I feel warmly for your grief. We feel, in such a situation, that there is nothing which yet binds us to life, that it were far better to die. But when, after such just and unavoidable throes, we press our children to our hearts, tears and more tender sentiments arise, and life becomes bearable for their sakes. Yes, madame! They will open the fountains of your heart. You will watch their childhood, educate their youth. You will speak to them of their father, of your present grief, and of the loss which they and the Republic have sustained in his death," etc. And yet there are those who say that Napoleon had no heart!

Napoleon was still master of Egypt, and he was a master infinitely wiser and better than any she had ever known. He drove the Mamelukes into the fastnesses of upper Egypt; he inspected routes for new canals and opened up old ones; he built fortifications and organized a government; he ransacked the monuments, and started Egypt on a career of progress, traces of which are even now felt in that ancient land.

Now, England, Russia, Turkey, Austria, Sardinia, Naples crouched like panthers to spring at the signal upon unhappy France. A great fleet was to land an army of the allies on the coast of Egypt. Another overwhelming force was to go against Napoleon by the way of Syria and the desert. A vast army was to come from India by way of the Red Sea. At the same time all Europe was to pour its armies across the Alps and, retaking the territory Napoleon had won, drive the French out of Italy. The Mamelukes, thus encouraged, sprang into activity again. Every Frenchman in Egypt seemed doomed to die.

Then the genius of Napoleon shone out. A revolt in Cairo was put down with a speed and a thoroughness that caused all Egypt to hold its breath in awe. In January, (1799), hearing that a Syrian army had invaded Egypt on the east and had captured El Arish, Napoleon, at the head of but ten thousand of his men, suddenly appeared before this desert fortress at the midnight hour, after a five days' march of awful suffering in which men, crazed by heat and thirst, broke their muskets and prayed for death. The fight that followed was sharp and decisive: Napoleon was again victor with two thousand bloodthirsty Arabs as his prisoners. To keep them was out of the question, so they were allowed to go on the promise that they would nevermore bear arms against him. But no sooner were they out of sight than they made straight for Jaffa, where they joined the forces of "Achmet, the butcher" and were afterwards found in the front rank of the infidels pouring hot shot into the French columns. Napoleon then pressed on to Gaza where he won another battle, then on to Jaffa, which he reached March third.

The horizon was now black with tokens of disaster to the daring leader and his devoted band. The warships of England, Russia and Turkey hovered along the coast capturing or destroying supplies



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.

and reinforcements sent to him from Egypt, and landing armies under skilled European leaders with artillery and all the munitions of war.

With his usual confidence Napoleon summoned Jaffa to surrender. The reply was the head of the messenger elevated on a pole set on the wall of the city. Maddened to frenzy, the French soldiers, having previously made a breach in the wall, poured through the opening like so many demons of the under world. Jaffa became a pandemonium of horror. Napoleon tried to stop it; his aides, coming upon the scene of butchery, ordered the carnage to cease and with two thousand prisoners, many of whom were the Arabs whom he had liberated at El Arish, came before him. The army cried for the blood of the treacherous infidels. Napoleon hesitated. His own troops were on short rations; they refused to divide with such prisoners. Napoleon still hesitated. To free these men again was to see them again arming themselves against his men, his "children," as he fondly called them. A council of generals was called one day to decide the question; it adjourned to the next, then to the next, and then by unanimous vote the prisoners were condemned to death; and so, on the sandhills near the coast, drawn up in small squares, they received the awful reward of their treachery. Napoleon by this act brought upon himself the name of a bloodthirsty savage and was accounted by Englishmen as no better than the infidels who knew no mercy. Yet Sir Walter Scott says of this act, "We do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty." Arguments have been piled high by friends and foes of Napoleon blaming and excusing. Space does not permit our entering into the controversy. We can only say war is war; and to the man who is sent to conquer or to kill, the end oftentimes seems to justify the means. In his account of the event later, Napoleon says that under the same circumstances he would again do the same, "and so," says he, "would Wellington, or any general."

"On to Acre" was now the word. This town was the most important military post in Syria and was defended by Achmet the butcher, supported by Colonel Philippeaux, a French royalist engineer and a former schoolmate of Napoleon, and, most important of all, by Sir Sidney Smith, an English admiral, who had just arrived with several English ships after capturing, a few days before, forty four heavy siege guns that were being sent from Egypt to strengthen the French.

Napoleon sent a messenger calling upon Achmet to make peace. The infidel killed the messenger, and then Napoleon issued an address to the people of Syria showing that he had been provoked to war, and calling upon them to remain quiet in their homes, promising them his favor when peace should come.

Plague now broke out in the French army. Before it the stern soldiers of France quailed as they had not before cannons' mouths. The sick were abandoned by their comrades and even by their physicians. Napoleon, fearless here as ever, walked amid them,

Bonaparte

Boys by the Editor

pressed their sores, encouraged them, and inspired them with even greater love for him.

The assault on Acre began. Win, and Napoleon was master of Syria and with a word he could change the face of the world!

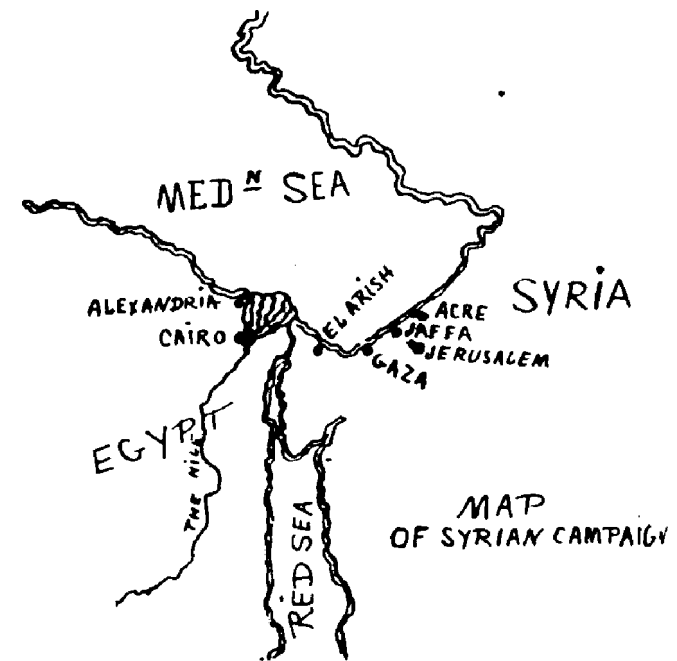
An army of thirty thousand Turks, among them twelve thousand of the best horsemen in the world, was marching against him. With six thousand of his eight thousand available troops he went to meet them. At the foot of Mt. Tabor was then fought one of the most awful battles of history, and, astonishing to relate, Napoleon won it with six thousand men over an army of thirty thousand. Kleber, Murat (whom Napoleon said in battle was the bravest man in the world) and Napoleon himself divide the credit for the generalship displayed, and every French soldier won the name of hero.

Napoleon then returned to the siege of Acre. Sir Sidney Smith conducted the defense. Not counting on the extent of the French soldiers' loyalty to their leader, he caused circulars to be thrown over the walls, offering the free transportation to France of any French soldier deserting his commander. Not one accepted the offer. Napoleon said of Sir Sidney, "He has gone mad." Sir Sidney replied by a challenge to a duel. Napoleon said if he would send Marlborough from his grave he would meet him, but that if Sir Sidney must fight he would send a French grenadier to meet him.

For sixty days the siege had gone on. Three thousand Frenchmen had lost their lives and the hospitals were full. At this time thirty English and Turkish ships of the line arrived, the latter bringing twelve thousand fresh troops. Napoleon resolved to attack before they could be landed, and under the cover of night began the assault. The conflict was terrific, and in the end, which soon came, Napoleon, at the age of twenty nine, met the first real disappointment of his world-conquering ambition. Crushed and beaten, he withdrew his shattered columns and began the long, terrible march back across the desert to Egypt. In his address to his troops he recalls to their minds that they, a handful of men, had maintained a war for three months in the heart of Syria, had taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty stands of colors, six thousand prisoners, and captured or destroyed Gaza, Jaffa and Acre. "Soldiers! We have yet a toilsome and a perilous task to perform. After having, by this campaign, secured ourselves from attack from the east, it will perhaps be necessary to repel efforts which may be made from the west."

In twenty five days the French army, or rather its surviving remnant, reached Egypt and entered Cairo in great pomp. Much of the way Napoleon had proceeded on foot, that the sick and wounded, of whom there were twelve hundred, might have conveyance. One day he saw an officer in full health riding a horse and refusing to give it to a sick comrade. Napoleon was so aroused that he struck the fellow from his horse with the hilt of his sword. Even the artillery pieces were left in the sand that the horses might be used by the hospital corps.

Napoleon found the army he had left in Egypt in great discontent. They had been absent from home a year, and for the six months last past not a ship had been able to reach them from France. There, too, a great army of English, Turks and Russians was preparing to invade Egypt by way of the sea. One day in July (1799) this fleet appeared in the Bay of Aboukir. It was said that eighteen thousand Turks had landed, and that the Mamelukes were gathering in upper Egypt. At four o'clock of the



morning after receiving the news, the French army of only eight thousand men was in motion. By one of those incredible marches for which Napoleon was famous, the main division of six thousand in five days came within sight of the Turks. Two thousand under Kleber had not yet arrived; but Napoleon acted at once. It was six thousand travel-worn veterans against eighteen thousand well provisioned, well groomed Turks, led by English and French officers, entrenched and ready, and protected by the fleet in the harbor. "This battle," said Napoleon to Murat, "will decide the fate of the world."

The battle began at daybreak. By four o'clock of the afternoon victory perched upon the banners of Napoleon, after a battle which history records as one of the fiercest ever fought. Only two thousand prisoners were taken; few escaped, so that nearly sixteen thousand of the enemy were killed. Sir Sidney Smith, who was present and had chosen the Turkish position and directed to a great extent the movements of the allied forces, barely escaped alive to his ship. Thus the loss of Admiral Bruëys and the French fleet of the year before in these same waters was mercilessly avenged.

After the battle Kleber came up with his two thousand men and, learning the glorious news of the day, threw his arms about Napoleon and cried, "Let me embrace you, General. You are as great as the universe."

Napoleon now returned to Cairo, but not before receiving a bundle of papers from the English ships, giving the first news he had received from France in nearly a year. He now learned that France was in confusion. Universal war had been declared against her. Treaties had been broken. Austria had invaded Italy and regained her territories there. On every side armies were massing to sweep upon France and, crushing republicanism, seat the Bourbons again on the throne. It was now France against Europe; republicanism against monarchy.

In a moment the mind of this wonderful man was made up. He would return to France. She had more need of him now than ever. Perhaps he dreamed that it was greater to be master of France than to be master of Egypt—where, indeed, he was little more than a prisoner, though a conqueror.

So having given directions for the government of the country and marked out lines of reform and progress for those who were to remain, but keeping his intended departure a secret from all, he took a small party and proceeded to Alexandria. From here with eight companions who were still ignorant of his intentions, he made his way to the coast. When night fell they found themselves embarking in a fishing boat and being rowed in the direction of two frigates and two smaller boats that rode at anchor a short distance out. Napoleon then told his companions they were bound for France and their joy was beyond measure. After fifty days of anxiety, during which they several times barely escaped capture, the little fleet weighed anchor October ninth (1799) in the harbor of Frejus and Napoleon was once more on the soil of France.

CHAPTER X.

NAPOLÉON IN PARIS—THE REVOLUTION OF 1799—THE CONSULATE.

In reality Napoleon is a general leaving his post without orders, and subject to punishment; in appearance he is a prince and a conqueror returning to spread his trophies before the eyes of his subjects and accept their homage. In five days he was in Paris, having been accompanied on his journey by the huzzahs of the people. The trembling Directory received him with a great show of joy. A public dinner and reception followed and after that Napoleon disappeared from public view, avoiding notice, and assuming the habits and garb of a retired gentleman and student; but not for long. France had again become a threatening volcano, and the presence of Napoleon in Paris did not cause the earth to grow more solid.

Events now follow one another with startling rapidity, for France is rushing on with the speed of a hurricane to another revolution. The principal actors in the turbulent days at hand are Sieyès at the head of the Moderates, Barras at the head of the Democrats, both members of the Directory, Lucien (Napoleon's brother), and Talleyrand. Both the

Moderates and the Democrats sought the support of Napoleon. He chose the Moderates and selected as his chief confidants (we had almost said conspirators) Lucien, Talleyrand and Sieyès. Lucien was president of the Council of Five Hundred (corresponding to our House of Representatives), and Sieyès and his party held a majority in the Council of Ancients (corresponding to our Senate). Napoleon now believed that if France was to be saved to a republican form of government and preserved from destruction at the hands of England and her allies, it must be through himself. Once convinced of this, his plan of action was like to his plan of battle—no hesitation, no delays, no counting the cost, no fear. With the friendship of Sieyès and his party and of his brother Lucien, he could count on powerful support in both legislative branches. He knew how he stood with the army and the people. Three regiments of dragoons asked for the honor of being reviewed by him, and forty officers of the National Guard asked leave to call upon and congratulate him, as did also the officers of the garrison of Paris. Napoleon appointed a day—the tenth of November (1799) and the time six in the morning. At the appointed hour the dragoons were drawn up at the Champs-Élysées and Napoleon's residence was filled with a great concourse of officers. The Council of Ancients met at seven o'clock the same morning in the Tuilleries. Its president, who was in the secret,

three out of the five members of the Directory not in the secret were astounded, and Moulins proposed to send a part of the directoral guard to arrest Napoleon, but the guard laughed at him. Barras sent his secretary to protest, and Napoleon sent him back word: "What have you done for that fair France which I left you so prosperous? For peace, I find war; for the wealth of Italy, taxation and misery. Where are the 100,000 brave French whom I knew—where are the companions of my glory. They are dead." Then the Directors resigned their offices and the Directory was no more.

The Council of Five Hundred, which met at ten o'clock of the same morning were indignant over their place of meeting being moved to St. Cloud, but they were helpless and adjourned with cries of "Vive la République." Calling to their aid the mob of Paris, they repaired to St. Cloud, whereupon Napoleon sent to watch and overawe them a strong body of soldiers under the command of Murat. At two o'clock of the following day the two legislative bodies met in their new quarters watched by the mob of Paris, who in turn were under the eagle eye of Murat and his men. A tumultuous debate at once began in the Council of Ancients, when suddenly Napoleon appeared among them, supported by armed men who stood just without the doors. In a short impassioned address he called on them for support in the name of Liberty and Equality. Shouts arose on all sides, "Vive Bonaparte." He then rode to the Council of Five Hundred, where the opposition to him was overwhelming in numbers. Shouts of "Down with the dictator" rang in his ears. He entered accompanied by four grenadiers, and alone strode to the center. A fierce outcry arose and many rushed towards him with murderous intent. The grenadiers sprang to the rescue and not without wounds bore him away. He then addressed the soldiers and was answered with "Vive Bonaparte." The Council was now in an uproar. Lucien Bonaparte, its president, indignantly left the chamber and mounting a horse, cried out in the presence of Napoleon and his officers: "General Bonaparte, and you soldiers of France, the president of the Council of Five Hundred announces to you that factious men with daggers interrupt the deliberations of the Senate. He authorizes you to employ force. The Assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved." "Forward, grenadiers," was the order, and with bayonets at charge the soldiers cleared the hall. Napoleon had become another Cromwell.

The friendly members of the Five Hundred and of the Ancients now met in separate bodies and adjourned for three months, but not before placing the whole authority of the State in a provisional consulate—the consuls being Napoleon Bonaparte, Sieyès and Ducos. Thus was accomplished one of the greatest revolutions of history and without the shedding of blood. From that moment, scarcely a month after landing on the coast of France, Napoleon Bonaparte was the ruler of France. To be sure, he was but one of three consuls in the supreme command, but of the three Napoleon at once showed himself to be the real master of France—and he not yet thirty years of age!

(To be continued.)



Napoleon had become another Cromwell.

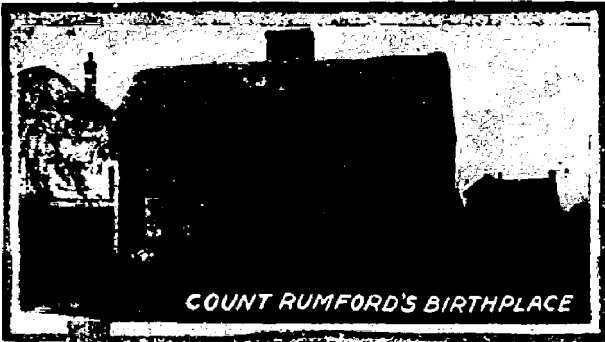
declared that the salvation of the State demanded urgent measures and proposed two decrees: That the meetings of the two legislative bodies be at once transferred from Paris to St. Cloud, some miles from Paris; and that Napoleon should be put in command of the troops in and about Paris. The Council agreed, and a messenger sped away to announce the decrees to Napoleon in the midst of his martial company. Instantly mounting his horse, the general rode to the Tuilleries and addressing the Council said: "You are the wisdom of the Nation. I come, surrounded by the generals of the Republic, to promise you their support. Let us not lose time in looking for precedents. Nothing in history resembled the close of the eighteenth century—nothing in the eighteenth century resembled this moment. Your wisdom has devised the necessary measure; our arms shall put it in execution."

The soldiers received the news with joy; the

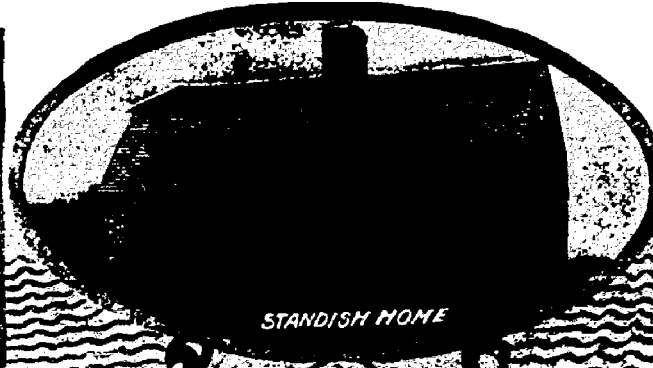
It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to yield all immaterial matters; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. And the last and greatest mistake of all is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

Fourteen Mistakes.

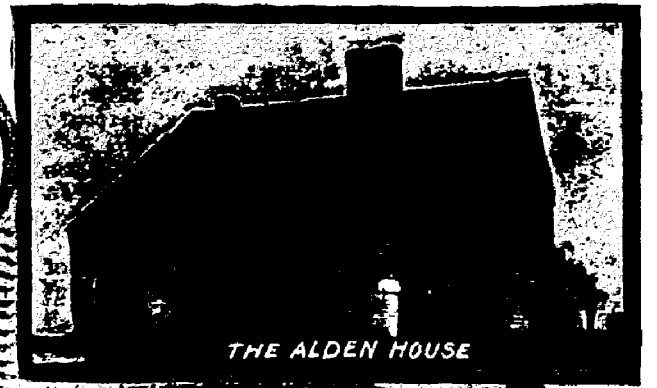
An English paper gives a list of what it terms "the fourteen mistakes of life." While there are undoubtedly other mistakes than those mentioned, the list is a fairly comprehensive one.



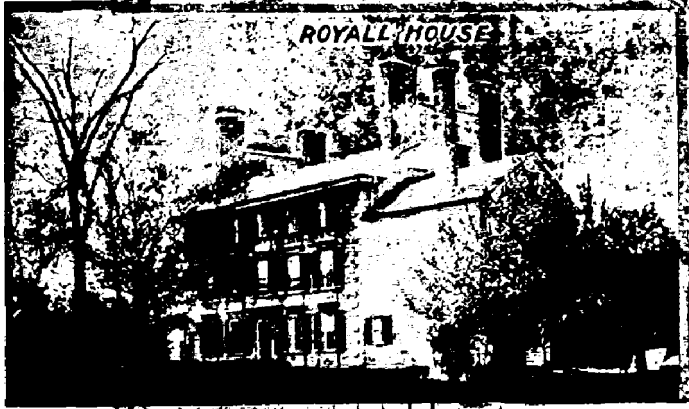
COUNT RUMFORD'S BIRTHPLACE



STANDISH HOME



THE ALDEN HOUSE



ROYALL HOUSE

THE OLD MILL
AND
POWDER
HOUSE

OLD WHIPPLE HOUSE

American Landmarks

—Morris Wade



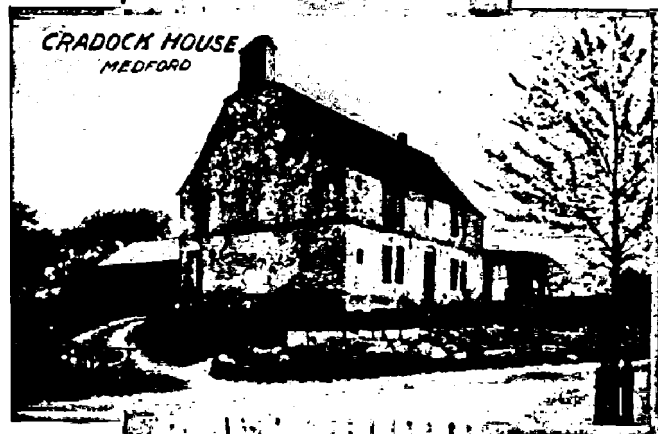
ALL over beautiful New England one may find quaint old houses each with a history worth knowing. Some of these houses were built long before any one now living was on the earth. Some of them are more than two hundred years old and they are rich in associations. Could they be given the power of speech they could tell strange tales of all that has transpired within their walls. Some of them have had much to do with our American history, and men and women make long journeys to see them on that account. Some have been the birthplaces of noted men and women, and others have been the last earthly homes of men and of women whose influence will never die.

One of the most interesting of these old houses is the old Standish home in Duxbury, near Plymouth, Massachusetts. This ancient cottage was built in the year 1666, the great chimney in the center of the house still bearing that date. You may remember that the first house built by Miles Standish was destroyed by fire, but much of the material in it was saved and was used in erecting the little house now standing in Duxbury. The house was built by Alexander Standish, the son of Miles Standish, and it is known that some of the doors, door-sills and other parts of the house came from the house in which Miles Standish lived for twenty five years. Near by one may see the site of the original house in which Miles Standish died in the year 1656. There are door latches in the house that no doubt once yielded to the touch of the hands of Miles Standish, Bradford, Brewster and others of that brave and noble little band of Pilgrims who were the first to tread "the wild New England shore."

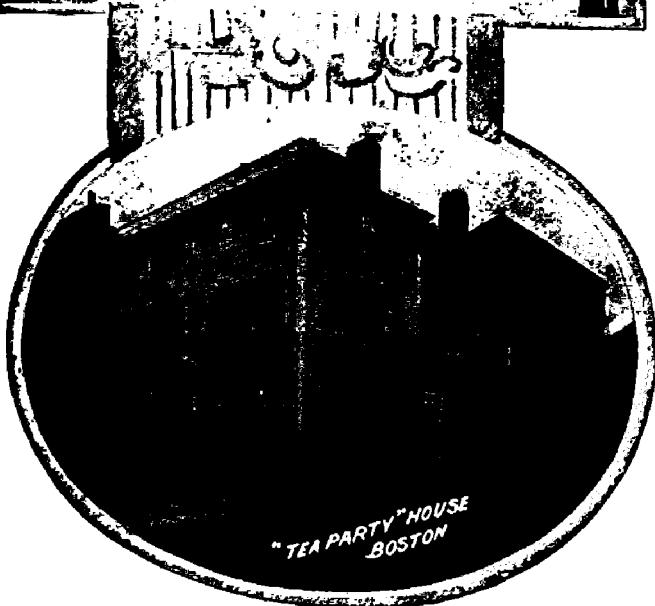
Another house of great interest to the tourist who fares toward Duxbury is the John Alden house. All bright schoolboys and schoolgirls must know the old story of how, after the death of his first wife, Captain Miles Standish very soon began to pay court to pretty Priscilla Mullins, a daughter of Mr. William Mullins. We all know the amusing story of how Miles Standish, who could be so brave and fearless in war, was strangely faint-hearted when it came to making love to Priscilla. We know how he finally concluded to send his young friend, John Alden, to ask Mr. Mullins if Captain Standish might pay court to his pretty daughter. Mr. Mullins, so the story goes, did not object, but he wisely suggested that his daughter herself be consulted and she was called into the room. When the faithful messenger had stated the object of his errand Priscilla, we are told in the earliest published account of the incident, "listened with respectful attention, and at last, after



WEST HOUSE

CRADOCK HOUSE
MEDFORD

HAWTHORNE'S BIRTH-PLACE

THE OLD CORNER
BOOK STORE"TEA PARTY" HOUSE
BOSTONROGER WILLIAMS' CHURCH
SALEM

a considerable pause, fixing her eyes upon him, with an open and pleasant countenance, said: "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?"

This suggested an entirely new line of thought to John Alden, and the result was that he married Priscilla himself. Whether this pretty and romantic tale is true or false in all its details we do not know, but the fact remains that John and Priscilla were married, and the Alden house you will find in Duxbury was built by their grandson about two hundred and fifty years ago. An interesting fact in connection with this old landmark is that the house has never been out of the Alden family, and it is now occupied by a descendant of John Alden, and the little girl you will see in the picture is named, so I am told, Priscilla Alden.

If one visits another old New England town one will find a great many very interesting old houses. This old town is Salem, on which there rests the dark stain of the witchcraft delusion. One may see in Salem what is called the "Witch House," because it is the house in which some of the persons accused of witchcraft were tried for that of which it was absolutely impossible that they could have been guilty. It was also the home of Roger Williams. Near by is Gallows Hill, on which so many of these poor unfortunates were executed. It is a sorrowful part of our American history, and one on which we do not like to dwell. Down on narrow and quaint Union street, in Salem, is the house in which one of the greatest novelists America ever produced, Hawthorne, was born. Like all of the old-time houses in Salem it has the enormous central chimney in which there are bricks enough to build a dozen chimneys like those built in the modern house. One may also see in Salem the house in which Hawthorne wrote "The Scarlet Letter," and the custom house in which he was employed.

Another most interesting building in Salem is the tiny meetinghouse built in 1634, it being the first meetinghouse or church in Salem. The outside of the building is new, but the interior is just as it was when Roger Williams preached in it. There is now a large church on the spot on which the little meetinghouse stood, and this tablet on the wall of the church gives the following account of the little church:

Here Stood from 1634 until 1673
THE FIRST MEETINGHOUSE
Erected in Salem.

No structure was built earlier for congregational worship by a church formed in America. It was occupied for secular as well as righteous uses. In it preached in succession

- I. Roger Williams: II. Hugh Peters:
- III. Edward Norris: IV. John Higginson.

It was enlarged in 1639,

and was last used for worship in 1670.

The first Church in Salem, gathered July and August, 1629, has had no place of worship but this spot.

There is a tiny gallery in the church and everything is of the roughest description. Hundreds of visitors go to Salem every year to see this quaint little building so carefully enclosed within the outer building which is a kind of a case for it.

I wonder how many of THE AMERICAN BOY readers are familiar with the interesting history of Count Rumford. Those who are will be interested in seeing the picture of the house in which he was born in 1753 in Woburn, a short distance from Salem. His real name was Benjamin Thompson, and he was but an ordinary country boy in his youth, but before he had reached middle age he had attained great distinction as a scientist, mathematician, philosopher and administrator of public affairs. His fame had extended to foreign lands. He had a very active mind and wonderful natural gifts, and it is said that when he was but fourteen years of age he was so far advanced in algebra, geometry, astronomy and the higher mathematics that he could calculate a solar eclipse within a few minutes of accuracy. He was one of the most studious of boys. Indeed, he cared only for his studies and was always making experiments of some kind. He attended scientific lectures at Harvard College walking to and from the college, a distance of nine miles each day. When he was nineteen he began teaching school in New Hampshire to earn money to increase his small income. He was not yet twenty years of age when he was married to a widow about fifteen years older than himself. His wife was a lady of fortune with a good position in society, and his marriage brought young Thompson into association with people of importance. He came to the notice of Governor Wentworth and was made a major in a Provincial regiment before he was twenty one years of age. Although he declared himself to be a Patriot there was reason for thinking that he was really in sympathy with the Royalists, and this suspicion grew so strong that he had to leave his fine new home and go into hiding. When the war broke out he sailed for England with dispatches for General Howe, and there was no longer any doubt that he was in sympathy with the Royalists. When he reached England the brilliant young American immediately began to attract attention not only because of his handsome per-

sonal appearance but because of his attainments so remarkable in one of his years. Positions of honor and importance were given to him and he finally returned to America as a lieutenant colonel in the British army. He returned to England at the close of the war and was retired on half pay. Soon after this he entered the service of Bavaria in both a civic and a military capacity. King George had knighted him as Sir William Thompson, and for eleven years he filled positions of the highest importance and trust in Bavaria. He became the most prominent citizen in Munich. His philanthropic work was so wise and so great that once when he was very ill in Munich the poor of the city marched in procession to the great cathedral and offered prayers for his recovery. The title of count was given to him in the year 1791, and he manifested his affection for his native land by taking the name of Rumford, which was the name of the American town in which, as he said, he had received "the first favors of fortune."

Although a traitor to his own country and even to his own wife, whom he never saw after he left America the first time, Count Rumford did a great work for humanity and in the world of science and invention. He was the inventor of many useful things and he published many books on scientific topics. He instituted the "Rumford Medal" for the advancement of knowledge of light and heat and of their practical application. This medal is still awarded by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston and the name of Count Rumford is highly honored in the scientific world. He died at Auteuil in 1814. The full history of this poor American boy is one of great interest, and many strangers

belonging to the province. In September of the year 1774 it was raided by General Gage, who took two hundred and fifty barrels of powder from it, thereby causing such fierce indignation that public meetings were held on Cambridge common to express the resentment of the citizens, some of the people coming armed, and it is said that this was the first time that the provincials had assembled in arms to oppose the forces of the king. Washington visited the old mill more than once, and it is an interesting relic of the war of the Revolution. There is a pretty and romantic story connected with the old mill, but there is no space for it here.

The old Royall house, known as Hobgoblin Hall, was at one time one of the finest old estates in New England. It is in Medford, a town near Boston, and it was successively the headquarters of Generals Lee, Stark and Sullivan. Isaac Royall, the builder of the fine old mansion, came to America in the year 1737 from Antigua, and he soon afterward built the house that now bears his name. He died soon after the house was built, and the property with its surrounding five hundred acres of ground and its slaves became the property of his son, who was also named Isaac. It was by far the finest private residence in that part of the country. Isaac Royall the second was a Tory. He was in Boston when the battle of Lexington was fought and was never again able to get back to his home. His wife and children were permitted to join him in Boston and they soon sailed for England, where he died in 1781. His property had been confiscated, and he had suffered great losses in America so that there was a good deal of surprise when it was known that he had left by will two thousand acres of land in Worcester County, Massachusetts, to endow a law professorship to bear his name at Harvard College. The large town of Royalston in Massachusetts was named for him. The house was named Hobgoblin Hall for some reason not very apparent to those who have tried to investigate the matter. It is now uninhabited and is fast falling into decay.

The Governor Cradock house at Medford, a few miles from Boston, is another venerable mansion with a history worth recording. It is said that it is the oldest building in New England, if not in the United States, retaining its original form. The residents of Medford speak of the ancient house as the Old Fort, and there is proof that when this house was built it was intended to be a place of defense as well as a residence. For more than one hundred and fifty years it was surrounded by a stout palisade, beyond which the savage or any other enemy would have found it difficult to pass. The house was built by Matthew Cradock, a man of importance in the colonies, in the year 1634, so that it is now two hundred and sixty five years old. Regarding the antiquity of the house one historian says: "When this house was built, Charles I. reigned in Old England and Cromwell had not yet begun his great career. Peter the Great was not then born; and the house was waxing in years when that prodigy of his age, Frederick the Great, appeared on the stage to show Europe how the part of a monarch should be played. We seem to be speaking of some recent event—of to-day—when Louis XVI. suffered by the ax of the guillotine, and when Napoleon's sun rose in splendor to set in darkness." It is said that the old house was more than once surrounded by hostile Indians, who failed to make any impression on its good stout walls, and that more than one Indian met his death from balls fired from within the house. It is true that—

"For once, for fear of Indian beating,
Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,
Each man equipped on Sunday morn,
With Psalm-book, shot, and powder-horn;
And looked in form, as all must grant,
Like the ancient, true church-militant;
Or fierce, like modern deep divines,
Who fight with quills, like porcupines."

A very quaint and rare type of the architecture of nearly three hundred years ago is the old Whipple house in Ipswich, near Salem. Like the Cradock house, it was evidently built for a garrison as well as for a private house, for the lower walls are of brick and stone behind the outer clapboarding. It has the tiny window panes, the immense central chimney, the very low ceilings and the rear roof sloping almost to the ground. Like its many other ancient New England buildings it could tell stirring tales of long ago.

The old "Tea Party House," built in 1635, is the house in which the rebellious colonists met in Boston to discuss their plans for throwing the tea into the harbor, an event that forms one of the most interesting tales in the annals of our country. Hundreds of visitors go every year to the wharf where the throwing of the tea overboard occurred. If my AMERICAN BOY readers ever have the opportunity they should not fail to see some of these old buildings, the full history of which they will find to be intensely interesting. It gives one increased pride in our country and increased respect for our forefathers to tread the paths they trod and to see some of the homes that sheltered them in the days of stress and strain when it cost something to be a true American.

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and others equally well-known

go to see the humble home in which he first saw the light of day.

At the corner of School and Washington streets in Boston stands the oldest brick house in the business part of the city, and one of historical interest because it was built in the year 1712 on the site of the home of Anne Hutchinson, so famous in the early religious history of the country. She lived here at the time of her banishment for her strong and outspoken religious convictions. Her husband became the possessor of the ground on which this old house stands as early as the year 1635. The house is now widely known as the Old Corner Bookstore, and it is more closely associated with the literary development of America than any other public building in Boston. The most famous writers of our own land and many of the highest reputation from other lands have visited the Old Corner Bookstore when they have been in this country. A curious and interesting structure in one of the near by suburbs of Boston is the Old Powder House in Somerville. It has long been an object of great regard to the antiquarian, and it is interesting as an illustration of the kinds of mills the early settlers used, for the old tower-like house was a grist mill. It was built about the year 1703 by a man named John Mallet. Its walls are two feet thick, the outer wall being of stone and the inner one of bricks. In its original state the old mill had three floors or lofts about six feet apart, supported by stout hewn timbers. It is about thirty feet high with a diameter of fifteen feet at the base. The farmers for miles around brought their grain to be ground at this curious old windmill. In 1774 the mill became the property of the province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, and it was converted into a powder magazine for the storing of the powder

The Regeneration of "Bobbie"—Bernie Babcock



IF HE had been a fuzzy little dog, a consequential rooster, or even one of those male non-entities that view the world through an eyeglass and suck a cane handle, the name might have seemed appropriate; but to call a tawny, bronzed, six foot man "Bobbie" seemed incongruous.

Yet nobody in Coal Hill camp thought of calling him by any more dignified name; indeed no more dignified name seemed necessary to signify importance, for the satellites of lesser muscle and fewer curses that circulated around him, were numerous and admiring.

As Coal Hill camp was situated some miles from the nearest town, the miners were left to depend on their own exertions for recreation and amusement, and nothing seemed to give them more pleasure than to torment that occasional preacher who was so brave as to attempt to hold services in the log meetinghouse near the camp, and so effective was the leadership of the Goliath Bobbie in this direction, that not one of the many ministers who had held services in the camp had tried a second time.

After the door of the meetinghouse had been for some time closed, the miners gathered eagerly around it one afternoon to read from a paper fastened to the door that there would be services in the building "Saturday night, Sunday morning, Sunday afternoon and Sunday night."

"I'll bet he's one of them blamed missionaries," one of the men said, scanning the notice carefully.

"Got his gall with him," another observed, holding up four fingers significantly.

"Saturday night," another repeated, and as this was Bobbie the men listened for further remarks; but he only said as he spat at the notice, "What man remembers the time when one of that sort was game to hold forth in this camp on Lord's day," and, inspired by recollections of former similar attempts, the men laughed heartily.

Before the hour for service on Saturday night, Bobbie, with his satellites, had arrived at the place of worship where they sat in a conspicuous place watching the door, meantime drinking and laughing in anticipation of the evening's sport.

When the preacher, an unusually tall and slender young man, appeared, a brief silence fell over the company while each man sized him up; then the hush was broken by the remark, "Looks like a regular carpet sweeper, hey?"

"Steeple scraper," another corrected, and a laugh followed.

Ignoring these remarks the minister proceeded to hand out some hymn books inviting every one present to join in the singing.

The tune was well chosen, but from the beginning it was evident that the preacher was no singer, and unfortunately he pitched his tune altogether too low.

"Get a stepladder," one of the miners suggested.

"Better boost him," Bobbie said, and another boisterous laugh followed.

"My friends," the minister said quietly, when the noise had subsided, "I do not intend to keep you late tonight, for this is Saturday. But I wish to read you a few verses about a man who wished to enter the kingdom of heaven and who went to a wonderful prophet at night to inquire the way;" and then he read, adapting the story of Nicodemus to the understanding of his hearers.

"Now, this matter of being born again is what I will try to explain to you," he proceeded, "for every man hopes some time to enter the kingdom of God. This fact of being born again we call regeneration. Regeneration is being born again—being re-created spiritually—being made over—"

Up to this point fairly good order had been preserved, but Bobbie and his satellites had been drinking and were not in a mood to remain long quiet.

"Have you been made over?" one of them interrogated.

"I have," the minister responded kindly.

"You're a sort of second-hand article, then—second-hand stuff worked over and the Maker run short of stuff," and the speaker pointed at the preacher's slender body.

"Run long," some one suggested, and the joke called for another outburst of laughter.

When quiet again reigned, the preacher said: "My friends, the gospel is as free as the air around Coal Hill, and you are welcome to stay in this house—indeed, I hope you will; but there are those present who wish to hear what I have to say and it is right they should. I must ask you, therefore, to keep order. Now, as I was saying, regeneration is being recreated—changed—"

"Made over," one of the men called; "made over same as breeches is made over for kids."

sudden motion made by the minister, for Bobbie had let his fist fly, and the blow was narrowly averted.

"Put me out," Bobbie continued to demand, in tones thundering with rage.

"God willing, I will. Open the door!" the minister called, whipping off his coat, and the fight was on.

By this time excitement had reached a high pitch. Women climbed onto the benches, men hurriedly pocketed their bottles and pipes, while Bobbie was cursing with all his breath and spending his force hitting empty air, for the minister proved a splendid dodger.

In the beginning, the satellites who had circulated around Bobbie admiringly, cheered him lustily, but when, with one well-directed blow, the minister struck the Goliath to the floor, a number of the satellites who owed Bobbie old grudges began to cheer for the minister, and the mingled calls, "Don't let the carpet stretcher git you down," and "Pound him, parson, p-o-u-n-d h-i-m," made the night merry with unusual sound.

But although the struggle had seemed uncertain at first, it very soon became evident that inch by

inch Bobbie was retreating toward the open doorway. When he had all but gained the threshold, to the amazement of the satellites who continued to cheer him on, he turned suddenly and disappeared in the outside darkness.

A cheer went up as the preacher slipped the bolt in the door, but quiet was soon restored when he said: "My friends, I deeply deplore this affair, for I never knew an encounter of this kind to prove a means of grace. But I do not see how it could have been helped. At any rate, too much of our short time has been taken to allow of further services tonight. But before we leave here let us pray. Will you kneel while I do the praying?"

"Can you put up as good a prayer as you can a fight?" some one asked.

"Better, I nope," the minister replied.

"Let her go then," and strange to say, almost to a man the company knelt and listened to a prayer that made them feel more sober than they had felt in many a day. Hell was made to seem quite near, and heaven very desirable.

Bobbie, on the outside, also heard the prayer.

After making his hasty exit from the meetinghouse, he had stopped on the step to examine himself. He passed his hand over his face expecting to find blood, but not a drop rewarded his most careful effort. Then he slowly tried his joints, so certain was he that he must have been crippled.

Finding that he was intact, he listened to the prayer that was being offered inside—a prayer in which the minister pleaded for him as when one pleads for a life, and when at the close, the petitioner begged that not one who had come to the meeting that night should be cast into the outer darkness of the lost, Bobbie shuddered for he felt that he was already in outer darkness.

During the few moments that he sat on the step in the fresh air he sobered considerably, and when he knew that the meeting had reached its close, he hurried away in the darkness determined if the minister carried out his intention of speaking the next day, to hear what he had to say.

News of the Saturday night meeting spread around the camp rapidly, and at the Sunday morning service the meetinghouse was packed with people eager to hear the man preach who had put Bobbie—the terrible and only Bobbie—out of the church. But when the minister began to talk to the people they forgot him, their thoughts in some mysterious way being turned to the God he worshiped. He made the vexed subject of regeneration appear so simple that in answer to an invitation a number signified their desire to enter the kingdom of God by spiritual birth.

Bobbie was not one of these, though he sat through the service scarcely moving his eyes from the speaker's face.

Again, at the afternoon service, Bobbie sat with his gaze riveted on the minister as if he had discovered some new kind of being, but made no indication of wishing to change his way of living.

At the evening service, however, somewhat to the minister's surprise, when an invitation was given to



"Come on—come on, and put me out!"

Again the minister paused until the laugh had ended.

"My friends," he then said, "as I told you before, the gospel is free, but unless you gentlemen preserve better order I shall make it a part of my Christian duty to put you out of this house," and he looked directly into the bronzed face of Bobbie.

A great hush followed the words and all eyes were turned on the Goliath of the camp.

For a moment the silence lasted; then Bobbie sprang to his feet, clenched his fist until his knuckles stood out like steel knobs, and shaking this formidable weapon defiantly, advanced toward the minister, his heavy, unsteady pace jarring the structure.

"My friend," the minister began, as he advanced; but Bobbie drowned the words he tried to utter in a great roar of rage, crying, "Come on—come on, and put me out."

"My friend," again expostulated the minister.

"Put me out," the advancing Goliath continued to roar.

"My friend—" but the words were stopped by a

"FRENCHY"



Mrs. Dalton could not see all this pathetic life-story, but she did see the tears, and the quiver of the lips, and the sensitive and attractive face.



"How many days have you been on the road?"

"Two days, madame."

"If you are tired, how would you like to rest here a day or

two and do some work for me about the yard and barn? There is a comfortable room in the barn where you can sleep, and your work will give you money to pay your fare the rest of the way to Denver."

The dark eyes, whose sad, haunted look had first won Mrs. Dalton's sympathy, flashed with a glad surprise.

"Yes, madame. I glad to do that. You very good, madame. Merci, merci! Que vous etes bonne!"

In his excited pleasure he had unconsciously slipped into the use of his native tongue. When he realized that he had done so, he blushed in awkward confusion.

Bridget's ire was boundless when she was told of the new arrangement, and was directed to give "Frenchy" some odd jobs to do about the house and barn, and all his patient efforts to be of service to her did not soften her resentment.

On the fourth day of his stay, Mrs. Dalton and several of her guests went on a picnic to the Falls. Fred accompanied them. Baby Bess was left in charge of the new nurse girl. This new maid with her airy ways was another of Bridget's grievances.

"A foine miss is she to take care of our baby," she had scolded only that morning. "She thinks a foine sight more about her ribbons than she ever does about our darlint, and she with a fellow at her heels ivery toime she turns around," and Bridget slammed the oven door shut with a bang that made Mrs. Dalton's nerves wince.

"Well, I am sorry, myself, to leave baby alone with her today, and wish you were to be here all day. But if your friend is very sick and has sent for you, I suppose you must go for a little while this afternoon. But don't stay long. After all, I know of no reason why I should distrust Rose."

"No more do I, mum, only for the plain raison that she's a silly fool!" snapped Bridget.

The picnickers started off in gay spirits. Baby Bess threw kisses to them gleefully until the stylish trap was out of sight.

"Frenchy" watched the start from the barn. He was happier than he had been for many a day. He had had three warm meals a day for four successive days, and a comfortable bed to sleep in. Mrs. Dalton had caught sight of him watching the party depart, and had waved him a gay farewell. He had lifted his ragged cap gracefully in return, for the very peasants in the field have good manners among the French. His heart warmed toward the gracious American lady. He wished impotently that he could do some great, heroic thing for her. But he could not, so he went back patiently to the common task of raking the yard. That, at least, he could do faithfully and thoroughly. Even Bridget was unable to find fault with his careful work.

After dinner he saw Bridget start off wonderfully attired in her "Sunday best." Rose was playing with baby Bess on the shady piazza. Later he noticed that one of the grooms from a neighboring summer house had strolled across the lawn and was leaning over the piazza railing, jesting loudly with the pretty maid, whose bold, black eyes were nothing loathe to carry on a flirtation. The baby played about on the lawn, unnoticed by Rose.

A half hour later "Frenchy" saw the little child straying farther and farther away, unheeded by the maid. His first thought was to call to Rose, and then remembering how unwelcome his presence was to all the

servants and their plainly expressed dislike toward him, he hesitated to draw further displeasure on himself. He put his rake away and slipped out quietly to follow the three year old darling of the family. The little form, attired in rich embroideries and dainty laces, had trudged out of sight during the moments that it had taken him to put away his rake, but he knew well enough where he should find her, for she was evidently following the little mountain path that led to a spring whither she had often gone with Fred or her mother.

Quickening his pace, he soon passed the turn which shut off the path from his view. As he did so, a baby's cry of terror pierced the air, and he saw a monstrous eagle swoop down from the mountain side and fix his talons in the baby's soft shoulder. The eagle, with seeming ease, rose in the air a few feet carrying the child with him. "Frenchy" observed that the bird did not soar very high, but kept only a little above the mountain path, which he seemed to be following. Breaking into a frantic run, "Frenchy" sped like the wind up the path. He had no definite plan, for he carried no weapon. He only knew that the darling child of the sweet American lady who had been kind to him, was in danger, and that somehow he must save her even if it cost his own life.

The eagle began to soar higher up the mountain side, the frantic screams of the child seeming to frenzy him. At the sight, "Frenchy" despaired, for how was he to follow up the side of that steep mountain's face? But not for a moment did he halt. Breaking from the easy path, he began to climb up the mountain side, tearing his clothes and his hands cruelly and scratching his face on the bushes.

A moment later, pausing for a moment to look upward, he caught his breath in a quick joy, for the eagle, beginning to fly close to the mountain side again, had touched so low that the child's dress had caught on a mountain bush. The mammoth bird was making frantic efforts to pull the child loose from the entanglement, but vainly. The screams of the

(Continued on page 102.)

"NO SIR, I've no bread for you—a big, lazy tramp loike you! Git out o' here! I won't encourage sich shif'less doin's by feedin' the loikes o' you. Git out, an' don't yous be comin' around here agin, at all!"

Mrs. Dalton's cook gave the broom with which she was sweeping the front steps of the Dalton summer cottage in the Colorado mountains a vicious twirl, suggestive of latent weapon-like possibilities in it.

Bridget had been cook in the Dalton household for many years, and loved its inmates with Irish fervor, and ruled them with Irish vigor. "She thinks she owns the whole house and us, too," complained nine-year old Fred, as he smarted under her iron regime.

"I not be some lazee tramp!" and the black eyes of the fourteen year old vagrant flashed indignantly. "I am miner out of work, and I am go on my way till Denver for find some work," and he shook his long, black hair out of his eyes with an emphatic toss of his head.

"One of those foine, sly for'ners," sniffed Bridget, who counted her Irish blood wholly American. "Ey-Italian, loike as not, eh?"

"No! I some French boy. Some French boy so good as some bad Irish woman!" flashed back the ragged boy.

"Bridget!" called Mrs. Dalton from the corner of the broad piazza, where she had been sitting unobserved by both of the speakers, "send the boy to me, and you may go in the house and prepare a warm breakfast for him."

Bridget gave her broom an energetic stroke or two which spoke volumes, then turned, sputtering with wrath, to enter the house.

The boy flushed a deep red under his swarthy skin, but stepped unhesitatingly up the piazza steps and crossed to Mrs. Dalton's side, where he stood awkwardly with his torn hat in his hand waiting for her to speak.

"You said you were a miner out of work?" she questioned, looking curiously at his slender, boyish form.

"Yes, madame. I work with my father in some mine. My father is died—last month. The mine is come no good, and they tell me go 'way. I have no money, and I must walk till Denver."

The nervous face of the boy twitched. Mrs. Dalton saw that tears were in his eyes. She could not see the awful loneliness and desolation in the boy's heart, the feeling that the great, big world was a desert that was trying to swallow him up. She could not see the pathetic pictures of memory in his heart—the little cottage in la belle France, the cold face of la bonne mere lying so still in the cheap coffin, the plate with too little bread to satisfy the hunger of father and son, the pere coming one day with two tickets for l'Amérique, the embarking in the steerage of the great ship, the landing among strange faces and tongues that made their hearts heavy with homesickness, the long search for work, the migrant train that carried them with a lot of Swedes and Poles to the Colorado mines. She could not see these pictures which crowded his mind and sent tears to his eyes to greet the first kind words he had heard for many days. The only bright pictures in his memory were of his life in the mine with the pere, who had loved him and in his rough way showed it often. Then had come the mine explosion, so awful that he shrank from thinking of it, and the men digging out dead, charred bodies. They laid one of these bodies in the cabin "Frenchy" called home. They said that it was his father. He had given one look at the black, charred face and fled with a cry into the night. He had wandered two days and nights in the lonely mountains. When he returned he was told that the mine was to be abandoned. There was no more work for him. He peeped into the cabin that had been his home and saw that awful black shape had been taken away. He did not even ask where they had buried it. He could not bring himself to enter the cabin to get such few articles as were there. The rough miners pitied the boy in his speechless grief, and would have helped him, for they all liked "Frenchy." But he waited for no sympathy. Striking off down the mountains, he turned his face toward Denver. He had reached a popular summer resort in the mountains and, faint from lack of food, had stopped to beg his first meal. He had had no food for two days.



Breaking into a frantic run, "Frenchy" sped like the wind up the path.

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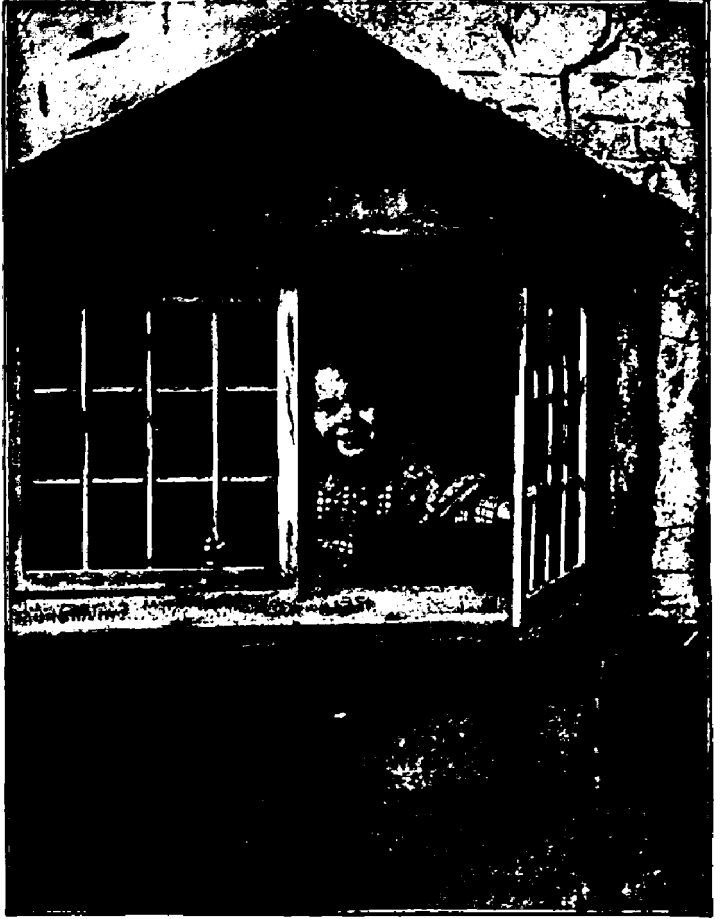
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BOYS in the HOME, CHURCH and SCHOOL



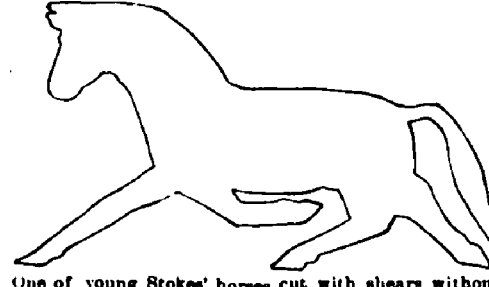
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Earning an Education.
One hundred and one of the students of Columbia University worked at various employments last summer to earn money with which to continue their schooling. The total sum earned by the 101 was \$15,531.95.
There is a committee at Columbia which aids needy students by helping them to get employment. Almost nothing was refused by these young men, who had determined some way to get along. One boy earned \$275 as a companion to boys; another \$104 as a farm hand. One made \$30 and expenses as an attendant at a summer resort; another earned \$175 as an insurance agent. Almost every kind of work was represented by these boys.

Unduly Excited.
One of our California boy friends has worked himself up into a fever of excitement over a report, which he says he has heard, that after January 1, 1903, our American soldiers are to be uniformed in green. He says: "O, the terrible thought of our American soldiers marching to the Irish national air of 'Wearing of the Green.'" It is further asserted, he claims, that the War Department intends to order the dear old flag changed to green also. He adds that if American boys will bear this insult they are dead beyond recall, and could not be counted upon to defend either home or country. He urges us to "hustle the boys up" to pour in petitions to the President demanding that he will not sign so infamous an order. Somebody must have been playing a joke upon this California boy. His fear is entirely groundless.

With Paper and Shears.
Elmore Ewing Stokes, the young son of Horace A. Stokes, Superintendent of Schools Delaware, O., is a genius with the shears, and reminds us of Charles Dana Gibson and his wonderful use of the shears when a boy. When a very young boy Ewing surprised his parents one day by showing them illustrations of nursery rhymes which he had made with his pencil. One day later when cutting out some colored illustrations from a newspaper a new thought came to him, and taking his paper and scissors he began to develop a talent which has steadily grown and caused widespread interest among his friends. Instead of cutting out pictures that he saw in the papers, he went to work free-hand and cut out pictures that only existed in his mind. The Spanish-American War was then on, and, young as he was, he wanted to go to the front. Of course, that was impossible, but his mind was full of it, and hour after hour he spent cutting out soldiers in every conceivable attitude. He made two fleets, one Spanish and the other American, and enough land soldiers to make a formidable army, bands of music, ambulances, etc. All of these he arranged on the floor in such a realistic style that you could imagine you were reviewing a great land and naval battle. In cutting he holds the shears stationary and moves the paper, seldom taking the shears from the paper until the figure is com-

plete. "Buffalo Bill," "Pawnee Bill," "Uncle Remus," "The Jungle Books," "The Bunny Stories," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and scenes from real life furnish him with a never-ending source of ideas. Action characterizes all his cuttings. Nearly fifty of these cuttings were recently placed in the hands of the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, and in endeavoring to select one with which to illustrate this article the editor was greatly perplexed, as every one of the cuttings was a little masterpiece. The boy scissors artist is particularly fond of making animals—not single animals, but groups, as farm yard scenes with barns and fences. You see the horses, cattle, sheep, chickens wandering about. Everywhere is displayed his love of the young of all species. Little dogs curl up near their mother, and little chickens follow the mother hen. His lions and dogs are especially fine. With no guide but the mind picture he has formed, he cuts them out, then with pen and pencil shades them until they stand forth, almost breathing realities. One day his mother went into the parlor and found a vast array of figures in a large circle and the boy bending over them deeply interested. He said it was Custer's last fight. He had just been reading an account of it. Custer and his men were in the center

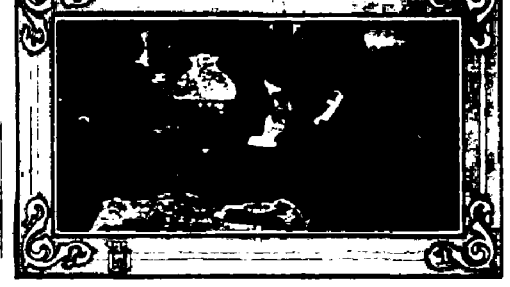


One of young Stokes' horses cut with shears without copy.

bravely making a stand. The Indians were advancing on every side; while at a little distance the ponies were tethered browsing the grass. Everything he reads he thus illustrates for himself. The Leather Stocking Tales, the Henty books, histories, and so on, furnish an endless variety of subjects. When President McKinley was assassinated the boy depicted the tragedy scene after scene. He designed this year a dainty Christmas card. Upon a background of dark cardboard he painted a bunch of Christmas bells, each clapper being rung by a tiny cherub; and as St. Valentine's Day approaches he is a very busy boy, we can imagine. At the Delaware County Fair last summer he took three premiums on his work, the first on cuttings, the first on pen and ink drawings, and the second on an original design in drawing and coloring. Ewing is under a good special drawing teacher in the public schools, and later will be given special instruction in whatever he seems to be especially adapted for. He greatly desires to learn wood-carving and sculpturing. The boy has a great love for all things beautiful. We know not what his life may be, but it seems that he should succeed as an illustrator, following in the steps of Gibson, whose boyhood his resembles in many ways.



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The Boyhood of a Great Cavalry Leader—Annah Robinson Watson

HERE was once a rude cabin in the wilds of Middle Tennessee where lived a young blacksmith and his wife.

This cabin was only eighteen feet by twenty and was built of hewn cedar logs with chinks between, where light and air had their own way about entering and did not ask for a window. A great fire place occupied the entire end of the cabin, for this was the centre and theatre of the home life. The cooking was done here, the young mother sat here to rock her babies and croon their lullabies, and the father sat here during the hours between outside work and slumber and discharged many household and family duties which would astonish the average man of today.

Around the house was a newly cleared patch of land and in front of this ran the freshly opened public road which pierced the wilderness. Across this road from the cabin was the shop of the young blacksmith, where forge, anvil and hammer made stalwart music and set a lusty measure for the growing of the young lives which were attuned to their dominant note.

In this cabin was born in 1821 an American boy destined to become one of the immortals of his people. It was here that Nathan Bedford Forrest, one of the greatest cavalry leaders of his own, or any other age, first saw the light.

He was the firstborn of the eleven children of William and Marian Beck Forrest, and from the first was sturdy and strong of limb, and took as by nature to the wild and primitive life in which his lines were cast. When quite a little fellow he was marked for his fearlessness and determination, qualities which won quick recognition even during his childhood and which grew with his growth.

In the settlement there were a half dozen or more children, besides those of the Forrest family, who were in the habit of going out during the season to gather blackberries. One hot day the little troop had been out a long time and had turned their steps homeward when suddenly was heard and seen an immense rattlesnake. Its blood-curdling hisses and shrill rattle were enough to frighten much older unfortunates who might be within reach, and the children, in wildest alarm, dropped baskets and buckets and ran for their lives. One only was left standing erect and gazing with determination at the enemy. It was Bedford Forrest. The little fellow stood his ground, calling to the others to come back and help him kill the monster.

Without pausing for reply they flew on and single-handed he turned to the attack. Quickly grasping a long stick from the ground he went close to the briers where could be seen the reptile, its head lifted high and ready for a spring. Not losing a second he struck so vigorously that it dropped dead, and it was soon carried home in triumph hanging from the stick.

Bedford was greatly beloved by his companions; he enjoyed as well their enthusiastic admiration and confidence. One day the boys of the settlement took their horses down to the creek for water. One of the youngest, riding out into mid-stream, leaning over the horse's neck as he bent to drink, suddenly dropped his precious Barlow knife,—the joy of every primitive boy's heart,—into the water. In those days luxuries of all kinds were much scarcer than now, and the boy who lost his knife was in sorry plight, for there was no telling when it would be replaced by another.

The little fellow began to cry and sob and bemoan his loss, but Bedford coming up, exclaimed cheerily, "Don't cry, I'll get it for you! It must be just down there at the bottom of the stream. Never mind; I'll get it."

Then riding his own horse back to shore he jumped down, pulled off his clothes and waded out. The water was three feet deep, but he dipped under and remained as long as he could hold his breath, groping around in the mud for the knife, but it was not found.

Again and again he did this, bringing up handfuls of mud and leaves from the bottom, but the knife was still missing. The eager eyes of the little companion were fixed upon him hopefully. The result so far seemed very discouraging, but this sturdy young fellow, who never gave up an undertaking until success was achieved, or defeat inevitable, continued the search. At last when he had been under the water at least a dozen times the knife came up in a great ball of mud.

When Bedford was thirteen years of age the household moved to Mississippi, and here, three years later, his father died, leaving him the head of a family which consisted of his mother and ten younger children. This responsibility he assumed at once with dignity and determination, serving as his mother's "aide de camp" in all matters pertaining to the wise management of the estate and the welfare of his brothers and sisters.

The country about his Mississippi home was very thinly settled, and although the Indians had gone to their Reservation beyond the Great River, wild beasts abounded which, while they doubtless added to the romance and excitement of life made excursions into the virgin forest extremely dangerous. The dwelling of the nearest neighbor was ten miles distant, and one day the mother of the family started out on horseback with her sister to visit this neighbor.

The roads were only bridle-paths winding in and out among the trees and close underbrush, but they went unattended, made the visit, and did not start on the return until the afternoon, Mrs. Forrest carrying on her arm a basket containing several young chickens.

It was not long before the shadows began to fall, but riding rapidly the two were within a mile of home when the darkness fell. They were anticipating no danger, when suddenly on the fragrant silence of the woodland rang clear and shrill the yelp of a panther. It was evident from the sound that the animal was very near; the horses heard, and knowing well what the sound meant, started forward in a hot run, while the panther in long, even bounds came rushing after the scented prey. The



GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

riders could not go abreast; the path was too narrow. Mrs. Forrest was behind and her sister screamed back, "Marian! Marian! drop the chickens! for heaven's sake, drop the basket!"

"The varmint shall not have my chickens!" was the determined reply, and the two dashed forward with the beast gaining upon them. They were now near the creek which ran only a few yards from their home; they lashed the horses, then reaching the steep precipitous banks checked the reins, lest they be dashed headlong down the embankment, and into the stream.

The panther gained upon them. The foremost rider reached the water's edge and started across the ford, but Mrs. Forrest as she plunged down, suddenly heard behind her a mad yell, a spring, and then felt upon her shoulder and neck the horrible clutching of the panther's claws while its hot breath seemed to envelope her. At the same instant the claws of its hind feet were driven deep into the back of the faithful animal she rode. The horse was wild with fright and the agony of lacerated flesh. It reared and plunged, and gave a spring which dislodged the beast and sent it reeling into the water.

The screams of the travelers brought the other members of the family to the rescue and Bedford, whose tender love and reverence for his mother was one of his most notable characteristics, hurried out and caught her in his arms. He lifted her tenderly from the saddle and helped her into the house.

"I did not drop the chickens," she said briefly.

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By This Mark You Know Them

Her wounds were carefully dressed, and then he loaded his old flintlock gun, called his pack of hounds, and started out upon the track of the panther.

"Wait, wait until morning," his mother begged. "It is dangerous to go into the woods during the darkness."

"No, mother," he answered firmly, "by daylight the trail will be cold and the dogs cannot follow it. I'm going to find that beast now."

Soon the hounds had caught the scent and off they went through the briers and cranebrake, through swamps and tangled underbrush in the heavy darkness.

It was impossible to keep pace with them so Bedford cut a long slender grapevine, tied it about the neck of one of the pack and held it tight; in this way he kept up with the chase. Though the other dogs might be out of hearing as well as sight, their companion easily followed their trail.

Hours passed, but at last he heard the hoarse baying of the pursuers which told that the panther had been overtaken and treed. He hurried on through the darkness, and upon reaching the hounds collected about the tree, took up his position a few yards away and waited for daylight.

In the gloom and silence his trained ear could often catch the swish, swish of the great cat-like tail, as it beat in angry strokes upon the limb near by. Now and then an impatient growl smote the air, but he stood his ground, and after a while faint rays of light came sifting through the tree tops; day was breaking. Now he caught his first glimpse of the beast, as it lay at full length on the limb and snarled at the dogs watching below.

The stalwart young hunter only waited for sunrise and a more certain light on the scene, then he came a step nearer, looked critically at the beast, lifted his gun, took aim and fired. The bullet pierced its heart and with a low stifled cry it fell to the earth a lifeless mass.

Then with his long huntsman's knife he cut off the head and ears and carried them home to his mother.

During the day the young woodsman spent his time at the plough, felling trees for firewood, garnering the grain, and in other manly occupations which contributed to the support of his mother, his young brothers and sisters; and at night he worked until late, as his father had done before him, making buckskin leggings and shoes and coonskin caps for their use.

With unflagging industry, untiring energy, and unflinching self-sacrifice did he devote himself to the care of his family, and by the time he was nineteen years of age, so greatly had he improved their worldly condition that they were well provided for and most comfortably situated.

It was about this time that the Texas struggle for independence began to excite interest. Rumors of the war reached the Forrest household in this Mississippi home, and the slumbering soldier in the soul of this remarkable boy awoke and answered. A company of volunteers was formed in the neighborhood and he joined it.

The volunteers started on the Southward march, the boy who was later to be one of the most noted cavalry leaders of the greatest American war was a conspicuous figure among them. He was tall and slender but sinewy; he had black hair, a reddish olive complexion, which in time of excitement became almost as dark as an Indian's, and deep-set grey eyes, from which flashed a clear piercing glance like that of the eagle.

The heart of the dauntless soldier cherished from earliest years of childhood the most intense and all-absorbing love for his mother, and to his dying day this love never wavered nor grew cold. With her he was always gentle, respectful, and yielding to a remarkable degree, and his bearing was characterized by a chivalrous deference which was beautiful to behold. Truly did he emphasize the truth of the words, "The bravest are the tenderest."

Thanks are due Harper Brothers and John A. Wreth, M. D., for use of material contained in the valuable work recently issued, "Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest."

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A Heart of Gold

BRITT'S pasture had bloomed into a village of tents in a single night. The new town was a busy place, and the life in each one of its canvas domes a very necessary part of the circus whole; none was more so than that of the big dressing room which poured its treasures into the main tent at every performance. Now, it was in the usual state of bustle incident to the progress of the "show." It was nearly time for the "bareback riding," and horses and men were grouped about in apparent confusion; but it was only an appearance, for at the signal they would fall into line with clock-like precision.

The director's piercing glance roved about like a great searchlight. Everything was right, and every man was in his place—every man but one.

"Where is Jim Pipes?" asked the director shortly. The clown's lately developed habit of appearing only at the last moment came very near to being a breach of discipline, and this could not be tolerated for an instant; not even from that favorite, Jim Pipes. The riders glanced about with interest, for the director was not a man to be trifled with.

"Where is he?" demanded the impatient manager. "We'll stop this sort of thing in very short order."

"He's comin'," answered a voice out of the crowd, and an humble friend of Jimmy's darted out to help the missing clown to a sense of duty.

"Might know he was lookin' through some hole tryin' to see Joe go through his new turn," grumbled the man. He did not see that it was any business of his to shield Jimmy, but it was not in the nature of the man to stand by and hear the gentle, kindly-eyed clown hurt or scolded.

"He'd beard the lion in his den, much less the manager, for Joe—an' all 'cause he's Mam'oiselle Florine's boy. Ef Jimmy ain't been faithful to his wife, I ain't a man," ran quickly through his mind with something like respect; still, he thought, she had been dead so long, it seemed like the clown was overdoing the thing. A sudden suspicion explained Jimmy's unusual vigilance.

"I 'spect it's Dorsky that's on his mind," concluded the man, as he hurried around the tent.

Meantime the offending clown had made his way to a hole in the big circus tent through which he could see the ring with very little trouble. Whichever way the tents were set up, or in whatever town, Jimmy could go straight to that rip. Now he was down on his knees straining his eyes through the slit at the lithe and beautiful body within, swinging like a graceful bird from one trapeze performer to another. Jimmy's glance flew rapidly from the boy to Van Dorsky. Someway he had never felt quite safe about the Pole and today he was particularly

uneasy. His love-sharpened sight detected a strange, reflective brightness about Dorsky's eyes. What was it, liquor? "Dangerous," muttered the clown as he fairly burned the man with his



scrutiny. The wild streak was coming out. "He ain't made a false move yet," thought the sentinel, "but he might;" so Jimmy watched for the boy's sake. Everything went well and the father forgot his fears in pleasure at Joe's performance.

"He's more like Florine every day," he said, dreamily. As the boy's red trunks made a bright spot in the air again, a glow of pride suffused the father's face. "He'll soon be good as she was," muttered Jimmy, "even in them flyin' leaps, an' nobody ever could touch her there."

The man's eyes had grown wistful and tender. For a moment the exquisite figure of his wife going through her wonderful evolutions seemed to play be-



fore his eyes, and the old, worshipping gratitude rushed up from his heart as it had a thousand times before.

"Wonder why she took me," he whispered with moist eyes, "then she give me Joe." He watched the boy and his flights in air with the fascinated interest that Mademoiselle Florine once evoked. "I never could do it," he thought; "couldn't do nothin' but train dogs an' make a fool of myself."

Other memories came trooping forward and he smiled amusedly.

"The boy never could bear to see me painted up from the time he was a baby." Joe was a hot, proud little soul. Yet fresh in the father's memory were the tears of rage the little fellow shed on "daddy's" breast, when for the first time he heard a lot of rough men call Jimmy "an old guy."

"When I get rich," sobbed the boy, "you won't have to be a clown any more." That was long ago; but when Joe got an idea in his head, it stayed there, and he had not given Jimmy much rest since.

"Looks like the time's a comin'" said the clown to himself; "Joe's gettin' to be such a star performer." But someway it made Jimmy lonely; he loved his dogs and his jokes—and—well, the thought of giving them up hurt—yes, it hurt. He felt tired and closed his eyes for an instant. Joe must not grow away from him, no, never.

"I'd give up everything for him. Why not what he dislikes? anything will do me."

"Here! you, Jim," interrupted his friend, "you're goin' to have a row on my hands, well as on yours, chasin' round the tent after you. Come erlong, an' hurry up erbout it." At the first word Jimmy was on his feet shaking the dust from his baggy trousers, and in another moment they were on their way to the dressing room to await the approaching call.

Jimmy had no more than taken his position in the dressing-room, when the audience in the big tent shivered as from a single impulse, and a cry of horror burst from the lips of the spectators. It was done. Dorsky had made the false move; he loosened his hold on one of Joe's feet sooner than on the other, and with all the force of the tremendous swing the boy went hurtling outward. He missed the outstretched hands of the inward swinging trapezist, felt himself going, lost his hold on himself, let his arms and legs fly, struck his back on the guy ropes, turned helplessly and struck the ground with a thud just as the ringmaster reached him with giant bounds.

They took him up on a tumbler's nearby mattress and carried him out. Before the crowd in the dressing room caught the meaning of the confusion, it came to Jimmy with a rush—Dorsky! and he broke to the front.

"Joe!" came from his lips like a wall. The men kept their eyes down and some of them looked at the two sideways. Falls like that meant death or crippling. Jimmy ran along beside the moving mattress; laborers and "stars" surged around. The confusion increased.

"Ready here!" ordered the manager. The trapezists hurried in explaining and protesting.

"Fall into line!" insisted the manager. No time to talk—tend to that afterwards. Jimmy's habit of obedience almost startled him into moving.

He was smoothing Joe's limp little hand. "Oh! Joe, Joe," he murmured piteously.

-Lucy S. Orrick

"Sorry," said the manager, with brief sympathy, "but we have to go," and he looked at his best clown expectantly. He was not heartless, but the audience waited, and the circus had to proceed; besides, he knew Jimmy could do nothing. But for once he counted without his host; the model stickler for iron-bound rules stood rigidly.

"Not till I know what's the matter with him," he said with a stubborn set of his jaw. The riders looked about uneasily; they did not want to hear the verdict with Jimmy Pipes by; sympathy made them gruff and sharp-tongued.

"Get out of the way," said one to another as he tried to move off. The doctor was worst of all.

"Go on," he urged sharply; "when Joe opens his eyes and sees that face of yours it'll make him worse."

Jimmy drew back as if he had been struck.

"Oh! I forgot," he mumbled.

"We'll do all we can," added the doctor more gently.

"Ready!" again interrupted the manager; time was passing and if the worst had to come, Jimmy had best not be there. "They will send if they need you," and Jimmy slowly bestrode his donkey. When he galloped into the ring grimacing and shouting at the audience, no one could have told what lay behind him. He ridiculed the ringmaster and flung joke after joke at his head. The people laughed uproariously; but the grotesque, painted grin on the clown's face mocked at the terror in his heart. Everything in him was in awful suspense at Joe's condition. He did not dare to think the boy might die, and then, there was something else that would be worse than death itself to Joe. At the thought, all Jimmy's jokes seemed to leave him; only one thing hampered on his brain and that he had to use.

"Ef you had two cakes, ate both and had one left what kind of cake would it be," he asked, with a wild sort of ring in his voice. It was the last conundrum Joe had asked him. The bodily exercise of a somersault and other awkward imitations of the skillful riders were a relief to him. It seemed to Jimmy his "turn" would never end, but he tried to keep his thoughts to the subject in hand.

"What kind of cake would it be, mister?" he persisted, planting himself with impudently hilarious mien and outstretched trousers directly in front of the ringmaster.

"It wouldn't be any kind. There wouldn't be any left."

"There wouldn't?" roared the clown, derisively; "what about stomachache?" The negroes in the "black tier" howled and screamed, and the clown with another somersault and kangaroo leap evaded the ringmaster's whip and at the same time landed on the donkey face toward the animal's tail, and dashed rapidly out of the ring after the gaily decked trick riders.

When he drew up at the dressing-room tent, he was trembling like a leaf: "Is he any better," he asked, a cold perspiration beading his lip.

"Ain't come to, yet, but the doctor'll bring him round," was the cheerful answer. Jimmy was wiping the grease paint from his face with quick, nervous dabs. He did not wait to hear more, but rushed to the mirror with the vaseline bottle; a few more rubs and his face was clean. In another moment he stood at the side of Joe's cot.

"How is he, doctor?" was his first question. Jimmy's real face was white as a mask and his voice so faint the doctor hardly recognized it. The clown himself seemed to be standing on his heels awaiting a blow in the face, while an empty black sickness surged up to his very eyes.

"He'll live," said the doctor, quietly. The strain of it over, Jimmy sank on his knees beside the cot with his face in his hands. That Joe was still his own, filled his mind with a sort of dizzy happiness.

"But," went on the physician, "I—I—don't think he'll ever mount the trapeze again." A dazed look came over the father's face, there was a terrible stillness for a moment, and the first sounds to break the silence were Jimmy's suppressed sobs.

First, Florine; now Joe—Joe in all his youth and beauty struck down to utter helplessness, while he, Jimmy, was spared in all his strength and ugliness. To the father it seemed an awful kind of sacrilege.

"Oh," he moaned inwardly with a great ache at heart, "if it had only been me." What would the boy do? All his talents and labor gone to naught. It would kill him.

"Daddy," a faint voice called. "What is it?"

Jimmy raised his head with a start.

"Nothin', lad, nothin'," he protested hurriedly. "I was so scared you wouldn't come to; but you are all right now, you'll just have to rest some little time 'fore you get over that fall," he assured lovingly, but with a nervous gibbness.

The doctor, who stood on the other side of the cot, was young, and in spite of the stern look about his mouth he could not bear the sight of Jimmy's almost

If I Were a Boy Again—J. L. Harbour

IT IS so many years since I was a boy and I have seen so much of the world in those years, that my opinion ought to be of some value. The wrinkles are beginning to show in my face, but I do not think that there are any on my heart, because I still feel young and I have so much sympathy with and for boys.

It is because I am so fond of boys that I would like to say a few things to them in regard to the things I would like to do if I were a boy again. Of course, I know that it is true that "Boys will be boys" in many respects, and I am glad of it. Every boy has a right to the joyfulness, the merriment, the buoyancy and the freedom from care that belongs to boyhood. Every boy has a right to be happy, but no boy has a right to be happy at the cost of the peace and happiness of others. We "grown-ups" have a good many rights that you "youngsters" ought to respect, and that you can respect without curtailing your own happiness.

If I were a boy again and I knew all that I know today I would try to be more mindful of the rights and the happiness of others. I would not insist on always having my own way, no matter how much inconvenience and real trouble it gave my family and my friends. I think that I would have an occasional little conference with myself and I would say in that conference:

"Now, see here, boy, you have no right to make a nuisance of yourself for the gratification of your own pleasure. You have no right to create pandemonium wherever you are, simply because you are overflowing with animal spirits and you want to let off steam. Other people have a right to peace and quietness in the house, and you are bound by all the laws of kindness and courtesy to respect that right, and you should do your "letting off steam" when you will not annoy others by doing so.

If I were a boy again I would set more value on personal tidiness than I set on it when I was a boy. I know now that my carelessness in this respect was a great annoyance to my family and friends, and that my grimy hands and uncombed hair must have been a real annoyance to my teacher and to my family. I know now that a boy rises in the esteem of people when he is neat and tidy in his personal appearance, and that a really untidy boy repels those of refined taste. If I were a boy again I would make a very free use of those two cheap and abundant articles—soap and water.

If I were a boy again I would try not to think that I had a right to the best of everything at the table, the best chair in the house, the lion's share of everything, and I would try to have more respect and

consideration for my elders than some boys of whom I know. If there is anything in the world that sets a boy away up in the good opinions of others it is real unselfishness and real kindness and courtesy to those much older than himself. When I see a boy rise and lift his hat and give his seat to a lady or to an old gentleman in a street car, or when I see him ready and eager to render some service to ladies or to the aged, it warms my heart toward him, and I know that he has the instincts of a real gentleman. And when I see a boy absolutely unselfish in his home and among his mates I know that I see a boy who cannot help being popular, and who will have many friends, no matter where he is.

If I were a boy again I would not reserve all of my smiles and merriment and courtesy for others and be sullen and rude and "cross as a bear" in my own home. I have known some boys of that type and I cannot help thinking that they are real humbugs, for they often receive credit for being "such nice boys" when they are not nice at all to those to whom they ought really to be most kind and courteous. The boy who snaps and snarls at his mother and who is sweet and smiling to the mothers and sisters of other boys is really playing a part. Don't you think so?

If I were a boy again I would be a regular attendant at church and Sunday school, for by doing so I would not only be honoring my Creator but I would rise in the respect of all who know me. Wide experience and years of observation have taught me that the boys who attend church and Sunday school invariably stand higher in the community than the boys who spend their Sundays on the streets or even in their own homes reading or dawdling or snoozing. If you will look into the matter I am absolutely sure that you will find that the church-going and the Sunday school boys are in a good many ways superior to boys who never go to Sunday school or to church, and that they do stand higher in the respect of those whose good opinions it is well worth while to have.

If I were a boy again I would cultivate a spirit of true patriotism and I would honor my country and my flag. I would know all that the beautiful red, white and blue emblem stands for, and I would do all that I could to add to the glory and honor of my native land. One day not long ago I saw some boys trying to raise a small flag to the top of a flagstaff on a lawn before which I was standing talking to a friend. The boys were having some difficulty in hoisting the flag, and while they were trying to make it rise a fire engine came along with the rattle and clatter that always sets a boy's blood to tingling. The two boys who had the flag in their hands at that

moment dropped it to the ground and started to follow the fire engine, but the third boy tarried and was folding up the flag when one of the other boys looked back over his shoulder and called out:

"Come along, Ted! You'll miss seeing the fire!"

"I'd miss a dozen fires before I'd go off and leave my country's flag in the dirt!" replied Ted, and I felt like saying:

"Good for you, my boy! You have the spirit of true patriotism, and you do well to so honor your country's flag"

If I were a boy again I would spend no time at all in what some people call "loafing." And I would keep off the street when it was unnecessary for me to be there. I would shun tobacco and rum because it has been very clearly demonstrated that they are bad for any one, and that rum in particular is at the bottom of most of the evil and sorrow in the world. If I were a boy again I would make almost any personal sacrifice in order to secure a good education, not only because a good education adds immensely to the pleasures of life, but because it adds to one's usefulness, and it is imperative to the highest degree of success.

The Regeneration of "Bobbie"

(Continued from page 78.)

those who wished to lead cleaner, happier lives to come forward, Bobbie went and knelt with others while the minister prayed.

After the prayer, Bobbie extended his hand to the minister with the remark, "You've knocked me out all around, parson, and I'm blamed glad of it."

"Say so to your companions," the minister suggested, smiling.

"I ain't no talker," Bobbie protested.

"But you can say a word."

"If I have to reckon I can," he said, soberly, and turning toward the miners he said: "Fellers, some folks has their regeneration preached into them, and some has it pounded in. I've had mine pounded in—but I reckon it's all the same sort of regeneration; and, fellers, see this?" and he drew a bottle from his pocket; "it's got a quart of the pure article in it—see?"

When all eyes were fixed on the bottle he held in his outstretched hand, he said: "Well, you won't never see it again," and turning suddenly he flung it out the door.

"Praise the Lord," the minister ejaculated, but his exclamation was lost in a tumult of cheers, for two of the satellites sent their bottles after Bobbie's.

A Young Embalmer.

O'Fallon (Ill.) has the distinction of having a very young embalmer as one of its "business men." He is Henry P.

intelligencce shown by him in his work. The safety of many thousands of lives depends upon the proper performance of the duties of the section master. It is an important position for a young man.



HENRY P. SCHWARZ.

Schwarz, fourteen years old. He began work as an undertaker and embalmer about four years ago, and is a graduate of the Massachusetts School of Embalming and also of the National School of Embalming. At the Undertakers' examination, held by the Illinois State Board of Health at Peoria in June, he passed with high honors, making an average grade of ninety per cent.

A Young Section Master.

George Gillet, age nineteen, has been made Section Master of the section of the Michigan Central Railroad between Dutton, Mich., and Caledonia, Mich. The position was given him on account of his strict attention to details and the uncommon



PETER OSSE.

A Novel Kind of Artist.

Peter Osse, of Grand Rapids, not yet twenty years old, saw a newspaper item in which it was stated that a man in California had placed four thousand words upon the back of an ordinary postal card. This set Peter to thinking and he made up his mind he could do better than that. After a number of trials he put upon a 3 1/2 x 5 1/2-inch card the astonishing number of 10,600 words. Then he tried his hand on a postage stamp and put on its back the Lord's Prayer fifteen times—a total of 1060 words. He writes with a common lead pencil and without the aid of a magnifying glass. Peter is a barber by trade, but spends his spare moments in this work. He is now endeavoring to put the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence on one postal card. Having some doubt as to the truth of the reports regarding this young man, we wrote for further evidence, and received a letter from one who says that she has seen the postal card on which he is now working and that it contains over 7,800 words and not half of it is yet filled.

A Historian at Thirteen.

Carlton S. Way, a thirteen-year-old Hartford (Conn.) boy, is writing a history of the United States, and the first volume has



CARLTON SHEPARD WAY.

been completed. The book contains 155 closely typewritten pages and is illustrated with maps. It is bound in brown cloth, the binding being the only thing about the book that the author did not make himself. The volume gives a brief account of the physical characteristics of the continent, describes the Mound Builders and Indians, and then relates the incidents connected with the discovery of the country by the Norsemen. Something is given of the history of each of the thirteen colonies, and the closing chapter deals with the events leading up to the Revolutionary War.

Young Way is Class boy of Yale '85, and also Cup boy of '85, Wolf's Head, Yale. We can think of no better mental exercise for a boy than the doing of what this boy has done.

There is always hope in the man who actually and honestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

Youngest Soldier in the Army.

Frank A. Bonner, who has just reached the age of sixteen, is the youngest soldier in the United States army. He was enlisted under a special dispensation and will be detailed as a bugler to either the Fourth or the Eighth cavalry.

A Great Memory.

Little Samuel Arthur Moser, of Chicago, who is only eight years old, shows a wonderful power of memory. The faculty seems to be a natural one, as his memory has never been cultivated. The boy has been in the public schools for two years, and prior to that time spent two years in a kindergarten. When he was but five years of age his playmates noticed his wonderful aptitude for figures and dates. He knows the names of all the presidents, the dates of their births and deaths, and can add imposing sums by mental arithmetic. He has at his tongue's end a mass of geographical and historical information, and seldom stumbles in an answer. He is a great reader of the Bible, historical works and the daily newspapers, and often has to be literally driven from reading to his bed. The boy is in perfect health and spends much of his time on his bicycle.



S. ARTHUR MOSER.



We had just emerged from the woods and were nearing a high rail fence which surrounded my father's farm...

Jim dropped his gun and his half of the porcupine and ran like a deer. For some reason which I can not explain I could not let loose of mine...

A thought entered my head which saved my life. Acting as quick as lightning I turned and brought the porcupine down with all my might...

When I got on top of the fence I saw our hired man, Bill, running like a deer across the field, with gun in hand.

ONE day, when a lad of about fifteen summers, my chum, Jim, came from the city to spend his vacation with me in the country...

One day, however, we had quite an adventure, which I shall proceed to relate, for, as it came near ending my earthly career, it is quite vivid in my memory.

It happened in this way: Jim liked the girls, and, hailing from the city, was quite a favorite with the half-dozen country lassies who lived near by.

One Sunday afternoon shortly after he had taken his departure for the realms of bliss, I decided to take my father's old mare and two-wheeled gig and drive out into the country to kill time.

A serious obstacle confronted us. My people were very strict church members, and I would as soon have thought of committing murder as of going hunting on Sunday.

We took turns napping and when the clock finished striking twelve, were on our way, fully equipped for battle.

Standing there with hearts beating like trip hammers and almost breathless with excitement, we counted nearly twenty round bunches within a radius of only a few rods.

In this way we labored until the sun came up. The turkeys had apparently left the country, for we had not seen one for some time.

get nearer, so we decided to chance a shot from there. We took deliberate aim from either side of the large tree and fired.

We searched until noon and then sadly turned our faces toward home, instinctively keeping a sharp lookout among the branches. We freely discussed the fact that we had been lured several miles from home...

Suddenly Jim grabbed hold of me and pointed towards a neighboring tree. There, sure enough, was something rolled up snugly on a limb, about twenty feet from the ground.

After discussing the matter for a few minutes, we finally resolved to get as near as possible, take deliberate aim, and both fire at the same time.

The bunch rolled off the limb and came tumbling to the ground. We held our breath in terror and did not stir for some time, never once thinking to reload our guns.

We ran up to it and Jim was going to pick it up by the tail; but no sooner had he touched it than he uttered a cry of pain and held up his hand in terror.

We were now convinced that our game was nothing more nor less than a porcupine. What to do with him was the next question. My folks would like to see him, even if he were not good to eat.

Two of the best pieces of music for American boys ever published, by which in January we shall have one thousand copies of each to sell to American boys.

"The American Boy March and Two-Step" and "The Jolly Student,"

Two of the best pieces of music for American boys ever published, by which in January we shall have one thousand copies of each to sell to American boys.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Physical Training and the Church

The Rev. John L. Scudder, of Jersey City, N. J., has established Tuesday night boxing classes in the gymnasium attached to his church.

The Grief of a Boy.

An Atchison mother died recently, leaving two children, a girl of eight and a boy of nine. The kind neighbors assembled in the parlor, held the girl on their laps and wiped away her tears.

Working a Setback.

"What on earth are you doing in here, Tommy?" asked his mother, peering into the darkness of the henhouse, whence had been coming for five minutes or more a series of dismal squawks.

DAISY RIFLE advertisement with image of a rifle and a list of models and prices.

Battery Table Lamp, \$3.00 advertisement with image of a lamp and a list of accessories.

\$3.75 BUYS A \$35 WATCH advertisement with image of a watch.

HYLO Electric Lamps advertisement with image of a lamp.

"Pick Me Out" PUZZLE advertisement with image of a puzzle.

\$79 WILL BUY MOTOR-CYCLE advertisement with image of a motorcycle.

THE WONDERFUL DOUBLE-THROAT advertisement with image of a double-throat instrument.

PRINTS YOUR NAME. POCKET STAMP advertisement with image of a stamp.

BEEBE VIOLINS advertisement with image of a violin.

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 1882. 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.

Boys Books Reviewed

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. Translated from the Danish, by Carl Siewers. It is safe to say that the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen will be read just as long as there are little folks to read and enjoy them. These stories are never of the preachy kind, but simple tales with many queer and altogether fascinating happenings in them. This book is handsomely gotten up, and Mr. Mora's happy illustrations will just make the young reader's cup of enjoyment run over. Price \$1.50. Dana, Estes & Co., publishers.

PHIL AND DICK, by E. H. Lewis. All boys love to read sea stories of adventure and here is one which contains sufficient excitement to satisfy the reader's utmost craving. It tells of two boy apprentices in the U. S. navy, and the many things which happened to them during their service with Uncle Sam. Their hairbreadth escapes from drowning, pirates, robbers, shipwreck, with vivid descriptions of foreign cities, make up a book which is calculated to keep a boy awake beyond the usual hours. It is nicely illustrated and printed in large, clear type. 291 pages. Cloth. Price \$1.00. The Saalfield Publishing Co.

We have received a copy of Vol. I, No. 1, of The Model Electrical and Mechanical Engineer, a journal of mechanics and electricity for amateurs and students and, from its contents and make-up, we believe, this paper will greatly benefit the boys and even adults who love to do things. Part of the contents tell of How to Make a Telephone, and How to Build a One-fourth to Three-eighths H. P. High Speed Center Crank Steam Engine, with suitable drawings, besides many other things interesting to the amateur engineer. The paper is also the official organ of the Society of Model Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. It is published by Robert Thistlewhite; the subscription price \$1.00 a year. THE AMERICAN BOY will receive subscriptions.

No More Henty Books.

The news we have to communicate to our boys this month that George Alfred Henty is dead will come to them as a distinct shock, for Henty has been the ideal writer for boys for several generations. Mr. Henty was an Englishman, but his books found thousands upon thousands of



GEORGE ALFRED HENTY.

readers in America. He was educated at Cambridge and served in the Crimean war. Later, as a correspondent, he was in the field in the Austro-Italian, the Franco-German, and the Turco-Servian wars, and was with the Abyssinian and Ashanti expeditions as well as with Garibaldi in Italy. In these various fields of action he absorbed an immense amount of material for stories and boys have devoured his writings with eager zest. He was a very industrious writer, turning out two or three books a year and never repeating himself. At the time of his death he was in his seventieth year and was still writing. His books are found wherever boys of the English race are found. The Hartford Courant, in speaking of the boys who have read the Henty books, says: "They will be more intelligent British subjects or American citizens a few years hence for having read the Henty books in their boyhood."

Between eighty and ninety books are the product of Mr. Henty's great industry, and these have been left as an enduring memorial. Henty will be kindly remembered and regretted for a long time to come by the boys of two great nations.

The great and overshadowing peril of a boy's life is not, as many suppose, his bad companions, or his bad books, or his bad habits; it is the peril of homelessness—a peril that often exists even in luxurious houses.

Curiosity From Guatemala.

3d Avenida Sur, No. 96,
Guatemala City.

Mr. H. H. Ballard:

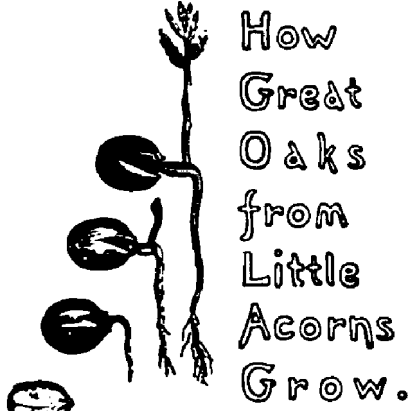
Dear Sir—I inclose a drawing of a "wooden flowers." These flowers grow only on the slopes of the Agua and Fuego volcanoes of this country. Inside it is of a dark coffee color; the outside is lighter. It is hard and looks as if beautifully carved. I have some that I would exchange with other boys.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR D. DURAN.

As our readers will want to know more about these strange wooden flowers, we reprint the following account from the Literary Digest:

"It is well known that certain plants develop in the neighborhood of other plants, with which they live in more or less intimate union. According to the degree of intimacy, these plants are known as commensals, epiphytes, or parasites. The commensal establishes itself near its neighbor and takes a part of its nourishment; the epiphyte lives fixed on its host, but without taking any of the latter's sap, and its action is purely mechanical, whether protective or injurious. The parasite, which is often more terrible for the plant than for the insect, fixes itself deep in the plant's vitals and is nourished exclusively on its substance. All parasites are not injurious; the mistletoe, if it is



White-Footed Field Mice—Mrs. M. K. Harrison.

Thinking that an experience which we had with some white-footed field mice may interest the Agassiz boys and girls, I will relate it. These mice are pretty little creatures, with soft, silky fur. Scientists call them *Hesperomys leucopus*, a name they may try to remember.

One bright morning in Autumn my little boy came into the house with a stout stick, some eighteen inches long, in his hand, to which was attached a very neat nest made of shreds of bark, grass and bits of old wood.

Hastily explaining, he said: "I found this pretty nest in the woods. I think it is empty, and see, there isn't any door! I want to put it in the museum, but haven't time now. I must go right back to the woods with papa for more wood. I'll leave it here in the window. Don't let any one touch it." And, carefully placing the nest in the window, he hastened away.

A tired boy does not always remember even new found treasures, and the nest remained in the window undisturbed for two or three days.

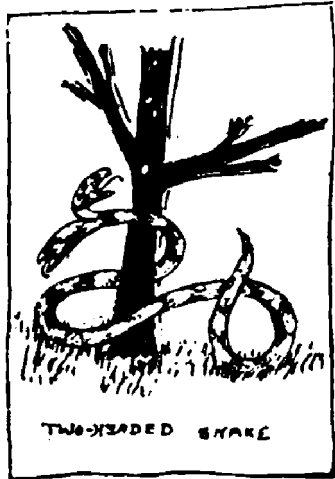
Taking his boots one morning from the corner of the dining room, he thrust a foot into the first one, but found it would go in but a few inches; then he tried the second with a like result. "What is the matter with my boots?" he exclaimed, and turning them upside down some two quarts of pumpkin seeds fell out. "Well, I would like to know how these seeds came here?" he asked in surprise. Everybody was interrogated, but no one knew anything about it.

The seeds had been left to dry by the kitchen stove the night before. Investigation was made, and not a seed or piece of a seed could be found outside of the boots. As the seeds were not dry enough to put away they were taken back to the kitchen, and that night were left just as before. The next morning every seed was in the boots again. We thought it might be the work of mice, but no mice that we knew of could accomplish so much in so short a time, and what mouse could resist the temptation to eat pumpkin seeds and scatter the chips by the way?

During that day Arthur thought of the nest in the window, and going to get it he found that the door had been opened from the inside, and the occupants of the nest had gone. "O, I know what it is now!" he exclaimed. "Something that came out of this nest put the seeds in my boots." A few days later the *Hesperomys* were taken in a trap, and the mystery was explained.

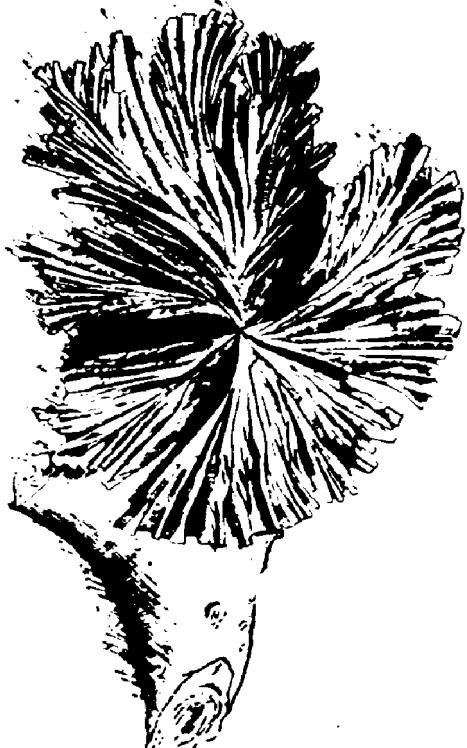
Two-Headed Snake.

1215 Franklin Ave., New York, N. Y.
Some time ago in a park called "Crotona," about a mile from where I live, there was a two-headed rattlesnake captured. The party who caught it presented it to The Bronx Zoological Garden.



TWO-HEADED SNAKE

While the snake was there I had the pleasure of seeing it. It was very delicate, this being accounted for by its not having enough to eat, not that they weren't given enough, but because the two heads were constantly quarrelling.



not too abundant on the oak, has rather a beneficent effect than otherwise. But another plant of the same family (*Loranthaceae*) makes real ravages on its victim, and thereby produces the curious result that is represented in our picture, which is called "wooden flowers." This is a name given by the natives of Tierra del Fuego, the country where the parasite is found. The wooden flowers are an excrescence that forms on the branches of the trees after the development of the parasite, whose seeds are deposited thereon by birds. These seeds contain a sticky material that enables them to adhere to the tree. Once fixed, the seed penetrates the outer bark, enters the liberoligneous part of the wood, and causes a tumor that takes an approximately spherical form and is of a size that varies with the importance of the branch. The latter sometimes withers, but often continues to grow, though weakened; new seeds arrive and there results a group of "wooden flowers." The union is then so intimate between the plants that in making a transverse section it is almost impossible to say where one begins and the other ends. The parasite does not live more than three or four years, but it leaves traces of its existence. The "flowers" have a diameter varying from two to sixty centimeters (an inch to two feet).

These "flowers" are not, as one might believe, formed by the roots of the parasite, for it has none. They are formed by a prolongation of the ligneous part of the wood itself, forced through the bark. Their volutes are very graceful in their effects, and recall the classic *ascanthus* leaf, as is shown in the illustration.

REPORTS DUE BY FEB. 1.—Reports from the 2nd Century, Chapters 101-200 should reach the President by February 1st.

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SINCE Rugby was founded, as recently as 1567, it is considered in England to be quite a modern school, but when I visited the place this year I saw evidences of antiquity on every side. After Lawrenceville and Andover it seemed very old indeed. The boys attending Rugby are chiefly from the middle class of English society. There is not a tittle in the school. The boys' fathers are, for the most part, lawyers or physicians or manufacturers in the neighboring cities. On this account I found the Rugby boys more friendly to strangers than were those of Eton, and during my visit to the Institution I felt as if I were indeed one of them.

In the beginning, Rugby was only a grammar school for the youngsters of the neighborhood, and it never amounted to much until Dr. Thomas Arnold, "The Doctor" of "Tom Brown's School Days," became head master. He reorganized everything, and brought Rugby to the high position it occupies today among English public schools. When Dr. Arnold first went to Rugby the need of a new order of things was plain to his keen mind. The "houses" where the boys were living were nothing more than boarding houses, and the masters, instead of living in them, as they should, tried to eke out their slender incomes by serving as ministers at neighboring churches. "The Doctor" arranged that each house should have several masters in charge. He also arranged the system of "fagging" which is now used in all the public schools in England. He believed that in a school community the older boys should govern the younger in their daily life, and be responsible for order in the different houses. "The boys," he wrote, "are for nearly nine months of the year living with one another in a distinct society. Their school life occupies the whole of their existence. At their studies and their amusements, by day and by night, they are members of one and the same society. For this they require a government. * * * It is idle to say that the masters form, or can form, this government. * * * A father with thirty sons would find it no easy matter to govern them effectually. How much less can a master govern thirty boys?" For these reasons Dr. Arnold decided that the boys in the sixth form should rule over the others, and if in any house there were not a sufficient number in that form to preserve order, he appointed some of the fifth-formers to assist.

This system of fagging is carried out at Rugby today, but I couldn't make up my mind, when I was there, that I would care to be either fag or fag master. It doesn't seem right for one boy to act as servant to another, and the fags at Rugby are obliged to do regular housemaid's work. The first thing in the morning one of them, who is appointed for the week, is obliged to wake all the other fellows in the dormitories. This is by no means an easy task, and sometimes it is positively dangerous. Occasionally it is necessary to use water and clubs to get them all out, and then the unhappy fag has to flee before the wrath of the upper formers. Then, after the first morning lesson has been said, the fags go to the town and purchase supplies for their masters' breakfasts. When they get it home they must cook and serve it, and they hardly have a chance to get

any food at all for themselves. All they are allowed under the school rules is a quarter pound of tea and a pound of sugar each week. The rest each boy must buy for himself.

As at Eton, all the fellows eat their dinner together, but at five o'clock the fags must get ready their masters' tea and serve it. One or two of them must prepare the toast, and that is a job I wouldn't like at all. Each sixth-former has two rounds of it, and the poor fags have to hold it before a fire which is a veritable furnace. The worst of it is they are not permitted to use toasting forks, and very often their hands are fairly scorched.

After tea it must be seen that the rooms of the sixth form are in apple pie order, and then they are through for the night—all except one who is appointed to stand watch in the hall to answer the calls of any "praepostor" who wants water or something for supper. I think this last duty must be the most thankless of all, for there is very little excitement in the houses after tea. The fellows are all supposed to be studying their lessons for the morrow, and the masters take care that there is no romping in the hallways. I was told a story by one of the boys which fairly made cold chills run down my back. It was about a fag who was left standing in the hall one night to answer supper calls. He heard and saw absolutely nothing until rather late, and then he perceived a tall white figure, wrapped in a bluish flame, coming down the corridor. In its hands were bread and cheese and beer and it floated in the air, rather than walked. From one room to another it passed, serving supper to all the sixth-formers, and finally disappeared as mysteriously as it came. After that the fag was not obliged to stand watch any more, for he was frightened nearly out of his wits. This story is always told to the new boys arriving in the house, and they are told to look out for the ghost while on fag duty in the halls.

The new boys arriving at Rugby have rather a hard time at first and are subjected to treatment which corresponds to hazing in American schools. I was shown a table on which they are made to stand on "new boy's night" and sing a song. They must stand with their legs as far astraddle as possible, holding a candle in each hand, and if they strike a false note there is violent hissing in the audience. When the songs are finished they are required to pledge the health of the school in a drink composed of salt and water and tallow candles.

Of course the most sacred landmarks and customs at Rugby are those which are mentioned in the story of Tom Brown. As I went through the school-house I was shown by one of the boys the "double-study"—fully five feet by six—which is said to have been occupied by Tom and Arthur, and in the corridor I had pointed out to me the top of the old hall table, with T. Hughes carved boldly upon it in capitals. None of the boys doubt but what Tom Brown really lived and attended the school.

The great dining-hall where all the boys eat their dinners stands just as it was described in the famous book. There are tables all around the sides, and tables in the middle. The smaller boys are given seats at the side tables, and as they progress through the different forms, they move around the

room until finally they are given one of the seats of honor at the middle table. To sit there is a distinction greater than being merely in the sixth form, for a fellow must have a clean record to get there. When the dinner is over, the little boys pass out through a corridor, while the sixth-form fellows go out through a door directly into the yard. For a little boy to go out through the big boys' door would be a piece of arrogance not to be tolerated, and any chap bold enough to try it would be made to suffer in consequence.

The boys who were guiding me about the school insisted that I mustn't leave until I had seen the schoolrooms where Dr. Arnold used to meet his sixth form. Many old men in England remember these rooms as places where they learned more about obedience and discipline than they could ever have learned had it not been for the famous head master. The furniture in these rooms is not old, as at Eton, but the walls are covered with old table-tops, upon which are carved the names of the old scholars who attended in Tom Brown's time. The boys are not permitted to display their talent as carvers nowadays. If they cut out even so much as their initials they must have the wood planed and polished, or else buy a new table. This seems rather hard, in the light of old customs and traditions, and makes the Eton boys rather to be envied.

Of course I was interested in visiting the old "close" which I had read about so often, and where the game of football as we know it in America is said to have originated. The three trees which used to stand within the football field are gone, now, but there are others standing, and the close is a shady, attractive place on a sunny day.

Aside from football records, the close is famous as the place where all fights have taken place among the boys since Dr. Arnold's time. Before then it was the custom for the fellows to meet in some place where they wouldn't be disturbed and settle their quarrels by a knockout bout. Arnold ruled that all such contests should take place in the close, where he could overlook them from his study windows. If there were any breaches of this rule, the penalty was expulsion for all parties concerned. Every boy will remember the fight between Tom Brown and Slugger Williams, and it was no-imitation affair; but Dr. Arnold intervened before one of the boys was killed. Nowadays the fights are not so much encouraged by the masters, and the close is no longer a famous field of war. But all the Rugby fellows would like it better if they were allowed to settle their quarrels in this way, and they maintain that there is more spite and nasty feeling in the school today than in Tom Brown's time, when it was all knocked out by black eyes and bloody noses.

It was at Rugby that the modern system of Christian education had its beginning. When Dr. Arnold went to the school he found it one of the most immoral and rebellious in England. Drunkenness and swearing were common vices among the boys, and all sorts of vicious acts were approved by the sentiment of the school. It was a slow process which built up the moral and religious tone of the institution, for the boys were not easy to manage. Most of them used to keep guns in the backs of stores in the town, and whenever occasion presented itself

they went out on poaching expeditions. Everyone knows that poaching is considered one of the lowest crimes in England, and Arnold stopped it at Rugby by telling the shopkeepers he would forbid the boys to enter their stores at all if they assisted them in poaching.

There was a horsey set at Rugby, too. The country round about the school is first-rate for hunting, and it was a great temptation for the boys to mount a horse and go riding for game. It is told that on one occasion a boy who considered himself a great steeple chaser bragged that he could beat any fellow in the school and give him the pick of horses at that. A sixth-former named Corbett accepted this challenge, and the race was held amid great enthusiasm. The challenger lost, but after the race he whined so much about the superiority of Corbett's horse that the latter agreed to ride the chase over again, exchanging horses. When he won a second time the whole school was greatly excited, and Corbett's name was written among Rugby's heroes. After this, racing was popular, and a grand steeple chase was organized, for which there were seven entries. Dr. Arnold, however, decided that this sort

of thing had gone far enough. He sent for Corbett and told him that he had refrained from interfering in the two former races, because if he did both boys would have been expelled. He said that if this other steeple chase came off he would expel every boy who was present or who took part in it. Of course, it was abandoned. Dr. Arnold was a good sort of a man, though, for soon after there was a great national steeple chase near Rugby, and he allowed the entire school to go and see it.

Today Rugby is known as the most democratic school in England, and on this account it is the most American, so American boys would feel more at home there than at Eton or Winchester or other British schools. Boys at Rugby stand on an equal plane of respectability, and there are no earls or viscounts among them. They usually lead all other institutions in athletic sports, and Rugby football is famous the world over. Altogether, it is a wholesome, attractive place, but in spite of its history and traditions, I would rather be educated at an American school. It is hard to understand why some parents send their sons abroad to be educated, for the boys themselves are almost sure to have a hard

time. They will be snubbed in England for being too American, and when they get home again they will be snubbed because they're "quite English, you know." All authorities agree that a boy who expects to live and work in the United States has no business to attend school abroad, and that such a course is sure to be detrimental to his happiness and his success in life. The standards of living are very different in this country from what they are in England, and when the Rugby boy comes here he has to unlearn many things. Some American schools have adopted characteristics of Rugby and Eton, and find that they work very successfully. At Lawrenceville the fellows live in "houses" similar to those at Rugby, and each house is in charge of one or more masters. At Groton the boys of the sixth form have authority over the smaller ones, and at St. Paul's the boys are watched over with as much severity as are their English cousins. But as yet we have nothing to correspond to what are known as "public schools" in England, and perhaps it is just as well that our institutions should be typical of our great country, and not planned after foreign models.

Uncle Sam's Porto Rican Children

IN the island of Porto Rico, a land of perpetual summer, Uncle Sam has taken under his care more than 322,000 children of school age. School age in Porto Rico is from five to eighteen years, though not many of the island children attend school after they are fifteen years old. When Uncle Sam took possession of Porto Rico a few years ago he found that eighty per cent of the people on the island could not read or write. Only the well-to-do-people in the cities, and the wealthy planters thought of send-

But the children of Porto Rico still sing "Borinquen," and one of the principal cities is named Ponce after the man who wanted so to be a boy again that he lost his life in the attempt. The children of Porto Rico do not have fine modern schoolhouses. Houses originally built for storing coffee or sugar, or barracks intended as the quarters for soldiers, in fact any building that would do, has been pressed into service. Porto Rican schools are pretty noisy, as a rule. Under the old Spanish system

live in huts with thatched roofs, huddled in little villages amid groves of great towering palms. It is especially for the benefit of "the child whose home is a shack, whose world is a cocoanut tree, a banana grove and poverty," that the schools of Porto Rico have been established. Porto Rican children are especially fond of pictures. Heretofore they have lived a pictureless life. No picture papers were known in the island before Uncle Sam took charge and the children never even imagined such a thing as a picture book.

Now, greatly to their delight, thousands of pictures have been distributed for the decoration of the interior of the schoolhouses. In the interior of the roughest shack pictures are stuck up on the walls which the children have cut out of some illustrated publication.

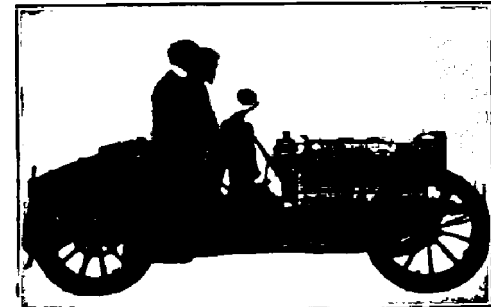
The children in the rural districts are just beginning to wear shoes and stockings, something they never thought of in the old Spanish days, and such of them as are fortunate enough to possess these articles of apparel prize them almost as highly as they do pictures. So careful are they of their new and strange possessions that when they have walked a little way from the schoolhouse, after school, they sit down and take off their shoes and stockings and carry them home under their arms.

When a Porto Rican boy is fifteen years old he generally leaves school and goes to work on one of the plantations where they raise coffee, or on one of the estates where the cane grows from which they make sugar and the Porto Rico molasses which, very likely, you are eating on your buckwheat cakes these winter mornings.

The Paris-Vienna Automobile Race.

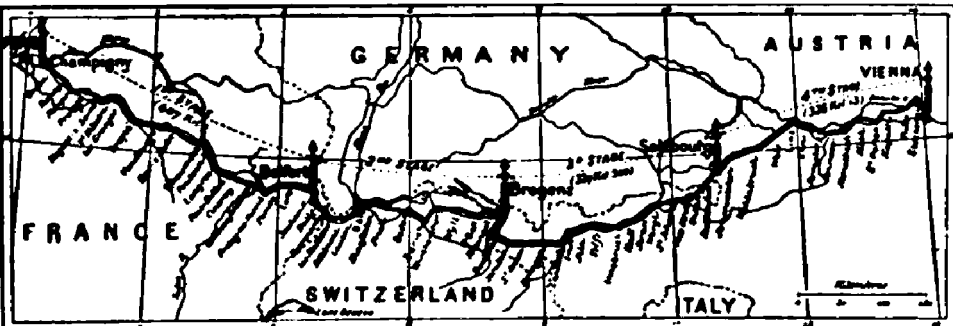
Boys will not fail to be interested in a short account of the great automobile race from Paris to Vienna, which took place last summer. It may be a little late to write an account of it, but it will not be uninteresting for that reason.

One hundred and thirty vehicles made the start over the route, which was 890 miles long and divided into four stages, one of which was to be covered each day. The best time was made by Renault in a

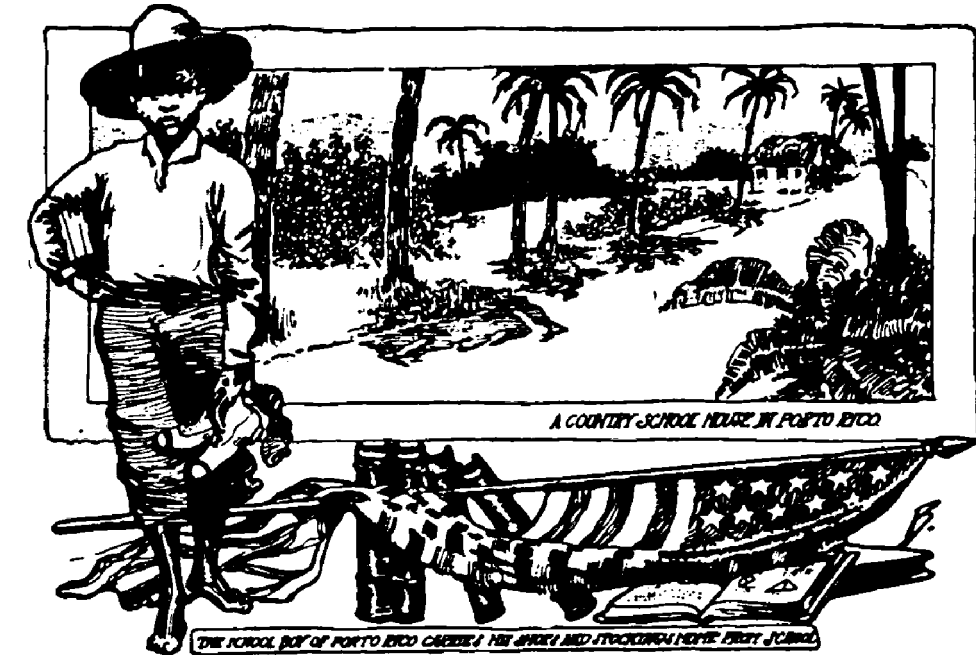


THE MEN AND THE MACHINE THAT WON THE BENNETT CUP.

machine of his own make which weighed about a thousand pounds. He completed the journey in fifteen hours and twenty two minutes actual running time, or an average of fifty one and one-fourth miles per hour, as fast as many of our express



The Route of the Paris-Vienna Race.



ing their children to school. There were a few schools, such as they were, scattered among the large towns, but in the villages and country districts there were no schools at all.

Uncle Sam is changing all that and this fall he opened in Porto Rico 1,200 schools, which began the school year with an attendance of more than fifty thousand pupils.

So now, every school-day morning, high up on the mountain sides, down in the fertile valleys and over the huts of the little villages and the whitewashed stone houses of the cities, rise American flags before a thousand schoolhouses.

Porto Rican children are fond of singing, and nearly all of them are good singers. They generally begin the school day by singing "The Star Spangled Banner," "My Country 'Tis of Thee," or "Hail Columbia," singing the English words, and following the American song with "Borinquen," sung in Spanish. "Borinquen" is the ancient name of Porto Rico, and the song bearing that name was to Porto Rico what "America" is to the United States. "Borinquen," or "Boriquen," means "the land of the valiant lord," and is what the natives called the island when Columbus discovered it on his second voyage to America.

The island was so beautiful with its fruits and flowers, its mountains and its streams, that Ponce de Leon, the same man who afterward discovered Florida, thought that he would certainly find there the fountain of perpetual youth. Captain Ponce, though a valiant soldier, was getting old, and believed, foolish man, that somewhere in the New World he would find a spring of water which would change him into a boy again. It is a singular fact that boys do not wish to be men half as badly as men wish to be boys.

Captain Ponce did not find the fountain of perpetual youth in Borinquen, and your history book will tell you that he afterward went seeking it in Florida and was killed there in a battle with the Indians.

trains. The roads traversed were some of the worst in Europe, and in the final stage of the journey they passed directly over the Altberg, a mountain five thousand feet in height. Additional interest was afforded by the fact that the race for the Gordon-Bennett cup was held at the same time over part of the route, or 383 miles. Mr. James Gordon-Bennett offered a cup for an annual international race, the cup to be held by the automobile club whose champion won the race. In this race the cup was won by S. F. Edge. At Vienna there were more than 20,000 persons assembled at the hippodrome to see the finish. Renault, as stated, won the prize of honor, which was offered by the Emperor Francis Joseph to the French racer who arrived first. President Loubet offered a similar prize to the first foreign chauffeur, and this fell to Count de Zborowski, an Austrian.

THE MEDICATED CROUP NECKLACE

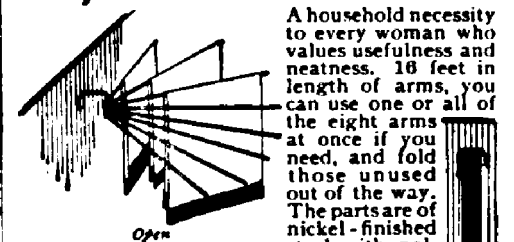
OR AMULET is a simple and effective safeguard against that dreadful disease, CROUP.



The Original and Only Sure Preventive. It is worn next the skin, forming a medicated barrier and close protection to the Croup centre. The medication is absorbed into the system of the child, by contact or inhalation. It is used by adults having throat trouble. The Croup Necklaces or Amulets is endorsed by leading physicians, and is indispensable to every home. Send for circulars. Read our testimonials and order by mail a Medicated Amulet for Your Child. PRICE, 25 Cents.

MEDICATED CROUP NECKLACE CO., Goshen, Ind.

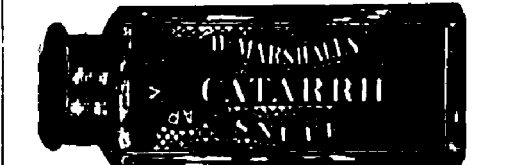
Ezy-fixt Towel Rack



A household necessity to every woman who values usefulness and neatness. 18 feet in length of arms, you can use one or all of the eight arms at once if you need, and fold those unused out of the way. The parts are of nickel-finished steel with polished hard wood arms. Express prepaid anywhere in the United States. One for \$1.25; two for \$2.35; three for \$3.40; four for \$4.40; five for \$5.00. No AGENTS.

McELROY IRON WORKS COMPANY, 19-29 S. NINTH STREET, KEOKUK IOWA.

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH.



25 Cents a Bottle by all Druggists. 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: Lawns School, 21 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

PLAYS

Best List of New Plays, 25 Nos. Dialog, Speakers, Hand Books, Catalog free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Dept. 59, Chicago.



Officer's Badge

THE GREAT AMERICAN

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE

EVERY ENERGETIC AMERICAN BOY SHOULD BE A MEMBER

Company News.

PROF. F. B. WILLIS COMPANY, No. 3, Ada, O., holds its meetings on Tuesday evenings. On the evening of August 16 it held a social and lawn fete, clearing about five dollars, which is to be used for books for its library. The following is a copy of the poster:

SOCIAL AND LAWN FETE ON THE CAMPUS, SATURDAY EVE., AUG. 16, '02.
Under the auspices of the ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. Ice Cream, Lemonade and Cake will be served at popular prices. Music by the band.
EVERYBODY IS INVITED

to attend. Come out and enjoy a social hour with your friends. We want your patronage and encouragement in a worthy cause.

THE PROF. F. B. WILLIS COMPANY, Division No. 3 of Ohio.

Prof. F. B. Willis, after whom the company is named, has presented to the Company a number of books for its library.—LITTLE BLUE COMPANY, No. 10, Fairbury, Neb., takes its name from the Little Blue river at that place.—WASHINGTON COMPANY, No. 15, Washington, Pa., has organized a football team with Fred Berthel as captain and Carl Duvall as manager.—GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK COMPANY, No. 18, Springfield, O., held its election of officers September 19, with the following result: William O'Brien was chosen Captain; Ned Wallace, Vice Captain; Carl Gephart, Treasurer, and Justus Hahn, Secretary.—JOHN BROWN COMPANY, No. 6, Paola, Kas., expects soon to organize a zobo band. It has a picture of "Old Abe" framed and hanging up in the club room.—THE BENGAL TIGER COMPANY, No. 10, Lisbon, Ia., will soon have a gymnasium and a library. Company dues, three cents a week, with a fine of three cents for the use of profane language or for using tobacco.—APOLLO COMPANY, No. 31, Yale, Mich., holds its meetings on Wednesday evenings. This Company has a library of over forty books.—JAMES LANE COMPANY, No. 8, Yates Center, Kas., is one of the prosperous companies of the Order. It has a baseball team and has played one game so far, the score standing 33 to 23 in favor of the O. A. B., "A very tight game, to be sure," the captain writes, "but then, we have only been organized about three weeks." It is also organizing a football team, and the captain says it expects to play and win before long.—CUBAN ATHLETIC CLUB COMPANY, No. 7, Cuba, N. Y., is very much interested in baseball. It did not go camping on account of bad weather.—VICTORIA COMPANY, No. 1, Watervliet, Mich., held its election of officers on Thursday evening, Sept. 26, with the following result: Captain, Claude Pelton; Vice Captain, Jonas McGowen, Secretary, Alram Randall; Treasurer, Sherwood Smith; Librarian, A. Frazee; Corresponding Secretary, Burr Baughman; Sergeant-at-Arms, Sebastian Smith.—JOHN HARRIS COMPANY, No. 10, Harrisburg, Pa., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Charles Meck; Secretary, James Shope; Treasurer, Paul Gottschall. This Company is about to complete an underground clubhouse at which it has been working for three months. It has also built an ingenious sail-wagon and a canoe, of which the Secretary promises to send us pictures soon. It holds its meetings from 7 to 9 p. m. From 7 to 8 the time is devoted to business, and from 8 to 9 the members play ping-pong and other interesting games, such as checkers, chess and crokinole.—RED STAR COMPANY, No. 12, Nappanee, Ind., holds its meetings on Fridays. Dues, five cents per week. It has the club room nicely fitted up and has had its charter framed.—U. S. GRANT COMPANY, No. 9, Eureka, Cal., holds its meetings on the first and third Thursdays and second and fourth Fridays of each month. Dues, ten cents per month. The members are fixing up a tank house for their club room, and have a library of about twenty two books.—WASHINGTON COMPANY, No. 15, Washington, Pa., has a strong football team. The captain says the members practice every day, and promises to send us a picture of the team.—GENERAL ALGER COMPANY, No. 32, Corunna, Mich., has uniforms of navy blue trimmed in white. It will also have a flag.—LONE STAR COMPANY, No. 1, Ennis, Tex., has not been holding its regular weekly meetings during the summer months, but meetings will be resumed the first of November. It has a nice gymnasium and a fine library of over seventy five books. This Company has a membership of thirteen, and they are all busy boys. The secretary writes, "We are all going to the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904, if possible."—GOLIAD COMPANY, No. 11, Leonard, Tex., held its first meeting the evening of October 8, at which

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.

For Every Boy to Answer

BOYS! Please write answers to the following questions, numbering each answer, and mail to Wm. C. SPRAGUE, Editor, Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

This is for EVERY BOY who reads "The American Boy," whether a member of the O. A. B. or not.

1. Population of your town or city?
2. Number of churches?
3. Number of saloons?
4. About how many boys between 8 and 20 years of age?
5. How many boys' clubs, (not baseball or football, or the like), boys' societies, boys' organizations in your town? Don't count church societies where boys and girls both belong. Name them if you can?
6. How many churches have a special society or work for boys? Name the societies if you can?
7. Is there a town library with boys' books in it for boys to use?
8. Is there a library for boys in the town?
9. Is there a gymnasium open to boys in your town?
10. Is there reading rooms open to boys, furnishing boys' books and papers?
11. Is there a boys' literary or debating society or military company, open to boys generally?
12. What are the men and women of your town doing to provide boys with healthful amusement, and keep them employed in some interesting undertaking, to keep them off the streets and away from demoralizing influences, particularly through the winter?
13. Do the town authorities do anything for the boys in the way of furnishing a public park or playground where boys can have a good time unmolested, or in any other way to make boy life in your town better and happier and improve the morals of the community?
14. Does the town provide courts and a jail for boys who are bad?
15. Does the town spend any money to keep boys out of court and out of jail?
16. Does the town permit the saloons to violate the law to your injury?
17. Does it ever violate the law in doing anything to your advantage?
18. Will you give us the full names of any men or women in your town who are trying to do something for the boys of the town?
19. Will you give us the full names of any men or women who would try to do something for the boys if they knew how and thought they had the chance?
20. Will you help us interest some one or more persons in your town to do something for the boys of your town? If you will, you may hear from us again.

We Want More Companies and Bigger Companies.

We want every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY to go out and make an effort to interest five or more boys in the organizing of a Company. We have just issued a new pamphlet telling all about the Order. You can get it by sending us a two-cent stamp. Three hundred Companies is just a start; we want three thousand. With a live Company of boys in every American town, what may we not do for the town and for the boys?

American Boy Libraries.

We have ready for shipment to any Company that wants it a library of five standard books for boys. The Company may have the use of it for a reasonable time by sending us fifty cents and paying the expressage one way. We have many of these libraries, and we guarantee them to be first-class, high-toned books for boys.

St. Ignace, Mich., April 21, 1902.
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.

Company News.

(Continued.)

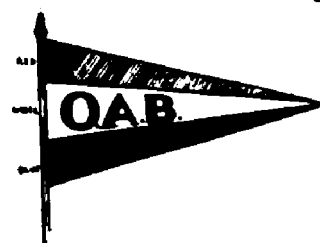
time the following officers were elected: Captain, C. P. Dodson; Secretary, Malcolm McLarry; Treasurer, R. T. Shiels.—JAMES LANE COMPANY, No. 8, Yates Center, Kas., had a baseball team last summer and now has a football team. It has a club room under one of the banks, and boxing gloves, punching bag, and fencing foils and masks. The dues are five cents a week.—TEXAS PANHANDLE COMPANY, No. 10, Quanah, Tex., is organizing a football team. It has a fine library, the books having been contributed by the various members of the Company. It hopes soon to have money enough in its treasury to buy a punching bag.—BENJAMIN HARRISON COMPANY, No. 20, Canton, O., recently elected officers for the six months commencing October 1, as follows: Captain, Robert Cordray; Vice Captain, Norville Griffin; Secretary, Harrison Lautzenheller; Treasurer, Charles Fiala; and Librarian, Ernest Fiala.—GEORGE A. CUSTER COMPANY, No. 1, Big Stone, So. Dak., resumed its meetings the last week in September. The following are its officers: Captain, George Puder; Vice Captain, Paul Trapp; Secretary, Walter Oehler; Treasurer, Lee Gold. This Company has about \$4.50 in its treasury and will soon have a library. It is planning for an oyster supper, the proceeds of which will go into the treasury. Its colors are red and yellow. A fine of one cent has been imposed for disorderly conduct during meetings, and a fine of five cents for using profane language.—ROOSEVELT COMPANY, No. 4, Pueblo, Colo., holds its meetings every Saturday afternoon at the home of the Captain.—GENERAL SAM HOUSTON COMPANY, No. 2, Comanche, Tex., expects soon to have a gymnasium. This Company held an interesting meeting on the afternoon of October 10. It played a game of football, after which a fine literary program was rendered, papers on the Lives of Lincoln, Franklin and Jefferson being features.—STEPHEN F. AUSTIN COMPANY, No. 9, Ennis, Tex., has rented a club room and has a fine library of sixty books.—GEORGE D. ROBINSON COMPANY, No. 6, Chicopee, Mass., has a nice club room and recently had its charter framed. The members have been taking fencing lessons.—RIVER VIEW COMPANY, No. 1, Rio Vista, Cal., recently added eight new books to its library.—THE BENGAL TIGER COMPANY, No. 10, Lisbon, Ia., has at this writing nine members, all of whom, the Captain says, are good, honest and upright boys. Meetings are held in turn at the homes of the various members on Monday evenings. This Company has a fine gymnasium and is adding improvements to it from time to time. Company dues are three cents, and the same amount is imposed for fines. At the meetings the strictest order prevails. This Company visits its sick members. It has a nice little sum in its treasury and is out of debt, "and," the Captain writes, "that we are proud is no name for it." It will soon have its charter framed. The Captain promises us a picture of the Company as soon as it gets a little more money in its treasury.—MILLBURY COMPANY, No. 10, Millbury, Mass., has rented a small cottage for a club room, paying \$2.50 per month rent. This Company has a wrestling mat, dumb bells, boxing gloves, etc. Dues, five cents per week. It has one officer whose business it is to impose fines, etc. A fine of one cent is imposed for the use of profane language.—GENERAL ALGER COMPANY, No. 32, Corunna, Mich., holds its meetings on Friday evenings in a bar at the Captain's home. The room is carpeted and has a stove in it, and is decorated with bunting and flags. On the day the Company received its charter a furniture dealer framed it, free of charge, in order to help the boys. The members made a writing desk like the one described in the August number of THE AMERICAN BOY and have it in their club room.—GEORGE W. STEELE COMPANY, No. 6, Swayzee, Ind., recently had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Mr. McKeever, the proceeds of which went into the Company treasury. On account of bad weather the attendance was small, the Company netting about \$3.50.—JOHN BROWN COMPANY, No. 6, Paola, Kas., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Damon Walthall; Secretary, Lyle Beard; Sergeant-at-Arms, Harry Pieker. This Company has two rooms in the rear of Dr. Walthall's office. Meetings are held every other Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Ex-Captain George E. Quimby writes that the Company has only been able to take part in one Field Day contest on account of the bad weather. He promises us a picture of the Company and club room.

(To be Continued.)

AMERICAN BOY ARMY

E, MIND AND MORALS

MEMBER OF "THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY."



O. A. B. Pennant

AMERICAN BOY TOWN MEETING.

Program of Exercises for Companies of the Order of the American Boy for January 24, 1903.

Every boy is or should be interested in the welfare of his town. He should do what he can to make and keep it clean, attractive, healthful and prosperous. Too few grown up people give this matter proper attention and study. Perhaps your town needs waking up on this subject. Perhaps the boys are the ones to do the waking. At least boys ought to be preparing themselves for intelligent, useful citizenship, and this is one important step in the preparation. The subject of this meeting is really: OUR TOWN—WHAT CAN WE DO TO IMPROVE IT?

Divide the subject up into parts, assigning each part to a member. All boys not on the program should keep their eyes and ears open and study the whole subject so as to be ready to debate every phase of it. Talk to your parents, your grown-up acquaintances, the Mayor and Aldermen, or Councilmen, and particularly to the school teachers and editors of the town papers. The editors will jump right in and help you by notices and comment in their columns. Invite everybody to attend the meeting. You will find you have stirred up a mighty interest. Addresses should be by members and should not exceed in length ten minutes.

PROGRAM.

1. Call to order and salute to the flag.
2. If there is business to be done, follow order given in the O. A. B. pamphlet. If not, or if you wish to dispense with business for the evening, pass to
3. Statement by the Captain as to the object of the meeting and the manner of treating the subject (by short addresses and debate).
4. Address—Subject: A CLEAN TOWN. (Tell about the condition of the streets and alleys, front and backyards. Do the merchants sweep their refuse into the streets? Do the citizens empty their ashes and garbage into the streets and alleys? Suppose you had taken a walk through the town, tell what you saw in the way of cleanliness and its opposite. Then offer the following resolution: "Resolved, That our town is as clean as it ought to be.")
5. Ten minute debate on this resolution and vote on it.
6. Address—Subject: A BEAUTIFUL TOWN. (Point out the unsightly features of the town, the muddy streets, broken sidewalks, unpainted houses, untrimmed trees, lack of shade trees, neglect of public park or grounds or public buildings, neglect of lawns and fences, the letting of animals to run loose in the streets, the lack of spirit of pride in the town, etc., etc. Then offer the following resolution: "Resolved, That our town is as beautiful as we can make it.")
7. Ten minute debate on this resolution and vote on it.
8. Address—Subject: AN INTELLECTUAL TOWN. (Tell what it has and has not to interest and instruct the people: A lecture course, public library, literary societies, clubs for boys and girls, musical societies, churches, schools, etc., etc. Then offer this resolution: "Resolved, That the people of this town are well provided with everything necessary to make an intelligent, up-to-date, modern American town.")
9. Ten minute debate on this resolution and vote on it.
10. Address—Subject: A MORAL TOWN. (Tell all you can about the kind of men who run its affairs, drinking, gambling and bad literature in your town, enticements held out to young men and young women on the streets at night, what is being done by churches and good people to counteract these influences. Is the law enforced? Then

Rank of Individual and Company Members

NOTE:—An INDIVIDUAL MEMBER is one who does not belong to a Company. A COMPANY MEMBER is a member who belongs to a Company. An HONOR MEMBER is a member who has had his name on The American Boy Roll of Honor.

Every Member of a Company (excepting an Officer) is a	FIRST DEGREE MEMBER
Every Officer of a Company (Captain, Secretary, etc.) is a	SECOND DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member (Individual or Company Member) who sends us One New Subscription is a . . .	THIRD DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Two New Subscriptions is a . . .	FOURTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Three New Subscriptions is a . .	FIFTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Five New Subscriptions is a . . .	SIXTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Ten New Subscriptions is a . . .	SEVENTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Twenty-five New Subscriptions is a	EIGHTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Thirty-five New Subscriptions is a	NINTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Fifty New Subscriptions is a . . .	TENTH DEGREE MEMBER

Members need not send all subscriptions at once. Every time you send sufficient new subscriptions you will receive promotion. We pay CASH commissions on the subscriptions or give PREMIUMS if you prefer, (see our Premium List sent you) and we furnish to you free PRIVATE STAMPS and a BADGE showing your rank. In addition, a Tenth Degree Member receives THE AMERICAN BOY free DURING HIS LIFE; a Ninth Degree Member receives it for TEN YEARS and the Eighth Degree for FIVE YEARS.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY COMPANY, No. 20, MARISSA, ILL. One of the Companies of the younger boys of the Order.

Twelve Great Days.

We are planning programs for individual members and Companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY to enable them to celebrate twelve great days in 1903. The days are as follows:

- January 24—AMERICAN BOY TOWN MEETING.
- February 21—AMERICAN BOY LIBERTY DAY.
- March 21—AMERICAN BOY INDIAN FESTIVAL.
- April 25—AMERICAN BOY GRAND RALLY.
- May 23—AMERICAN BOY TREE PLANTING.
- June 20—AMERICAN BOY FAIR.
- July 4—AMERICAN BOY INDEPENDENCE DAY.
- August 22—AMERICAN BOY CAMP FIRE AND CORN ROAST.
- September 19—AMERICAN BOY FIELD DAY.
- October 31—AMERICAN BOY HALLOWEEN.
- November 28—AMERICAN BOY CONGRESS.
- December 19—AMERICAN BOY ANNUAL BANQUET, PUBLIC MEETING AND ADDRESS.

Every member, whether an Individual or Company member, will look forward to these days as red letter days for 1903.

offer this resolution: "Resolved, That this town is as moral a town as it should be."

11. Ten minute debate and vote on it.
 12. Address by the Captain or by some other member or by some good citizen (man or woman) on HOW OUR BOYS MAY HELP MAKE THIS TOWN WHAT IT SHOULD BE.
 13. Remarks by visitors.
 14. Let the Captain offer this resolution and put it to vote with or without debate: "Resolved, That we, the members of _____ Company, No. _____, Order of The American Boy, do hereby pledge ourselves to do everything in our power and, so far as we know how, to make our town, so long as we live in it, a clean, beautiful, intellectual and moral town, and that we urge on the town authorities and the citizens of the town to join us in making this town a model, progressive American town." (Have this resolution, after being signed by the members, printed in your town papers and send a copy to the Mayor.)
 15. Closing exercises as in regular order of business.
- Note 1.—The program may be enlivened by singing or instrumental music.
Note 2.—Members who are individual members, that is, not members of Companies, are asked to study the subject with reference to their own towns, and

on January 24th write us a 500-word essay on the characteristics of their home towns. The best essay received by February 10th from a boy under ten years of age will entitle its writer to a \$3 prize. The next best, a \$1 prize; for the best essay from a boy over ten a prize of \$3, next best \$1. Boys in Companies are not to compete.

Notice to Officers.

Every Company Captain (or Secretary) is hereby requested to send us the names of the officers and active members of his Company, with their street addresses, so that we can promptly send them degree attachments for their O. A. B. badges.

Interest Your Fathers and Mothers.

Let every member of the Order tell his grown-up friends about THE AMERICAN BOY TOWN MEETING for January 24, so that they may help plan for it. After the meetings is over we shall expect every Company Captain (or Secretary) to tell us about it.

New Companies Organized Between Oct. 15 and Nov. 25.

Old Comfort Company, No. 33, Division of Michigan, Jackson, Mich., Captain Max Loomis.—Little Giant Company, No. 34, Division of Michigan, Carney, Mich., Captain Glenn Craney.—Fliekertall Company, No. 6, Division of North Dakota, Devil's Lake, N. D., Captain Harlan R. Fancher.—William McKinley Company, No. 11, Division of Iowa, Des Moines, Ia., Captain Laurence Lane.—Santa Lucia Company, No. 10, Division of California, San Luis Obispo, Cal., Captain Thomas H. Hourihan.—William T. Sherman Company, No. 24, Division of Ohio, Lancaster, O., Captain Herbert Mattox.—Sheridan Company, No. 21, Division of Illinois, Chicago, Ill., Captain Arno Grauel.—Coyote Company, No. 12, Division of Iowa, Cherokee, Ia., Captain Ronald M. Maynard.—"Star of the West" Company, No. 4, Division of Oregon, Elgin, Ore., Captain Elmer Thomas.—General George A. Custer Company, No. 22, Division of Illinois, Freeport, Ill., Captain Wesley Eiseman.—Crockett Company, No. 25, Division of Ohio, Jackson, O., Captain Donald Jones.—Bay Ridge Company, No. 19, Division of New York, Brooklyn, N. Y., Captain Frank H. Waring.—Cahokia Company, No. 23, Division of Illinois, Edwardsville, Ill., Captain Milton Harnist.

Whole number of Companies to Nov. 25th is 272.

Indianapolis

THE Indianapolis News Association of Carriers has been attracting much attention on account of the part it has taken in raising a popular subscription for the purpose of purchasing the Arsenal site in Indianapolis as a location for a National Technical Institute.

The endowers of the school offered to locate it in Indianapolis in case the Arsenal grounds and buildings were donated by the city as a site for the school. The United States Government proposed to sell the property for about \$150,000, and with this sum to buy ground near Indianapolis for an army post.

The movement started off with two \$10,000 pledges and these were followed by large subscriptions of varying amounts until \$90,000 was reached, then the fund stood still for several days and it was seen that it would be necessary to raise at least a part of the amount in small subscriptions.

The carriers of The Indianapolis News, stirred with the thought that they might, as an association, be able to help the city secure the institute and the post, and seeing the opportunity which this school would offer to every boy to become an expert along some practical line, offered to make a canvass for popular subscriptions.

A plan of action was carefully mapped out and an announcement was made by the carriers that they would, on a certain Friday, insert in each copy of the paper delivered a blank pledge, and that on Saturday the pledges would be called for. This plan was carried out except that the boys found that one day was not sufficient for gathering in all possible pledges. Sunday morning found the carriers all over the city asking for an offering.

The substations all day Sunday had the appearance of political headquarters on election day. "How is it going?" was the question asked of each new arrival. The boys regarded the movement as a patriotic one, and did not look upon the Sunday effort as one either of work or play. On Sunday afternoon the carriers at one of the stations met and discussed the situation, going over what had been done to see if any one had passed by an opportunity. It was discovered that one carrier had grown discouraged at the first "turn down" and had not asked his other customers for a pledge. This discovery sent a shock through the meeting. One boy went on a run for the substitute carrier of the neglected route, found him in Sunday school, stated the case to his teacher, secured his release and hurried back with him to the station. With the "sub" as a pilot, a committee of carriers was soon going over the route. Monday morning the carriers were unwilling to close the canvass and declined to make a final report until the end of the week, when over \$3,300 in pledges, from five cents up— but mostly for one dollar—were turned over to the canvassing committee.

The effort put forth by the boys so stirred up the people generally that the \$100,000 mark was reached, and a pledge of \$25,000, which was not to materialize until \$100,000 should be raised, was added to the list, leaving \$25,000 to be secured. This amount was taken care of by men of means.

When this great national technical school is located in Indianapolis, the effort of no one to secure it will be more highly regarded than that of these News carriers. The boys not only gave their time to the movement, but subscribed liberally, the subscriptions of the boys at one station, which was modestly reported as the "Carriers of Station D," amounted to an average of almost one dollar a carrier.

The carriers of The Indianapolis News, in Indianapolis, have a strong organization which is made up of substation and suburban carriers to the number of one thousand. Each section has a separate organization and is known as station "A," "B," "C," etc., the youngest station being known as "H." At the "Central Station," located in the building where the News is printed, is a gymnasium which is the home of an athletic organization that came into existence two years ago and which is known as the News Athletic Association. At the opening of the fall season certain nights are set apart for each station in the "gym" and on these nights the room is open only to the carriers from the station to which the schedule shows the gymnasium belongs. These nights are not spent in horseplay, but in work, for the association boys are always looking forward to some meet.

Last winter a basket ball league of ten clubs held sway, and so close was the finish that the pennant was not won until the last half of the last game had been played. The interest aroused over the result of this last game was so intense that it was seen that even the large Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, in which the last two games had been played, would not hold the spectators so that Tomlinson Hall, the great convention hall of Indianapolis, was secured, and in its center the field was laid out. Row after row of seats surrounded the field, special chairs filled the stage, and even the upper gallery, situated high above the great balcony, was thrown open to the public, but when the referee's whistle blew and the ball rose over the heads of the center men, not a seat was vacant and standing room was at a premium. It was the biggest crowd that ever witnessed a game of basket ball in the state of Indiana.

From the star players of this league an "all star" team was organized, which played a number of brilliant games with teams outside the league, finishing the season by defeating the "Greenfield, Indiana, Stars," a team that had never been



STATION D TRACK TEAM—PENNANT WINNERS NEWS FIELD DAY, 1902.

beaten and which held the championship of eastern Indiana for teams of its class.

A big field day and picnic was held by the News last June for all of its Indianapolis boys. Special electric cars ran through from the substations to Fairview Park, seven miles from the city. These cars were so timed that they arrived on the park line about a minute apart, and, headed by their own band of forty five pieces, the boys in one long procession went whizzing through the heart of the city and out to the park. A printed invitation had been extended by the carriers to each subscriber to bring his family and dinner basket and spend the day with the association. This invitation was accepted by a great number of the boys' friends, who came wearing the station colors of their carriers. The day before, each carrier and seller, received a ticket with seven coupons calling for peanuts, popcorn, pop and merry-go-round rides.

The paper opened headquarters for the day in one of the buildings on the grounds, providing a dressing room for those who took part in the athletic events, a check room for lunch baskets, an emergency hospital in charge of a surgeon, and a refreshment booth where all the coupons except the ones calling for rides on the merry-go-round were redeemed.

The entries in the athletic events were so numerous that it was found necessary to run most of the events in heats and finals and some even in great finals. Prizes were given to those winning first place. The station winning the Station Relay

Race received a silver cup and the station securing the greatest number of points, a pennant, while the carrier securing the greatest number of points received a gold "all-round" medal.

It has been the policy of the paper in the past to give a banquet on Thanksgiving to its city circulation forces. Last year over one thousand covers were laid. This year a change was made—turkey lunch was served in the News restaurant to any carrier or seller who dropped in, and a monster vaudeville entertainment made up of high class acts, to which each carrier received three reserved seat tickets, was given at night.

On the staff of the paper is carried a "Musical Director," whose sole duty is to direct "The Indianapolis News Newsboys' Band." The band, which is limited to those actually carrying or selling the paper, was organized two years and a half ago, and made its first appearance at the Indiana State Fair in September, 1900. Hundreds of applications were received for admission to the band. Each application was carefully gone over and about one hundred and fifty boys were notified to report for examination; from this number the original band was recruited. Then came days and nights of hard work, and thus there has come forth a brass band of forty five pieces that does not take second place with any juvenile band in the country.

The band has played all over Indiana and has requests for many times the number of engagements it is able to fill. The en-

Newsboys

tire expense of the band, including instruction, music, instruments and uniforms, is taken care of by the News.

A second band, composed of boys in waiting, is ever ready to fill any vacancy in the organization, but the vacancies are few and far between, and always due to some cause beyond the control of the boy, for the band boys would rather give up Christmas and birthdays than the band.

The Indianapolis News claims that its carriers average several grades higher than the ordinary boy. The cause for this is that the policy of the paper is to have no dealings with boys who do not realize that carrying the paper is just as much a part of the business as printing it—this brings together a good class of carriers to start with. Then each carrier is required to carry on the affairs of his route in a systematic manner, and if mistakes are made by the boys, they are sure to get a letter from the office pointing out the error. Thus these young men and boys secure an early business training. A remarkable thing about these carriers is that while about nine hundred of them own their own routes, and are not restricted to any certain section of the city, in many cases eight or ten carriers operating on the same square, there prevails the best of good feeling, and few are the carriers who would think of "cutting in" on another's list of customers.

In no other line of business is the competition so close nor the relations of those competing so friendly. An active campaign for new customers is kept up at all times, the carriers urging themselves on for a three-fold cause: First, because every new customer increases the value of the route and the weekly profits; second, because the carriers are loyal to their own station and watch its growth with joy; and last, but hardly least, because every one connected with the city circulation has set his mind on reaching a paid circulation of 40,000 in the city of Indianapolis alone. This effort to reach 40,000 was launched with a shout at the banquet on last Thanksgiving Day, and has been the goal toward which every carrier has worked during the past year.

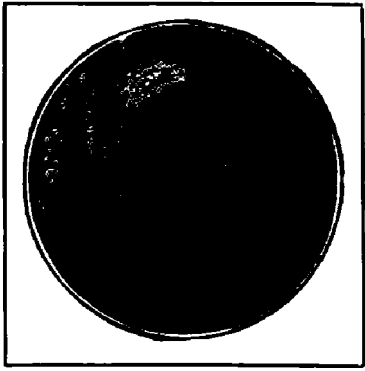
The News conducts a "Savings Department" for the benefit of its carriers and sellers, receiving deposits from one cent up and paying interest semi-annually on time deposits. Steel banks, to which the News holds the key, are issued to those who desire them and who have at least fifty cents on deposit. These banks, which hold safe against all temptations any money once dropped within their walls, are usually brought to the office of the Savings Department in the News building once a month, and the contents deposited. A pass book is issued to each depositor and the department is in every way carried on under the same rules as the Savings Department of any Trust Company. The deposits at the present time amount to over sixteen hundred dollars.



THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS NEWSBOYS' BAND.

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LESSON V.—UPWARD AND DOWNWARD L AND R.

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.

Concerning the upward and downward writing of *r* and *l*, we find on page 23 of the "Teacher" that "when *r* is the first or only consonant in a word, it is written downward if preceded by a vowel, and upward if not preceded by a vowel," as *r*, *arr*, *rake*.

There are many hundreds of words in our language in which *r* is the first consonant, and it is either preceded or followed by a vowel. By this rule it is known by the shorthand form of a word that if it is written with *r*, there is a vowel before *r*, as *ark* or *arm*; and that if it is written with *r*, a vowel follows *r* as *read* (past tense) or *ready*.

But there are about a dozen words, mostly of rare occurrence, in which the observance of the

rule would produce inconvenient outlines. In these cases we disregard the rule, and write the word in the easiest way. Therefore in any case where the downward *r* presents an awkward or inconvenient outline or joining, substitute the upward *r*.

When *r* is the last consonant in a word it is written downward when it is the final sound, and upward if a vowel follows, as *car*, *carry*. The upward *r* is always written after a single straight upstroke. The final *r* is also written upward, for the sake of ease in writing in such words as *answer*.

In words that contain three or more stroke consonants, and also when the use of the downward *r* would carry the hand more than one stroke below the line, the final *r* is generally written upward.

When *r* is preceded and followed by a vowel, there being no other consonant in the word, you should use the downward *r*, as *arrow*. Do not overlook the fact, however, that the circle *r* or a loop changes this; thus, *story*.

Initial *l* before either of the horizontal consonants (*h*, *g*, *m*, *sp*, *n*, *ng*), not hooked initially, is written upward if it is the first sound in the word, and downward if a vowel precedes; as *like*, *alike*. In other cases it is generally written upward.

Final *l* is generally written upward; but after *f*, *r*, *kw*, *sk*, and the up-strokes *r*, *w*, *y*, *h*, it is written upward if followed by a vowel, and downward if it is the last sound of the word. After *n*, *ng* it is generally written downward.

Examples: *full*, *fully*, *yellow*, *only*, *annual*.

As you are already aware, the consonant *sh* when standing alone is written downward, and when joined to another consonant is capable of being written either upward or downward. A few hints as to the proper use of this consonant may not come amiss in this lesson. You will find that *sh*, like the *shon* hook, is generally written on the opposite side to that on which a preceding circle or hook occurs; as, *plush*, *brush*; but after a horizontal character the *sh* is most conveniently written downwards; as *cash*.

After the upward *l* standing alone or preceded by a horizontal consonant *sh* is written downwards, as *lask*. When *l* is preceded by *p* or *b*, *l* is written upward. *Sh* is written upward after downward *l*; also upward initially, as *English*, *sugar*.

When *l* is written down or *sh* up, the vowels' places are reckoned accordingly.

Work for this month to end of Exercise 40.

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.

nice picture, with just about the right stop used, the right timing, development and printing. R. W. Von Niede, Ephrata, Pa., sends a "race" between a bicycle built for seven," and another "built for nine;" that is, it looks like it. As a matter of fact there are only two ordinary bicycles in the picture, the placing of the "riders" making the illusion. It is certainly a fine piece of photographic work.

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.

Baker, Urbana, Ohio, sent a very delicate and artistic picture of sheep, with a sharp foreground, a clear middle distance and a hazy horizon. "A Woodland Scene," by Richard F. Rome, Victoria, B. C., showing a road through the woods, with the shadows falling across the pathway, cannot be excelled for clearness. And "The Old House by the Cliff," by Homer Ross, Jamestown, is a lovely bit of rural scenery. Among the groups is one by Foster E. Cohen, Madison, Ga., and another by Edward H. Ray, Newburgh, N. Y. The funny thing about these is that the southern picture is of white children, while the northern one is of colored kids, with one exception. Both, however, are good pictures. J. C. Watson, Malvern, Ia., sends an agricultural scene, that of a man cutting grain with the old-fashioned scythe, and he has appropriately entitled it, "By the Sweat of Thy Brow Shalt Thou Eat Bread." "Fighting the Fire," by H. K. Scranton, East Orange, N. J., is a realistic scene, and considering the difficulties encountered in taking fire pictures it is very good. Ira Fisher's "After the Storm," and J. R. Fox's water scene are worthy of mention. E. G. Nye's picture might be called "Fishing for Bass," as the fisherman shown had just landed a three pound fish.



FIRST PRIZE PHOTO. By R. W. VonNiede, Ephrata, Pa.

There are only two single wheels in this picture. The effect is produced by a number of persons standing in line on an inclined plane.

Favors With Comments. October was not as productive of the very best pictures as have been some others. Perhaps the opening of school has something to do with this. But anyway among the scores received were a few of more than ordinary merit. Margery

These Are Excellent. "Nature's Production," a picturesque scene, by Frank Key, Wilmerding, Pa., shows a stream among the hills, with a small boy in the foreground getting a drink by making a cup of his hands. Printed in platinum it would be an ornament to the walls of the best room in the house. Brice Dick, Liberty, Neb., sends a picture of three boys camping. They are evidently having a good time, though there might be improvement in the attitude of the youngsters. J. N. McCurdy, Bucyrus, O., has something cute in the picture of a boy, a homemade two-wheeled cart and a dog dragging the outfit. Cows on a side hill, as photographed by John S. Broughton, Waterbury, Conn., is beautiful, but perhaps there is a little too much foreground for the best effect. The "Hollow Elm Tree," taken by Paul Grau, Bowling Green, Mo., hints at all sorts of game hidden within the recesses of the tree. A homely yet effective picture is Don R. Baker's "Mountain Road," probably taken near his home in Dayton, Washington. It shows a wooden bridge for a foreground, and beyond rise the majestic mountains. Walter Sauer's water scene, Milwaukee, Wis., shows just about the right timing, though the subject is not particularly artistic. However, it is a good picture, but can be improved by cutting away half of the foreground and some of the sky. Charles C. Hammond sends a picture of a little girl with her baby carriage and doll baby, a boy and a goat. The goat and the doll baby are not concerned about the photographer making the snap, but the children are a little too self-conscious. Yet it is a

Answers to Correspondents.

Willie V. Watson—Write to E. & H. T. Anthony, 122 Fifth Avenue, New York, for their list of publications on photography.

Reginald Boyd—Let the negative soak in water a little while before using an intensifying or a reducing solution. The directions accompanying the solution are sufficient to attain success, if rigidly followed.

Greeley Ackerman—The hypo for fixing sollo and similar prints should consist of one ounce of hypo to twenty ounces of water. The prints will fix in fifteen minutes. For velox prints use one ounce hypo to four ounces water.

Edwin Buzzell—Spots on prints show that the toning solution failed to flow over the surface of the paper; or, there was dust between the paper and the negative when printing; or the hypo may have dropped on the prints. It is not so easy to trace a defect unless one knows just what was done or left undone. Light spots on velox prints are caused by air bubbles between the developer and the print. This can be prevented by rubbing the face of the print, during development, with a small piece of absorbent cotton.



SECOND PRIZE PHOTO. By Bruce Dick, Liberty, Nebraska.

No Use for Them at Present. G. P. Stephens, one of our friends, who resides at Bass, Ky., writes: "I am an amateur photographer. I have come across a couple of rare objects, one a tailless calf six months old, born without any tail, and the other an old lady who has passed the 107th mark. Could you use either or both of them? If so, what would they be worth to you?"

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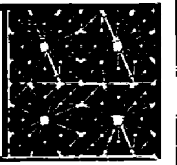
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The American Boy Roll of Honor for 1902

THESE BOYS HAVE EARNED DISTINCTION BY THEIR HEROISM
OR THEIR GOOD WORK IN SOME PRAISEWORTHY DIRECTION



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. NISSELY, Florin, Pa. Excellence in school work.
SOLOMON 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.
JESSE BAXTER, age 17, Guthrie, Okla. Perfect record in school attendance.
HAROLD HARTSOUGH, age 11, Cleveland, O. Excellence in school work.
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.
STURLEY CUTHBERT WOLFF, age 13, St. Louis, Mo. Remarkable intelligence and enterprise in school work and in money making.
BERNARD HAWTHORNE, age 15, Timpson, Tex. Getting a first grade teacher's certificate for four years at age of fifteen, and at the same age head book-keeper and assistant cashier in the Cotton Belt Bank at Timpson.

CHARLEY ROACH, Lisbon, Ia. Excellence in school work.
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.
THOMAS VESTAL, Eagle Point, Ore. Excellence in school work.
SETH N. HART, age 14, Otho, Ia. Has never been tardy at school.
E. L. PARKER, Marshalltown, Ia. Saving a young lady from drowning.
RODDY MURCHISON, age 16, Terry, Mont. Rescuing a baby from drowning.
GLEN B. CLIFFELL, age 16, Colon, Mich. Bravery in attempting to save life.
JAMES BLACK, Greensburg, Ind. Has not been absent from school a day in five years.
EDWARD MAHER, age 12, Williamsburg, N. Y. Saved his brother from drowning at the risk of his own life.
BEN O. WILKINS, age 15, Port Chester, N. Y. Attended school for eight years without missing a day.
J. DE VOE WILKINS, age 12, Port Chester, N. Y. Attended school for five years without missing a day.
VINCENT E. DAILEY, Albany, N. Y. Excellence in school work and effective work in athletics and money earning.
RODGER W. HILL, age 14, East Liverpool, O. Remarkable fortitude and presence of mind in suffering and danger.
WILLIAM SCHILL, Detroit, Mich. Prize winner in a newspaper literary contest and one of the most provident among Detroit newsboys.
ROY LOOMIS, age 15, Arbela, Mich. For the conscientious carrying out of his agreement under discouraging circumstances.
LEONARD SWEETZER, Delta, Colo. Has not missed Sabbath school in three years, though living two miles from the church.
CLYDE ROND, age 9, Atwell, Tex. This boy, for his age, has given an unusual example of how helpful a young boy can be at home.
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.

CLARK ROBINSON, Bangor, Me. Saving a life.
OWEN H. PERSON, West Point, Neb. A brave act.
JACOB BLUESTONE, age 16, St. Louis, Mo. Saved a life.
GALLOWAY HARRISON, Hot Springs, Ark. Saved a life.
F. C. EWELL, Kewanna, Ind. Excellence in school work.
CLIFF CHAPMAN, age 9, Kokomo, Ind. Preventing a train wreck.
FRED GANSHOW, age 10, Oak Park, Ill. Unusual bravery in danger.
PERCIVAL H. KEANE, age 15, Chicago, Ill. Repeated acts of heroism.
HAMMOND BEALL, age 13, Cincinnati, O. Excellence in school work.
FRED PUFTHAK, age 16, Chicago, Ill. Saved a life by heroic action.
CHARLES C. CURTIS, age 13, Amesville, O. Excellence in school work.
DANNIE ARBUCKLE, age 9, Kokomo, Ind. Preventing a train wreck.
TONY MITCHELL, Butte, Mont. Bravery and presence of mind in danger.
RUSSELL R. VOORHEES, age 12, Newark, N. J. Excellence in school work.
GERALD OSBORN, age 14, St. Johns, N. B. Saved an express train from disaster.
PAUL FUDGE, Kalkaska, Mich. Never missing a day in school nor being tardy.
HAROLD FUDGE, age 8, Kalkaska, Mich. Never missing a day in school nor being tardy.
ROBERT AUSTIN HALL, Lowell, Mass. Unusually good school attendance record for five years.
WILLIAM WATSON, age 16, Guthrie, Okla. Loyalty to his teacher in spite of strong opposition.
OSBORN BROWN, age 11, Greenwich, O. Attending school for five years without once being marked tardy.
EDWARD A. HANCHETT, Dallas, Tex. Medal winner in St. Mathew's Cathedral Choir. Greatest general usefulness and highest excellence in choir work.
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.

M. C. HARPER, Paris, Tex. Saving two lives.
ELMER BEATTY, age 13, Toledo, O. Excellence in school work.
WILLIAM DOEPEL, Mattoon, Ill. Saved the life of a boy friend.
GEORGE ROWE, Copperopolis, Cal. Excellence in school work.
CLYDE M. JOICE, age 12, Chicago, Ill. Excellence in school work.
HARRY MANERS, LaGuardo, Tenn. Excellence in school work.
FLOYD THOMAS, South Ottumwa, Ia. Excellence in school work.
JAY W. DAWSON, New Hampton, Ia. Excellence in school work.
LEONARD B. WRIGHT, Loire, Tex. Excellence in school work.
FRED CHURCHILL, St. Paul, Minn. Saved a child from drowning.
WILLIAM A. MARTIN, Mt. Pleasant, Ind. Excellence in school work.
WALTER YOUNG, Rock Island, Ill. Unusual record in school attendance.
ROLLIN C. SCOVILLE, Salt Lake City, Utah. Excellence in school work.
JUDSON W. ALDERMAN, age 13, Springdale, Ark. Never been tardy at school.
H. REID ALDERMAN, age 10, Springdale, Ark. Never been tardy at school.
VILAS H. JACKSON, age 12, Colfax, Wis. Excellence in school work and general good conduct.
WILSON WEAGLEY, Helena, O. Not missing a day or being tardy at school in the past two years.
EDDIE FORD, age 11, Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y. Saved the life of his three-year-old brother.
ROBERT AUSTIN HALL, age 11, Lowell, Mass. Not absent or tardy from school in five years and two months.
STANLEY SCHEIDLER, Cambridge City, Ind. Went to school four years without missing a day or being tardy.
CECIL MOORE, age 13, Noblesville, Ind. Regular attendance at school through five years though living a mile and a half from school.
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.

We begin this month to make up the Roll for 1903
It should be ten times as large as that for 1902

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.]

IX.—THE AMUSEMENT QUESTION.

Is it wicked to dance?
Is it wrong to play cards?
Is it sinful to go to the theater?
What is the matter with billiards, pool, the races, wine suppers, and like ways of extracting the joys from life?
Here you have the amusement question, ever recurring, much discussed, never settled. The young and healthy of both sexes want fun, recreation. Those older in life and hard at work want relaxation. All are entitled to whatever of real enjoyment can fairly be gotten out of life. There is none too much, from first to last. We all know. But the moment a young man enters into this world of amusement he finds queer and puzzling things. First, he notes a diversity of views among people as to what is wholesome and proper. A range of pleasures which are pursued without any question of propriety in one circle is by another circle discarded and forbidden. He finds that the particular kind of amusements which the human race seems to take to most naturally and eagerly is by many thought to be demoralizing to health and character. Next he finds (and this is very puzzling) that some good people denounce as thoroughly sinful pleasures which his conscience tells him are not necessarily so.
Let us see if we can get a clear view of this matter—a view free from foolish fanaticism on the one hand, and rank worldliness on the other. You will note that amusements easily divide themselves into two pretty distinct classes: those which give diversion with rest to mind and body, and those that give diversion with waste of mind and body. The first are wholesome, healthy, necessary; the second, enervating, unhealthy, exhausting. You can take up any one of them, and by applying this test quickly classify it under

its proper head. A boy fifteen years of age will not go far wrong in his judgment.
The late hours, bad air, and usually doubtful moral influence of a theater, for instance, seems to throw most plays out of the first class. Dancing, innocent enough in itself, can hardly be claimed, by its most active votary, to build up strength, either of body or intellect. Card playing, billiards and the like, though differing in no essentials of morals from chess or golf or tennis, have in nine cases out of ten certain tendencies and associations that prudent people for some reason like to avoid. Indeed, it is a pretty fair assumption that if a large element in society, representing perhaps the best in culture, refinement, and morals, has for generations agreed upon certain diversions as dangerous and harmful, there is something more than religious cant and prejudice back of the sentiment.
But we must admit that when a young man enters mixed society, the first impression he gets is that the euchre, the dancing, the theater party, the wine supper, and the billiard table about describe the whole range of social pleasures. It would look as though there were little left for him if he turned away from these.
Here comes up the point of view: What are you after, anyhow? Is it the killing of time, you having so much time to kill? If so, there is no better way than by these amusements. Kill it mercilessly with anything that is not a vulgar offense against morals or law. But do not make the foolish mistake that, alas! is so universally made by young people of scant equipment of mind, namely, that these pleasures of fashionable and worldly people are the best going. They are not. There is a whole world of delights as keen as any social youth can invent—pleasures that drive away care and give vent to the buoyancy of nature, amusements that afford wholesome relief and recreation—and all high above the range of things that pander to doubt-

ful tastes and appetites. On the contrary, they improve the tastes, cultivate the mind, enlarge the social powers, and develop the muscles.
Now what sort of a pleasure world is that? you ask. Well, first, it is a world for young folks of brains, sense, and heart, and any others will feel uncomfortable in it. If nature has been unkind to you in mental endowments, if fair opportunities for education have been denied, if you have a strong natural tendency to run to things forbidden, you will find this a hard mine to work. Second, it is for those who have some ambition for self-improvement, who expect at the end of each year of work and play to be better than at the beginning.
Shall we particularize some such amusements? In briefest form here are a few. In outdoor pleasures: riding, bicycling, hunting, ball, tennis, golf, or whatever of the manly sports is most practicable in your situation; studying nature through rambles in forest and field, the study and care of animals, the cultivation of plants and flowers, the pursuit of geology among the rocks—and so on through a range of delights that will make better lungs, stouter legs, redder blood, and stronger brains.
Of indoor or social pleasures, try these: Friendly calls upon the best young people you know of both sexes. Cultivate the fellows who know more and are a little better than you are. Call on the young ladies who can teach you something of real social graces. Made a study of bright, lively, improving conversation. The art of intelligent converse beats cards and every other time-killer known. It makes its possessor a godsend among young people who have developed the talents of their heels at the expense of their heads.
Then in entertainments there is the whole range of concerts, from the symphony to the college glee club or the perennial plantation minstrels. There are lect-

ures from great thinkers and wits. But in concert or lecture take pains to study beforehand what you go to hear, that lasting profit may result.
Again, cultivate a hobby. For example, architecture, etching, engraving, coins, photography, the microscope, the telescope, mineralogy, music, water colors, anything in which you take a natural and easy interest. Study the literature of the subject. Begin a collection of examples or specimens. Slowly add to them without extravagance. Ride the hobby so well that you can soon entertain and instruct friends an hour upon it.
Once more, travel. Journeys a wheel, or on foot, like those of Bayard Taylor; short excursions by rail to points of historic or other interest; at longer intervals extended journeys to the great West, the sunny South, the marvelous Lake Superior district, Cuba, the Bermudas, perhaps even to Europe. Do you say that is impossible because of the cost? That will not compare with the expenses of a society young man who pursues even moderately the fashions of dancing, theaters, billiards, wine, cigars. Such travel and observation give the keenest amusement, and at the same time broaden the mental horizon amazingly.
These are a few of the innumerable ways open to a young man of Christian principles in this twentieth century to thoroughly enjoy himself along with his hard work. If you will enter heartily into these things in the hours given for diversion, and after fair trial say they are not as satisfying and enjoyable as the amusements modern society runs to, your case, I think, will be the first on record.
Perhaps you will say there is room in your scheme of life for both kinds. There is not. You are deluded if you think so. Fashionable pleasure is a jealous master. If I dance, I do not want to do it like a green farm hand. But if I shine in that and kindred lines, you must not expect me to know much of Horace or history, of science or music or modern art—unless, indeed, I chance to belong to the leisured class, which has yet but little place in this vigorous young republic.
So if you ask me, is it sinful to dance and play euchre, poker and the like? I answer, Not necessarily. Your conscience, if sound, will determine. But why raise the question? "There is a better way."
(Concluded in February.)

Some Ball Games of British Boys

In the main the games of the boys of England are much the same as those of the boys of the United States, but there are some notable exceptions. Most of the ball games which American boys play—baseball, one-two-and-three-old-cat, etc.—are practically not played by England's youngsters. Cricket and variations of it take the place of all of them. To the average American boy cricket would seem like a very slow game, which probably accounts for the fact that it has never gained much of a foothold in the United States. Football is even more popular among English boys than it is among American boys, however, and the matches between the elevens of the big English public schools create almost as much interest and excitement as do the games between the great college teams on this side of the Atlantic ocean. Still, games played with balls and bats are by no means unknown in Great Britain, and some of them are interesting enough to make it worth while for American boys to try them.

For instance, there is "Town Ball." This is not played with a ball at all like our American baseball, but with a light, hollow rubber ball, invariably white in color. The

easy to become accustomed to. But to get back to our game of town ball. The batsman must run whether the result of the "touch" (the term "hit" is not used) be what would be known in baseball as "fair" or "foul." There are no men stationed on the bases, but it is the play of the "outers" to catch or pick up the ball (no point is counted by catching a "fly-ball") and to throw it at the fleeing batsman so that it will "point" him. An American boy would call this "burning" or "stinging," but the soft ball used in town ball does not hurt. When a runner is hit he is "without," and so it goes until all the men of one side are "without." Then the "withins" take their places in the field and so on.

When a man is put "without" he retires from the game entirely for that "term," or inning, and thus the number of "withins" gradually decreases until there is only one "within" left. Of course, there is no hope for him unless he can make what we would call a home run and what they call a "round." This is not often done.

Every American boy has in his youth thrown a ball up against a blank wall to catch it on the rebound. The English boy



English boys call this ball a "bouncer." The word "bouncer" has a very different meaning to the English boy than it does to the American boy. A "bouncer" is an unpleasant person. The boys in British schools who are bullies, or are disagreeable in other ways, are "bouncers." The word "bouncer" is, therefore, used to describe a ball that bounces. The bat is called a "delill," and is flat like a cricket bat, only not so wide. It is less than two-thirds as long as the American baseball bat. It would be easy for any boy who is ordinarily clever with his pocket knife to make one out of an old fence picket, or any like piece of wood, by forming a handle at one end and squaring off the other end and slightly rounding the corners. The bat does not require any such strength as a baseball bat and, therefore, may be made of soft wood.

There is a "home base," as there is in baseball, although it is much larger than an American "home base." The similarity ends there, for there may be as many other bases as the players desire. Thus, the field may be three-cornered; it may be four-cornered; it may be five, six, seven or eight-cornered. In England the eight-cornered, or octagonal, field is generally preferred. The distances between the bases (which the English boy calls "places") are about the same as those between the bases on an American baseball field.

The "place" for the pitcher is located with about the same relation to the "home place" as is the American pitcher's position to the home base in baseball. The pitcher is not known as "pitcher," however, but as "giver," and his work requires much less energy and skill than does that of the American baseball pitcher, for he merely throws (or "gives") the ball swiftly overhead to the catcher, aiming to "give" it over the right shoulder of the boy at the bat. The batsman does not really strike at the ball, but holds the flat bat, or delill, in such a position that the ball will strike it and glance off or rebound to some part of the field vacant of any player on the opposing side.

If the ball touches the bat at all the batter must run for the nearest "place" to the left—not to the right as in American ball games. In England, you know, many things are done in a left-handed way. For instance, when one drives on an English street or road he must keep to the left instead of to the right as in America, and the pedestrian on the sidewalk must do the same. It is very confusing to the American boy in England on a visit, and not

has made a game of this which he calls "Cry Out." In front of a "dead" or "blank" wall three sides of a square are marked on the ground by drawing a line with a stick or otherwise. The wall itself forms the fourth side of the square. The "crier" is chosen by the method which every boy knows—that is, by "hand over hand" on a stick. Most American boys call this "choosing up." The one who is chosen takes his place in the middle of the square. The others line up on the outside edge.

The crier then numbers them "one, two, three," etc., the number of boys on the line being unlimited. The "crier" then throws the ball against the wall, sometimes on a slant and sometimes straight—quite as it pleases him. He may throw it hard or "easy," as he pleases. At the instant it strikes he must call out the number of some one of the boys on the line. It does not matter which one, so long as no member is called twice in succession and so long as all the numbers are called in one round. The one who is called must try to catch the ball. If he does, then he becomes "crier"—the best place in the game—and remains "crier" until someone catches a ball thrown by him.

Daring Walkers on Stilts.

American boys walk on stilts, but as compared with French boys, they know little of the sport.

Perhaps the reason for this is that in one part of France—away down in the south of the country—stilts are a necessity to the people, who are mostly shepherds. They must walk on stilts in order to oversee their vast flocks of sheep as well as to pass through the bogs which beset them everywhere.

These shepherds—men and women both—walk continuously on stilts that are from six to eight feet high. These stilts are merely fastened to the feet. There is no thought of an upright by which the hands and arms may steady the progress of the aerial pedestrian. Sometimes the stilts have uprights reaching as far as the knees and bound firmly to the legs. Generally these shepherds and shepherdesses carry long poles which they can use either as balancing poles or as supports—very long canes, as it were, reaching to the ground.

They become so expert in stilt walking that it is no unusual sight to see a shepherdess striding along on stilts that raise her six feet above the ground, with her balancing pole strapped to her back and her hands busily knitting socks for husband, son or brother.

The complete unconcern with which these hardy country folk make their way along on stilts is astonishing. One might almost say that children have stilts given to them instead of cradles.

The writer witnessed a race on stilts in the south of France. It was one of the sports to celebrate a holiday. The course was about four and a half miles long, and was covered by the two winners in the extraordinary time of thirty five minutes. When you stop to think that the average good driving horse does not ordinarily trot as fast as this, the wonderful skill of these French stilt walkers will be appreciated.

One of the winners was a boy and the other a girl. Both were about fourteen years old. Entered as contestants in the race were old men and women as well as young folk. Third in the race was an aged shepherd, who certainly looked as if he had well passed his seventieth birthday.

These shepherd stilt walkers have had their influence on boys throughout France. Paris is a great city for holidays, and on many of these holidays a part of the celebration is a parade. In these parades stilt walkers always play a leading and amusing part.

One such procession was led by a gigantic and grotesque figure not less than twelve feet tall. Afterwards, when the procession disbanded, it turned out that this figure was really a boy of about sixteen, who was not more than four feet six inches tall. Not only had he made the long march on high stilts, but he had still further increased his apparent height by binding a long stick to his back. This reached far above his head, and bore on its upper end a large false head. A cross bar just under this head formed false shoulders and arms, and from these in long, loose folds, hung a calico gown, which reached to the ground.

Prizes are almost always given for the best marchers in these Paris parades, and on this occasion the boy on stilts won first prize.

Strange stilts are those used by Japanese and Chinese boys. Instead of having side blocks as do the stilts used by American



boys, they have foot rests mortised on the stilt stick and projecting backwards. These stilts can only be used when the Japanese boys' feet are bare, for the stilt stick must be grasped between the first and second toes of each foot.

Spanish boys are great stilt walkers, and they invariably use sticks that reach only to the hips, and are strongly bound there as well as at the ankles.

In some of the islands in the South Pacific ocean very rough sport is engaged in by boys on stilts. Perched high on their thin supports, and with their faces and skins grotesquely painted, these semi-savage lads—sometimes as many as twenty at a time—meet and strive to trip each other up or knock each other down.

Like most sports and games, stilt walking is of very ancient origin. Cut in the stone which forms the tomb of one of the oldest of the Pharaohs, there is a crude picture of a man leading a procession and walking on stilts. This ancient stilt walker must have been very skillful, for he is holding onto no side sticks, but is using both hands in holding a great horn to his mouth, which he is apparently blowing.

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With the Boys

LOWELL W. CORNELL, Cleveland, O., says that he and his brother are much interested in THE AMERICAN BOY and always hurry home from school on the day they receive it.—**JAMES E. SIPPRELL**, Arlington, Wash., sends us a pencil drawing showing a scene near the postoffice in his town the day THE AMERICAN BOY arrives. It is highly interesting, but not so drawn that it can be reproduced. It shows a crowd of boys running with all their might and main to reach the post-office.—**FRED NASH**, Sumter, S. C., is working to raise money to renew his subscription. He paid for his own subscription last year with wages he received in dropping peas and corn. He made money enough last year to go to the Charleston Exposition. Fred has a gun and two dogs. He says he agrees with us regarding child labor in his state. He says it is just like negro slavery, only the parents get a few dollars a month for the labor the children do. He thinks the state legislature ought to take some steps to stop this form of slavery.—**JOHN E. FULHEY**, Bellaire, O., says his father is going to send in the money at once for renewing his subscription. He thinks he has a very good father. He says he makes him work, and doesn't let him run around in the evenings, but that he gets him lots of good reading, like THE AMERICAN BOY. John drives the milk wagon, supplying 150 customers with milk. He expects to get a gun on Christmas.—**RUSSELL L. MUNDHENK**, Arcanum, O., thinks he has a joke on himself. He says he took THE AMERICAN BOY from his postoffice box and was going home with it. He got so interested in it that he walked an eighth of a mile past his house before he discovered how far he had gone astray. He is thirteen years old and is a freshman in the High School. He sends a list of his belongings, including horse, dog, cow, rifle, a watch, microscope, books, desk, kite, pigs, money, and "other things," amounting in all to \$425. Pretty good for a boy.—**ARTHUR ARCH-GOLD**, Chicago, eleven years old, is in the sixth grade at school. He has been going to school four years. In a recent spelling match he spelled down the whole school. He says he knows the capitals of every state and country in the world. He intends to be a great baseball player.—**GEORGE R. LINSBLOM**, Manistee, Mich., age twelve, is in the seventh grade at school. He is studying shorthand by correspondence and intends to become a reporter.—**EDWARD L. FERNALD**, West Medford, Mass., writes a nice letter telling how much he thinks of THE AMERICAN BOY and how he enjoys the puzzles. He says that his mother thinks it is the best paper that ever came into the house, and that what other boys have done her boys can do.—**L. ALLEN BECK**, Yates Center, Kas., whose father is a bank cashier, says that next summer he is going into the bank to learn all that he can. He is fifteen years old and in the first year of the High School, "but," says he, "I would not stay out of school for anything. I expect to go to college when I graduate here, for I think a man nowadays needs a pretty good education to be anything." He is interested in electricity also and has a small stamp collection.—**HAROLD L. HOLMES**, Syracuse, N. Y., won one of the six prizes offered the school children of Syracuse by the Syracuse Herald for the best bouquet of flowers exhibited at this year's State Fair. The flowers were from seeds given out by the Herald in the spring.—**SOLOM JEHU CARTER**, Rosedale, Ind., has been doing unusual work for a boy in making speeches for the Prohibitionists. He has two medals that he has won for oratory, and has an offer to go to Kansas next summer and speak. He wants us to suggest some paying business for a boy to engage in before and after school. If our correspondent will

in the eighth grade in school, is fourteen years old and an only son, and, he says, "I am petted to death."—**GEORGE W. SPALDING**, San Francisco, Cal., thinks he is the smallest bell boy in San Francisco. He is a native of California, having been born in San Francisco in 1887. He has been working as a bell boy in different hotels for four years. He thinks his picture in the paper will get a great many subscribers for THE AMERICAN BOY among the guests at the hotel. This would hardly induce us to put the picture in the paper, but we like an ambitious boy such as George is and his picture goes in to show what a San Francisco bell boy looks like.—**JOHN R. TEMPLE**, Mankato, Minn., twelve years old, sends some very good poetry. We wish we could print the verses that he sends. Here are a few of the lines. In speaking of how the world is sympathetic, but doesn't carry its sympathy into action, he says:

"We do not care to take the lead, and stand the brush and brunt; At lifting we're a failure, but we're splendid on the grunt." Here is another couplet: "If talking were effective, there are scores and scores of men Who'd move a mountain off its base and move it back again."

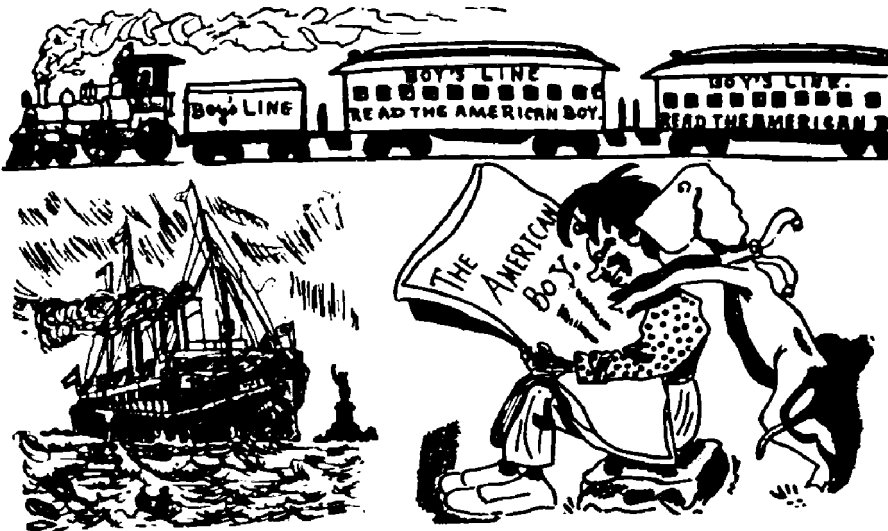
WILL H. BROWNE, JR., Fulton, Fla., writes us a long letter. He was born in Florida and lives on the St. Johns river. Near his house the ground is covered with oyster shells put there by the Indians many, many years ago. His home is on the top of a shell heap, which slopes away from it in all directions. In Crooked Creeks, near by, are many kinds of fish, crabs and oysters. The ocean is three miles away, but he can see its breakers plainly with the naked eye. He often finds pieces of Indian pottery near his home, which indicates that there was a big

violin. He is fourteen years of age and goes to high school. He and another boy are writing a play called "Billy's Tenderfoot."—**ANSEL** and **HALMEN BARNES**, Deering, Kans., are two very enthusiastic AMERICAN BOY readers. They live on a farm, and though but fourteen and eleven years old they were of so much assistance to their father that he was not compelled to hire any help during the past year. They first saw THE AMERICAN BOY through their grandmother's having made it a birthday present for one of them.—**BERNARD WOOFENDEN**, Madison, Wis., wants to know how he can keep from letting his legs hang over when he dives. We don't exactly understand the question, but would suggest that he tuck them up under his chin. If he will write us again telling us more definitely what he means we will try to answer. Bernard is going to build an ice boat the coming winter.—**ORLO STEARNS**, Chelmsford, Mass., writes a very flattering letter to the editor. He says THE AMERICAN BOY is like the Baptist minister in his town, who is the only man in the town who takes any interest in the boys' games and sports. He says: "He comes down nearly every noon to give the football team practice in the tricks of the college teams. He is what I imagine the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY to be—eager to build up the boy into a strong, virtuous man, desirous of bringing the boys nearer together." Orlo is in the High School and studies Latin, Algebra and Rhetoric, having entered the High School when thirteen years old.—**ARTHUR ELLSWORTH**, Corning, Ia., makes his spending money by getting subscriptions for magazines. He and his brother have a large case of books, another of papers, and another of curios and specimens of rocks. His brother has a collection of stamps and a few coins. He wants some boy to tell him how to solder granite ware.—**HAROLD GOODWYN**, Sunderland, Mass., tells us how glad he is that his grandfather bought THE AMERICAN BOY for him. He never cared much about reading before he took this paper. He says he left his school last May, but that the paper has showed him that he ought to know more, so he is going back.—**E. C. BYE**, Philadelphia, Pa., has every number of THE AMERICAN BOY from the



JOHN Smeal Belchambers and his mother. This little boy writes us an entertaining letter every month from his far away home in India.

Jack Crawford, with whom he got acquainted through THE AMERICAN BOY, was to lecture in his town that night and that he was going to hear him. We envy him the opportunity.—**WILBER D. HAWK**, New Kensington, Pa., wants us to tell the boys who said that Nehemiah and Bildad were the smallest men mentioned in the Bible that such is not the case. The honor is due to "the man who slept in his watch."—**CARL LUMPKIN**, Colorado Springs, Col., 17 So. Fourth street, wants to correspond with other boys who are studying the shorthand lessons published in THE AMERICAN BOY.—**FOREST BEESON**, Lyerly, Ga., says he would rather do without a good dinner than without a copy of THE AMERICAN BOY. He gives another testimonial of its interest and worth in saying that Mrs. J. Lindsay Johnson, Rome, Ga., President of the Women's Federation Clubs, says that it is the very best boys' paper she has ever seen.—**EZRA D. SARGENT**, Ezra, Ky., age thirteen, received the highest award on composition writing recently in his school. The subject was, "The Life of Simon Kenton."—**MARVIN J. TAYLOR**, Richmond, Va., tells us of a boys' club recently organized on Church Hill, Richmond, under the name of the Knights of St. George, by the Rev. J. D. Langley, the object of the club being to foster friendly feeling among the boys, encourage their attendance upon the churches, give them experience in parliamentary matters, and keep them off the street corners. Mr. Taylor is assistant regent. The club meets at the homes of its members. At its November meeting the name of the club was changed to "The American Boys' Club." Each member wears a pretty silver button bearing the letters and figures, "A. B. C. 1902."—**J. E. TERWILLIGER**, Syracuse, N. Y., gives us a short sketch of the Syracuse Boys' Club, which was founded to help homeless boys and keep them off the streets. Its founder is the Rev. Dr. Calthrop, of the May Memorial Church. The club has a superintendent, who is in full charge, and the boys elect a governor once a month, who looks after the department and order of the members. Their rooms are on one of the main streets of the city, and consist of a game room, a drawing room and a reading room, while in the basement is a ping-pong set, a punching bag and a Whitely exerciser. One of the objects of the club is to help the boys be "respectable." One of the boys recently got in trouble and was arrested. The superintendent secured his release and found him a place in a drug store, where he is doing nicely. The club is supported by voluntary subscriptions. It has a library of some fifty volumes.—**THE BUNKER HILL BOYS' CLUB**, occupying a ten-room house at No. 10 Wood street, Charlestown District, of Boston, is nine years old. It has 536 members, and boasts of a ball team unsurpassed in the vicinity of Boston, and has classes in printing, practical carpentry, gymnastics and drawing. The club hours are from 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 7 to 9 p. m. every day excepting Sundays. Emerson L. Hunt is the director.—**CHESTER TITUS**, Osage, Ia.; **WILLARD RAY ISHAM**, Dillon, Mont.; and **RAY PULLEN**, Benton Harbor, Mich., send us short stories of their own composition, all of which read well and we are sorry that we cannot find room for them in THE AMERICAN BOY.—**Frank H. Murray**, Clifton, Ill.; **Walter Moblard**, Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Ewing Hunter**, Kansas City, Mo.; **Benjamin Lazarus**, New York City, N. Y.; **Raymond Roth**, La Crosse, Wis.; **Ralph Horton**, Beardstown, Ill.; **Oliver Cook**, Marine City, Mich.; **Bennie Borcus**, Rossville, Ill.; **Claude Close**, Unionville, O.; **John T. Quinn**, Keeseville, N. Y.; **Elmer Marshall**, Carroll, Ia.; **Wenner Applin**, East Tawas, Mich.; **Bernard Cowham**, Oshkosh, Wis.; **J. R. Lambert**, Somerset, Pa.; **Guy Mc-**



SAMPLES OF THE WORK OF OUR BOY ARTISTS. The train is by a boy who does not give his name; the ship by Ben. Lazarus, of New York City; the dog picture by Ralph Horton, Beardstown, Ill.

Indian camp there at one time. He and his brother own four bulls, named "Gridley," "Jim," "Jerry" and "Curly." They have also a mule, "Jimmy" by name, and a big horse, "Blucher." They have also sixty head of Jersey red pigs, fifty head of Belgian hares, fifty hens and some small chicks, four dogs, five small alligators, a gray squirrel, and a cat. Will says he has caught wild cats, coons, possums, skunks, rabbits, foxes, and marsh hens. He knows all their tracks and their runways.—**G. C. BEAMAN**, Pueblo, Colo., writes that he reads THE AMERICAN BOY with interest; that he has no other friend to talk to because for a good part of the time he is a herder living almost alone.—**JOSEPH P. SMITH**, Morgan, Miss., writes us an enthusiastic letter saying that he has given up several 25-cent cheap papers for THE AMERICAN BOY, which he terms the "star of journalism." He thinks our magazine ought to reach the million mark soon.—**CLYDE M. JOICE**, Chicago, Ill., twelve years old, has made a fine record in school work, having finished the seventh grade in five months. He was the only one in his class whose average was excellent. Since entering the eighth grade in September last he has ranked number one, and after two months was promoted to the advanced eighth.—**W. J. BRAY**, Butte, Mont., finds it difficult to get boys to subscribe for THE AMERICAN BOY in his town, because, as he says, the five and ten-cent novels have such a powerful hold on the boys, who even take them to school to read them. He says the pictures on the front covers of these books tell him all he wants to know about what is inside. He thinks the Butte High School is about the best in the northwest. It boasts of an orchestra, a mandolin club and a glee club. He sends a design for the front and back of an O A B watch charm.—**RAYMOND F. ADAMS**, Sherman, Tex., says he is writing a book called "Tom Rogers and His Comrades;" that he has written ten tablets full and expects to write at least twenty. He takes music lessons on the

beginning, excepting No. 2, of Volume 1, which he is willing to buy from any boy who will let him have it. He collects stamps and coins, and has a collection of 1,155 stamps.—**FLOYD THOMAS**, South Ottumwa, Ia., wants to know if Alger's, Optic's and Barbour's books are good for boys. Opinions differ. I myself would not object to my boys reading them. He also wants to know if Henty tells facts in his accounts of the English wars. I have no doubt that the main incidents of his stories are true, though, doubtless, there is much of the coloring that is imaginative. Mr. Henty just recently died. He wrote seventy books for boys.—**WALTER R. STEELE**, Menominee, Wis., was born in California. His mother died when he was a baby, but his aunt adopted him, and he says he has never missed a mother's love, and that he and his aunt are great chums. He is troubled with poor eyesight, and his aunt reads THE AMERICAN BOY to him. He thinks the schools of Menominee are splendid. They have a training school, a gymnasium, and an auditorium donated by Senator Stout.—**STANLEY S. THAYER**, Forest City, Ill., last June won a beautiful gold medal offered by his teacher to the boy who should make the best showing in deportment for the year. His parents, as a further reward, gave him a trip to Van Wert, O., to visit his grandmother, who subscribed for THE AMERICAN BOY for him.—**MICHAEL H. C. BOLLES**, Kortright, N. Y., is a farmer's boy and he writes us all about the farm and we are very glad to hear from him. We like the spirit of farm boys. The letter is accompanied by one from his parents, in which they tell what a splendid boy he is about the house and in the fields, making himself very useful in every possible way. This boy will grow up to be a good and useful man, for, according to his own statement, his mother says it is interesting for her to read about boys, and if she is thus interested in boys she must be a good woman, and good women are the making of good men.—**PAUL DAILY**, Chilliocthe, Ill., writes us on November 5 that Captain



GEORGE W. SPALDING.

read the extracts from boys' letters that appear in the Boys as Money Makers department he will get a good many more hints than we can give him. Solon has a library of fifty books and subscribes for three papers, all of them good ones. He is taking piano lessons. The boys in his neighborhood have organized a drum corps and he is learning to play the fife. He is

Dowell, Des Moines, Ia., and C. Emerson Watson, Beaumont, Cal., have sent in drawings, all of which are good.—HEWITT T. JOYCE, age 12, and VAN SANTWORT KNOX, age ten, both of New Brunswick, N. J., each of whom is the son of a preacher, are the owners and managers of a library known as the Bayard Street Library. The boys have 186 volumes, which they have catalogued, the catalogues being typewritten. The books are all of special interest to boys, and are issued to the boys of the neighborhood, who are members of the library the fee being five cents a year.—HARRY F. BLANCHARD, Ticonderoga, N. Y., says he would like to hear from boys in foreign countries who are interested in THE AMERICAN BOY.—

A Young Southern Artist.

Tiney Molina is a name which, if we are to believe those who write about him, is destined to become known wherever the work of great artists is appreciated. Tiney Molina lives in Savannah, Ga., and is not much more than a boy. Savannah is his native city, but Molina is not American in blood. His face shows it. Dark, deep-set, luminous eyes, olive complexion and black, silky hair proclaim his Spanish extraction. Molina may be called a true child of nature. He loves nature, revels in it, and paints it as he sees it. The walls of his studio are covered with finished pictures, and the corners are full of unfinished canvases. There is one that will surely be noted. It is a painting of the Egyptian queen, Cleopatra. This picture was exhibited last year at the Georgia



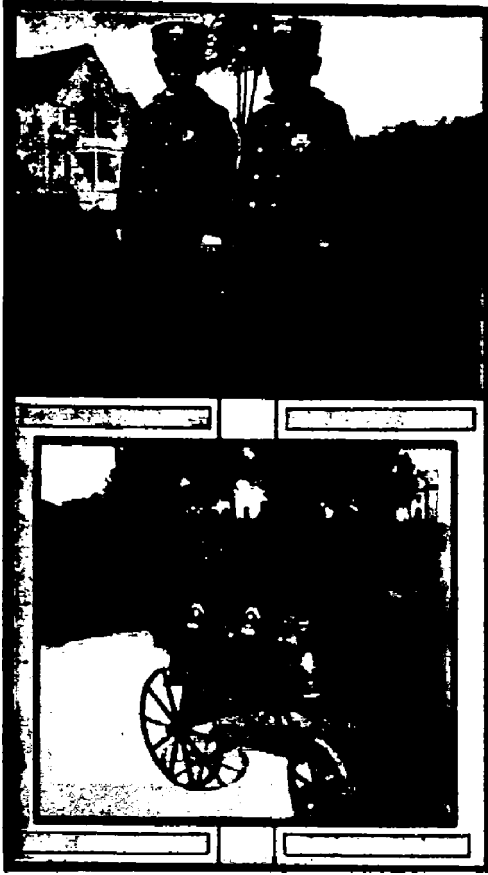
TINEY MOLINA.—Photo by Moore.

State Fair, where it took the first prize. At the suggestion of an artist friend, Molina will paint a life-size Cleopatra and enter it in the art exhibit at the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904. At this same Georgia State Fair Molina won three other prizes, namely, a prize for the best study of a head, reproduced from a photograph in these columns, a prize for the portrait of a friend, and a prize for the best collection on exhibition. The study of the head was made from a pose by Everett Stothard, a Savannah boy, noted for having a wonderful voice, a high soprano of exceptionally rich tone and quality. Besides having a studio in Savannah, Molina has a studio in Maine, where he spends three or four months during the summer



"OFF FOR THE DAY."

Photo by Moore from Original Painting.



Youthful Fire Fighters.

Dressed from head to foot in the regulation uniform of the Syracuse fire department, little seven-year-old Merrill B. Fish and his six-year-old brother Melvin are chips of the old block, their father being Charles A. Fish, of Engine No. 8 of that city. The boys have a miniature fire patrol wagon, which, until recently, was drawn by a pair of goats. Now they use a pair of genuine Shetland ponies, which together weigh 600 pounds. These little ponies carry the patrol wagon with great speed over the pavements. Their names are Major and Dan. In a little shed in the rear of Mr. Fish's home Major and Dan stand waiting for the fire alarm. Right over their heads are the swinging harnesses by which the boys make a quick hitch. The little patrol wagon will stand almost any strain. The body and the running gear are painted a bright red with black stripes. In large letters on each side of the wagon box is painted, "Fish Brothers' Fire Patrol," while on the side of the driver's seat is painted "S. F. D., No. 1." Back of the driver's seat are the seats for the crew, running lengthwise of the box, and there is a hanging step on the rear the same as on a regulation fire patrol. On the opposite side of the driver's seat hang two lanterns, one red and one white. The wagon will carry a crew of seven boys. It is equipped with small rubber hose. The boys have all the paraphernalia of firemen, such as rubber boots, rubber coats, helmets, badges, etc. The chief of the Syracuse Fire Department has given them regulation badges, and they have the same buttons on their uniforms as are worn by the paid members of the department. Merrill is the driver, and Melvin's place is on the rear step. The boys attracted a great deal of attention recently in a parade of the engine companies during the State Fair.



A Young Historian.

J. Stanley Moffatt, Nashville, Tenn., noticing an article in our August issue about a boy in Washington who had written a history of the Boer War, writes that at the age of twelve he wrote a brief history of the Spanish-American War and circulated 500 copies of it.

A Brilliant Young Negro.

Willis O. Tyler, a young colored man of Monroe County, Indiana, who has just entered the Harvard Law School, has made an enviable record in Indiana schools. Last

of each year and where he does most of his nature work. Many of his pictures are owned by an admirer in Boston, but he is still at work turning out beautiful examples of his skill.

Molina is truly a genius, and fame lies before him in a straight, wide, easily-traveled road. A gentleman, the last lineal descendant of that great German master, Rembrandt, himself a noted artist under the same name, has made the prediction that Molina will become one of the greatest painters this country has ever produced.

A Bright Nashville Boy.

Leslie Cowan, a fourteen year old boy, of Nashville, Tenn., is employed as a messenger by the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company in their executive office, and is highly regarded by his superiors. Always willing to work, and anxious to please, he goes about every errand assigned him with intelligent alertness. He is one of the kind so much needed in every business office, store and factory, and by every mother—one who can carry a "message to Garcia."

He holds a card in the Y. M. C. A., presented to him by the Treasurer of the Company, Mr. T. D. Webb, and by this he is entitled to, and enjoys the many wholesome privileges and influences of that noble institution. The General Manager, and others connected with the Cumberland Company's service have from time to time found many substantial ways in which to reward his diligence, and show their regard for him. Last Christmas he was presented with a purse containing twelve dollars, which was straightway deposited in the Savings Department of the Company, where it will draw compound interest, and be added to in principal from time to time.

A Boy Church Chimes Ringer.

Robert Hunter, Chicago, Ill., age thirteen, rings one of the most expensive sets of chimes in America—that in Grace Episcopal Church, Chicago. Robert is one of the Grace Church choir and is an accomplished musician. After the \$10,000 set of chimes was placed in Grace Church many candidates appeared for the position of bell ringer. Robert Hunter secured the place, and, young as he is, he takes rank with the best bell ringers in the country. Every Sunday he rings the bell three times. The first is at 7:30 a. m., the second at 10:30 a. m., and the third at 7:30 p. m. Each time he works almost half an hour in the steeple of the church. First he tolls the big bell weighing 2,200 pounds, which hangs in the center of the group of nine, and then he turns to his levers, which are arranged like the keyboard of a piano. There are nine of them, and they occupy a space more than two feet wide. Beating down upon one of them and then another in rapid succession is no small task, but the boy's hands fly across the levers like the fingers of the piano player executing a difficult run. Each lever is lettered and is connected above with the bell corresponding to its letter. A heavy wire runs from the lever to the striker above the bell, and it is said that the arrangement makes it possible for the boy to play whatever selection he may desire.

Gerald Osborn, of St. Johns, N. B., age fourteen, a short time ago saved an express train from disaster. He noticed a broken rail and flagged the train at night by waving a burning newspaper. The railroad company gave him a check for \$2,000, and a life pass over the railway.

With Us No More.

Hardly a day passes that we do not receive the sad news of the death of some one or more of the boy friends of THE AMERICAN BOY. A Buffalo (N. Y.) boy sends us a very kind letter telling us of the sudden death of Master John E. Murray, of Buffalo, whom he says was one of THE AMERICAN BOYS' brightest and most faithful subscribers. He was a bright



JOHN E. MURRAY.

boy at school and was loved by his principal and teachers. That he was a good student is indicated by the fact that he had won two medals. "One of his great pleasures," says his friend, "was THE AMERICAN BOY, and particularly the puzzle department, in which his name frequently appeared."

Ray W. Ward, Highlands, Cal., writes of the death of his little brother, Johnny C., who was a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY. His death came through a bicycle accident. Johnny had started from his home on his bicycle to take a piece of watermelon to his father, who was working in an orange grove a short distance from the house. He was riding with one hand on the handle bar and ran off a little bank which was not over four inches high. He was thrown over the handle bars, lit on his head on a hard road, and received injuries from which he died a few days later.

One of our O. A. B. boys, beloved by his associates, has handed in his resignation and gone to join the great company of boys in another world. Edward Eberly, Secretary of the George Rings Company, No. 21, West Unity, O., died the morning of November 14, at the age of fifteen. Three of the boys of the Company were among the pallbearers at the funeral. He was a clean, Christian boy. Captain Merle H. Felger writes that the boys liked him very much and that they regret deeply their loss. Edward was hurt in a football game and died one week later.



June he was graduated at the Indiana State University. In 1901 he won the State Oratorical Contest, and later took fourth place in the Interstate Oratorical Contest in Iowa in a field of ten contestants. Young Tyler has made his way through school thus far by blacking shoes, working in a barber shop, and doing errands. He has resolved to go through the Harvard Law School, though he expects to have to support himself by waiting on table and other such employments that he may secure.

Shokichi Hata is the name of a brilliant young Japanese student who was graduated with high honors from Princeton Theological Seminary in May. Out of a class of thirty four young men he wrote the best thesis on New Testament literature, and thus won the fifty dollar prize offered by Charles Scribner's Sons. The young man has been in this country ten years. He was graduated from Wabash college in 1899.

David Robinson, sixteen years old, president of the Bootblacks' League of Boston, has proved himself to be a musical prodigy, and arrangements are being made to send him to Paris for a musical education. He has wonderful mastery of the violin. He will play only classical pieces, disdainful such music as "rag-time." The boy is a Russian by birth, but came to this country when a year old. He is described as a pretty boy with large dark eyes and the dreamy expression of the poet and musician.

Lawrence N. McNair, of Brown City, Mich., is gaining quite a reputation as a boy orator. He is a member of the Tenth Grade Brown City High School, and gives evidence of much literary and oratorical ability. Recently he spoke before the Maple Valley Farmers' Institute, held at Brown City, his subject being "The Men Behind the Guns," and for a fourteen year old acquitted himself remarkably well.

BOYS AND ANIMALS

ALBERT RAYLE, Lexington, Ga., writes that he has a horse that can trot a mile in three minutes, and that he and another boy are interested in raising Belgian hares. The boy is something of a photographer, too. He has a 5x7 camera which cost twenty eight dollars, and with it makes very good pictures.—LOWRIE HENDERSON, Henderson, Pa., is interested in raising goats. He wants to know if there is any book or paper treating of this subject. We know of none.—DONALD HOGARTH, Smethport, Pa., writes us his experience in keeping chickens. He and two of his friends have just completed a shanty, and they have good times in it. W. DOLPHIN, Harrison, N. J., wants to know where he can buy Angora goats. Let him write the editor of "Pets and Animals," Springfield, Ohio.—PRESTON MASON, Warren, Mich., with the help of his brother, is collecting insects and now has about 200 beetles, 100 butterflies, and fifty moths, besides a few other insects. They are also interested in collecting cocoons and larvae.—STEVEN CLATTY, 25 Broad street, New York City, keeps rabbits. The cage in which he kept them was not strong enough, and one day one of the rabbits was killed. He wants to know how he can keep cats from sticking their paws into the cage, and what is the cheapest and best form of a cage for rabbits.—HARRY JOHNSON, R. F. D., No. 1, Alliance, O., raises Belgian hares for market and finds it a profitable industry for boys who go to school. He has about forty of the animals. He also traps and tames large hawks and squirrels. Last winter he caught a hawk which measured about five feet from wing to wing. He also raises Buff Plymouth Rocks and finds the Plymouth Rock a "beautiful breed." He wants to correspond with boys who raise Flemish Giants, which he understands are larger than the Belgian hares.—ENOCH TEAGUE, Le-moore, Cal., is another boy who raises Belgian hares. He has twenty five, and feeds them on citrons, wheat and alfalfa. He has five young hares that have just got their eyes open, and two blue ones.—JOSEPH JELLY, Jelly, Cal., wants boys to tell him how to make good trout flies.—G. HAROLD BURR, Lodi, O., owns a cow and a calf, and half an acre of pop corn from which he expects forty bushels of corn.—RAY J. BYART, Marlboro, Mass., has a full blooded Scotch collie named "Shep," twenty pigeons, and one little squab. He has also a Tiger cat named "Teddy." He takes care of seventy five hens and several hundred chickens every day, having to get up at six o'clock in the morning in order to do so, as he goes to school at half past eight. Ray is fond of hunting and is about to purchase a shotgun.—MARK PORTER, Newark, N. J., wants to know where he can buy a Texas pony, and suggests that if any of our readers live in a region where there are Texas ponies he would like to hear from them.—RAY HARLAND, Norman, Neb., wants the name and address of the publisher of the best book or magazine on ornithology.

The Crab that Needs a House.

A most amusing and curious creature is the hermit crab. He belongs to the biggest crab family that there is. There are thousands of different kinds of him, and hermit crabs can be found in all waters, from the cold north to the equator. The hermit crab is shaped like a prawn or lobster. His head and upper part of the body are covered with a shell that is harder than that of most other varieties of crab. But his unfortunate tail end is



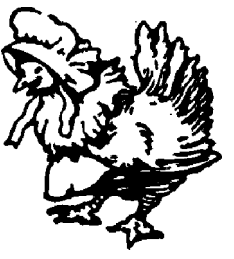
soft. And, unhappily for the hermit crab, there is no delicacy that the other sea creatures love quite as much as they do that soft tail. Under these circumstances the hermit crab has had to become a householder. He searches for a snail shell, and when he finds it he investigates it a moment to make sure that there are no other occupants, and then he backs in with funny, threatening motions of his big claws. If the shell that he selects happens to be occupied by the snail or other rightful owner, the hermit crab drags it away to some safe hiding place and then calmly thrusts his mighty shears into it and eats the unlucky resident. Having thus simply cleared the premises, he gets in himself. Occasionally a hermit crab cannot find a suitable shell in his haste. Then he takes anything that is convenient. As a result, hermit crabs have been found living in all kinds of queer habitations. One was discovered living with pride and comfort in the bowl of a tobacco pipe. Many of them live in sponges. The hermit crab is afflicted with an infirm temper and a constant desire to change. Consequently it happens often that one hermit crab, meeting another hermit whose house he likes better than his own, will essay to take it by force. Then there is a battle at once. No healthy hermit crab in full possession of its mind and faculties ever refuses a fight. Sometimes the crabs will seize each other like bull dogs and hang on for hours, each trying to pull the other out of his house. The hermits come in all sizes. There are many so small that they can live in a barnacle shell. Another species loves to eat the tiny black sea snails out of house and home, and move into their miniature apartments. Others are so big that the biggest whelks of the sea have shells only just big enough.

The New York Aquarium.

If any of our boys are at any time in the city of New York they should not miss an opportunity of going to the New York Aquarium, located in Battery Park, at the foot of Broadway, and easy of access from any part of the city. The aquarium is in an old building built way back in 1807 by the Government. It was originally known as South West Battery, and after the war of 1812 was called Castle Clinton. In 1824 it came into the possession of the city of New York, and it was then turned into a place of entertainment and known as Castle Garden. It was here that Jenny Lind made her first appearance in this country in 1850. Here also were received General Lafayette in 1824, and the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth in 1851. Afterwards it came to be used as a receiving station for immigrants. In 1891 it was turned into an aquarium, and opened free to the public in 1896. Here the visitor finds himself surrounded by great tanks of water, through the glass sides of which he may see specimens of almost every kind of fish that inhabit the waters.

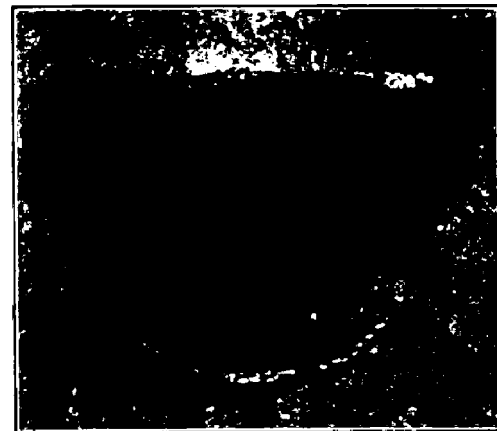
Elephants for the Exposition.

Carl Hagenbeck, of wild animal fame, is making arrangements to import eight Ceylon elephants for the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. One of these is to be a tiny baby, said to be about thirty two inches high.



"Kill Your Dog and Buy a Pig."

An exchange says: "Kill your dog and buy a pig with the dollar you save on dog tax. The scraps you feed the dog would make the pig weigh three hundred pounds, and then you could sell it and give your wife the money." Yes, kill your dear old faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful dog and buy a pig. But when you come home after a hard day's toll don't expect that same pig to meet you two blocks away with a joyful little cry of welcome at every jump. Sometimes when you feel unusually "blue" and it seems as if the whole world was "knocking" against you, don't expect it to nestle up to your side and laying its head within your lap, wag out its unalloyed sympathy. Don't expect it to forsake its meal of "scraps" just for the privilege of being your companion on a lonely drive or walk. Don't expect it to do any of these "little things"—there's a vast difference between your most constant friend and a pig.—Our Dumb Animals.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF HONEY COMB.

J. N. McCurdy, Bucyrus, O., sends us a photograph of honey comb, to show the mathematical exactness of the little busy bee in placing the cells in such form that there is not a particle of loss in space.

The High Grade Single Gun
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Automatic and Non Ejecting
Steel and Twist Barrels
 12, 16 and 20 Gauge
Catalog on request
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THE BOY'S POULTRY YARD

An interesting letter on poultry has been received from Arthur Belmont, New Dorchester, Mass.

When the combs and the wattles of your fowls are of a bright red color it indicates a condition of health.

Hugh Fike, Birmingham, Ala., is a chicken fancier, having brown Leghorns, light Brahmans and black Spanish. In three days he got three dozen eggs from fourteen hens.

If you are going to get an incubator this spring get one of approved merit, as there is a great difference in incubators. You will find little difficulty with a good machine.

A letter comes from far-off Hilo, in the Hawaiian Islands, from Joe M. Mideros, telling of his experience in the poultry business. He says eggs are selling in Hawaii at six for twenty five cents.

It is surprising to see how much fine charcoal little chicks will eat. Keep it, with fine grit, before them all the time. It is a necessity, and is one of the best stomach correctives you can find.

Ray Glynn, Lebanon, Mo., sends a recipe for making hens lay. Mix a pound of red albumen with a pound of red or black pepper. Put two teaspoonfuls for every twelve hens in a gallon of bran. Pour hot water on it and mix well.

Small chicks suffer much during wet weather and should be protected. They must be able to find a dry spot for their feet during the day and a warm, dry place to sleep in. During wet weather you may put a small piece of gummed camphor in a piece of cloth, tie it to a small stone and put it in the drinking water. It will be a fine remedy for colds. Teach the chicks to go upon a roost as soon as they are old enough to leave the hen or brooder.

We shall be glad to receive letters from our subscribers giving their experience in poultry raising this spring and summer. We have no doubt a good many hundred boys will try it this summer for the first time. We wish them all manner of success. From experience we know that it takes patience and study to succeed in this business as in any other. Don't start out on too big a scale. Be satisfied with small beginnings, treat your stock right, keep an account of what you pay out and what you take in, and see if you can't show a profit by next Christmas.

There is no business in the world for boys so pleasant and so profitable, considering the amount of time and capital required, as the poultry business. There is scarcely a boy but has sufficient room in his back yard for some poultry stock. Boys on farms of course have a great advantage over the city boy; but there is no reason why the latter, if he has a little yard, may not succeed. Our word for it, it will give him a great deal of pleasure and will teach him very much in the way of management and money-making that will not come amiss in after years.

The best food for the chick's first meal is hard-boiled eggs, mashed fine, shell and all, mixed with an equal part of bread crumbs. The second meal should be bread crumbs or small, fine oatmeal. Too much water and too much sand are bad for chicks. If a supply of fresh water is kept constantly before them there is no danger; but if they are allowed to go so long without water as to gorge themselves when they get it, it creates trouble. Dry food fed on the sand is all right, but when wet or damp food is thrown onto the sand or earth the chicks are apt to get too much of the sand. It is better to give them all their damp or mixed food in a clean pan or small feed trough, or upon a clean board. Don't give wet or sloppy food of any kind. Don't feed them with sticky, dough-like paste, for it is to them as uncooked bread dough would be to you. Have the mixed food as dry and crumbly as possible. One of the very best foods for young chicks is well-cooked corn bread made with an egg or two, some baking powder, and mixed with milk, either sweet or sour. When cold crumble feed for them. As they grow older you may give them broken oats, wheat, very small cracked corn and a little millet seed. Don't give more than one-fifth millet seed, for many young chicks are killed by having too much of it. After awhile they can eat whole wheat and broken corn. When old enough to eat wheat, half their food should be of wheat and corn. Oats and barley are not of much value to growing chicks unless they are either hulled or ground.

FREE We give the premiums illustrated and many others, for selling only 18 packages of our Superior Blue. Absolutely guaranteed for years. Send full name and address. We send post-paid 10 Super Blue to sell at 10c. each; also large premium list. When sold, return us the money and we send at once above beautiful ring carefully packed in an elegant push-lined case. Write today.
SUPERIOR CO., Dept. X., North Adams, Mass.

DIAMOND RING FREE!
 Magnificent, flashing Akah diamond, mounted in the famous Tiffany style setting, finished in 18k. solid gold. Absolutely guaranteed for years. Send full name and address. We send post-paid 10 Super Blue to sell at 10c. each; also large premium list. When sold, return us the money and we send at once above beautiful ring carefully packed in an elegant push-lined case. Write today.
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Liquid Pistol
 (Polished Nickel, Durable, Safe.)
 Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Valuable to bicyclists, unaccompanied ladies, cashiers, and homes. Over 20 shots in one loading. Re-loading unlimited. All dealers, or by mail, 50c.
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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 \$6.80. Send for the Wooden Hen Book, mailed free, together with a book containing 14 colored views and telling all about the EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR, if you name this paper.
GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Illinois.

Poultry Paper Free
 Your name and address on a postal card mailed to **Reliable Poultry Journal**, Box B, Quincy, Illinois, will bring you a free sample copy of the biggest and best Poultry Journal published. Over one hundred pages. **\$500 CASH PRIZES**—Everybody gets paid—write for full particulars.
A Big Thing For Subscription Agents.

CYPHERS—Guaranteed the best incubator in all the world. Time to prove it. All money back if not satisfactory. Every modern approved device. Write for Poultry Guide and catalogue No. 154. 196 large pages. Treats of poultry for profit. 10c. for postage; book is free. Circulars free.
CYPHER INCUBATOR CO.
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The Pleasure
 derived from hatching and raising chickens with a **MAWKEYE** incubator and brooder is one reason for the machine's popularity. Profit is sure, cost small. Try it 30 days. Catalogue free. Mention this paper.—Mawkeye Incubator Co., Box 29, Horton, Iowa.

A Hundred Per Cent
 is no uncommon hatch for Petaluma Incubators. They are the oldest and most reliable machines on the market. Results are uniform and always high. Redwood and copper materials. Circulars free. Write for free catalogue.
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BANTAM \$9.95 FOR 100 EGGS
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DOGS FOR SALE OF ALL KINDS
 Pigeons, Foxes, Lop Eared and Belgian Hares. Send 6 cents for catalogue.
L. A. N. D. I. S., Box 48, BOWER'S STATION, PENN.

Boys as Money Makers

THEODORE C. JOHNSON, Hawkinsville, Ga., planted three-quarters of an acre of land in cotton, his father having given him the land to till. The boy did the chopping and hoeing and part of the picking. He hired some of the picking done, paying for the work with his old clothes. He paid for the plowing with the money that he got from the sale of the cotton and cleared ten dollars, and one of these dollars he sent for THE AMERICAN BOY. He says: "It taught me a great deal about the cotton and gave me experience."—VILAS H. JACKSON, Colfax, Wis., worked hard on his father's farm all summer. Besides helping his father he planted and cultivated a patch of potatoes, and planted potatoes and pop corn for himself. When he sold his crop this fall he used all his money to buy clothes so that he could go away to school, excepting one dollar, which went to pay for THE AMERICAN BOY.—CARL KUENTZ, Cleveland, O., worked for the American District Telegraph Company last summer as a messenger boy, earning \$34.17. With this money he bought a wheel, and bought winter clothes for himself and his two brothers. He has fifty dollars in all in the bank. Carl is fourteen years old and goes to business college.—HARRY M. MERWIN, Durham, Conn., works every afternoon delivering papers to 140 customers, traveling twelve miles to make his rounds. He clears \$6.50 a week. In the summer he uses a wheel, and in the winter his father's horse. He has bought a piano and is about to begin taking music lessons.—LAWRENCE GULLING, Beckwith, Canada, has been making money tending a logging gate, earning fifty cents a day and boarding himself. He has also worked some in a sawmill and earned \$1.50 a day. In the last year he has earned \$40, all of which he has given to his parents. He has to cut wood for the house, feed the chickens, take care of two pigs and a horse and carry the water, and in addition to this goes to school two miles. He is thirteen years old. His brother, who is nine years old, earned \$43 last summer tending a logging gate.—WILLIE DETTRA, Royersford, Pa., made money to pay for THE AMERICAN BOY by delivering milk. He says every one in his family is interested in THE AMERICAN BOY.—PETER J. SCHROEDER, Mountain Lake, Minn., paid for his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by working a day at threshing, having received for it one dollar, and fifteen blisters on his right hand. He ought to enjoy the paper, and doubtless will, for we always enjoy most that which we work hardest for.—WILLIE CAMPION, Horton, Minn., sold twenty five subscription books in three days and is only twelve years old.—BENNY HORCUS, Rossville, Ill., won a suit of clothes from a clothing store for writing the best advertisement.—CRESECEY McCUTCHEN, Adairsville, Ga., fourteen years old, together with his brother, made \$28.50 selling peaches this last summer.—ROSCOE BAILEY, Ashmore, Ill., earned eight dollars last summer picking berries. He bought his own clothes during the summer.—GLEN J. NOGGLE, Snyderville, O., has three dollars in bank and his father owes him ten dollars. He has a calf a year old which he is going to sell and with the money buy a horse. His mother gave him two hens and he set them and got eight chickens, which he sold for two dollars.—WILLIAM MORGAN TORREY, Akron, Neb., seeing a statement in our paper to the effect that there was money in raising pop corn, planted an acre to rice pop corn, cultivated it five times and took good care of it. He sold 160 pounds, shelled for four cents a pound, and the rest in the ear for one dollar a bushel, the field netting him \$35.—C. EMERSON WATSON, Beaumont, Cal., worked during the last vacation on a hay press and made \$64. He gave his father part of the money and the remainder he spent on clothes. He is fourteen years old and in the Sixth grade in school.—FLOYD GROTEVANT, Utica, N. Y., has been working on a milk route where he has earned \$15. He also delivers papers, having earned \$11.50 at that. He has loaned ten dollars of his money and put ten dollars in the bank and bought a wheel.—OSWALD FRISCH, Calistoga, Cal., made \$30 picking grapes and prunes. He lives at the foot of a large mountain, and the only snow that he has ever seen was at the top of this mountain. He says: "Every Christmas I go to San Francisco, and watch the great, mighty, high-rolling, foaming waves crash on the rocks."—WALTER McDANIELS, a twelve-year-old Omaha (Neb.) boy, writes the Omaha Daily News telling how he has made money. In addition to carrying papers after school and shoveling snow during the winter, he has learned how to use tools, and with these made some bookshelves for his mother. The neighbors liked them so much that they gave him orders, resulting in the sale of three sets of bookshelves, for which he received four dollars each. He also makes tables and fancy boxes and doll houses, for which he receives money.

Ideas Count.

One of the first questions that is asked when a young man is to be engaged for any department of business is whether or not he has any ideas. Men with ideas are wanted, and the world seems to have comparatively little use for those who have no ideas; and "idea men" seem to be a new class in the business community.

Boy Journalists

A Successful Boy Journalist.

The position of editor of a department of a publication which has existed for forty years or more is an achievement seldom credited to a boy aged fourteen years; but Leonard E. Meyer, a very boy-like lad, who lives at Jefferson, Wisconsin, has occupied such a position for two years. In addition to this work, the lad has written extensively for metropolitan dailies and Sunday papers, and is a regular correspondent for a large number of the great dailies in the western states. The Jefferson (Wis.) Banner, a bright weekly, is the paper on which young Meyer has done his work as a local editor. On school days he devotes his spare hours to his newspaper work. His vacations are not spent in fishing and such employments as boys are wont to engage in, but to newspaper work. Except for a week during each year, in the two years last past, he has taken no vacation. As a matter of fact, these two weeks were also partly devoted to journalism, for he spent them with a brother, who is a Milwaukee newspaper



LEONARD E. MEYER, Jefferson, Wis.

man, and during nearly every day of the "vacation" the young editor found time to grind out one or more columns of copy for the big daily on which the brother occupies a place. To say a little more to the favor of the boy, his copy needed not nearly so much editing as did that of some men who had been on the staff for many years.

For two years the youthful editor has been local man on The Banner, and his work has been surprisingly satisfactory; and there are promises by word and letter in the little editor's possession, which he prizes very highly, telling him that when he gets ready he will have little trouble in getting "on" with a daily. Leonard is now a junior in the Jefferson High School, where he is among the leaders in his class.

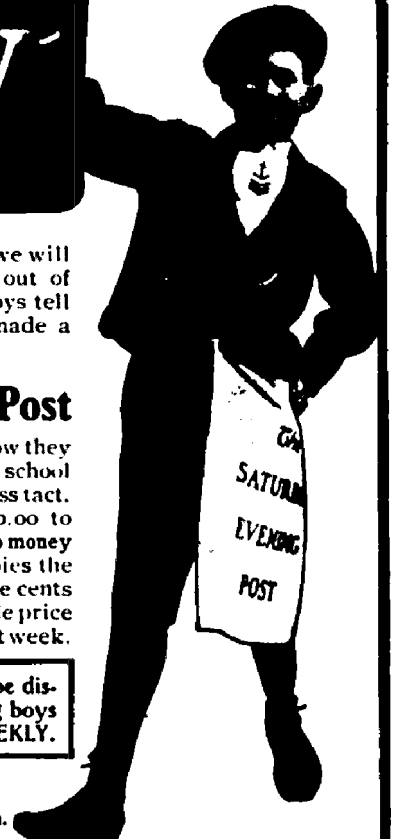
Advice to Boy Printers—Will S. Knox.

The boy printer will find it much easier to keep right if he starts right. With the printing business as with everything else, there is a right way and a wrong way of doing things. There should be a place for everything, and everything should be in its place. When new type is received, it should be at once carefully "laid"—each letter, figure, point and space put in its appropriate apartment or box. Do not throw the type into the boxes roughly, because their faces are delicate and easily damaged. When types are dropped upon the floor by accident, they should be immediately picked up and returned to their proper places. Tramping over them upon the floor destroys their usefulness, and allowing them to remain there is a sure sign of an untidy printer. When type is in a form, plane it carefully, and beware of striking the face of the letters with the quoin key or other iron or steel instrument. After a form is printed, clean it thoroughly with benzine. Never return type to the case unless it is thoroughly clean. Brass rules ought to be rubbed with a cloth and benzine before being put away, as they readily collect dry ink upon the sides, which in time impairs their usefulness.

The press should always be kept as clean as a pin. The ink plate should be kept clean and bright when not in use, and ink should never be allowed to dry upon it. The same may be said about the ink rollers. If they do not appear to have the proper "suction," or stickiness, before ink is applied, dampen them lightly with a sponge. Keep the press well oiled and covered when not in use. In presswork, have the "impression" just heavy enough to print evenly and clearly. Never let the type punch so that the printed sheet appears rough upon the back. Before taking an impression, be perfectly sure that

Boys who make Money

Any boy can do it



IN A DAINTY little booklet, which we will send to any boy free, twenty-five out of more than three thousand 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. Some of these boys are making \$10.00 to \$15.00 a week. You can do the same. No money required to start. We will furnish 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.

\$225 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES will be distributed NEXT MONTH among boys who sell FIVE OR MORE COPIES WEEKLY.

If you will try it we will send the copies and everything necessary. The Curtis Publishing Company, 415 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

gauge pins and grippers are set properly and in no danger of mashing the form. In applying ink, be very careful not to use too much, or a blurred and smeared job will result. For instance, for printing cards, ink the size of two peas would be sufficient; for printing a circular or "dodger," as much ink as contained on the end of a knife blade would be necessary. In handling stock, always do so with clean hands. Give customers full count in all jobs done for them. Use good ink on all work; don't try to print a letterhead with a cheap news ink. Let all jobs remain spread out after printing long enough to become thoroughly dry. Wrap up the completed jobs carefully and always deliver in neat packages. Neatness always counts with a customer. It is good policy also to enclose a neatly printed card of your own in every package delivered; if your work is satisfactory, the card will remind the patron "to call again." In regard to prices, each printer should have a fair scale—and stick to it. To the cost of the stock, add sufficient to cover cost of composition, presswork, distribution and profit. Try your utmost to do good work—always seek to improve, and ask a good, fair price for your product. Don't be a "cheap" printer.

Visiting Cards Good quality, latest styles, for Ladies and Gentlemen, with any name desired, sent post paid, 50 for 25c., 100 for 50c. Samples and price list free. W. J. Howie, Printer, Beebe Plains, Vt.

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YOU CAN MAKE MONEY with our \$5.00 Self-Inking Printing Press, printing Cards, etc. We have larger sizes from \$15.00 to \$32.50 for printing Letter Heads, Bill Heads, etc. Write for Catalogue. THE J. F. W. DORMAN CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO Build an Up-to-Date Incubator. We start you making money after school hours building incubators. Some are making \$5 to \$8 per week. We furnish you complete illustrated plans for building incubators and Brooders, also sell you Regulators, Tanks, Lamps, etc. at cost. We want every boy seeing this ad. to write to-day for large illustrated booklet, tells whole story. SENT FREE. Address, CHANNON, SNOW & CO., Dept. 40, QUINCY, ILL.

Clerks, Mechanics, Etc. Opportunities for Young Men to make money in Mexico and South America. Barrett & Mumma, Chicago.

BOYS CAN MAKE MONEY The Girls, any industrious honest person, young or old, can have their pay in cash selling BATTLES' RELIABLE SEEDS. No outfit 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.

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, without previous experience, from \$700 to \$1,000 a year sure money. Write to-day J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Ills.

I Print My Own Cards Circulars, Newspaper, Press \$5. Larger size, \$18. Money saved. Big profits printing for others. Typesetting, easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, prices, type, paper, etc. to factory. THE PREMA CO., Meriden, Conn.

Farmers' Sons Wanted—with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; \$60 a month with advancement; steady employment; must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Medicine Association, London, Canada.

EVERY AMERICAN BOY needs a World Pocket Atlas. Ours—largest, best, 464 pages, 90 colored maps. Every country described. 1900 census. Everybody buys. Big money made. Worth 50c. Sample copy and terms mailed, 25c. RAND, McNALLY & CO., Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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BOYS MAKE 50 CENTS AN HOUR showing sample and taking orders for our patent FIRE KINDLER. Send 25 cents for prepaid sample and get to work. KINDLER COMPANY, HILLBORO, ILLINOIS.

\$8 PAID Per 100 Per CENTRAL territory to A. W. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.

Agent's Outfit Free.—"Success" Kutzag Grater—only perfect grater. Send for large catalog new goods, that sellers free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO. Dept. 12 Bath N.Y.

\$50 A MONTH EARNED ADVERTISING BUSINESS. ENCLOSE STAMP. INTERNATIONAL DISBURSEMENT, 160 Nassau St., New York.

BIG MONEY in Mail-Order Business. Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan for starting beginners is marvellously successful. Send stamp for comp. plan. Central Supply A Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Boys in Games and Sport

"Up in the World"

Photo by H. M. Harvey. Detroit, Mich.

best shots, the first going to Gustav Studel and the second to Charles Miller, both of New York City. Mr. Barrett writes us that he secured a dozen copies of THE AMERICAN BOY at the Boys' Congress held in New York, which, by the way, was attended by the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, and that he sent them to the boys of the Bronx. "Your paper," says he, "is ideal. It strikes the heart of every real boy."

Mind Reading.

Mind reading is more in the nature of a trick than a game, but as anything that creates surprise or approaches the wonderful always proves attractive and entertaining, we introduce this plan of reading the contents of a folded paper by laying it across the forehead. The mind reader seats himself at a table at one end of the room.

Slips of papers, all the same size and shape, are then distributed among the audience, with the request that each one write thereon a short sentence, plainly and in English. While they are busy writing the mind reader or medium is preparing for the trial by first making sundry passes across his forehead, rubbing each arm slowly from shoulder to wrist, and then sitting calm and silent, staring at the wall. Each person folds his piece of paper carefully and they are all collected by some one who, standing next the medium, presses the first paper folded on the medium's forehead, who with closed eyes immediately reads the contents out loud, and then verifies it by taking, opening and re-reading it with his eyes open, and requests the writer to acknowledge it, after which the second paper is treated in a similar manner, thus continuing until every paper has been read and acknowledged.

The person who collects the papers is the medium's confederate, and should be selected from among the guests some time before the game is proposed, and thoroughly drilled, so as to make no mistakes. The confederate's part is very easy. It is simply to let the medium know what is to be written on his piece of paper, and be careful to leave that particular message for the last one to be read. On these two points depends the success of the experiment, for it makes no difference what the first message is. The medium reads out whatever the confederate was to write, and while pretending to verify it by re-reading with his eyes open he really is fixing in his memory the lines in the first paper, which he reads out as the contents of the second message. The second is read as the third, and so on through them all. —New York American.

Burning a Snowball.

You can mystify an audience by telling them that you can set fire to a snowball. Roll up the snow into a ball and show it to the audience. When they have returned it to you press it closer, and while so doing push into it a piece of crude camphor, leaving a very small end projecting. You will do this while you are pretending to roll the snow into a closer ball. Now hold the ball up, and lighting a match apply it to the end of the camphor. The ball will appear to be on fire.

How to Make a Stern Paddle-Wheel Boat Quickly.

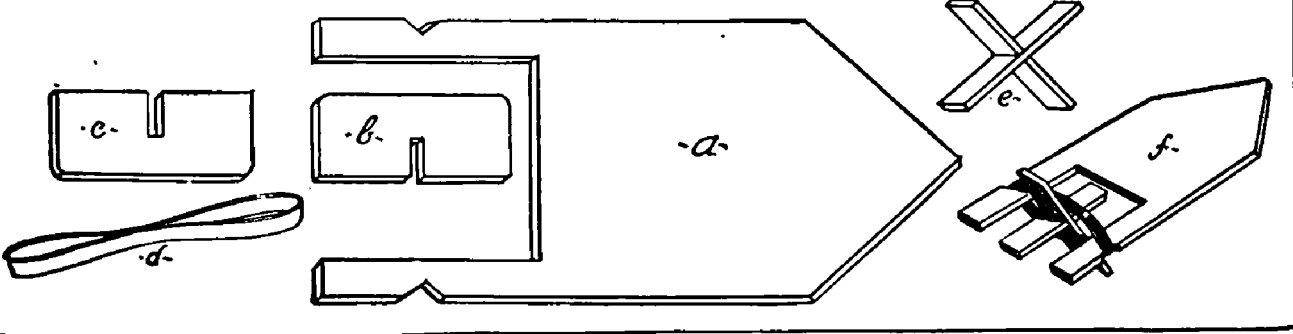
The best fun in whittling and making things is to make things that will "get a move on" after they are made. Now, see here, boys, this isn't merely because you like the fun of seeing things go. It is more than that. It is the same desire that makes men successful in business life.

A man who is willing to waste his life in starting things—business affairs, for instance—that need him behind them all the time to make them go as they should, wastes much of his energy and life force in pushing matters that ought to go of their own motion after he has started them. The great business men of to-day meet success half way by planning things out so that, after they once start a business—whether it is a factory or a syndicate or anything else—it will go on of itself, and keep increasing, while they turn to still other matters.

It is a far cry from a great syndicate, apparently, to a stern paddle-wheel boat

A STERN PADDLE-WHEEL BOAT THAT WILL GO

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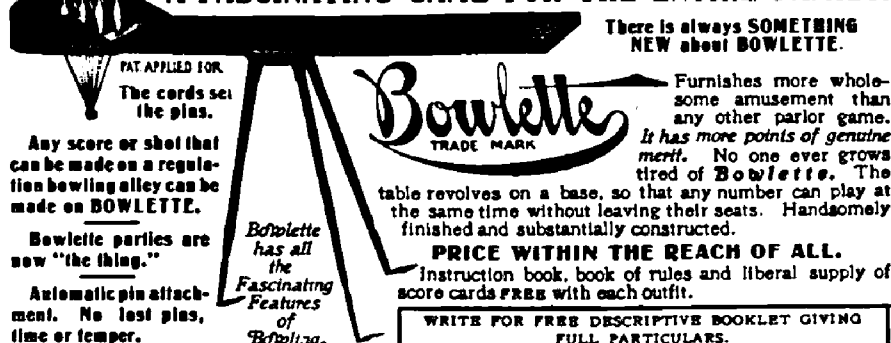
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Vaccine and

—By Hugo Erichsen, M.D.



MOST boys have been vaccinated; but few know why, and many, having been vaccinated when infants, have forgotten all about it. Those that do remember it, have a hazy recollection of a stern old surgeon who performed the operation by scraping away a little bit of the skin from the upper part of their left arm, by means of a sharp instrument, which was followed by the application of what looked like pus, but was really vaccine. All of these lads have been told, in a general way, that the little operation was performed to protect them against smallpox, one of the most horrible diseases with which humanity is afflicted; but they are not at all certain that there was really any necessity for the painful proceeding and that it accomplished what it was presumed to do.

Without desiring to evoke argument, I can only say that after a careful study of the whole subject and a personal inoculation of hundreds of persons, I am firmly convinced of the efficacy of vaccination. Nor would it be difficult to convince others, if it were not impracticable to submit to them the enormous mass of favorable evidence that has accumulated, in the form of statistics, in the course of a



EDWARD JENNER VACCINATING A CHILD.
From a drawing by Professor Wm. Heinmueller.

patient. As they resisted the disease from this source, also, Waterhouse, being fully convinced of the efficacy of vaccination, remarked: "One fact in such cases is worth a thousand arguments."

The efficacy of recent successful vaccination has been proved over and over again. It will be noted that I say successful vaccination. Vaccination that does not "take" is no vaccination at all.

Lack of space prevents me from citing the many instances in which the protective power of vaccination has been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt. I will, therefore, only give one of the most recent ones. Dr. Wm. M. Welsch, who is in charge of the Municipal Hospital for Contagious Diseases at Philadelphia, states in "American Medicine," for July 12, 1902:

"Since the present epidemic began, about 125 persons, including physi-

Vaccination

Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Kingston, Canada. Foreign Associate Member of the Hygienic Society of France, etc.

Illustrations by courtesy of Parke, Davis & Co., Detroit, Mich.

cians, nurses, ward-maids, cooks, laundresses, and the like, have been continuously exposed to smallpox in the hospital, and not one has fallen with the disease. All those employed in the smallpox pavilion, except two or three who had the disease at an early period of life, owe their immunity to vaccination."

At the beginning, vaccine was frequently transferred from person to person, but of late it has been taken from heifers only, in order to avoid the transmission of some of the hereditary diseases, to which man is heir. A brief description of the method by which glycerinated vaccine is produced in one of the largest laboratories of the world may, therefore, prove of interest.

Only healthy heifers, about eighteen months old, and calves from one to three months old, are selected for the purpose. Each animal is subjected to a careful examination, on the part of a veterinary surgeon, and promptly rejected if it shows the slightest evidence of disease. Tuberculosis, or consumption from germ infection, is particularly guarded against. Animals pronounced healthy are next thoroughly scrubbed, from head to hoof, and taken into the operating room of the vaccine establishment. This is a large, well-lighted and well-ventilated apartment that is rendered thoroughly aseptic by the disinfection of floor and walls. As they are constructed of a solid material that will not absorb fluids, they are easily flushed with an antiseptic, or what may be called a liquid germ-destroyer.

A convenient contrivance, of which illustrations are given herewith, is employed to place the heifer on its back and hold it perfectly still, while its abdominal surface is being prepared for what is termed scarification by being lathered, shaved and thoroughly washed with sterilized water. By sterilized water is meant water that is absolutely pure and does not contain any disease germs.

Scarification is performed by drawing lines across the abdomen of the animal with a very sharp instrument, just penetrating the skin, but not cutting deep enough to draw much blood. So-called "Seed" vaccine, obtained from an animal that has undergone the process previously, is then rubbed thoroughly into the field of operation and permitted to dry.

After this the heifer is removed to the propagating room, or, as it might be called, the hospital of the institute, to await developments. Here the inoculated animals are kept in iron stalls, as shown in the illustration, for about five days. Trained men are continually on hand to keep this place scrupulously clean. At the end of the above named period the vaccine vesicles are generally fully developed and the belly of the animal looks as though it were studded with very small blisters filled with what resembles pus. The heifer is returned to the operating room, where its abdomen is thoroughly washed and disinfected, as before. The pulp of the vaccine

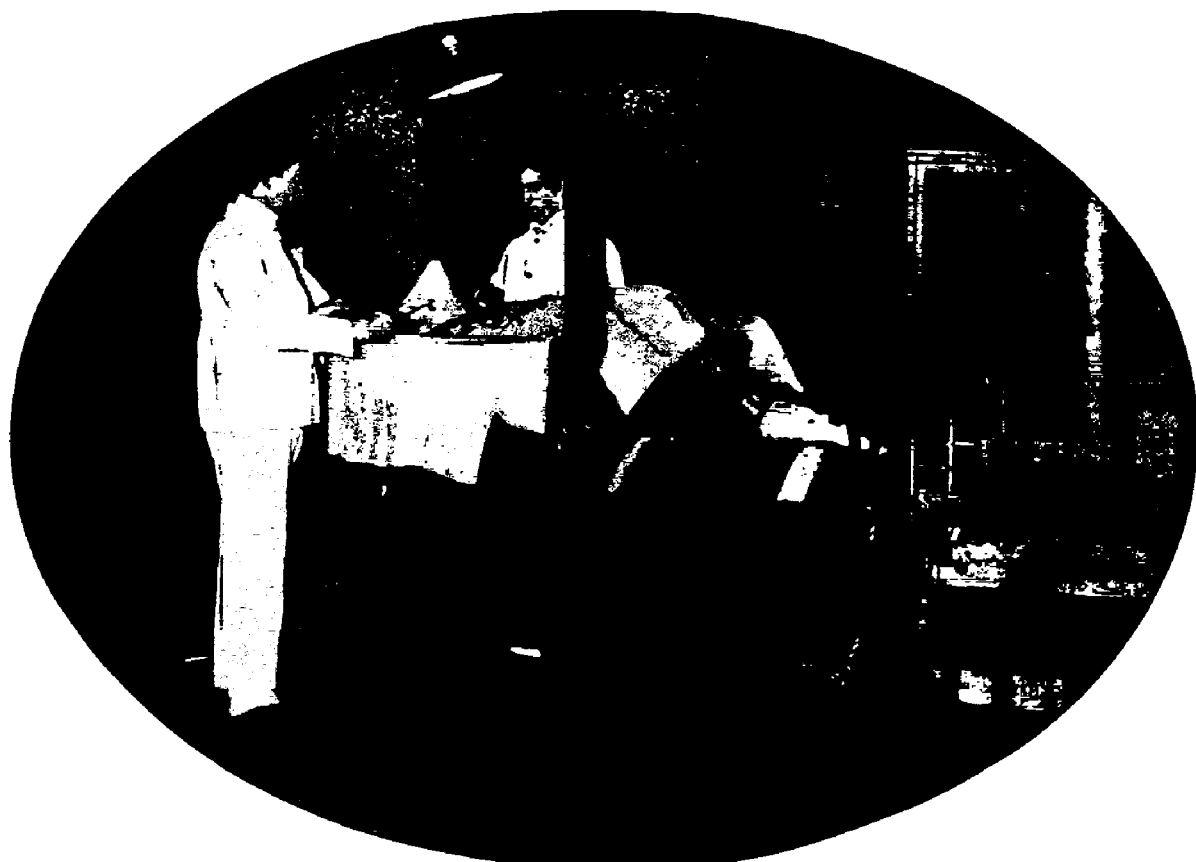


HEIFER READY TO INVERT.

century. I will, therefore, have to content myself with a mere mention of a few of the more prominent incidents in the history of vaccination.

Immermann states that long before Jenner introduced vaccination, it was known that cowpox (a disease of cattle similar to human smallpox) was communicable to man. In 1763 Hein noted that the accidental infection of individuals with cowpox protected them against small-pox. This is termed immunity. Von Humboldt, in the account of his travels published in 1803, spoke of this immunity among the natives of Mexico, and Brun noticed it in Beluchistan. Sutton and Fewster attempted vaccination in 1778, but failed. Benjamin Jesty, an English farmer, however, had successfully vaccinated his wife and children in 1774. But the discovery of the actual value of vaccination and its importance to the human race, is universally accredited to Edward Jenner, a British physician, who began his investigations in 1796 and published the result of them in 1799 and 1800. He noticed that milkers who contracted cowpox, by infection of their hands, did not get the smallpox, and this first attracted his attention to the subject, and formed the basis of his observations. On May 14, 1796, he had an opportunity to put his theories to a practical test by inoculating James Phipps, a lad about eight years old, with cowpox lymph. Six weeks later the decisive test was made, by vaccinating the boy with the virus of Smallpox, which as Jenner predicted, failed to produce its usual effects. A confirmatory experiment was not made until two years later, and then with equal success. In spite of the manifold objections at once raised against vaccination, the practice soon became widespread, extending from England to the continent and thence to the United States.

Dr. Waterhouse, of Boston, was the first person in this country who received vaccine virus in an active state from England, and with it he immediately vaccinated the members of his own family. About two months after his children had been vaccinated, he had them admitted into the smallpox hospital at Brookline, Mass., for the purpose of testing their immunity. Finding they did not take the disease from exposure to the germs of it, he had them inoculated with fresh matter, taken from a



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is now carefully collected with a spoon-shaped instrument and placed in bottles that are known to be absolutely clean and germ free.

In the so-called biological laboratory, to which the virus is next taken, it is mixed with glycerin, which has the property of destroying disease germs without affecting the vaccine organisms. In order to do this evenly and thoroughly, this part of the process is accomplished by means of machinery. When microscopical examinations and tests on animals show that the vaccine is perfectly pure and reliable, it is filled in glass tubes, that are sealed to exclude the air, and stored in a refrigerator until marketed.

It might be well to say in conclusion, that heifers are subjected to vaccination but once and that their health is not impaired or lives endangered by the process.

"The Natick Cobbler."

Colonel A. K. McClure, formerly editor of the Philadelphia Times and a well-known figure in national and state politics, in his "Random Recollections of Half a Century," says of the "Natick Cobbler"—the late Vice President Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts:

"If I were asked by the young men of to-day whose record I would select from the most illustrious records written during the last half a century that they could study most profitably at this time I would name that of Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, who rounded out a long public career on which there was not the semblance of blemish, and died when Vice President in the Vice President's room in the capitol. He was born in Farmingham, New Hampshire, on the sixteenth of February, 1812, with a parentage so obscure that I have never seen it noted in detail in any of the many biographies which have been written of him. The name of his parents was Colbath, and he was christened as Jeremiah Jones Colbath, but when he attained his majority he had his name changed by the Massachusetts legislature to that of Henry Wilson. His educational advantages were extremely limited, but he was a tireless student. He once told me that he had read over one thousand volumes that he had begged or borrowed while he was working for a farmer to whom he had been apprenticed to serve until he was twenty one years of age, when he started out on foot in search of work and to make a career for himself. He landed at Natick, Massachusetts, and found employment with a shoemaker, whose trade he acquired. By severe economy he earned enough money to gain an academic course. After a brief academic career he was compelled to abandon his studies and resume his trade as a shoemaker. In 1840 he came to the front and delivered a number of speeches in support of Harrison. He was then billed on the notices of the meeting as the 'Natick cobbler.'

A career like the one of this illustrious man conclusively proves that never before in the history of mankind have the doors of opportunity been so completely open to native worth and character as they have been, and are still, on the golden shores of America.

This obscure young man, by the sheer force of ability and integrity, rose from the cobbler's bench to a commanding and dominant position in the supreme councils of the greatest nation in the world, and was the companion of the immortal Ulysses S. Grant on the presidential ticket of the great republican party which was overwhelmingly victorious. Grant and Wilson—one a tanner from Galena, Ill., the other a cobbler from Natick, Mass. One the most illustrious and successful soldier of modern times; the other a spotless statesman and patriot, without fear and without reproach. Tanner and cobbler—soldier and statesman.

There is no doubt when we look upon the careers of men like these that much of the clamor against favoritism and classes is but mere moonshine, and that if a young man possesses ambition and character, the way is yet open for him to fulfill the utmost of his possibilities, to round out his destiny to its sublimest heights; and that instead of a malicious and unwilling world, if he but have caliber sufficient, and ample integrity and character, that men are glad and eager to recognize his ability and force, and to speed him to lofty pinnacles of honor and success.

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A Boy Tried to Bribe Mr. McKinley.

HENRY S. PRITCHETT, PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

Our country is one in which there is entire freedom of speech. The newspapers discuss not only the public actions of our officials, but picture their private life and their individual failings with a completeness of detail known in no other land. In the main this newspaper criticism is doubtless a wholesome influence in our political life. But at times so much has been said of the shortcomings of our public men that many readers lose sight of their faithful service, and come to suspect the motives of all men in office.

When I resigned my government post under Mr. McKinley, the President, as he said a word of goodby to me, spoke of his interest in the boys of the United States, and of his wish that they might have a high appreciation of a life spent in their country's service.

"Some years ago," he remarked, "I had an experience with a boy of eighteen which made a deep impression upon me. I was in Congress at the time, and under the operation of the law an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis was at my disposal. I was anxious to send a good representative, and looked about the district for a bright, capable boy, ambitious for a naval career.

"None of the candidates seemed promising, and I finally decided to submit the choice of a cadet to a competitive examination. A day or two after this announcement had been made and a date had been set for the examination I received a visit from a boy who desired the appointment.

"He was an alert, active, fine-looking fellow, who at once won my heart; and as he seemed most eager for the appointment and excellently qualified for the life, I sincerely regretted that I had not met him earlier, so that I might have given him the appointment outright. As it was, I urged him to enter the examination, and felt sure that with his fine preparation he would have no difficulty in winning the place.

"A few days later I received a letter from the young man, stating that he felt he would be most unhappy if he failed of the appointment, and requesting me to withdraw the announcement of the public examination and appoint him without competition. Enclosed in the letter was a check for several thousand dollars drawn on a New York bank to my order.

"Never," said the president, "in all my public life, have I suffered a moment of such humiliation as the reading of this letter cost me.

"When I felt that I could speak calmly," I sent for the boy, gave back to him his letter and his check, and explained that my relations with him were at an end.

"And now," said I, "let me ask you one question: What have you known of my life, public or private, and what have you known of other men in office, which could make you, at your age, imagine that a congressman of the United States would accept a bribe?"

"I was profoundly moved myself, and the boy was deeply affected, perhaps more by my manner than by the question. Amid his sobs he explained that he had desired a place in the navy beyond all other things; that he had read in some paper that all Congressmen accepted money for such appointments, and that he had consulted a politician in the neighboring village, who had assured him that the payment of such a sum as he had tendered would secure the appointment he sought.

"I sent the boy away," said the President, "with such words as I thought might minister to his self-respect, and might give him correct ideas of his relations with honest men. But the experience has ever since left a sore spot in my heart. I had never before realized how a bad man and a careless newspaper could pervert the ideals of a boy's mind.

"God knows there is enough of selfishness and greed in public life, as in all our human relations, but I wish there were some way in which boys in their school-days might be shown that these qualities are stumbling blocks, not stepping-stones, in the way to political success. I would have our boys taught that to serve the government faithfully is one of the noblest callings; I would like to see them led to some better appreciation of the service of good men in public life, and I would keep before their minds the fact that dishonesty and trickery work out the same consequences in political life, upon those who use them, which their practice brings in any other calling. I would have the boys of this country know that its public men are honest men, and that they have high ideals and noble ends in view.



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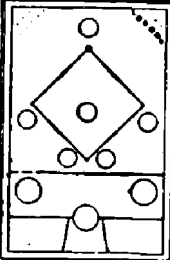
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BUGLER DUNN AND THE SILVER BUGLE GIVEN HIM BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

A Nation's Tribute to a Boy Hero—^{Joseph} Callister

With General Buller on his perilous march to Ladysmith during the Boer war was Bugler Dunn, a lad of fifteen years, of Manx birth and parentage. His father, a soldier in the British army, had received two bars for bravery in two engagements. The son's ambition was realized when he was accepted as bugler in the First Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

When Buller reached the Tugela for the first time, bugler Dunn's regiment was part of the advance guard of his great army. The intrepid Boers were strongly entrenched on the opposite side of the river waiting the advance of their formidable foe. When the English general ordered the attack, the young bugler ran ahead of the first officer of his regiment, crossed the river before the rest, and running up the opposite bank, put the bugle to his lips to sound the advance. Just then the Boers fired their first volley of shot and shell into the face of the enemy. The young bugler was hit in the right hand by a bullet, the bugle fell to the ground, but quick as thought he caught it up with his left and sounded the advance. His regiment, encouraged by such heroism, cheered lustily and rushed on, only to meet defeat.

After the smoke of the battle had cleared away, bugler Dunn was sent to the rear with his hand bandaged, and later was sent back to England on the first boat and placed in the British hospital at Netley. There he was visited by Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

When the story was told to Queen Victoria she requested that the boy be brought to Osborne House. The noble queen gave him a motherly welcome, presented him with a silver trumpet, and expressed a

wish that he might have a successful military career. Bugler Dunn, of Tugela River fame, thus became the youthful hero of England, and also of the English speaking world.

In 1900 he visited his native island. He then had £300 in the bank, the accumulated gifts of his admirers. A wealthy Brighton lady promised to give him a present each year on his birthday, and has kept her promise. One of the gifts bestowed is a fine goat. This goat has become a great pet with the drummer boys in the regiment to which its young master belongs. Opportunity came to this Manx boy to make himself a hero, and he embraced it. Opportunities of a different kind present themselves to each individual today to make himself a hero in honesty, benevolence and manly virtue.

"Frenchy"

(Continued from page 78.)

child told how deeply the talons were tearing into her flesh.

Seizing a big rock, without stopping his progress, "Frenchy" fairly flew onward, climbing with the lithe nimbleness of the tiger. When he was near enough to risk hurling the stone without endangering the child, he gathered all his strength and flung the rock with fearful energy at the bird. With a scream of pain, the gigantic creature loosened his clutch on the child, who fell crashing through the bush to the ground, while the wounded bird soared away.

"Frenchy" lifted the child gently in his arms, shivering as he saw her scratched, torn face, and the ugly wounds in her shoulder showing through the torn white dress. Carefully he picked his way down the steep mountain's face to the path, and then, more swiftly, he hastened toward the Dalton's cottage.

As he came in sight of the house, the trap with its load of gay picnickers drove up. At sight of "Frenchy" and his burden, Mrs. Dalton leaped from the trap and sprang toward him with a cry of anguish. Rose came running from the piazza, forgetful, for once, of the groom, and filled with terror at her own negligence and its possible consequences. At the same moment Bridget appeared and added her loud exclamation of distress to the general confusion. It was "Frenchy" who sped away to bring the physician.

After all was done, Mrs. Dalton's white lips asked, "Will she be all right, doctor?"

"I think so, madame. But it was a narrow escape. That boy there saved her life," he said, pointing to "Frenchy," who, in the confusion had followed the doctor into the house and stood breathlessly watching his every movement. He had utterly forgotten that his clothes were torn nearly off, and that his face and hands were bleeding. He started guiltily as the doctor called attention to him.

"I think he will be my next patient, Mrs. Dalton. His wounds must receive immediate attention."

It was Bridget who hastened away to prepare a room for "Frenchy's" reception, and to bring the warm water and the bandages which the doctor ordered. When the physician's work was finished, it was Bridget who brought the boy a delicious luncheon, with dainties enough to have made a well boy sick.

When Mrs. Dalton came into his room a little later, she took his bandaged hand in her white, jeweled fingers, and held it silently for a moment.

"I thank you, 'Frenchy,' I should have had no baby Bess tonight but for you."

"I think I be dead if you not give me some dinner one day!" he answered, impulsively.

Stand Erect—Frederick E. Burnham.

Occasionally, while passing the navy yard at Charlestown, I have paused for a moment to admire the splendid bearing of the sentinels on duty. There is something inspiring in their erect figures, and one needs not to be told that they are all attention and alertness, ready for instant action.

It is the want of this soldierly carriage and alertness that bars many a young man from the more desirable positions in the business world. We see them on the street corners, their hands in their pockets, leaning against anything they can find for support, the while grumbling about the hard times and the impossibility of securing employment. Their very attitude is a warning to any business man, telling him as plainly as though they had spoken—don't employ me; I'm tired; I'm willing to draw a salary, but I don't like work.

Some time ago a business acquaintance was telling me his experience in securing the services of a capable office boy.

"I inserted an advertisement in one of the daily papers," he said, "and when I arrived at my office the following morning there were four boys before the door awaiting my coming. Before I unlocked the door I had made up my mind that there were three of them who would not be wanted under any circumstances; the fourth one interested me.

"One of the three was leaning against the door, smoking a cigarette; another had his hands in his pockets, the while admiring the combination of dust and mud on his shoes; while the third one was standing on one foot, his coat-collar turned up and his hat pulled down over his eyes. The fourth one was standing erect, awaiting my coming with interest.

"I admitted this last one, at the same time telling the others that their services would not be required. A few questions on my part satisfied me that he was the boy I had been looking for, and I have not been disappointed in regard to him."

Business men the world over are constantly on the watch for that boy or young man who stands erect, walks with strength and vigor and is ready for instant action. It is a sign of ability and push that business men are not slow to recognize.

Stand erect!

What is the matter with the American boy?

There is nothing the matter with the American boy. He is all right as he is so long as his home and his school are all right.



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 cannot reply personally to letters.

J. Eustace Guest, Island Pond, Vermont, wins the prize for best lot of orig-

inal puzzles pertaining to Christmas and New Year.

Erval J. Newcomer, Palo Alto, California, wins the prize for best list of answers to November Tangles.

New puzzles or answers or both were also received from the following:

C. D. Salisbury, Charles C. Curtis, H. H. Smith, Harley Cannon, John L. Cape, Roscoe P. Strough, Otis D. Welsch, Harold Mortimer Case, Alonzo V. Heeter, Frank M. Holloway, J. B. Tiffany, Jr., James Irving Finnie, Chester G. Springer, Albert H. Heiby, Harry J. Button, Ragnar Lunell, Harry F. Blanchard, Kent B. Stiles, Burton F. Jennings, Harold E. Norris, Gordon Andrews, Robert Raymer, Walter T. Horton, Morris A. Bealle, Frank Miller, Harry H. Vannatta, Nels Kindgren, William B. Wrenn, Jr., Wyman brothers, and H. L. Basch.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to this month's Tangles received by January 29.

A new and interesting book will be given for the best lot of new and original puzzles received by January 29.

Answers to December Tangles.

60. ROSE M. PATCH. (1) Ruler. (2) Orthography. (3) Slate. (4) Eraser. (5) Map. (6) Pen. (7) Algebra. (8) Tablet. (9) Crayons, or chalk. (10) History.

61. S p a N
i c e s
s l o w
G n a t

Diagonals are GLEN SCOT.

62. MISS FAUST. The hub is M. The spokes, in order, are: Maim, Magi, Mass, Mess, Miff, Mica, Menu, Maps, Mast.

63. CARRIE T. DRACASS. (1) Clay. (2) Anderson. (3) Randall. (4) Rusk. (5) Irion. (6) El Paso. (7) Taylor. (8) Dallas. (9) Rockwall. (10) Austin. (11) Calhoun. (12) Angelina. (13) Stonewall. (14) Sherman.

64. Miss M. BERRY BUCK. (Miss) (1000=M) (berry) (buck).

65. F a b l e d
E r o v e r
E l a p s e
C n s i g n
C r e d i t
L e a s t H a t e H a n d y
f e a s t h o u r y
W a t e r B o a s t
f l e e r y A B o t
S t o n e S l o t h

LEWIS FRENCH HOBBS.

66. DELILAH ROSS. (1) Duval. (2) Essex. (3) Luzon. (4) Izumi. (5) Lyons. (6) Algoa. (7) Huron. (8) Rouen. (9) Ogden. (10) Sitka. (11) Salem.

67. Cut the E square from 1, the M square from 2 and the D square from 3. Group the six pieces thus obtained around square 4 and obtain the following:

D	E	C	E
M	B	E	R
2	5	T	H
1	9	0	2

68. (1) Preparation. (2) Gyration. (3) Commiseration. (4) Perspiration. (5) Obliteration. (6) Incarceration. (7) Administration. (8) Reiteration. (9) Congregation. (10) Separation. (11) Inclination. (12) Celebration. (13) Illustration. (14) Decoration. (15) Moderation. (16) Aberration. (17) Desperation. (18) Perforation. (19) Expiration.

NEW TANGLES.

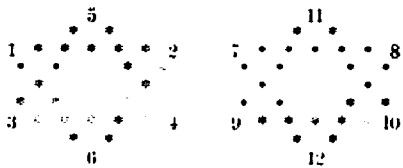
1. HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

Cut this square into three pieces and from them form another square containing a seasonable greeting to all our readers.

A	M	E	T	O	E	V
H	R	I	A	M	E	R
S	A	N	N	B	O	Y
P	P	Y	N	E	W	Y
E	A	R	R	Y	C	
E	R	Y	S	T	M	A
I	C	A	D	A	H	A

—J. Eustace Guest.

2. STORY OF THE STARS.



Build up the two Christmas stars from the seven-letter words that complete the following sentences:

If all the Tangles and their 3.....4 sought to 9.....10 their appetites at their uncle's table as a 11.....10 to the holidays, just think of the number of 1.....2 it would take to supply them all, and the many 5.....3 to divide the birds properly. And then think of the quantity of 7.....8 it would take to cover the boys' laps and the girls' new 6.....2 to keep them clean! But later, when the 6.....1 came on, with its various kinds of 5.....4 and many kinds of pudding, including 11.....9, followed by 12.....8 and 12.....7, wouldn't we be a jolly company? —Tom A. Hawk.

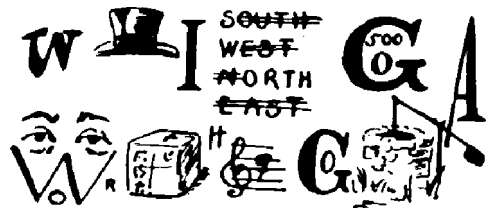
3. DOUBLE ZIG-ZAG.

The left side zig-zag spells what schoolboys and girls receive at the holidays; the right side, a month in which one holiday comes.

1. Founded in truth. 2. The ship of the desert. 3. Stomach-ache. 4. The four-spot in playing cards. 5. A rudely carved image made and revered by Alaskan and other Indian tribes. 6. A place of confinement. 7. The emblem of peace. 8. A trap. —Kent B. Stiles.

4. ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

A splendid motto for all American boys.



—Queen Zero

5. CHRISTMAS TEXT.

One word from each of the following bible verses will give a Christmas text from St. Luke:

Matthew vi. 38; Ezra vi. 5; Ezekiel xxxvi. 33; Acts xix. 34; Job xv. 7; 1 Timothy i. 15; Proverbs xxvii. 1; 1 Peter ii. 24; Revelation xli. 26; Genesis iv. 17; 1 Kings xvi. 27; 1 Chronicles xii. 8; Proverbs xxiv. 5; II Samuel xxii. 3; Zechariah ii. 8; Daniel ix. 13; Philippians i. 21; Amos vi. 4; Deuteronomy v. 11. —J. Eustace Guest.

6. PATRON SAINT PUZZLE.

The initial letter of each of the following works and characters in the works of Charles Dickens is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square. Use the first initial only, as "F" in "Florence Dombey." Then reading the letters in the squares by the king's move in chess, using each letter as many times as needed, find two names of the patron saint of Christmas.

1	2	3	4
	5	6	7
	8	9	10

1. The work in which Bill Sikes appears. 2. The lady whom Mr. Lillyvick, the collector of water rates, married. 3. The beautiful Christmas story in which Tiny Tim appears. 4. The gambler who won all the money from Little Nell's grandfather at the "Valiant Soldier" Tavern. 5. The work in which Arthur Clennam weds the heroine. 6. David Copperfield's second wife. 7. The work in which the Cheeryble brothers appear. 8. An uncomfortable character in "David Copperfield." 9. Mr. Pickwick's



About four years ago, I made up my mind to become an electrician. Not seeing my way clear to attend a technical school, I enrolled in the Electrical Engineering Course, and began my studies while still attending high school. Before completing the Mechanical Drawing Division, I secured my present position as assistant draftsman in the electrical department of the National Steel Company, at a good salary, which has since been considerably increased. I also have an excellent opportunity to learn more about my chosen profession.

WILL H. GRAY, 410 Pike St., Youngstown, Ohio.

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<input type="checkbox"/> Electrician	<input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineer	<input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeper
<input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer	<input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineer	<input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer
<input type="checkbox"/> Surveyor	<input type="checkbox"/> Architect	<input type="checkbox"/> To Speak French
<input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Engineer	<input type="checkbox"/> Arch. Draftsman	<input type="checkbox"/> To Speak German
<input type="checkbox"/> Dynamo Tender	<input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter	<input type="checkbox"/> To Speak Spanish
<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Engineer	<input type="checkbox"/> Chemist	

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DO IT NOW.

servant. 10. The work in which Sidney Carton appears. —Frank Holloway.

7. HOLIDAY ACROSTIC.

Each word contains the same number of letters. The initials spell a holiday.

1. The largest city on the Loire. 2. A town of 23,000 population, in eastern France. 3. A large lake in Sweden. 4. A river and sea of China. 5. A town of 21,000 population, on the Seine. 6. A famous mountain. 7. A sea made famous by Moses. 8. An island compartment of Italy. 9. The European river that runs through the most countries. 10. The city where King George dwells. 11. A town and district of China. —Nels Kindgren.

8. CHRISTMAS WHEEL.

The tire from 1 to 9, reading to the right, spells something in common use at Christmas.

The spokes are as follows: 1 to 10, part of a sailing vessel; 2 to 10, abbreviation for this month; 3 to 10, a religious denomination; 4 to 10, to try; 5 to 10, to plunder; 6 to 10, to prepare for publication; 7 to 10, to blow a horn; 8 to 10, to leave out; 9 to 10, a cardinal point. —C. D. Salisbury.

9. COLLEGE COLORS.

What colleges, academies, seminaries and universities of the U. S. have adopted the following colors?

1. Mauve. 2. White. 3. Gold. 4. Gold and Silver. 5. Black and Gray. 6. Cherry and Silver. 7. Scarlet and Cream. 8. Dark Green. 9. Steel and Garnet. 10. Continental Blue and Buff. 11. Old Gold and Purple. 12. Dark Blue. 13. Light Blue. 14. Royal Purple. 15. Crimson and Gold. 16. Gold and Peacock Blue. 17. Orange and Dark Blue. 18. Dark Blue and Yellow. 19. Red and White. 20. Red and Black. 21. Red and Blue. 22. White and Blue. 23. Gold, Silver and Black.

What are the "colors" of the following institutions of learning?

24. Yale. 25. Harvard. 26. Vassar. 27. U. of Mich. 28. U. of Kansas. 29. Princeton. 30. Williams. 31. Armour Institute. 32. Bryn Mawr. 33. Vanderbilt. 34. U. S. Naval Academy. 35. Wabash. 36. U. of Wis. 37. U. of Chicago. 38. Brown. 39. Boston U. 40. Columbia. 41. Cornell. 42. Amherst. 43. Lehigh. 44. U. of Minn. 45. U. of Ill. 46. Union. 47. Iowa. 48. Leland Stanford, Jr. 49. Tufts. 50. Purdue. —Harold Mortimer Case.

10. POPULATION PUZZLE.

Use the 1900 census.

Add the populations of the following U. S. cities: The largest city in the state ranking first in population; the second largest city in the second largest state; the third city in the third state; the fourth city in the fourth state; the fifth city in the fifth state; the sixth city in the sixth state; the seventh city in the seventh state; the eighth city in the eighth state; the ninth city in the ninth state, and the tenth city in the tenth state. To this sum add the populations of the capitals of the same states. Subtract this total from the sum of the populations of the largest cities in these states. From this subtract the sum of the populations of the second and third largest cities in the U. S. From this remainder subtract the population of the capital of Portugal. Divide the remainder by the rank of St. Louis among American cities, and obtain the rank of the city of Memphis, Tennessee, among the cities of the U. S. —H. H. Smith.

A Heart of Gold.

(Continued from page 82.)

motherly efforts to protect the boy from further pain. Against his conscience he gave the clown a hope.

"You are right, Jimmy," he said, "rest and good nursing will do wonders. There's no telling when he——" then he broke off. He could not deliberately lie, not with those dark, earnest eyes of Joe's full upon him. "I'll be back soon," he said abruptly, escaping from the bedside.

From that day the questions began. "When will I be well?" "Fore long, boy," Jimmy answered. "Jes' you be good an' quiet an' it'll come out right."

He said this so often that he began to believe it himself. "Soon as you are well we'll give up this clown business," he volunteered earnestly, proffering with gladness what had once seemed a great sacrifice. If it would but bribe Joe to stand on his feet again.

The anxious, questioning look that came to Joe's eyes frightened Jimmy. Did the boy feel that he could never get well? Jimmy shook with panic, but Joe only said:

"Never mind, daddy. I don't care so much about the paint and tricks now. As he turned his face away his lip quivered.

It seemed a long time since he wanted to take care of daddy, and now it looked as if daddy must take care of him forever.

THE AMERICAN BOY

THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR.
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

H. & R. Calendar.

The Harrington & Richardson Arms Company, Worcester, Mass., whose advertisements are appearing regularly in the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY, have issued a pretty calendar for 1903, lithographed in twelve colors. They will furnish it free to any reader of THE AMERICAN BOY who will write to them for it, mentioning THE AMERICAN BOY, and enclosing six cents in stamps to cover postage.

A highly complimentary word for THE AMERICAN BOY has been uttered by Hezekiah Butterworth, known to everybody as one of the greatest of writers for boys. He says in a letter to the editor of date July 2: I like THE AMERICAN

BOY. It has an excellent name and publishes what boys most like to read. I am glad of the favor that it is finding with the public. It builds. It is just such a paper as the new public needs. There is a wide field for it.

Admiral Dewey Has a Big Heart.

Mrs. Wilkins, mother of the two boys whose excellent records for school attendance, accompanied by their pictures, was given in a recent number of THE AMERICAN BOY, writes that Admiral Dewey sent to each of her boys a beautiful letter of sound advice and congratulation. Admiral Dewey, she says, has a big, kind heart for the boys. The boys will treasure these letters as among their most precious possessions.



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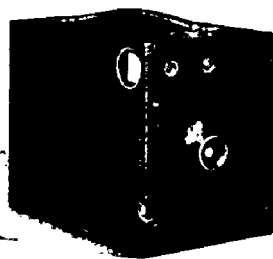


KIRK MUNROE.

Announcement Extraordinary

What boy is there who does not know by reputation Kirk Munroe? Perhaps no writer for boys in this country has a better or wider reputation for his stories and books for boys than this writer. We are pleased to announce that Mr. Munroe will sail from America this month for Alexandria, Egypt, on a trip around the world during which he is to gather material for stories to be published serially in THE AMERICAN BOY. He proposes to visit Egypt, India, Ceylon, Borneo, China, Corea, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands. The first of these serials will begin to appear in THE AMERICAN BOY with the issue of December, 1903. Where shall its scene be laid? In which of the countries named are THE AMERICAN BOY readers most interested? The editor would like to hear from every one of you upon this question. State your preference and give your reasons. The most interesting of your letters will be published as guides to other readers who may not have made up their minds, and the result of this gathering of opinions will be communicated to Mr. Munroe upon his arrival at San Francisco next September. Thus guided, he will locate the scene of his first story in the country chosen by the greatest number. The story will run through six numbers. A second story by Mr. Munroe will begin six months later, and soon we shall ask the boys to choose the country that shall form the setting of this story. Mr. Munroe will drop us a line now and then during his trip, that our readers may not forget him nor the object of his travels. Perhaps no paper for boys ever engaged upon so important and so expensive an enterprise for the benefit of its readers as is this one, and we trust that every AMERICAN BOY reader will truly appreciate its importance.

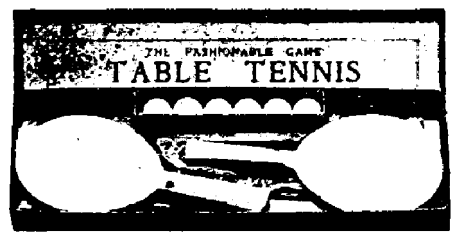
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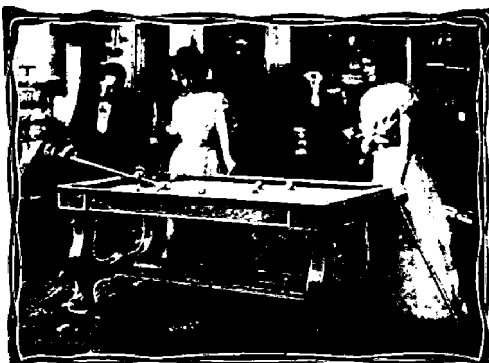
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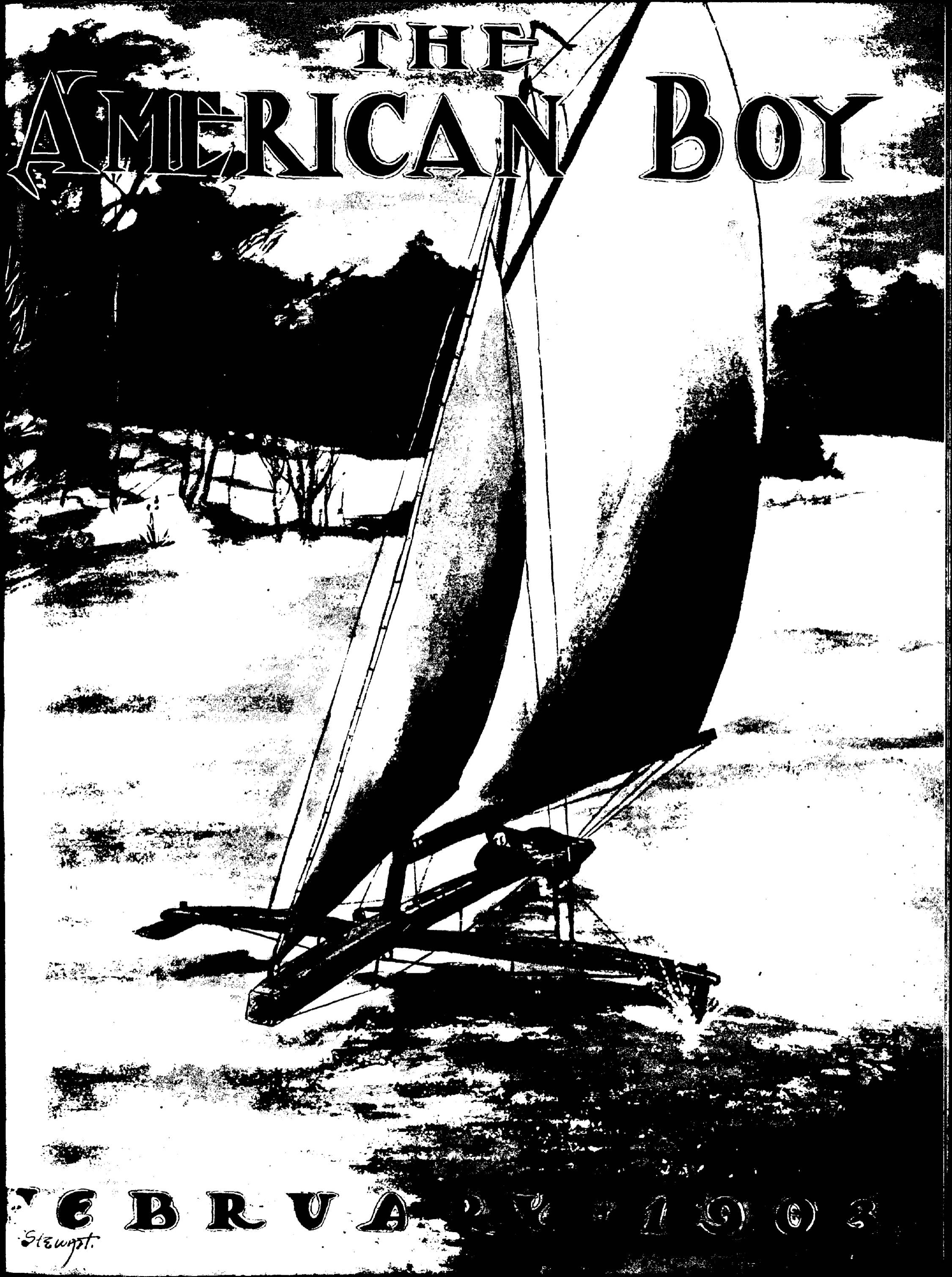
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THE AMERICAN BOY

FEBRUARY 1903

Stewart.

Napoleon

A History Written for

CHAPTER XI.

NAPOLÉON CHIEF CONSUL—THE CROSSING OF THE ALPS—MARENGO.



THE legislative bodies having on November nineteenth adjourned until the following February, all power was now lodged in the three consuls and two small committees representing the Ancients and the Five Hundred. At the first meeting of the consuls Ducos and Sieyès proposed to Napoleon that he share with them in the division of \$160,000 which they (Ducos and Sieyès) had taken from the treasury and hidden away for themselves in anticipation of another revolution, but Napoleon flatly refused to touch the plunder. Of the three men, who were now virtually presidents of France, Napoleon was easily the master spirit, and it was well for his associates that they at once recognized it.

It will be impossible in the space at command to do more than outline the events of the days, momentous for France, that followed. Napoleon at once entered on the great task of restoring peace and prosperity throughout France. A regular system of taxation took the place of the income tax that had amounted to forced loans. The Bank of France was instituted. Tyrannical laws were repealed. Churches long closed were reopened for Christian worship—this last against the protest of Napoleon's friends and advisers. Twenty thousand persons were released from imprisonment. Exiles to the number of 140,000 were recalled and restored to the rights of citizenship, among them Lafayette and Carnot, the latter being at once placed at the head of the War department. Public improvements were inaugurated everywhere. Employment was given to men of all ranks. Rogues and speculators Napoleon despised, but practical men—men who could and would work, were sought for and given places of honor and emolument. Napoleon himself worked from twelve to eighteen hours a day. Of course the army was immediately strengthened, provisioned, equipped and paid. A new constitution was drawn up and submitted to the people, who ratified it by an almost unanimous vote, providing for three assemblies or legislative bodies and three executives to be known as Chief Consul, Second Consul and Third Consul, with Napoleon named as Chief Consul, Cambacères as Second, and Lebrun as Third. By the provisions of this constitution, which we cannot enumerate, the power of the state was practically lodged in Napoleon, the Chief Consul. In announcing the constitution to the people, the consuls declared that it was grounded on the principles of representative government, and the sacred rights of property, of equality, and of liberty. The French people saw the hand of Napoleon in it all, and recognizing that at last a great and strong man that could hold France to a settled course was at the helm, they rejoiced and looked to the future with unbounded hope.

On February nineteenth, 1800, barely four months after his return from Egypt, Napoleon took up his residence in the Tuilleries—the old home of the monarchs of France, threw open its splendid halls to pomp and ceremony, and himself adopted a dress of red silk. With consummate skill he grouped about him the ablest men of France, giving to each the post that he was best fitted to fill. Mutually jealous and suspicious of one another, each sought the favor of Napoleon and each did his bidding with more or less fidelity. There was the distinguished, though immoral, Talleyrand for foreign affairs; Carnot for the War department; Fouché, a profligate, but with a perfect knowledge of every faction and intrigue in France, for head of the police. Napoleon met all criticism with the cry, "Forget the bad in the past and remember only the good. We are creating a new era." Caste was abolished. Equality of all Frenchmen before the law was established. Every man must bear his proportion of the taxes, and every man was given to understand that he could aspire to the position for which he was fitted. It was about this time (December fourteenth, 1799) that George Washington died. On hearing the news Napoleon said, "The great light of the world has gone out," and at once ordered that crape be placed on the colors of France for ten days.

Having thus laid the foundation for peace and prosperity at home, Napoleon sought to establish that peace with foreign powers which alone would give tranquility to France; so on Christmas day, 1799, he wrote to King George III. of England, asking that the wars that had ravaged Europe for the eight years past might be put an end to. England could not forgive France for her revolution, and the answer she made to Napoleon's proposals for peace was that she could see no favorable opportunity at hand for making peace and that she could see none in the future, but through the restoration of the



PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND,
Minister of Foreign Affairs of France Under Napoleon.

Bourbon kings to the French throne. The answer of the French people was their finger pointed at the demand of the heir of the House of Stuart that George III. restore to him the throne of England, inferring that if the principle of legitimacy was to be recognized in England the English throne belonged to the Stuarts.

England's reply was virtually a declaration of war. On the very day of its receipt Napoleon issued a trumpet call to the armies of France, calling all the veterans who had ever served to form an army of reserve and making a levy of 30,000 new men. Already France had four armies in the field, stationed on her northern and eastern boundaries to hold in check the advance of her allied enemies, of which England and Austria were chief. Napoleon himself could not legally command the armies, being First Consul, but he could be present with them and, through his choice of leaders, could really be general-in-chief. As nominal general-in-chief he chose his friend Berthier. Massena, beloved by the veterans of many battles, had been sent to command the Army of Italy, which was now barely holding the last post of defense against the Austrians on the Italian boundary. Moreau, second in reputation only to Napoleon himself, was given command of the armies of the Danube and Switzerland, henceforth to be known as the Army of the Rhine, composed of 150,000 men. The army of reserve, composed of the old veterans, was to rendezvous at Dijon, ostensibly to support Massena and Moreau. But a far deeper plan lay in the brain of the First Consul, as yet known only to himself. While the Austrians were laughing and jesting over the little force at Dijon, troops were marching in every part of France on the roads leading thereto. The Army of Italy was in dire straits. That portion under Massena was besieged in Genoa by the Austrian General Ott. Nice was in the hands of the Austrian General Melas who, with 30,000 troops, was preparing to enter France, join the Royalists and win an easy victory. As stated, Napoleon had a secret—a tremendous, dazzling secret; none other than a purpose and plan to climb the seemingly impassable Alpine barriers of snow and ice and, rushing down like an avalanche into the plains and valleys of Italy, come upon the Austrians in the rear. The name of Napoleon, already world-renowned, was about to shine with an almost supernatural light. A Russian army a short time before had tried to scale the Alps and had failed after losing half its number. Napoleon was to creep with an army equipped with all the heavy munitions of war up and over giddy heights where only the most intrepid mountaineer dare make his way. He was to spring suddenly from these mountain fastnesses and overwhelm an enemy proud, victorious, and outnumbering his own; this, too, with an army two-thirds of whose number had never seen a shot fired in earnest.

On May seventh Napoleon appeared at Dijon, spent two hours in reviewing some 8,000 half-clad troops, then hastened to Genoa, where he received a report from a trusty officer who had explored the passes of the mountains. Napoleon asked, "Is it possible to pass?" The reply was, "The thing might be done." "Very well—then it shall be," came the prompt and decisive rejoinder.

Assembling the Army of the Rhine and the reserves of Dijon, Napoleon divided his force into four divisions which were to cross by four different routes. He himself took command of the main division of 35,000 men who were to perform the

Bonaparte

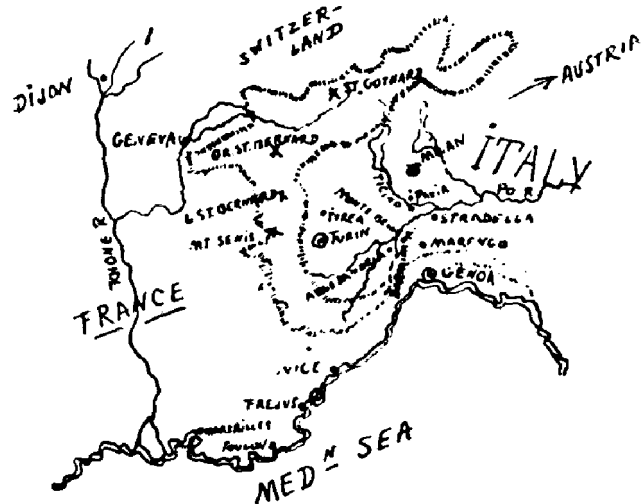
Boys by the Editor

herculean task of transporting themselves and the heavy artillery over the huge barriers of the great St. Bernard. The start was made May fifteenth, and in one week the prodigious task was accomplished. Cannon were grooved into the trunks of trees and hauled by the men—often a hundred to one cannon. Gun carriages, taken to pieces, were strung on poles and carried on men's shoulders, the wheels being bound to the backs of mules. Knee deep often in snow and ice, they pushed on and up through freezing cold and on the very brink of deadly precipices. Says one historian: "Extraordinary was their order, wonderful their gayety, astonishing their activities and energy. Laughter and song lightened their toils. Indeed, they seemed to be hastening to a festival." One little fort, at Bard, stuck up on the mountains offered resistance, but a goat path was found leading up and around it over which the army passed with immense difficulty. After five days Napoleon halted on the summit of the mighty St. Bernard at the convent of the Hospitallers. Here good monks, with their famous dogs, were devoting themselves to the work of saving the lives of travelers in the great mountains. Napoleon, with his usual foresight and fatherly care of his soldiers, had provided these monks in advance with the means by which they could meet every soldier as he passed with bread and cheese and wine. Thus cheered, the soldiers of France, with shouts of joy, began the descent into the fair fields of northern Italy, and soon the four divisions of the army were pouring out of the mountains toward Milan.

As stated, one division of the Army of Italy, under Massena, was shut up in Genoa, and another, under Suchet, was holding the very last line of defense on the old frontier of France. These were almost ready to give up. Indeed, the garrison in Genoa were in a state of starvation, the soldiers eating their shoes and their knapsacks. Had they known that Napoleon was coming they might have held out a little longer, but they did not, so on June fourth they surrendered to the Austrians on the condition that they be allowed to march out with arms and baggage and join their comrades under Suchet.

Napoleon did not learn of the surrender for some days later. On the first of June Napoleon, with his whole army, crossed the Ticino, entered Milan and re-established the Cisalpine Republic. Quickly the French then took Turbigo and Pavia and threatened Turin. Melas, commander of the Austrians, learning of Napoleon's arrival, assembled his armies at Alessandria to prepare for the battle that was to decide the fate of Italy. On June fifth, Napoleon, not yet knowing that Genoa had surrendered, sent Lannes with a division to attack Ott and relieve Genoa. At Montebello, Lannes came upon a strong force of Austrians and a bloody battle was fought resulting in victory for the French and the capture of 5,000 Austrians. This victory won for Lannes the title, afterwards conferred upon him, of Duke of Montebello. Then Napoleon, having heard of the fate of Genoa, sent word to Suchet to cross the mountains and march on the Scrivia, and he himself halted with his army at Stradella. Here for three days he awaited the enemy, but as it did not come he gave orders to advance and led the army down on to the plains of Marengo.

On the evening of June thirteenth nothing separated the two great armies of France and Austria save the river Bormida. The morning of the fourteenth saw the Austrians crossing the river and marks in history one of the greatest battles that was ever fought. The Austrians numbered 36,000 and the French 16,000. For hours the battle raged so close and so deadly that at times the muskets of the opposing forces nearly touched. Before the



MAP ILLUSTRATING NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGN
That ended with the battle of Marengo. The four crosses indicate the position of the passes by which the four divisions of the French army crossed the Alps, Napoleon's own division with the heavy artillery crossing by the Great St. Bernard.

superior force of the Austrians the French at last gave way and started in mad retreat leaving all their artillery excepting twelve pieces with the enemy. But the star of Napoleon was still ascendant. The French general, Dessaix, who had been separated at the beginning of the battle by half a day's march from the main body, suddenly in the midst of the rout appeared on the scene with his reserves. Riding up to Napoleon he cried, "I think this is a battle lost." "I think it is a battle won," said Napoleon, and immediately he sent in the division of Dessaix, at the same time riding along the lines of the fleeing columns, whirling his sword, and crying, "Soldiers, we have retired far enough. Let us now advance. You know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle."

Dessaix's brave men rushed upon the proud and victorious enemy and at the first fire the heroic Dessaix fell dead. Napoleon, coming up at this moment, embraced his dead friend and comrade of many battles and exclaimed, as his tears fell, "Alas, I must not weep now!" Then mounting his horse he pressed on with his now reinspired soldiers and aided by a sudden dash upon the enemy's flank by the splendid cavalry of Kellerman won a hard earned victory. At ten at night, Melas, the aged commander of the Austrians, after once winning the battle but now suffering a disastrous defeat, assembled with difficulty beyond the river the remnant of his magnificent army, and the following day gave up to Napoleon all of Italy that France had lost during the latter's absence in Egypt. Before the smoke of the battle had died away Napoleon dispatched a swift messenger to the Emperor of Austria pleading for a general peace.

On the seventeenth of June the victorious Consul entered Milan and received a magnificent reception at the hands of the people. Then leaving the command of the Army of Italy to Massena he returned to Paris, reaching there July second, having been gone less than two months. Paris, and all France, unprepared for his victorious coming, for they had heard a report of his defeat, were beside themselves with joy. Bonfires blazed everywhere. Men and women shouted and sang in the streets, and in every corner of the Republic the name of Napoleon was repeated with extravagant notes of praise. Pitt, Prime Minister of England, on hearing the news of Marengo, said, "Fold up that map (referring to the map of Europe); it will not be wanted for these twenty years." On July fourteenth, a great national fete day in France, the heroes of Marengo, dust-covered and bearing their bullet-torn banners, entered Paris. As they marched on to the field of Mars the demonstrations of joy and affection that greeted them were overpowering. Napoleon declared that these were the happiest days of his life.

CHAPTER XII.

PEACE—REFORMS—CONSUL FOR LIFE— WAR WITH ENGLAND—CON- SPIRACIES.

The Bourbons now sought by bribes in the hands of priests and fair women to induce Napoleon to restore the Monarchy. Failing in this, they determined to kill him, and in this they were aided by many an ardent republican who feared his ambitions; but plots were discovered, bombs burst at the wrong moment, and all came to naught.

The Austrians, though beaten at Marengo and though invited by Napoleon to make peace, encouraged by millions of money sent them by England, determined to keep up the war. Napoleon sent three armies against them which, winning victory after victory, marched nearly to the gates of Vienna. Only then did Austria break away from her alliance with England and sign a treaty of peace (February ninth, 1801) by which the Rhine was fixed as the boundary of France and by which France gained, among other territory, Tuscany, and obtained Austria's acknowledgment of the Bavarian Republic and the Cisalpine and Ligurian commonwealths.

Napoleon now at thirty three, supreme in France and powerful throughout Europe, held the proudest position which any European monarch had ever enjoyed. England alone now standing out against him, he formed a coalition against her of France, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark and Sweden. This was rendered comparatively easy, for England had provoked nearly every European country by claiming and exercising the right of search of neutral vessels on the high seas. But Lord Nelson, by his great naval victory off Copenhagen, sunk a Danish fleet, and Denmark suddenly lost her admiration for Napoleon. Then followed the murder of Napoleon's friend Paul, the Czar of Russia, and the coming to the throne of his son Alexander, who was the friend of England. Thus the friendship of Russia was lost. Then, Kleber, whom Napoleon had left in command in Egypt, having been assassinated, the English and Turks, under General Abercrombie, reconquered Egypt.

Napoleon perceived the hand of his arch-enemy—England—on every hand, pulling down as fast as he

bullded. On learning the news of the French defeat in Egypt, he exclaimed, "Well, there remains only the descent on Britain." With him, to think was to act; in the course of a few weeks he had assembled 100,000 men on the northern coasts of France, while at anchor in the channel rode an immense fleet of flat-bottomed boats awaiting a favorable opportunity to transport the French army to the shores of England. The English sprang like one man to the defense of their country. The old war dog, Nelson, rode the seas watching, with practiced eye, every maneuver. Then followed negotiations for peace and the Treaty of Amiens (March, 1802) by which each nation made concessions, and universal peace, for the first time in ten years, reigned. Englishmen now flocked to Paris to see the workings of a European republic. Napoleon was the center of interest. The palace of the Tuilleries, under the hand of Josephine, seemed only another Court of Louis XVI. Napoleon's labors at this time were prodigious. He was more than a peerless soldier; he was a peerless statesman, a peerless worker, and a peerless administrator of public affairs. He wore out one secretary after another and himself hardly took time for sleep. Among the many great projects planned and executed was the establishment of a national system of education, which began with the primary school and ended with the polytechnic—a system which has remained to this day and has done so much for France and for the world. The codifying of a uniform system of laws, a gigantic undertaking resulting in what is universally known as the Code Napoleon, was accomplished. This system was based upon the theory that all citizens were equal before the law, and it remains today the best fruit of the French Revolution and the basis of the law of our own state of Louisiana. Thus did Napoleon become a second Justinian. He planned innumerable public works—canals, roads, bridges, aqueducts, museums. He banished from the court the notoriously immoral. He shut the door of the palace against the courtesan and fixed a loftier moral standard for France. He doubled the products of the farm, cleaned and beautified the market places, championed the cause of liberty on the seas, encouraged manufactures, and by direct subsidies to home industry cut off foreign competition. No drone could live in this hive. Government securities rose to unheard of values, and when threatened with a decline in price he went into the market and fought the bears himself. He originated the Legion of Honor, meeting the criticism of those who declared that ribbons and crosses were mere child's rattles by saying, "Child's rattles—be it so; it is with such rattles that men are led." By this means Napoleon sought to distinguish the man, be he soldier or citizen, private or officer, who was an honor to his country and contributed to her prosperity and glory. So strongly did the Legion of Honor appeal to the people that even after the restoration of the Monarchy it remained.

Napoleon now made what he afterwards declared with truth was a colossal mistake, and that was the signing of the Concordat, by which church and state were reunited as before the Revolution. By it the Pope was given the right to appoint to church positions, and France required to pay from her treasury church salaries to the amount of \$10,000,000 a year. No excuse can be found for this in the light of history save one: Napoleon would become a king, an emperor, and this ambition led him to use this means of winning the favor of the Pope and of Catholic Europe; instead, he gained little more than the suspicions of his friends and the universal hatred of his enemies. There was nothing to gain, there was everything to lose. He was already the idol of the people—a people ready and delighted to do his bidding; and by this one act he incurred hatreds and suspicions that were a mighty factor in his final undoing.

On January second, 1802, Napoleon received the honor of election to the presidency of the Cisalpine Republic. The French Senate then, as a mark of national gratitude, offered to extend his term as First Consul, which had only fairly begun, to another ten years. Napoleon refused to accept it unless by the vote of the people. At once the Senate proposed that his term be extended for life, and this being put to vote throughout the nation received an almost unanimous verdict of approval. On May fifteenth, 1802, he was proclaimed First Consul for life, and not three months later the Senate by edict empowered him to appoint by will his own successor. By these steps Napoleon was rapidly becoming absolute sovereign.

Then came further mistakes. He interfered between contending factions of the Swiss Republic and virtually made himself the ruler of that liberty-loving people. During the Revolution the black inhabitants of St. Domingo, a French possession, had thrown off the French rule, and under the heroic Toussaint L'Ouverture had formed a Republic on the model of France. Napoleon, urged on by the white inhabitants of St. Domingo, sent an army to recover it, and with partial success, the brave black leader dying in a French dungeon. Thus was the champion of liberty himself becoming the tyrant.

Much that Napoleon was doing in the name of freedom was indeed contrary to the Treaty of Amiens. Under that same treaty England had agreed to give up the Island of Malta to the Knights of St. John, but she had failed to do so. Each nation, therefore, accused the other of not having kept the treaty, and each with some just ground for its complaint. Finally the English, urged on by an abusive English press and misled by an exaggerated report made by her representative in Paris, and stirred up by a French report printed in a Paris newspaper and said to have been authorized by Napoleon, that six thousand French troops might reconquer Egypt, and by the publication of a book presented publicly to George III. representing Napoleon as the murderer of prisoners at Jaffa and poisoner of his own sick, declared war upon France, May eighteenth, 1803, and before the news reached France—indeed before May eighteenth—two hundred French vessels and \$15,000,000 of French property were seized by England. At once Napoleon retaliated by arresting all Englishmen then in France, numbering more than 10,000 persons.

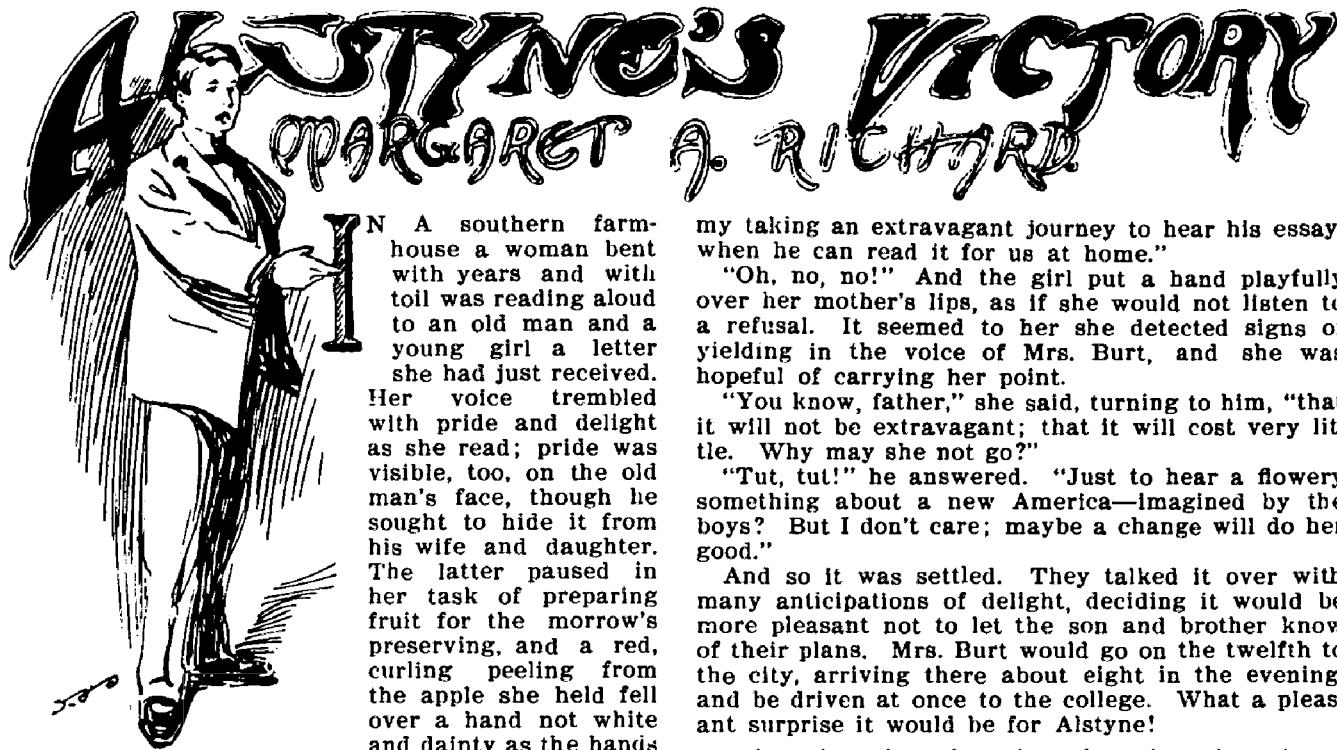
The act of England was inexcusable; that of Napoleon, in the eyes of monarchical Europe, and especially of England, was intolerable. England then seized St. Domingo and other French possessions. Napoleon saved Louisiana from the clutch of England only by selling her to the young republic beyond the seas—the United States. England then made war on Spain because she refused to join with her against Napoleon, but this drove Spain into the arms of France and put at the disposal of Napoleon the Spanish fleet and a million dollars a month in money. Napoleon marched into Holland and took possession of this part of the domain of George III., and, pouring his army into the south of Italy, occupied Naples.

Again preparations were made in France to invade England. Fleets were made ready and 160,000 men gathered on the northern coast. Across the channel beacons blazed on every hilltop, the English springing to the defense of their country with over half a million men under arms and five hundred ships of war cleared for action. Fifty men-of-war were being fitted out by Napoleon in various European ports which were to concentrate at a convenient point and sweep the channel, but the watchfulness of Nelson prevented the carrying out of the design and scarcely a ship was able to leave port.

Suddenly Paris was surprised with the news that a powerful conspiracy against the life of the Chief Consul had been discovered, with headquarters in London, in which one Georges Cadoudal was the leading spirit, supported by Moreau, the French commander of the Army of the Rhine, and Pichegru and other royalists, all aided and abetted by the foreign enemies of Napoleon. This news was speedily followed by the announcement of the arrest of the chief conspirators, and by the startling intelligence still later that a Bourbon prince, in many ways a good fellow, but guilty of treason and in the pay of the enemies of France, the duc d'Enghien by name, had been arrested near the borders of France, hurried to Paris, tried in a night and shot dead by the orders of Napoleon. The blood of the victim was royal blood, and a great horror spread throughout Europe. From this act Napoleon's name received a stain that was never washed away, and gave some excuse to posterity for calling him tyrant. On his deathbed at St. Helena Napoleon declared that he did the deed because it was necessary for the safety, the honor, and the interest of the French people at the time when the duc d'Enghien and his co-conspirators, by the admission of their chief, the Count d'Artois, had sixty paid assassins in Paris. A few days after the death of d'Enghien Pichegru was found dead in prison, and a little later Captain Wright, an Englishman, also lay lifeless in a French dungeon—mysteries that have never been cleared up, though the circumstances pointed to suicide. Moreau was brought to trial and banished for two years. Cadoudal, wearing about his neck a miniature of Louis XVI., and eighteen others were brought into court and were quickly adjudged guilty. All excepting seven who were of gentle blood were executed, the seven being banished. Thus did the "man of destiny" seek to confirm to himself the supreme power of France and to crush the hopes of the Bourbons and of monarchical Europe. Every important prince of Europe was now his enemy at heart, if not openly, but France was at his feet humble and submissive. He was now Consul for life, President of the Italian Republic, and virtually the ruler of Switzerland and Holland. But who, asked the people, shall rule when Napoleon is gone? What endless confusion must follow his death!

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF NAPOLEON BEGAN IN THE SEPTEMBER 1902 NUMBER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. OUR READERS MAY OBTAIN COPIES CONTAINING THE STORY TO DATE BY SENDING US FIFTY CENTS. STAMPS WILL DO.



In a southern farmhouse a woman bent with years and with toil was reading aloud to an old man and a young girl a letter she had just received. Her voice trembled with pride and delight as she read; pride was visible, too, on the old man's face, though he sought to hide it from his wife and daughter. The latter paused in her task of preparing fruit for the morrow's preserving, and a red, curling peeling from the apple she held fell over a hand not white and dainty as the hands of idle maidens are, but

browned by indoor and outdoor labor and by exposure to sun and air. The rays of the lamp penetrated to the farthest corner of the big, unplastered kitchen, in which the stillness was unbroken except by the woman's voice as she read:

College.

June 7th, 1899.

My Dear Mother.

Just to think!—I will soon be home for the summer holidays. I can scarcely wait until the thirteenth to see you home folks, though I know the time will pass quickly, as we have so much to do between now and then.

Did I tell you that the Daughters of the Revolution have offered a prize—a gold medal—to the boy in college who shall write the best essay on the subject: "Young America?" We had to hand in our manuscripts last week, and from them the professors have selected the three they think best, which are to be read by their respective writers on the evening of the twelfth—just before the awarding of diplomas to the graduating class. A committee of ladies, members of the Daughters of the Revolution, will decide which of the three is deserving of the prize and the medal to be awarded that night. You will be surprised to learn that your humble servant is one of the fortunate three.

The boys are much interested in the contest, and anxious to know what the result will be. As for yourself, father and Sadie, I know what will be your hopes in regard to the outcome, but you must not set your hearts too much upon my success.

With much love for them, but the lion's share for yourself, I am,

Lovingly your son,

ALSTYNE.

"Pretty good for our Al!" said Mr. Burt, assuming an indifference he did not feel.

"Pretty good. Why, father," protested his wife (she had called him "father" ever since their boy came nearly twenty years before); "you should remember he won it over three hundred boys."

"Three hundred and twenty nine," corrected Sadie, who was always precise in her statements.

"I always knew," went on the mother, "that Alstyne would do great things if we gave him the chance. We must let him finish, father."

"Tut, tut! Are you not yet tired of tolling and scrimping for him?" And the man bent over to pinch the worn cheek of his wife as he added: "You are growing old and wrinkled planning and saving for him, when you ought to be spending something on yourself—ought to go off on a trip, or something."

At that Sadie sprang up, letting fall, as she did so, the pan of apple peelings; but she disregarded them entirely, and, kneeling before her mother, cried delightedly: "Oh, do, mother! Alstyne says he can scarcely wait till the thirteenth to see us, and he would be so glad if you would go to the city, and be at the college when he reads his essay. Please, mother!"

But Mrs. Burt shook her head. For years she had not been beyond the limits of their neighborhood, and felt she would be afraid in a strange place, among strange people.

"But Alstyne will be there," persisted her daughter, as though there was nothing to dread where Alstyne was, "and you need not go till the last day, and you two can come back together. Think of hearing Alstyne read his beautiful essay! I know it will be beautiful, for everything he does is as it should be. Is it not, mother?"

Mrs. Burt affectionately stroked her daughter's hair, as she answered: "We certainly have cause to feel proud of him, Sadie, but that is no excuse for

my taking an extravagant journey to hear his essay, when he can read it for us at home."

"Oh, no, no!" And the girl put a hand playfully over her mother's lips, as if she would not listen to a refusal. It seemed to her she detected signs of yielding in the voice of Mrs. Burt, and she was hopeful of carrying her point.

"You know, father," she said, turning to him, "that it will not be extravagant; that it will cost very little. Why may she not go?"

"Tut, tut!" he answered. "Just to hear a flowery something about a new America—imagined by the boys? But I don't care; maybe a change will do her good."

And so it was settled. They talked it over with many anticipations of delight, deciding it would be more pleasant not to let the son and brother know of their plans. Mrs. Burt would go on the twelfth to the city, arriving there about eight in the evening, and be driven at once to the college. What a pleasant surprise it would be for Alstyne!

At half past eight o'clock—the hour for beginning the commencement exercises—the auditorium of the college was very nearly filled. The rays from the electric lights overhead and on all sides flashed upon rich dresses and costly jewels, for the elite of the city were there. On the stage sat some prominent men of the state, the members of the college faculty, and those belonging to the graduating class, as well as the three students who were to compete for the medal.

Alstyne, handsome and manly looking, was letting his glances wander idly over the sea of faces before him, when a fellow-student touched him on the shoulder, and said with laughter in his voice: "Do look! Old country has come."

He turned in the direction indicated, and beheld an old lady, who seemed almost afraid of the vast assemblage of persons among whom she suddenly found herself when being escorted up the aisle. The common brown dress she wore, and the little plaid shawl which she never went without, even in summer time, seemed strangely out of place in that scene of fashion and beauty. Her bonnet, whose plainness was relieved only by loops of ribbon above the face, and by a scant bow under the chin, was not a *fin de siècle* affair, and caused smiles to ripple over the faces of thoughtless girls and women. She felt instinctively that she was attracting more attention than is usually given a newcomer, and looked vainly about for a vacant seat into which to sink and hide herself.

Alstyne, looking on, saw her being led almost to the very front; saw the young lady by whom she was finally seated—one to whom he had recently shown some attention—cast a meaning glance at her companion, then draw her dainty dress closer about her. His mother's eyes at that moment met his own, and the light of recognition illumined her face. She would have smiled a greeting, no doubt, but he turned quickly away, as if he did not know her. He did not mean to slight his mother, he told himself, but the fellow student who had called her "old country" was watching her, and might laugh should he now acknowledge her presence. He felt ashamed, whether of himself for his weakness, or of his mother's dress and appearance, he scarcely knew. He was debating the question within himself when his name was called, and he arose to face the audience.

He was so young compared with the two who were to compete against him, and there was something so attractive in his fresh and boyish appearance, that sympathy was at once enlisted in his behalf, and all listened attentively while he read. Without so winning a personality, however, he would have made his power felt—so thoughtful was his essay, so beautiful the language in which it was clothed, and so natural and earnest his manner of reading. Presently he came to a paragraph treating of the manhood of America, in which he said that youth is the time for decision as regards a life work, and expressed himself as grateful that so many noble colleges are accessible to the young men of our country, in which to make preparation for what they sought to achieve.

Then he paused for an instant, for something seemed to ask: "How came they accessible to you—a poor boy?" Like a flash came a picture of the farmhouse among the pines, and of the sacrifices they who dwelt there had made for him, that he might be prepared to make something of his future; of the mother's toil-stained hands and bent body; of the cheap dress and plain bonnet she had worn for so long, while he—what had he not had?

The paper fell to his side, and his voice became tense with feeling as he spoke of the mother of the American boy; of all she was willing to bear and

sacrifice to help her son to a place of honor in life. He knew then of whom he should have been ashamed a few minutes ago, and, forgetting all save that he would make amends to the poorly dressed woman who had borne him, he spoke such eulogiums of motherhood as brought tears to all eyes. The audience felt, and those who had read his composition knew that what he was giving expression to had never been put upon paper, but came spontaneously from the heart.

Mrs. Burt listened with feelings of mingled emotion. She knew that Alstyne must have seen her when she came in, but in her heart was no resentment for his not having recognized her. She heard the richly dressed young lady sitting next to her speak of him as a friend, and thought she could understand how his sensitive nature would shrink from having her know the woman at her side was his mother. She would not humiliate him; she would slip out quickly and quietly when the people began to stir, and never let him know her mother-heart was breaking because of this abyss which had suddenly shown itself as existing between them. She scarcely heard what the other two young men read; she scarcely knew when the diplomas were awarded to the graduating class; but she knew presently that the medal for the best essay was being presented to her son, and that he had never seemed more worthy of admiration.

The program was ended at last, and she turned her face resolutely toward the door, but could make no progress, because of the crowd about her. She did not see Alstyne come quickly down from the rostrum to make his way toward her; she did not hear when he asked the young lady to touch his mother for him, to attract her attention.

"Your mother?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, my mother," he answered. "I would like to introduce you to her."

She leaned over, and touching Mrs. Burt on the shoulder, said respectfully: "Your son wishes to speak to you."

Then she acknowledged the introduction gracefully, and made room for the old lady to pass to the young man. Alstyne bent down and kissed her, then led her to the president of the college, with whom he was a favorite.

"This is my mother, Dr. Shuler," he said.

The president bowed low over her hand in greeting: "I am glad to meet the mother of such a son—a mother of whom he has just given a beautiful word-picture. It must have been a pleasure to you, Mrs. Burt, to be near him in his hour of triumph."

But, though they knew it not, Alstyne had triumphed over more than his fellow-students that night: he had gained a victory over self.

A NEW STORY BY HENTY

To Appear in America Only in

"The American Boy"

LAST December boys the world over learned that G. A. Henty, who during his life was the most popular of all the writers for boys, was dead, and in commenting on the fact THE AMERICAN BOY told its readers that there would be no more Henty stories. We were mistaken. A few days before his death Mr. Henty finished a story of 25,000 words. This story will comprise the last of the Henty books, of which there are eighty or ninety in circulation.

The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY now have the pleasure of announcing to their readers that they have purchased of Mr. Henty's representatives the American serial rights in this story and that the story will begin in the March number of this paper and continue through the four succeeding numbers. We hope that the enterprise of the publishers will be received with enthusiasm by every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY, for, as it may be supposed, this story could be obtained by them only at the expenditure of a large amount of money. The story will appear in America only in the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY. It will appear in an English publication for British boys simultaneously with its publication in America. In a few weeks, therefore, English speaking boys all over the world will be reading the last of the Henty stories.

With this story to begin in March, and Kirk Munroe on his travels around the world seeking material for stories to appear in THE AMERICAN BOY beginning with December of this year, and the stories on hand from Harbour, Butterworth, Lisenbee, Ellis, and other distinguished writers for boys, we may justly claim that THE AMERICAN BOY is doing for American boys what no other publication in the world has ever done for them, that is providing for them the very best stories for boys that money can buy.

We are sure now that you are an enthusiastic supporter of THE AMERICAN BOY, and that you are urging your friends everywhere to subscribe and enjoy what you are enjoying and about to enjoy.

THE NEW STORY
BEGINS IN THE MARCH NUMBER



GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS HATCHET. SEE HOW GUILTY HE LOOKS!
FIRST PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, BY WILLIS ELLIOTT, BUFFALO, N. Y.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL DAYS

GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in the Washington homestead, at Wakefield, in Westmoreland County, Va., near the banks of the Potomac, February 22, 1732. When George was ten years of age his father died, and the task of the education and guidance of the future great man devolved upon his mother. When about twelve years old George entered the neighborhood school at Wakefield. He had already had some instruction at the parish school from a Mr. Hobby, who was the sexton of the Parish Church near Falmouth, on the Rappahannock. At Wakefield his teacher was a Mr. Williams, who had come from England, where he had been a teacher in Wakefield Academy in Yorkshire. Richard Henry Lee also went to school under this same Mr. Williams, as did also William Fitzhugh and Lawrence and Robert Washington, distant cousins of George.

While in Mr. Williams' school Washington drew up a code of rules of conduct. In these rules Washington pictures the boy whose manners should be avoided. Here is an exact copy, spelling, punctuating and all, of some of these rules:

"Do not Puff up the cheeks, Loll out the tongue, rub the hands or beard thrust out the lips or bite them or keep the lips too long open or Close.

Kill no vermin as Fleas Lice ticks &c., in the sight of others. If you see any filth put your foot Dexterously upon it. If it be on the cloaths of your Companions Put it off privately, or if it be on your own Cloths return thanks to him who puts it off.

Shake not the head Feet or legs rowl not the Eyes, lift not one eyebrow higher than the other wry not the mouth and bedew no man's face with your spittle by approaching him while you speak.

Put not off your cloths in the presence of Others nor go out of your chamber half drest.

SHIFT not yourself in the sight of others nor Gnaw your nails.

KEEP your Nails clean and short, also your Hands and Teeth clean, without showing any great concern for them.

WHEN you Sit down Keep your feet firm and Even without putting them one on the other or crossing them.

IF YOU Cough Sneeze or yawn do it not Loud but; privately and Speak not in your Yawning, but put Your handkerchief before your face and turn aside.

Spit not in the Fire nor Stoop low before it neither Put your hands into the Flame to warm them nor set feet upon the Fire especially if there be meat before it.

At Play or at fire it is good manners to give place to the last-comer, and affect not to speak louder than ordinary.

WEAR not your Cloths foul unript or Dusty but See they be Brush't once every day at least and take heed that you approach not to any uncleanness.

In your apparel be modest and endeavor to accommodate Nature rather than procure Admiration Keep to the Fashion of your equals Such as are Civil and orderly with respect to Times and Places.

BEING at meat scratch not neither Spit cough nor blow your nose except there be a necessity for it.

TAKE no Salt nor cut Bread with your knife greasy.

If you soak Bread in the Sauce let it be no more than what you put in your Mouth at a time, and blow not your Breath at Table but stay till (it) Cools of it Self.

Put not your meat in your Mouth with your Knife in your Hand neither Spit forth the Stones of any Fruit pye upon a Dish nor cast anything under the Table.

Put not an other bit into your Mouth till the former be swallowed let not the Morsels be too big for the jowls.

Cleanse not your teeth with the Table Cloth, Napkin, fork or knife, but if Others do it let it be done with a pick tooth.

RINCE not your Mouth in the Presence of others."

On Christmas day, 1779, the schoolhouse in which Washington had laid the foundations of his greatness burned to the ground, destroying the school-books, maps, etc., of Washington's school days. Schoolboys in those days wrote out in rude blank books maps, arithmetic tables and copies for practice in penmanship. This was largely because there were so few books to be had. About all the facilities Mr. Williams had were a big globe, a wall map, and a

geography as big as a family Bible. Each boy really had to write his own geography, and there is in existence the one that Washington wrote. Here is how he bounds America.

"America is bounded on ye East with ye Atlantic Ocean on the West with ye Pacifick Sea on the North without Bounds on the South by ye Megellanie Sea."

There are many pages of this geography. Some of them are filled with astronomy work.

As will be imagined from the rules of conduct we have quoted, Washington was a neat boy though not a fop. One of Washington's biographers, speaking of Washington's play, says that he could never endure trifling games such as marbles and tops. His delight was in a manly sort of game: jumping with a long pole, heaving heavy weights, running, wrestling, etc. In these he excelled. He early cultivated an accurate eye for measurement, and it is said that Mr. Williams was especially skillful in this and that a good part of his instruction lay in the measuring of distances with the eye. From Washington's manuscript books we learn that he studied arithmetic very thoroughly, even geometry and trigonometry. He left school just before his sixteenth birthday, the last months of his schooling being devoted to the study of higher mathematics and surveying.

The Twenty Second of February.

The first celebration of Washington's birthday is said to have taken place in Richmond, Va. That was during the life of General Washington. The following year the event was celebrated in Maryland and in several places in Massachusetts. After the War of the Revolution was ended and during Washington's first term as President, the twenty second of February was fixed upon for formal visits of congratulation, and balls were given to celebrate the occasion. By February 22, 1790, the day began to be widely celebrated, and the Society of the Columbian Order resolved forever afterward to commemorate the birthday of the "Illustrious George Washington." Soon after the War of 1812, public parades began to be given in honor of the twenty second of February, and the day has ever since held its place as one of the great days with American people at home and abroad.

First in the Hearts of American Boys—^{A sketch out} of memory

THE parsonage was but a mile from the farm homestead. Both were on historic ground. The Manor of Springton, of which they formed a part, was reserved for his own use by William Penn—the founder of Pennsylvania—when he offered for sale his land grant received from Charles II. The old homestead was called Springton Farm. Bordering its eastern edge ran the storied Brandywine. From a noble pool of its water the great wooden wheels of Springton Forge were driven, when in 1776 its trip hammers forged musket barrels for the patriot army.

Across Indian Run, and over Indian Town Hill where an Indian burial ground lies, down where the tick-tack and rumble of an old grist mill of 1756 responds to the romping swash of escaping water in its stone tail race, stands the parsonage. By its side on a fair sward, my father built a cottage schoolhouse, that the gifted daughter of our loved minister might have a place near her home to teach the children of the neighboring families.

It was during the "noons" of these school days, when I was a boy of nine that I met a grand old lady, tall, slender, dignified, with a face so kind, cheerful, encouraging that we who took our noonings loved to get her smile and have a word with her. She, with her two pretty granddaughters, annually visited our minister when the Brandywine Hills were loveliest in their summer clothing.

She was Mrs. Sarah Malin. With what interest, respect, almost awe, we greeted her; for our teacher had told us that when Mrs. Malin was a little girl she had known the great George Washington—the Father of His Country—and Martha Washington, his wife. She had been patted on the head by him and taken in the broad lap of his lady. She was far above all other women to us, save our own good mothers.

Two years later I went to school in her home city—Philadelphia. Once a month, on Saturday afternoons, I used to array myself in my very best and visit her home on Chestnut street. These visits were great treats, for there I had long talks with Mrs. Malin, and perhaps talks with her merry granddaughters added to the treat.

On these precious Saturday afternoons she told me stories of her early life that roused my patriotism and made my blood tingle. I remember her graceful presence, her face, and voice, and words as well to-day as when I was a lad in roundabouts, and plastered my hair as tight to my head as I could get it. It was the style in those days—the days of just half a hundred years ago.

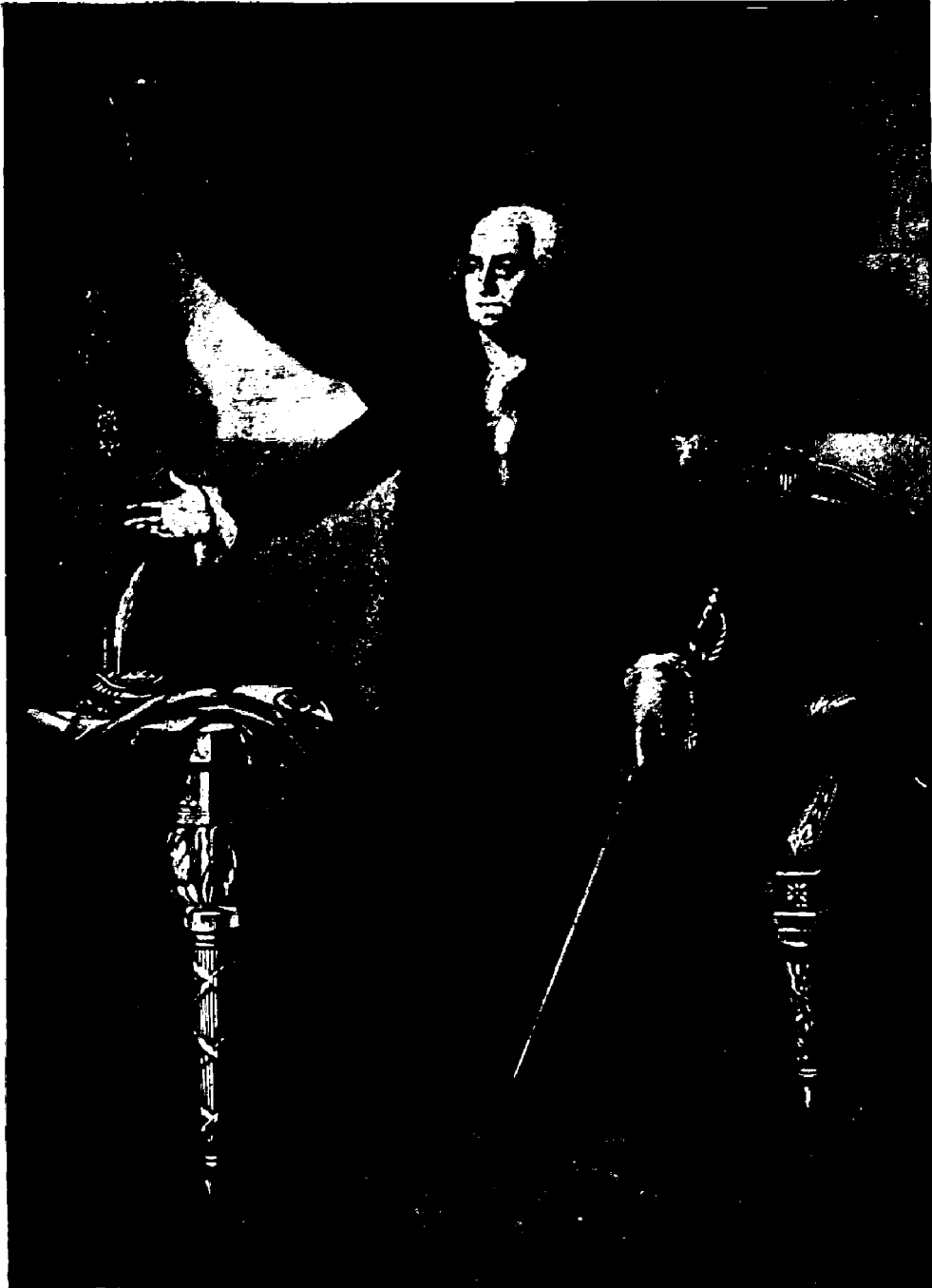
She told me how, during the Revolutionary war—our war for independence—when she was a little girl, a party of British soldiers came into the front yard of her father's house and demanded something to eat. How her brave mother, with her arms bared, just from the bread she was baking, commanded them to stop where they were, and she would bring them fresh bread, but told them if they entered the house she would throw her whole baking in the fire.

They did not enter, but got the bread and went away without further molesting them.

She laughed as she told: "I remember that I was very angry at the sight of their red coats, and guns, and their tramping the grass in our front yard, and at their getting all our fresh bread. But I was not at all frightened; I was alongside of my mother. I remember thinking that if my father was at home he would knock them all down and throw them out of the yard."

But her fascinating, thrilling story was of when she, a girl of twelve, stood with twelve others, side by side with their good mothers, to give the Great Chief welcome and strew his path with flowers as he, on April 21, 1789, rode toward Trenton town and crossed its famous bridge.

"There were thirteen of us," she said, and her face lighted with delightful memories as she recalled the scene, "all dressed in white and wreathed with flowers. I was the youngest. Our mothers were with us, dressed in their very best and looking very proud and handsome. There were companies of militia with their guns, and officers with gay uniforms riding spirited horses; bands of music and plenty of drums. All the great families from the town, and the country about, were there in their gaily decked coaches, and crowds of men, women and children trigged out as for



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

a holiday. Our loved General was coming! He was on his way from his home at Mount Vernon to New York City, where he was to be inaugurated first President of the United States, on April 30, 1789. His road lay across the bridge in front of us—the wooden, covered bridge over Assumpink Creek, where twelve years before he had fought the Battle of Trenton, and whipped the British and Hessians and turned our once despondent people into glad ones.

"The women of Trenton had erected a great triumphal arch and decorated it richly with flags and flowers. On it was this inscription:

THE DEFENDER OF THE MOTHERS
WILL BE THE
- PROTECTOR OF THE DAUGHTERS.

"How the people shouted, the bands played, the guns rattled, the cannons boomed, hats rose in the air, handkerchiefs, flags, even bonnets waved, as



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

—From *Lewing's Cyclopaedia of U. S. History.*

Washington on horseback came out of the Trenton end of the bridge!

"How my heart throbbed and my cheeks tingled when I saw him sitting on his horse, bareheaded, his fine face in the bright sunlight covered with dust, his hat in his hand and bowing in his courtly dignified way to the people."

She rose as she spoke. Her tall figure grew girlish, her face earnest, her left hand seemingly held a basket; her right hand took flowers from it.

"As he approached the arch we sang two verses in his honor. I will sing them for you."

She sang in a sweet, low voice, trembling with age and excitement, her face glowing from the sublimity of her thoughts and joy in the privilege she had in being one to welcome the Chief:

"Welcome, mighty Chief, once more,
Welcome to this grateful shore.
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,
Aims at THEE the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save.
Build for thee triumphal bowers;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,
Strew your Hero's way with flowers.

"As we sang the last line we strewed flowers upon the ground for him to pass over and his horse to tread upon."

There, before me, she imitated her actions of sixty three years before, and strewed the parlor carpet with imaginary flowers. What a vision of Washington, as she saw him that day at Trenton Bridge, must have stood to bless her!

When she finished singing, she said, "I looked up as he passed. His face was covered with dust. Down his cheeks the tears made furrows in it." She sat a few moments in silence, and I saw that tears were coursing among the wrinkles of her own. Then she continued.

"As we ceased singing, the choir took up the music and sang the same verses. The whole scene was grand. Before General Washington left Trenton he handed a letter to a gentleman (the Reverend J. F. Armstrong) telling of his grateful feelings."

This letter is preserved as a precious heirloom. It reads: "GENERAL WASHINGTON cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgment to the matrons and young ladies who received him in so novel and grateful a manner at the triumphal arch in Trenton, and for the exquisite sensation he experienced in that affecting moment. The astonishing contrast between his former and actual situation at the same spot, the elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion, and the innocent appearance of the white-robed choir who met him with the gratulatory song, have made such impressions upon his remembrance as, he assures them, will never be effaced.

"Trenton, April 21st, 1789."

She told me how, often, when she was passing General Washington's house, then on High (now Market), above Sixth street, Philadelphia, on her way from her nearby school, Madam Washington at her front window, by beckon or voice, invited her and her schoolmates to enter. She told of her gentle, motherly greeting, and entertainment most pleasing; and how, as they sat with her, she sometimes saw General Washington coming down the street with his friends, towering above them as he walked, for he was six feet two, and parting with them in most courtly manner at his door; how on his entrance he greeted his wife as if she was the queen of the land as well as of his heart, and herself as a child he loved.

It was told me by one near to her that when war broke out in our land, Mrs. Malin, aged, feeble, blind, requested to be taken to the State House—Independence Hall—and led to the old bell which proclaimed, as the legend upon its cracked substance tells, "Liberty throughout the land and to all the people thereof." Her wish was gratified. She then and there, placing her hands upon the bell, offered earnest prayer that "The liberty it had proclaimed to the United States of America might still be preserved and the nation carried safely through the first great trial which had come upon it."

Lafayette, the Brave and True Friend of Liberty—M. G. Spratley

NEXT to the "Father of his Country," no character in the history of the American Revolution is more worthy of love and veneration than that of the Marquis de Lafayette—the hero, patriot and philanthropist, who endangered life and property to aid the United States in their struggle for independence.

Marie Jean Paul Joseph Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, was born in the Chateau de Chavagnac, among the picturesque mountains of Auvergne, on the 6th of September, 1757. When an infant two months old, his father was killed in the battle of Rossbach, where Frederick the Great defeated the French and Imperialists.



LAFAYETTE AT TWENTY.

This picture represents the young French soldier at the time he espoused the cause of the American Colonies.

of the most distinguished of the nobility. At the age of seventeen, he won the heart and hand of the lovely Countess Anastasie de Noailles, daughter of the Duc d'Ayen, with whom he spent thirty three happy years of wedded life.

During the summer of 1776, while stationed at the citadel of Metz, on military duty, he attended a dinner party at which American affairs were discussed and the Declaration of Independence read. Across the Atlantic came the cry of a feeble colony, which groaned under the yoke of oppression. France, not loving England, heard and sympathized. Lafayette's soul was fired with enthusiasm and, throwing up his command, he hastened to Paris to offer his services to the American cause. Immolating domestic felicity and the pleasures of a gay court on the altar of patriotism, he hazarded life and fortune to help a foreign people. Silas Deane, the American envoy, objected to his youthful appearance, but Dr. Franklin, whose quick discernment seldom erred, was so forcibly impressed with his noble generosity that he favored his offer. The king, however, would not give his consent; the British minister protested; and Lafayette's family and friends entreated him to give up the wild project—but their efforts were in vain. This was in 1776, a time when a dark cloud overshadowed the hopes of the colonies. The defeat at Long Island, the evacuation of New York and retreat of the American army through New Jersey, pursued by a large British force flushed with victory, were enough to fill all hearts with dismay. The credit of the colonists was destroyed in Europe, it being the general opinion that the so-called rebellion had been nipped in the bud.

Lafayette's resolution, however, did not waver; other Frenchmen caught his enthusiasm and flocked to his standard. Mr. Deane told them the credit of his country was too low to furnish a transport. Then it was that the true nobility of Lafayette's character revealed itself. He said: "Until now, sir, you have only seen my ardor in your cause; and that may not prove at present wholly useless. I shall purchase a ship to carry out your officers. We must feel confidence in the future, and it is especially in the hour of danger that I wish to share your fortune."

He carried out his plan and, as his ship, the *Victory*, ploughed the deep, blue sea, Lafayette's thoughts lingered with his devoted young wife. He wrote to her on the voyage and with expressions of love patriotic sentiments were mingled: "From love of me," he said, "become a good American. The welfare of America is closely bound up with the welfare of all mankind; it is about to become the safe asylum of virtue, tolerance, equality, and peaceful liberty."

Strange words of prophecy, considering the doubtful destiny of the United States at that time! It seems, as with the eye of prescience, he saw a star-gemmed banner floating in triumph over a great country, which is indeed—"the safe asylum of virtue, tolerance, equality and liberty." On the nineteenth of April, 1777, the *Victory* arrived at Charleston, South Carolina. Lafayette proceeded at once to Philadelphia, and presented to Congress the letters from the American commissioners at Paris. Appreciating the disinterested conduct of the young patriot, Congress adopted the following resolution:

"Whereas, the Marquis Lafayette, in consequence of his ardent zeal for the cause of liberty, in which

the United States are engaged, has left family and friends, and crossed the ocean at his own expense, to offer his services to the United States without wishing to accept of any pension or pay whatsoever; and as he earnestly desires to engage in our cause, Congress have resolved that his services be accepted, and that in consideration of his patriotism, his family and illustrious relations, he shall hold the rank and commission of major general in the army of the United States."

Dr. Franklin felt such a warm regard for Lafayette, he wrote a private letter to General Washington, asking him, for the sake of the anxious young wife, to shield his life from danger as much as possible. This request, it seems, was useless, as the brave young officer always sought posts of peril. Washington was struck with the frank, unobtrusive manner of the marquis, who declined for some time to assume the rank Congress had bestowed upon him. When urged by the commander-in-chief to do this, he modestly replied that he was not as yet capable of discharging the duties of so important a post; that he must begin by being instructed himself and by learning to obey, before he could command. This admirable speech won the respect of General Washington, who soon loved him with parental affection. The suffering of the poor soldiers, with no means to give them necessary supplies, touched his compassionate heart and he presented sixty thousand francs for their relief to General Washington, who was deeply affected by this noble act of generosity. On hearing of the extreme want in General Moultrie's command, with his characteristic liberality he sent him uniforms and equipments for one hundred and fifty men. It is said he expended in the cause of American Independence 700,000 francs, and not only with his princely munificence did he give aid, but with wise counsel and personal influence both in France and America.

Lafayette shed his first blood for the cause on the battlefield of Brandywine. He was shot in the leg and refused to dismount from his horse to have the wound dressed, but remained on the field, acting



LAFAYETTE IN HIS LATER YEARS.

with great bravery until the battle ended. He was carried to Philadelphia for treatment, but, on the advance of the enemy, was removed to a safer place. So impatient was he to return to active service, he joined General Green in New Jersey before his wound healed. After this, he was in other contests, and General Green was so charmed with his gallant conduct that he made honorable mention of him in his official reports. Congress was so sensible of his meritorious behavior that it promoted him to the command of a division, consisting of 2,000 men, whom he armed and equipped, presenting each officer with an elegant sword and belt. He was with Washington at Valley Forge, participating in the severe hardships of that campaign, and aided many a poor fellow who was without shoes and scarcely any clothing.

While devoted to the cause he had so warmly espoused, Lafayette yearned to see again the dear one who held the first place in his heart. He had been absent about eighteen months, when Congress gave him permission to return to France and, in January, 1779, he sailed from Boston. Few could have borne, without vanity, the distinguished honors this young man of twenty two years received, for his heroism and unlimited generosity had carried his fame to all parts of the civilized world. On his

arrival in France, he was welcomed with great demonstrations of joy. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, famous for her wit and beauty, bestowed on him many flattering attentions. The queen honored him with private audiences, and asked many questions concerning America. Afterward, on meeting Dr. Franklin, she merrily said: "Doctor, do you know that Lafayette has made me in love with your General Washington? What a man he must be, and what a friend he possesses in the marquis!"

Lafayette spent several happy months with his family at Auvergne, and again returned to the United States. Many of his countrymen accompanied him and, on the 26th of April, 1779, they landed at Boston, amid the roar of cannon, ringing of bells and a grand display of fireworks. A large crowd greeted him "as the patriot, hero, friend and benefactor of America."

In 1780, when Washington had his headquarters at West Point, then under command of General Benedict Arnold, the marquis was with him. It was at this time the conspiracy between Arnold and Andre, a gallant young officer of England, took place. Poor Andre was captured, but the traitor made his escape in the British sloop of war, *Vulture*.

When the British made their last stand in Virginia, Lafayette took a prominent part. The siege of Yorktown ended a revolution which has no parallel in the history of the world. In the nation's supreme glory, Lafayette's valuable services were not forgotten. The enemy also acknowledged his merit, as it is said Lord Cornwallis wished to surrender his sword to him, but the modest young hero declined, knowing to whom that honor belonged. With the plaudits of a grateful people sounding in his ears, Lafayette returned to France, in December, 1781, where he again met acclamations of praise. While relating to the king some of the stirring events of the war, so free was he from self-conceit, no allusion to himself was made. Louis observing this, facetiously inquired, "But, pray, sir, where were you all this time?" The journey to his home with his happy wife and little son, George Washington, then three years old, was one of continuous ovation—cries of "Long live Lafayette!" arising from the assembled crowds.

Three years later the marquis again visited the United States. He spent two delightful weeks at Mount Vernon, where he was regarded as one of the household. Washington accompanied him to Annapolis, where the final farewell words were spoken between these two illustrious men and devoted friends.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to follow Lafayette's career in his own country, where he reached the highest pinnacle of fame and then saw the bright star of his destiny dimmed by misfortune. There is an incident, however, worthy of mention which relates to the active part taken by a young American in attempting to rescue him from the prison of Olmutz. Lafayette had aided the king and queen in their flight from Paris to escape the fury of the mob, and he was also falsely accused of conspiring against the liberties of his country. The Jacobins had marked him as a victim, so he fled to Holland, intending to seek refuge in America, but fell into the hands of enemies and was carried to Olmutz, where, in a gloomy dungeon, five wretched years were spent. Great was the sympathy felt for him in the United States, and Washington, sorely grieved, did all he could in his behalf. His brutal treatment excited universal pity and indignation, but nothing equaled the daring attempt of two young men to procure his liberty. One was Henry Bollman, a young physician of Gottingen, Germany; the other, Francis Huger, of Charleston, South Carolina. As the prisoner was strictly guarded they did not know how to communicate with him, but gold is a sesame and—the way opened. Lafayette's physician represented to the governor of Olmutz that riding in an open carriage where he could get fresh air was necessary to the health of his patient. The request was granted with the proviso that the governor should always be with him. These rides had continued several weeks when, on a certain day, the carriage passed two horsemen who were riding very slowly. Lafayette did not know them, but when one drew from his pocket a white handkerchief, he did the same, as this was the signal agreed upon. When the carriage reached the appointed place, Lafayette, on some pretext, was permitted to get out and walk; then it was that the horsemen dashed forward, and Huger sprang from his horse to help him mount behind Bollman. In the meantime, the governor hurried to the scene and grasped the prisoner's arm, assisted by a guard, whom Huger caught by the hair and hurled to the ground. Lafayette thrust his handkerchief into the governor's mouth to stifle his cries for help, and had his hand severely bitten. He succeeded in mounting behind Bollman, and they had ridden eleven miles when they discovered they were on the wrong road. While returning to find the right way, they were captured by a party searching for them. Meanwhile, Huger had fled to a thicket where he was arrested by a peasant and, with hands tied

behind his back, was carried to the town and thrown into prison. They were tried, and the first sentence was imprisonment for life, afterward changed to a term of years. Finally, they were set at liberty, a large ransom having been paid to the government by their friends.

Lafayette's condition, severe before, was after this almost unbearable. He was put in irons, shackles being fastened to his feet and secured to the wall. Mental anguish equaled physical torture, as he could learn nothing of his family, nor of the fate of his two friends. Alleviation came at last when, through the influence of two noble ladies of Vienna, his wife and daughters, Anastasie and Virginia, were permitted to share his captivity. The Austrian government refused all demands for his liberation until Napoleon Bonaparte threatened to march to the prison and release him by force. This had the desired effect, and on the 25th of August, 1797, Lafayette regained his freedom. When he thanked his deliverer for interfering in his behalf, Napoleon said: "I don't know what the devil you have done to the Austrians, but it cost them a mighty struggle to let you go."

Lafayette lived in retirement many years, but, later, became interested again in public affairs, and took part in the revolution of 1830. After aiding in the establishment of a limited constitutional monarchy, and in the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne, he withdrew from public life. Many invitations to visit the United States were received by

him and, on the 15th of August, 1824, he arrived in New York. A joint committee of Congress tendered him a formal invitation to visit the Senate and House of Representatives. He was received by the



LAFAYETTE'S TOMB. From Lowing's Cyclopedia of U. S. History.

members of the Senate and conducted by Mr. Barbour, chairman of the committee, to a seat on the right of the president pro tem., the Hon. John Gail-

lard, in the presence of the senators, all of whom were standing. The following day, Henry Clay speaker of the House while addressing the nation's guest, alluded eloquently to its gratitude. He said: "This sentiment now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted with unabated vigor down the tide of time through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent to the latest posterity."

While Lafayette rejoiced in the marvelous prosperity of the country, he found cause for sadness—the friend whom he loved and revered as a father—the immortal Washington, had passed away. He went to Mount Vernon and, at the tomb of the dead patriot, paid the tribute of tears.

During this visit, on the 17th of June, 1825, the foundation of the Bunker Hill Monument was laid, the corner-stone of which Lafayette put into its place. His triumphant tour through the country, north and south, was one never to be forgotten. In every city aged veterans, youthful heroes and women cheered, while little girls scattered flowers in his pathway. It was the grateful homage of a nation's heart—a testimonial of its love for the great and good man who had made their cause his own.

In September, 1825, Lafayette was borne away from the land he loved in the frigate Brandywine. We can imagine what emotions stirred his soul as the shores of America were lost to sight. Nine years after, he passed into the great Beyond, leaving a fadeless name.

On the Hunt for "American Boy" Stories.



THIS MAP SHOWS THE ROUTE (BY DOTTED LINES) TAKEN BY KIRK MUNROE IN HIS TRIP AROUND THE WORLD FOR STORIES FOR "THE AMERICAN BOY."

Write to Kirk Munroe.

On January 3 Kirk Munroe started from Boston for a trip around the world, expecting to reach San Francisco, on his return, in September. His first stopping place is Alexandria, Egypt. He will have left there for the far east before letters addressed "Alexandria, Egypt," can reach there. The next place after that where letters will reach him is Hongkong, China. Letters written to him before March 1, should be addressed:

KIRK MUNROE, Care Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, HONGKONG, CHINA.

We are aiming to surprise Mr. Munroe with a big mail at Hongkong. You know he is to write two stories for us on his return, selecting two of the following countries, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Borneo, China, Korea, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands, as the countries where the plots will be laid. Will not the boys write him, at the address given, telling him what two countries they choose and telling him also what kind of stories they want. Imagine his surprise when he receives at Hongkong a bundle of mail numbering hundreds of letters from American boys. We are greatly mistaken in our idea of Mr. Munroe, if he will not be exceedingly pleased to hear from boys in every part of his native land. You must put five cents per half ounce postage on your envelope.

Captain Kidd.

Where is the boy who has not heard of Capt. Kidd, the pirate? Boys nowadays perhaps hear less of him than some of us who were boys years ago. His name, however, is still fraught with interest. Back in the sixteen hundreds, the Dutch inhabited what is now New York and its vicinity. In August, 1664, the Dutch of New Amsterdam surrendered to the English and the name of the town was changed from New Amsterdam to New York. In 1673 a fleet of twenty three ships from Holland conquered the English and New York again fell into the hands of the Dutch; but the following year, peace having been made between Holland and England, New York was restored to the English. At this time Captain Kidd, a rough, cruel pirate, with a large fortune, who had retired from his wild life on the seas, was living with his wife and children in New York. He had, to all appearances, adopted a peaceful, quiet life. Everybody knew him to be a skillful sailor; so when, in 1695, the English Government resolved to send a ship to the East Indies to put down the pirates in the Indian Ocean, Kidd was selected to command the expedition. Gathering a crew in New York, he manned a fine ship, "The Adventure," furnished him by the English, and in February of 1697 sailed away to become himself the most cruel and terrible of pirates, plundering

rich vessels and making enormous profits so that even his common sailors grew wealthy. His cruelty was awful, for he cut the throats of his prisoners or plunged them into the sea. In 1699 Kidd returned to New York with "The Adventure," laden with a cargo richer than any ship had ever brought to that city. Tradition relates that he deposited \$200,000 in gold dust and coin on Gardiner's Island, and that he buried treasure on Martha's Vineyard and lived in a cave still pointed out on its lonely shore. It is thought that he sunk his ship near Verplanck Point on the Hudson. The agents of the Government sought for him, and finally he was decoyed to Boston, carried to England, tried for piracy, condemned and executed. His miserable life ended March 23, 1701.

Look Ahead and Figure.

A writer in the New York Times gives some good advice to boys, some of which we take the liberty of quoting: Boys often make a serious mistake in not realizing the seriousness of life's problems. Nearly every one of them expects to rise to distinction and wealth, but no one fully appreciates the self-sacrifice and labor and steady application necessary, except the few who have traveled the road. These things do not come by chance nor by wishing. Boys, you ought to look ahead of you and see if you can figure out any reasonable and practicable plan for getting your bread and butter and clothes to wear during the long years you expect to live. There are a good many men fifty years of age who have hardly made a living. Many of them were as bright and hopeful as any boy can be. They have never truly realized that there is no excellence without great labor. Boys, there is no royal road.

You cannot half work and play hooky with destiny. People will not rush to be doctored by a trifler. What use to the farmer is good soil, and sunshine and rain, if he doesn't plant a crop and attend to it? You may want a job when you get out of school. Do you suppose any business man wants a smart Aleck about him? Do you think he wants a young man who has not trained himself to work? Do you think a boy who has a reputation for trickery, is too cute to be square, open and manly, can get a decent job? The young man who can be serious, obedient, manly, will easily secure a position in the counting room at a good salary, while the other fellow will be lucky if he secures a good job in a shop at low wages for hard, dirty, though not dishonorable, toil. Don't think that you will be an exception, a favorite of fortune. The world of business will pass judgment upon you, and it will be about as you deserve.

A boy said that he didn't care so much for the sun as he did for the moon. "You see," said he, "the sun only comes at daylight when we could see just as well without it, but the moon's some use—it shines at night."

An American who has studied English life says that one of the things that impressed him most about British boys was their stolid endurance—their habit of bearing pain, fatigue and privation without murmuring.

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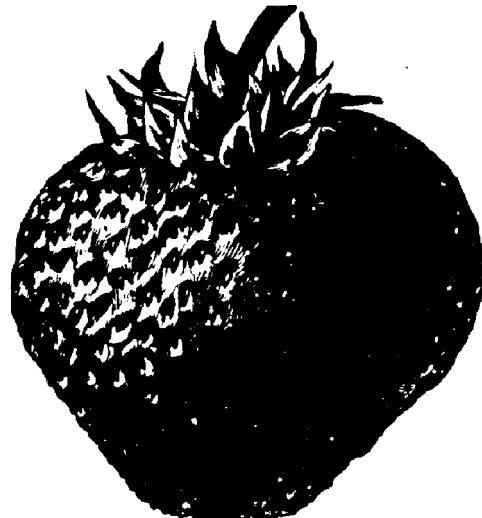
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BOYS in the HOME, CHURCH and SCHOOL

Encouragement.

Maitland, Fla., May 19, 1902.
Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY.
Gentlemen:—THE AMERICAN BOY comes to me all right, and I value it very highly. You are doing a noble and patriotic work for the young people of the country, and I wish you continued and ever-increasing success.
Yours fraternally,
S. HERBERT LANCEY,
Major-General Commanding Department of Florida—Grand Army of the Republic.

The Engineer.

BY WALTER WILLISSON STEPHEN.
(Age 12.)

When nestled close in the sleeper.
Listening to the wheels' wild song.
Do you ever think of the engineer
In the cab, as you speed along?

Lighted by the flickering gauge lamp.
On the throttle he has hold.
With hands all grimy with lampblack.
He is careful, brave and bold.

He has hundreds in his keeping.
He sees by the headlight's rays—
The dispatcher gives the orders,
He takes them and obeys.

When a Boy is too "Bright."

President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, in a magazine article, not long ago, condemned heartily precocious devotion to books and consequent introspection, casuistry, etc., etc. John Locke advised that when a boy was dull he should be sent out in the air and given something to do that will interest him; President Gilman wisely adds that when a boy is too "bright" he should be likewise diverted into a return to boyhood.

The Preparation.

A special education should have a general education at the foundation of it. Special preparation for a given pursuit needs to rest upon a general preparation for all pursuits, and the more comprehensive the general training the more fruitful and useful is the special. An education that is narrowed to the facts that concern a given occupation, defeats itself. In this country it is folly to narrow a boy's education to the groove of some one calling, where, as here, the different pursuits stand with open doors and neither the boy nor his parents know which one he will enter or how long he will remain. How many men are there at forty pursuing the work about which they dreamed when they were boys of fifteen? In other countries boys inherit occupations, or have them predetermined for them. It is not so here. If one can get a general education he can in the pursuit of it disclose to himself or to his instructor his peculiar bent of mind and genius.

A Boy's "Clutter."

Let us not scold our boys for the clutter they make, but give them a corner all to themselves where they can stow away their collections of stones, and buttons, and spools, and stamps and what-not and arrange their work to their heart's content, always bearing in mind the fact that bugs and butterflies, stamps, minerals, etc., like good books, are the safest of company.

In Far Off Lands.

Ellen Sobey, a teacher at Kalae, Hawaiian Islands, is helping to spread the name and fame of THE AMERICAN BOY in our far-off possessions. She us some of the articles in her school work, and the boys are beginning to talk about what other boys are doing, as described in these pages. She says: "When the boys begin to talk these things rather than whose horse will go fastest, there is some hope for them. The boys are so empty of anything that is worth while to use their activities on. While THE AMERICAN BOY teaches pure living and strives to arouse the boys to be good citizens, I shall always be pleased to help it along."

For Good Citizenship.

From W. J. Snyder, Brazil, Ind.: My son takes your AMERICAN BOY, for which I bespeak a great success. I feel that it is just what the American boys need, and if your magazine improves as rapidly in the next three years as it has during the past three, you should feel very much encouraged. The future of the American boy will depend very largely upon his environment and associations, and I am sure that the work you are doing will add very largely to the developing of splendid citizenship for the future.

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Young Artists.

Excellent pen and ink and pencil sketches have been received from the following: Ernest A. Wright, Stockton, Cal.; Stanley M. Scheidler, Cambridgeville, Ind.; Henry A. Loux, New York City, N. Y.; Frank Parratt, Oakfield, Wis.; Lee Mayor, Lindsay, Mo.; Fred Blair, Des Moines, Ia.; Guy McDowell, Des Moines, Ia.; Leo F. Kahler, Meadville, Pa.; Fred Kehr, Rochester, N. Y.; George Dowling, St. Regis, Mont.; G. C. Beaman, Pueblo, Colo.; David M. Wolff, Chicago, Ill.

A Young Violinist.

Herman Brede, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a brilliant boy violinist who has just passed his twelfth birthday. He is a manly, ambitious little fellow, deeply in love with his art. He is methodical, too, and has posted in his room a code of rules which he follows with great care. At 6:30 in the morning he is out of bed and has breakfast and practices an hour. Then he studies an hour and is ready for school at 9. At 12 he has dinner, and at 3 returns to school. After school he takes half an hour for play, then two hours for violin practice, then supper, followed by a half hour's recreation. He goes to bed at 9, but not before he has had another hour of practice. Professor Hahn, of Columbia College, has recently undertaken the instruction of young Brede.

College Expenses.

The authorities of Columbia University have obtained figures from college students in various colleges east and west relative to the annual cost of college life. From the statistics it is evident that life at the western colleges is far less expensive than at the eastern, and further, that expenditures at the smaller colleges are less than at the larger ones. The average expense at Columbia is estimated at twenty one dollars a week, while twenty six dollars a week is termed a liberal allowance. In the majority of western state universities no tuition fee is charged. The maximum at Harvard is fixed at about \$85. Columbia and Harvard both exact tuition fees. West Virginia and Nebraska are universities that do not charge a fee to residents of the states. Two hundred and two dollars is termed a liberal allowance for West Virginia, and two hundred dollars for Nebraska.

Leadership.

Is a young man ambitious to be a leader by and by? He must be a leader now. He must possess the spirit of leadership and put it into practice in every walk in life. Does he aspire to be a great thinker? He must be a thinker now, and not thoughtless, careless, indifferent. He must feel the throbbing of his future greatness in his youth. He must cherish it. It must grow with his growth. It must be assimilated into his very being—Delos Fall, Superintendent of Public Instruction for Michigan.

Clarence Latshaw, Reading, Pa., age nine, has become remarkably proficient in playing the B-flat cornet. In three months' time after beginning the study of the instrument he was playing at entertainments.

Arthur T. Fried, of the East Denver High School, won first prize in the Inter-scholastic Oratorical contest held at Boulder, Colo., May 15, his subject being "Influence of the Minority." A second prize was won by John Booth, of the Colorado Springs High School, his subject being "The New Man."

Harry Brooks, the fourteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Brooks, of near Hinton, Ky., successfully passed the teachers' examination at Cynthiana, Ky., a short time ago with a general average of 75 per cent, which, but for age limit, would entitle him to a second-class county certificate. He is an extraordinarily bright boy.

Edward A. Hanchett, Dallas, Tex., through the representation of the choir-master and the dean of St. Mathew's cathedral, has been put on THE AMERICAN BOY Roll of Honor, he having been awarded the annual medal given to that boy of the Cathedral choir who proved himself the most generally useful and who excelled in choir work.

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1—Stripping eggs from the females.
4—Hauling the catch up on the wharf.

2—Drying the nets after a catch.
5—“Joseph” pulling in the net.

3—Sorting the males and females.
6—Starting out to set the net.

With Uncle Sam's Fishermen—J. Olivier Curwood

K IS not many years ago since all of the five Great Lakes were so thickly populated with fish that at certain seasons of the year countless thousands of them died of disease brought about by their overcrowding in the streams and shallow bays of the lakes. In those good old days, not twenty years ago, the author was a farmer lad living on a little farm whose acres stretched down to the sandy beach of Lake Erie, and it was not an extraordinary thing for this nine year old urchin to make a “catch” of more than he could carry, and that before breakfast. But all of that has changed. Each year has added a dozen or more new fisheries to the hundreds of old ones scattered along the lakes, until now the best fish have become so scarce that Uncle Sam has been compelled to establish fish hatcheries at convenient places in order to supply each year millions of artificially raised minnows to the natural stock in the waters.

Of all the finny tribes in the Great Lakes the whitefish is the most valuable, so when it became apparent that this species was threatened with extermination Uncle Sam began investigating the matter. The whole length of the great inland lakes was carefully examined, and it was finally determined to build the biggest whitefish hatchery in the world at Detroit, Michigan. Why Detroit was chosen instead of Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, or any other lake city, can be seen by a glance at a map. Each year whitefish make a “run” to their spawning grounds. That is, in shoals of millions, they seek out a shallow, sheltered lake or bay, where there is plenty of food, where they may deposit their eggs. It happens that Lake St. Clair, from which flows the Detroit river, is the favorite haunt of the whitefish during the spawning season, and as they had to pass up through the Detroit river to reach it the government concluded that the best place to fish for them with nets would be in that stream. So on Belle Isle, opposite Detroit and about five or six miles from Lake St. Clair, the big fishery that now restocks all of the lakes was built.

The day I spent with Uncle Sam's fishermen began cold and misty. Dawn had not yet begun to brighten the sky. The flickering lanterns of the fishermen twinkled here and there as they made the nets ready and harnessed a horse to each of the two big reels that pulled in the seines from the river. Then to “Joseph's” reel was fastened a rope some hundred fathoms long, the other end of which was firmly tied to one end of the huge net that was to be taken out into the river.

“A-lo-ah!”

Whatever the word meant it acted like magic. The gray December mist had hidden the shore line and everything but the glowing lanterns, but through it the beat of Joseph's hoofs as he wound up the slack rope, the creaking of the big reel, and the shuffling of rubber-coated men hurrying down to the river announced that the day of Uncle Sam's fishermen had come. Almost before the last echo of the cap'n's shout had died away across the river the long boat, with its great pile of net, had pulled out from the shore. A brisk wind was coming in from Lake St. Clair, bringing the chilling fog with it. The rain that had drizzled all night had ceased, but had left the air so cold and so uncomfortably damp that even the rowers continued to keep on their rubber suits.

“Goin' t' be a big ketch this mornin'!” said Cussy.

Although Cussy was down in black and white as Uncle Sam's oldest fisherman, and the only one among the lot who had not passed a civil service examination, he was ashamed of his name going abroad, and had it not been for a little confidence on the part of one of the rowers I probably would never have known the old man by any other appellation than that of “Cap'n Billy,” by which “the old cuss,” to quote one of his nicknames, is known at every place where whitefish are planted along the Great Lakes. Cap'n Billy is an old man, and he swears by everything that is sacred that his pipe is as old as he. He is grizzled and weather-beaten and as ignorant of the three R's as a South Sea Islander. The only reason why William Cussy annually pilots one of Uncle Sam's fishing expeditions, and that without having passed the civil service examination, is because from end to end of the lakes he is the only man yet discovered who can “smell” whitefish.

“It's goin' t' be a whale of a big ketch!” repeated Cap'n Billy, with some emphasis. “Th's millions of 'em under us, crowdin' thick. I can smell 'em!”

For a few minutes the rowers exerted themselves just enough to hold their own against the current, while Cap'n Billy strained his eyes to locate himself. The lights of Detroit were going out one by one as the mist lifted from the river, and soon Belle Isle began looming up, with the government's fishery faintly outlined against the dull gray of the woods. On the dock running a hundred feet out into the water a few shadowy figures could be distinguished, and beyond them standing out big and gaunt in the uncertain light, old Joseph, who has the honor of having pulled in more fish than any other horse in the world. When Joseph came into view Cap'n Billy began chanting “time,” the boat surged ahead, and the day's work began in earnest.

I crept up beside Cap'n Billy on top of the big net. There were twenty thousand square feet of it, piled up in folds so that it would slip off into the river without tangling. To be exact, if stood up like a tennis net it would have been five hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet high. In his arms Cap'n Billy hugged the brayl, an oak spar which spreads the end of a net. From this brayl the shore-line stretched through the water to the reel, now almost three hundred fathoms away, where Joseph stood ready to begin winding at the word. Up to this time none of the net had been set, but when the shore-line had almost drawn taut Cap'n Billy gave a lunge and the big spar plunged into the river. At the same time Cap'n Billy roared something unintelligible to me, and as he shoved me head over heels into the bottom of the boat I had a momentary vision of Joseph as he began to slowly wind the reel.

“I didn't know you was there, sir, or I wouldn't throwed it,” apologized the old man. “Likely as not you'd gone overboard w' th' net if you hadn't got down quick.”

A mystery was now unfolding itself before my eyes. I had often wondered how such a huge net could be set without becoming entangled. It was a simple matter to set pound nets out in the lake. But this was so different. Yet it was all clear to me in a few seconds. Imagine this great “tennis net” with its heavy spar piled up in the stern of the boat. As the first of the net slipped over Joseph and his reel began pulling it toward the shore, very slowly. At the same time the rowers redoubled their exertions,

circling out into the river, and then turning gradually toward the shore again. Between the two forces the net was continually kept taut. As the shore came in view again, a small rowboat shot alongside, and a shore-line exactly like the one attached to Joseph's reel was handed from it to Cap'n Billy, who in a trice had fastened it to the oak spar of the other end of the net. This line was attached to the second reel at the fishery. As this brayl was tossed into the river Cap'n Billy put his hands trumpet-like to his mouth and shouted back through the fog:

“Brayl ho!”

Almost a quarter of a mile away we could hear the cracking of whips, the excited shouts of the drivers urging on Joseph and his less famous mate, and the noisy creaking of the reels. It is easily seen how the big net was now being drawn in toward the shore, in the form of a great arc. It reached down into the water forty feet, so all the fish, or the majority of them, that were inside the arc would be captured.

“Th' ain't be'n a day like this for three years!” said the old man gleefully, filling his pipe from a rubber pouch of tobacco. “I bets we takes a ton!”

On shore, lanterns had been lighted and hung over the edge of the low wharf where the seine was to be dragged; but the mist and fog was clearing rapidly, and by six o'clock, when the net was half in, the day had fairly come. Faithfully old Joseph and his mate wound round and round at a dizzying jog, while men brought row upon row of crates and tubs, buttoned their rubber coats tight up about their necks, and then stood in anxious groups watching for the first sign of the incoming net.

As I stood with the others, Cap'n Billy came up beside me with a chuckle. “I never seen Josef pull quite so hard,” he grinned; “I bets we takes a ton!”

Soon we could see little dashes of spray whitening the end of the brayls. The net was almost in. A moment more and a score of hands were dragging it out upon the slippery low wharf. Cap'n Billy chuckled, rubbed his hands, puffed his pipe, and when the first sight of the freight met his eyes, turned back with the rowers to get a cup of coffee.

As more and more of the net came in, men in rubber boots met the fish almost before they were out of the water, and disentangling them tossed them into long floating crates. These crates were sixteen feet in length, five feet wide and five feet deep, and no more than 300 whitefish were placed in each. Occasionally pickerel and big, slimy carp came up with the others, and were thrown back on the wharf. Once there was a shout almost at my elbow, and the water at our feet boiled under the lashing of an enormous sturgeon. It is an unwritten law that the steak of a sturgeon caught in the net shall be divided among the fishermen. Almost in less time than it takes to relate it, half a dozen gaffhooks had dragged him ashore. I afterward found he tipped the scales at 108 pounds—a pretty good size for the river.

I followed one of the crates as it was towed to the “strippers,” and after a little Cap'n Billy joined me there. With a dip net the fish were taken from the crate singly, and barely touching it with his fingers an expert passed upon its gender. If a male it went into one tub; if a female, into another. A pipe was continually spurring fresh water into these tubs, and beside each sat a stripper, with two pans in front of him, and two other tubs awaiting the



half an hour, but oftener not until nearly a week has passed. Two black dots appear, which are the eyes of the coming fish; the vertebra follows, delicately coiled, the tail finally breaks through, the head becomes distinct, and a fish is born that some day will become the possible prey of the never-tiring Nimrod.

stripped fish. Cap'n Billy stood in front of one of these receptacles, and suddenly making a dive held up a large female for me to examine.

"He's green!" he explained, soberly.

I took the fish in my hands. It was big and handsome, and so firm and lively that it nearly flopped out into the little canal that led to the river.

"He's hard as a stun," said the old man, "an' green as grass!"

For a moment he peered into the tub again, made another dive, and handed me a somewhat smaller specimen than the other.

"He's ripe, sir!"

The fish was soft and flabby, and along its belly I could feel hundreds of tiny lumps like fine bird-shot. I returned it to Cap'n Billy, and he tossed it to the stripper, who in turn deftly tucked the head of the whitefish under his arm and ran his forefinger slowly along its belly. From the vent the ova exuded in a tiny stream.

"Twenty five thousand aigs fr' that one fish, sir!" said Cap'n Billy with an air of triumph. "Reckonin' on them that don't hatch, them as dies in transportation, an' them as is et by other fish before they grows old enough to take care of themselves, they'll be ten thousand good, eatable fish fr' them inside of two years." I looked askance at the stripper, who I knew had passed the Civil Service examination, but he nodded affirmatively.

"You see if we hadn't caught her, probably not ten per cent of her eggs would have been fertilized by the male," he said. "Then her spawning ground in St. Clair might not have been a good feeding

ground, and of the tenthousand hatched all but a few would have starved; and the majority of the few remaining would have fallen a prey to other fish while very small. We figure that every good female will produce ten thousand matured fish if attended to by the Commission, while if allowed to pass to the spawning ground probably not a score would live for the fisherman of 1904."

For a time after that my stripper was too busy to talk. If you have ever seen a man with a countryside reputation as a corn husker showing you stunts in the cornfield, you have some idea of how whitefish come and go in the hands of a man who knows his business at stripping. Not until three quarts of eggs were in the pan before him did he cease his exertions for an instant, and then only to select one of the biggest and finest looking males he could fish from the tub. The milt was added to the eggs, the whole placed in a ten gallon can partly filled with water, thoroughly agitated, and in something less than seven minutes the stripper told me 3,000,000 eggs had been fertilized, and were ready for the hatchery.

A modest, unpretentious-looking frame building, in suitable environment easily mistaken for a country church, is the United States fish commission's hatchery at Detroit, the largest in the world. To this plant the eggs are carried, and placed in thousands of glass jars, through which water is continually flowing with brookside melody. To the bottom of each jar runs a tiny spigot, and the fresh stream coming from this keeps the eggs dancing until the millions of wriggling little creatures spring to life. The eggs begin to swell, sometimes within

He now begins to take his first lessons in swimming. This is the period when in his native element he would almost surely fall a prey to his voracious kin. But here week by week he develops, grows stronger, and finally begins taking a trip of exploration all his own. A tiny stream of water is always coming up under him. So, some winter day, he struggles over the top of a jar. He is now in a bigger and a new world. It is a big trough, with a stream of water flowing through it. Naturally the baby whitefish heads upstream, and every inch of the way he loses he gives up with a struggle. Then he comes to another trough in which the water is still deeper and swifter. Still struggling to make his way against the current, he is borne along, until with a little splash he shoots into a great, black tank, big enough and deep enough for boys to swim in. Here through all the long winter he grows larger and stronger, and when the first days of April come he is an inch or more in length, and so strong and active that it is pretty certain he will never make a meal for any other fish.

The fry in the Detroit hatchery are tiny fellows now, but in the spring there will be 450,000,000 lively minnows for Michigan waters alone, and many million others for plants all along the Great Lakes. These latter will be distributed by the splendid fish-car Attikumaig, which is fitted out with troughs and tanks similar to those at the hatchery. Some conception of the magnitude of the operations at the Detroit hatchery may be had when it is understood that nearly three hundred bushels of fish eggs will be hatched this winter.

An American Barony.



JOHNSON HALL, the only structure in all America which can rightfully claim the honor of being a genuine baronial castle, is still standing, about a mile from the village of Johnstown, north of the Mohawk river, in New York. The tract of land in the midst of which this fine old-time mansion was erected was given to Sir William Johnson by royal grant.

William Johnson came to America in 1738, to take charge of land belonging to his uncle, Sir Peter Warren, in the region of the Mohawk Valley. He became a great favorite with the Indians, as he dealt honestly with them, learned their language, and conformed to their manners; indeed, in time he took Mary, a sister of Brant, a famous Mohawk chief, to his home as his wife. When the French and Indian war broke out he was made sole superintendent of Indian affairs, and his great influence kept the Six Nations from favoring the French. He attended grand councils of the Indians and was adopted into the Mohawk tribe and made a Sachem. In 1755 Johnson was appointed sole superintendent of the Six Nations, was created a major general, and led an expedition intended for the capture of Crown Point, then in possession of the French. In 1756 Johnson was knighted and the King gave him the appointment of superintendent of Indian affairs in the North. At the close of the French and Indian war the King gave him the tract of land referred to above, being one hundred thousand acres of land north of the Mohawk river. Its actual possession, however, came about in a most peculiar

way. Sir William was a man of singular force of character and great resources. He set about his business of acquiring power and influence by a profuse and charming as well as most original hospitality. Among his guests on one occasion was a powerful sachem of the Mohawk tribe named Hendrik. Johnson had a very beautiful embroidered coat which the savage chief set his heart upon possessing. So one morning he announced in the usual solemn sedate style of the red man: "Brother, me dream last night."



JOHNSON HALL.

"Ah," answered Sir William, "and of what did my red brother dream?"
 "Me dream," said the Mohawk laconically, "that the embroidered coat was mine."
 "Surely dreams are from the Great Spirit, are they not?" said the baronet.
 "Yes, oh, yes."
 "All dreams?"
 "Truly, all dreams."
 "Then," said Sir William devoutly, "of course the

coat is yours; take it, my red brother—my gift from the Great Spirit."

The sachem never moved a muscle of his imperturbable face, but doubtless chuckled far within at the ease with which he had imposed upon the pale-face. But in the long run the impositions are not for the simple savage. Sir William bided his time, and when, not long after he returned the chief's visit, he, too, slept, and in his slumber dreamed, or professed to dream a dream.

"What did my pale-faced brother dream?" inquired Hendrik, not doubting that he would be called upon to repay the coat with some trifling gewgaw, but wholly unprepared for the astounding demand that followed.

Sir William had dreamed to some purpose, no less than that a certain broad tract of land—the bulk, in fact, of the best lands of all the Six Nations—should be given up to him, to him and his heirs forever.

The discomfited Indian was at first inclined to demur to this inequity.

"What," exclaimed Sir William, "are not dreams from the Great Spirit?"

The Mohawk lugubriously enough, supposed they were.

"Then," said the wily baronet, "the land is mine." The Indian sat in stolid silence for a while; then, rising majestically, he answered: "Yes, brother, the land is yours, but you must have no more such dreams."

It was in the center of this great domain, thousands upon thousands of acres, that Johnson reared his stately palace, by far the finest and most lordly residence of colonial times—at least, north of Mason's and Dixon's line. The main building was of wood, while upon either flank—in what military men call "defensive relations"—were two block houses solidly constructed of stone and pierced with port-holes for guns.

The tales of what went on in this baronial hall, as handed down by tradition in the neighborhood, are worthy or rather unworthy of romance.



Top left corner, C. WIGGINS; below, HOWARD and CLYDE ODEN, and to right ARTHUR CLAY TON. Bottom, left corner, OTTO REAUME; right corner, HUGH BEAVER. Right center, CHAS. HAMMOND'S BROTHER, SISTER and GOAT; left center, E. H. LIGHTFOOT.

With the Boys

AUBREY BOND, Sodaville, Ore., has learned by experience that a boy may be suddenly thrown into a position of responsibility requiring of him a man's brain and a man's heart. What happened to him may happen to any boy, and we hope that all of our boys would have done as well as he did under the circumstances. He was one day carrying a telephone message to a house half a mile from town that was surrounded by woods. He discovered that the house was on fire and that no one was at home, but soon the lady of the house came running and screaming in her excitement. Aubrey helped get out a few of the things from the house when he discovered that the woman was nearly wild with grief. It became almost impossible to keep her from going into the fire. He finally succeeded in inducing her to go to a neighbor's; then he went to town and telephoned to the woman's husband, who was in another city. The lady afterwards said that Aubrey saved her life, and he says, "It makes me feel very happy." Aubrey has a small curio collection including a porcupine quill, a button from a Spanish marine's coat, a sea biscuit and a magnetic stone.—LEWIS MACHMAN, Sloux City, Ia., goes on our new Roll of Honor on the recommendation of the principal of the Irving School of that city. She asserts that he is a boy of excellent habits, always courteous, kind and respectful, is diligent in his tasks, and possesses those qualities that promise a good student, a good citizen and a good man.—HAROLD UNDERHILL, Onawa, Ia., goes on our Roll of Honor on the recommendation of his teacher, who states that he has not been tardy at school since January, 1897.—six years. She further says that he is courteous, obedient, faithful, and an excellent pupil.—HOWARD ODEN, Lindale, Tex., writes us a pleasant letter telling us the appreciation felt for THE AMERICAN BOY by himself and his brother Clyde.—CHARLES A. HINES, Brown's Summit, N. C., thinks himself entitled to go on the Roll of Honor for having won a gold medal in public debate at Jefferson Academy, McLeansville, N. C., May 22 last. The Roll of Honor for 1902 was made up before this letter was received, and the fact that the debate took place in 1902 does not permit of our putting the name on the 1903 Roll. Had he advised us a little earlier perhaps his name might have been recorded in the 1902 Roll.—CHESTER E. WHEELER, Lowell, Mass., is fortunate in having a mother who takes an interest in his reading, his work and his play, and she writes that THE AMERICAN BOY is shaping her boy's thoughts and life, and that she recommends it wherever she can. Chester owns a wheel that he bought with his own money made by selling papers, and he paid for the present year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the same way. He is careful of his money, adding to his bank account every month. He stands high in school work, his November standing being the highest in his class. He is careful of his health, and this is not a common thing with boys. He takes "lung exercises" night and morning, and to this, his mother says, they attribute his freedom from colds.—ARTHUR C. CLAYTON, age nineteen, writes a fine, manly letter from his home on a farm near St. Clair, Mich. He is a great admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY, and thinks it is a great help for boys to read of what their fellows are doing, whether successful or not. He speaks a good word for the English boy who wrote the letter published in our September number in which the English boy held up his own country as the best in the world. "Such boys," he says, "are of the right kind. I would like to know that boy," he adds. He also would like to hear from E. H. Clayton, Bayonne, N. J., as he suspects that they are of the

same stock. Although he never went beyond the tenth grade in school, he was always a great reader, and at the age of seventeen received a third grade teacher's certificate and has been teaching school for over two years. His aim, he says, at present is to support in comfort his two old grandparents who took him when an infant, his mother having died when he was but two weeks old and his father having had reverses of fortune, and took care of him until he grew up.—OTTO REAUME, Essex, Ont., is an amateur photographer and collector of stamps, coins and curios. He thinks that any boy looking for pleasure and profit cannot do better than to take up with amateur photography. He has about 800 foreign stamps and 56 coins. He has 10 and 25 cent pieces with King Edward's head on. These coins have just been issued and are being called in because the head on the coin is turned the wrong way, so that the few that remain out will be valuable. Otto is studying dentistry to make it his life work.—FRED G. SWANSON, Providence, R. I., writes a complimentary letter in which he shows that he is quite a reader, being very fond of the works of Henty, Stoddard, Butterworth, Optic, and others. He gets books from the Providence public library, but buys many books himself. Fred is fourteen years old and in the ninth grade in school. His class colors are blue and white; school colors, red, white and blue.—CHAS. C. HAMMOND, JR., Bellaire, O., sends us a picture of his brother and sister, the brother's goat and the sister's doll. These make a very happy looking family. We must reproduce it on this page for the edification of our readers, hoping that they will enjoy it as much as we have.—CAMERON VAN BUSKIRK, Bridgeton, N. S., says he has a large St. Bernard dog just like "Bob," whose picture appeared in the December number. His name is "Bernie." He also has a black two-year-old colt named "Black Beauty." This boy lives on a large farm with no boys of his own age near him, so that he particularly enjoys THE AMERICAN BOY, through which he becomes acquainted with many boys of his own kind. Cameron hopes that we will get over a million subscribers.—L. L. TAYLOR, Fossil, Ore., tells about his getting lost in the heart of the Blue Mountains while herding sheep, and of being three days without any food except a few grouse that he shot and some substance that he found underneath the bark of pine, fir and tamarack trees which he found quite edible and sufficient to stay hunger.—C. WIGGINS, who writes from Halifax, N. S., has just had a very long journey of 3,750 miles on the Canadian Pacific Railway. He has traveled over it from end to end twice. This boy came over from England in 1896, traveling by ship to Halifax and then via the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver, from there to Victoria by boat, and from there to Esquimault. He has now returned to Halifax. Although he is an English boy and knows what the English boys' papers are, he thinks THE AMERICAN BOY the best paper for boys he has ever read.—JOHN A. KILLIPS, 1117 N. Fortieth Avenue, Chicago, Ill., age seventeen, congratulates THE AMERICAN BOY on its success and tells us something about himself. He is employed in a machinery house and finds it a hard business to learn, but expects to persevere until he is successful. He belongs to a large regiment of boys of his own age who go under the name of the "United States Juniors." The regiment is divided into battalions of 200 boys each. They wear the regulation U. S. army uniform, and each battalion has its band and bugle corps. Our friend is Second Lieutenant, Company E, Second Battalion, First Regiment.—BENJAMIN FRANK, Brooklyn, N. Y., wants to know what is the best place to buy stamps, minerals, etc. Surely the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY will give sufficient information along this line. Any of the stamp or curio collectors whose advertisements we accept and publish will be found to be reliable.—OTIS WELSCH,

Sheboygan, Wis., we are informed, has attended school for eight years and has only missed school half a day.—WALTER BILGER, Meriden, Conn., writes about the St. Andrews' Boys' Club, which meets in the basement of St. Andrews' Church. In this basement are interesting games, a pool table, ping-pong set, etc. The club meets twice a week. Every Monday night is the business meeting. There is a game committee for looking after the games, an entertainment committee, and a committee for new members. The club gave a Halloween social on Halloween evening. One Thursday night in November a sculptor lectured for the benefit of the boys and the club received eleven dollars as the profit. It now has twenty five dollars in its treasury. Club dues are twenty five cents per month. Walter is treasurer. The following boys have sent us pen and ink or pencil drawings which show talent: Harry Holman, Collingwood, O.; Herbert W. Cable, Syracuse, N. Y.; Jimmy Anderson, Ocosta, Wash.; Albert H. Cary, Richfield, N. Y.; Harry Honeywell, Broadalbin, N. Y.; Harry S. Walters, Island City, Ore.; Dean Farran, Wamego, Kas.; William Wynne Lay, Hallettsville, Tex.; Elton B. Albro, Mayville, N. Y.—HUGH TERRILL BEAVER, age eleven, La Grange, Ill., woke up one morning with the notion that he could write poetry. He stole downstairs before any other member of the family and wrote the following verses on "Columbus." He said he had been awake four or five hours thinking it out. The family joked him about it and called in question his statement that he wrote it, but they soon discovered evidence in the boy's eyes that he really did it, and it is well done for a boy of eleven, and Hugh himself, as his picture indicates, is a fine specimen of American boyhood.

Columbus, the Italian.
He sailed across the sea;
He did not find the sought Indies,
But found a new country.
Columbus then returned to Spain.
The country from whence he came;
The king received Columbus,
With honor and with fame.
But when no gold Columbus found,
The metal the King did seek;
Columbus was sent to him in chains,
And not allowed to speak.
But good Queen Isabella,
Columbus's best friend;
Had all his chains removed from him,
But that was not the end:
Columbus one more voyage made,
Then he returned again;
Only to be laid to rest.
In the dark, cold ground in Spain.
So he it—he was laid to rest.
For gold Columbus should not seek more;
But he accomplished that,
Which no man had ever tried before.

A Portable Dark Room.

Ewart H. Lightfoot, Henderson, Ky., sends us a photograph of his portable dark room, which he says cost only \$1.50. Its dimensions are 6 1/4 x 32.3 feet ground measurement, and 6 1/4 feet high. The foundation is built of six 2x4 timbers, which cost 25 cents. The floor is built of boards that he got from a drygoods box, costing him 25 cents. The side braces are strips 1x2 inches, on which canvas is tacked. The strips cost him at a box factory ten cents. The sides and top are made of cloth, which cost 75 cents. The cloth on the sides and the top is covered by two coats of heated coal tar. Made in this way the house is light and waterproof. The window is made of two 8x10-inch glass and cost ten cents. Having some small car wheels he mounted the house on them, and can now wheel it from place to place. On the outside of the window is a shade operated by a string from the developing bench. The water supply is obtained by a device which he learned of a few months ago by reading THE AMERICAN BOY.

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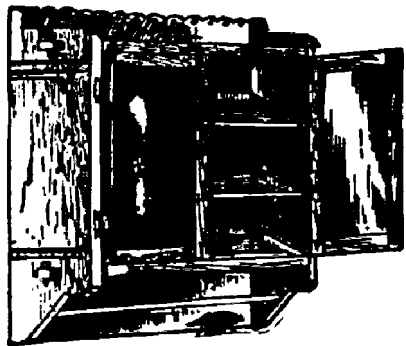
The Agassiz Association

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.

How to Make a Cabinet.

In "Rollo's Museum," a charming little book by Jacob Abbot, we read that Jonas made an excellent cabinet for Rollo, from a large packing box. He stood it on end, fitted it with shelves, and closed it by doors attached by means of leather hinges, and fastened by a wooden button. Such a cabinet, neatly finished, looks very well, and costs almost nothing. To those who like to try their hands at something a little more elegant, we offer the following simple design:

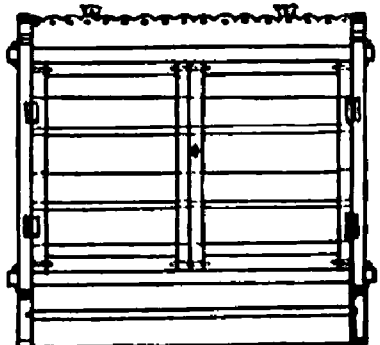
The picture shows the cabinet complete, and the plan following it is drawn so that every measurement in it is one-sixteenth of the corresponding measurement in the finished cabinet. No nails are used. Wood of light color looks



well; chestnut is easily worked. The ends of the top and bottom are mortised into the sides. Close to the side boards, holes are bored through the projecting parts of the tenon; and wedges are inserted and hammered tight.

The frames of the doors are doweled at the corners, each joint being made by boring a hole through one piece into the next, and inserting a dowel coated with glue. The short dotted lines in the plan help to explain this. The glass should not be set with putty, but with narrow strips, beading or rattan, fastened with brads or needle points. Butt-hinges may be used, with ornamental hinge-plates set outside as shown. Hook one door to the shelf, and it will hold the other door shut.

The shelves may be made with raised edges, like trays—the front rims are not shown in the picture. These edges will keep the contents from rolling off when the trays are taken out. The shelves slope forward to show the specimens to better advantage, and they rest on dowels let into auger-holes in the side



boards. To prevent them from slipping, pegs are set in them underneath, resting against the backs of the forward dowels. The shelves may be put in flat, and may rest on screw-eyes screwed into the sides of the cabinet.

Metal ears are set on the back, projecting above the top, for hanging the cabinet, in addition it is well to drive a screw from the inside through the back into a stud in the wall.

The scalloping at the top of the back may be done with a fret screw. The hole in the center of each scallop is bored right through. The ornamental lines across the sides are made with a gouge, and should be covered with two coats of white shellac varnish. Those skilled in fret-sawing may like to set in the top the letters A. A., in old English text. If you are puzzled over any of the details, the nearest cabinet-maker will give you a hint.

Many Chapters, wishing something still more elaborate, have given various sorts of entertainments and earned money to buy cabinets, and in many cases the school authorities have generously furnished our young friends with them, and rendered them other substantial aid.

One of the most desirable kinds of cabinet is made like a shallow showcase, and the top is covered with a glass door, which may be lifted up. In a case for insects, this top may be tightly fastened down by means of thumb screws and may be rendered airtight by the interposition of strips of rubber.

Birds' Nests.

I can tell the genus of birds by their nests alone; for instance, a blue jay's nest is like a crow's, and blue jays and crows belong to the same family.—Roscoe S. Grant, Bement, Ill.

This is an interesting observation, and shows that Mr. Grant thinks while he looks. That similar habits, not only of nest-building, but of feeding, singing and flying, accompany similar bodily structure is one of the most significant facts in bird history. He would be a clever student, however, who could classify birds by their nests alone, and yet make his classification agree with that now accepted. With what family would he class the bluebird, judging from its nest in a hollow tree or post? Or how from its nest would he associate the oriole with the bobolink or black-bird?

On the other hand, the nests and white enameled eggs of woodpeckers afford one of the most striking instances of that racial similarity noted by our correspondent.

Flowers by New Zealand Road-sides.

In the annual report from the Nelson (New Zealand) Girls' College Chapter of the A. A., the Secretary, Miss M. D. Holloway, writes:

"The members of the club have had three field days, and have gone into the country with bulbs and seeds to plant by the roadside and in the bush."

This plan of beautifying the roads and forests by planting choice seeds and bulbs is exquisitely described in Mrs. Ewing's book, "Mary's Meadow," and Mrs. Ewing got the idea, partly from a very old book called, with a quaint pun on the author's name, "Paradise in Sole. Paradisus Terrestris" (or "Parkinson's Earthly Paradise"), written in 1629, by John Parkinson; and partly from Alphonse Karr's "A Tour Around My Garden." Little did Monsieur Karr think as he dropped that little seed thought by the dusty highway of French life that it would take root and spread over the world—to England, to New Zealand, to America!

Let us read once more his charming words: "I ramble about the country near my dwelling, and seek the wildest and least frequented spots.

"In these I scatter the seeds of my most favorite plants, which resow themselves, perpetuate themselves, and multiply themselves.

"Strollers find with surprise in certain wild nooks of our country the most beautiful double poppies, with their white, red, pink, carnation, and variegated blossoms.

"It affords me immense pleasure to fix upon a wild rose in a hedge, and graft upon it red and white cultivated roses.

"I have observed two young wild quince trees in the nearest wood; next spring I will engraft upon them two of the best kinds of pears.

"And, then, how I enjoy beforehand and in imagination, the pleasure and surprise which the solitary stroller will experience when he meets in his rambles with those beautiful flowers and these delicious fruits!"

The Witteboom, or Silver-Tree.

From New Zealand to South Africa is a long flight, but not too long for the strong wings of "THE AMERICAN BOY."

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of some beautiful leaves from A. D. Vortenberg, of Cape Town. "I send," he writes, "a few silver leaves which grow on Table Mountain. I have tried to raise the tree in our garden, only two miles from the mountain, but it is of no use. It is called 'Pride of the Mountain.'"

We wish we could show these beautiful leaves to our readers. They are six inches in length by one and a half in width, and lanceolate, like those of the willow; but their peculiar beauty is in their bright, silvery sheen, caused by a thick covering of white, satiny hairs. Put a nasturtium leaf under water, and you will see just how they look.

Two-Headed Grass.

Mr. John Janzen, of Mt. Lake, Minn., sends us a specimen of Timothy grass, bearing two heads on one stem. This



suggests a valuable possibility for all cultivators of grain. If any one could produce a two-headed variety of wheat, for instance, he would have a fortune.

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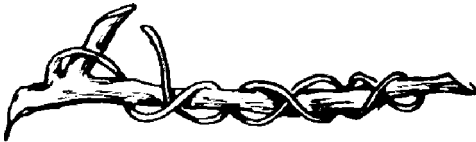
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Proliferation of Inflorescence.

Strange, what big names are invented for simple things. What scientists mean by "proliferation of inflorescence" is merely the growing out of flowers into leafy branches. This curious phenomenon is well illustrated in a specimen of mourning bride, sent to us by Kenneth Trainer, of Sibley, Iowa. It is interesting as indicating the original development of flowers from leaves. The subject has been fully treated and illustrated by Maxwell T. Master's "Teratology," another hard word to signify unusual forms of growth. Sometimes these leafy branches growing from the flower produce also buds and blossoms.

Queer Poplar Root.

Lloyd E. Sawyer sends from Minong, Wis., the picture of a strangely twisted poplar root found by himself.



Myrtle Leaf Question.

IN the September number of THE AMERICAN BOY the question was asked, why a myrtle leaf held to the light appears to be full of pinholes. In the February number two answers were given, one stating that the holes were breathing-pores, or "stomata;" the other that they only appeared to be holes, but were really little masses of coloring matter, "chlorophyll;" and we found these two answers looking suspiciously at each other, and asked which was right—if either? The prize offered for correct answer is now awarded to Allen C. Conger, Israel Lipschitz and W. T. Brislin. Mr. Conger writes: "The 'pinholes' are merely transparent dots on the leaf, and have resin in them." Mr. Lipschitz says: "I took a microscope, and by careful dissection found that the thick dark green leaf is studded with numerous receptacles for oil. The translucency of the dots or 'eyes' is owing to the oil. I also noticed that if the oil is removed and the leaf dried, the fragrance leaves it. This makes me think that the fragrance of the plant depends upon this oil." Before sending the prizes, we submitted the question to a distinguished professor of botany, who writes in reply:

"Certainly neither stomata nor chlorophyll. Remember the extracts made from eucalyptus leaves. I have consulted Bentham and Hooker, De Caisne, etc., and feel sure we have resinous glands embedded in the leaves. The strong aromatic odor alone would lead to this conclusion." We still have an apparent choice between "oil" and "resin," but if you look up "resin" in the dictionary, the difficulty vanishes.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1902.

To the President of the Agassiz Association:

Dear Sir—We are forming a Chapter as accessory to the Albany Boys' Club. The boys are quite enthusiastic. They are particularly fortunate in securing the good offices of the State entomologist, Professor Felt, who has already made several donations of especial value, and who has kindly volunteered to assist in the work.—E. J. Gibson.

The "Ivy" Chapter is most cordially welcome.

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Caught by the Flames—William Murray Graydon

"TWO pounds of shot and a gallon of your best coal oil, and a pound of coffee, and—let me see—oh yes, two pounds of brown sugar, and I guess that's all for today, Mr. Williken."

Ned Selwyn rattled a bright silver dollar down on the well-worn counter, threw an envious glance at the dingy jars of stick candy on the shelf, and then wisely took himself out of reach of temptation to the porch where half the male population of the village were grouped on empty benches and soap boxes, awaiting the one sensational episode in the daily routine of their uneventful lives, the arrival of the morning train.

It was one of those parched, sultry mornings that are not uncommon in early April, when the landscape lies dim under a smoky haze, and the heat is painfully suggestive of midsummer.

"The woods are afire up on Shade Mountain," said old Nick Peterman, as he reflectively bit off a huge chunk of tobacco, and coolly stowed away the balance in his pocket without offering it to any of his expectant companions.

"An' what if it is? I reckon it aint agoin' ter do you any harm," said Sol Lambert curtly, as he saw his last hopes vanish with the plug of tobacco. "Thar aint nawthin' up thar it kin hurt much."

"It's liable ter make Pete Purdy skin outen that purty lively, if it ketches a good holt," resumed Nick, "thar's a heap o' dry tinder up among them rocks, what'll burn like will fire. We aint had no rain fur nigh onto two weeks."

A contemptuous sniff was Sol Lambert's only reply, and before any one else could take up the interrupting thread of conversation, a shrill whistle echoed among the mountains, and the train came in sight around a distant curve. The store porch was deserted when Ned came out a moment later with his basket and oil can.

On ordinary occasions, he would have lingered to hear the village gossip, but on this particular morning, he was in a hurry to get home, for after dinner he was going trout fishing, up along Spruce Run, and he had his bait to dig yet, and a fishing rod to cut.

As he passed along the brow of the mountain, he saw the smoke curling up in clouds from the young timber, and an occasional ruddy flash told that the flames were creeping summitward.

Far up on the very peak, he could see the little hut in which lived Pete Purdy, a rather eccentric old hunter who had chosen this strange place for his abode, and dwelt there winter and summer, making occasional trips down to the village to purchase what few supplies he needed, and dispose of game to the storekeeper.

His rude cabin was built among a cluster of rocks, and, to his surprise, Ned observed that the fire was beating rapidly in that very direction.

"Pete will have to move out of that pretty soon if the fire don't take a turn," he said, half aloud. "Old Peterman was right on that."

In a few minutes more as he passed around the base of the mountain, his house came in sight, perched high on the slope of the hill across the valley.

He turned for one more look at the smoking mountain in his rear, and a cry of surprise burst from his lips.

From the side toward the village, thick clouds of smoke were driving over the summit, and now from the other side as well flames were darting up in a dozen different places, and the two columns mingling at the top nearly hid from view the hunter's little cabin.

"Sparks from the mail train did that," muttered the youth, "and, by gracious, it looks as though Pete's cabin would have to go. He hasn't much time to get out of the way, either."

For a moment Ned stood there fascinated by the rapid progress of the flames, and then it suddenly flashed into his mind that the old hunter might be unconscious of his peril.

He often slept in the daytime. Perhaps he was asleep now. The thought made Ned's blood tingle. The flames were taking a zigzag course up the mountain, and in a very short time, if no change occurred, they would meet on the summit some yards back from the brow, and Pete Purdy's escape would be cut off. The rocky face of the mountain was still open it was true, but the most agile climber in the country could scarcely go down over those yawning precipices.

With Ned to think was to act. He could not shake off the belief that Pete Purdy was really in danger, and without pausing to reflect on his own peril, he hurriedly stowed his basket and can among the bushes and darted at full speed along the rude path that led up the valley. He never paused until he had gone a quarter of a mile or more, and then, perceiving that he had distanced the flames, he started straight up the rugged slope of the mountain.

It was a long, hard climb, but he pressed forward with untiring energy, leaping over

rotted logs and loose branches, and pulling himself from stone to stone by the ragged edges. Higher and higher he mounted until the sparkling Juniata seemed almost at his feet, and the little farm house far across the valley looked no larger than the palm of his hand. Fast as he was traveling, the angry flames were beating him. They were startlingly close to the summit, licking up every dried leaf and branch in their course, and the little cabin was hidden from sight by the dense blue clouds of smoke.

He was near the top now, and with a desperate plunge up the last few yards of broken rock and young timber, he gained the ridge.

One glance gave him a clear sense of his own peril. On each side, the hissing flames were very near the summit. There was time enough perhaps to reach the cabin a quarter of a mile distant, and get back before the two fires met. Assuredly there was not a minute to spare. A brief delay would be fatal.

He started on a run over the broken surface of the ridge. Curls of smoke drifted across his eyes, and the parched undergrowth cracked sharply in his ears, as the flames greedily licked it up.

Faster and faster he ran, tearing his

a sitting posture, with an exclamation of surprise. "How on airth did you get up here?" he cried: "It's Ned Selwyn, by gin-ger!"

"Get up!" shouted Ned, in great excitement. "Run for your life! The mountains are on fire, and in five minutes our escape will be cut off! There's only one way open now—the path along the ridge!"

The old man sank back with a groan. "An' is it as bad as that? I knowed the mountains was afire, but I didn't reckon it 'ud do me no harm. You'll hev to cut an' run for it, my lad; I can't walk. I sprained my ankle agoin' down to the spring yesterday evenin', an' I could hardly git back ter the cabin. Don't mind me; it's only foolin' time away to stay here; run fer it as quick as you kin."

For one moment the temptation was strong, and then Ned drove it from him.

"No," he said, "I won't leave you here to die. You must come with me. You can get along by leaning on my arm."

Pete Purdy crawled slowly out on the floor, standing on one leg. Then he sank back with a moan. "It's no use, Ned, I can't git away."

"You must!" cried Ned, and seizing the old man's arm, he dragged him to his feet again.

"Now, lean on me," he said, "don't be afraid," and, staggering under the burden, he led him step by step toward the door.

As they turned the corner of the cabin, a

tain was loose now. An explosion would bury the pine tree under a mass of stones.

Even then he did not lose his presence of mind. Breathing a silent prayer, he ran forward, and groped his way through the smoke into the cabin. He found the keg, and hugging it tightly to his breast, started out.

Blinded and suffocating, he staggered on. His throat was parched, and he could scarcely repress a cry of suffering as the flames leaped about his feet and ankles.

Once he stumbled, but he was up again instantly, pressing the precious burden to his breast. Through a rift in the smoke he discovered the edge of the mountain. A few yards more, and he would be safe. A dry bush leaped up in flames before his eyes. He plunged through it, feeling the smarting heat on his hands and face, and with one last desperate effort, flung the keg from him with all his might.

It struck the edge, toppled over and went crashing down through trees and rocks to the railroad, a thousand feet below.

Just how he descended that rope he never knew; but, when remembrance came back to him, he was tied securely to the heavy trunk of the pine tree, and Pete Purdy was straddling a big limb beside him.

They were rescued at nightfall. A party of villagers, concerned for the safety of the old hunter, made their way up over the heated rocks, and Pete Purdy's repeated cries for help drew them to the edge of the cliff.

The village sounded Ned's praises the next day, and when he recovered from his burns sufficiently to leave the house he found himself a hero.

Pete Purdy never went back to the mountain. His cabin had been burned to the ground, and, instead of rebuilding, he moved down to the village. He only lived two years after the accident described, and when he died, a snug little sum of money, which he had been storing away for years, was left to Ned, as a reward for his heroism.



ferce blast of hot air was driven in their faces, and with a dreadful fear at his heart, Ned saw that escape was already cut off. Thirty yards distant, the advancing flames were licking up the underbrush on the crest of the ridge, and down the mountain, on both sides, young trees were dropping with a dull crash, and sending up showers of sparks amid the yellow smoke. The only part of the mountain not on fire was the steep, precipitous face. A fearful death seemed imminent.

"It's no use," groaned Pete, "you've gone and thrown your life away to save an old worn-out carcass like me. Why didn't you run fer it when I told you? You might a had time to git away."

Ned made no reply. He was vainly trying to devise some way of saving himself. Already sparks were dropping about the cabin, and the heat was becoming intolerable. If anything was to be done, it must be done at once.

"Here, go inside, quick!" he said, and, helping Pete into the door again, he placed him on a rickety chair, and ran to the edge of the mountain.

The first break in the steep face of the cliff was forty feet below, and a pine tree towered aloft to within twenty feet of the top. Here was a chance for life. If he could only get old Pete down into the branches of that tree, and then follow him, they would probably be safe from the flames.

In an instant he was back in the cabin. "A rope!" he demanded eagerly—"have you got a rope anywhere, Pete?"

For answer the old hunter motioned toward a chest in the corner of the room. Throwing up the lid, Ned pulled out a big coil. He made a loop on the spot, and with a brief explanation, hurried the old hunter toward the edge of the mountain.

"It's no use," he muttered; "you'll never get me down thar, Ned—never in the world."

"If I once get you into the branches, can you hold on?"

"Yes, I reckon I kin."

"Then I'll do it!" said Ned.

A young tree grew a few yards back from the brow, and fastening one end of the rope to this, he secured the loop under Pete's shoulders. It was not such an easy matter to lower him over the edge, but presently he was swinging in midair, and inch by inch the brave boy let him down, until a loud shout told that he had reached the tree.

Ned turned and looked behind him. The air was red with the glare of the flames.

They were devouring the grass before the very door of the cabin, and the roof was blazing furiously.

As he reached for the dangling rope to go down, hand over hand, Pete shouted, "Great heavens! lad, there's a keg of powder in the cabin, under the bed! If it goes off it'll blow the whole face of the cliff down on us." A cry of terror burst from Ned's lips. They were lost, hopelessly lost. The rocky edge of the moun-

flesh on trailing thorn bushes, and tripping headlong on jagged rocks.

Then, with a sigh of relief, he saw the cabin looming out of the smoky mist ahead, and with all his might he hammered on the heavy door.

"Who's thar?" came a feeble response from within, and lifting the latch Ned rushed inside. The old hunter was lying on a rude pallet in one corner of the room, and when he saw Ned he raised himself to

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Boys and the Garden

Plan Flower Gardens Now.

Seeds should be ordered early so that they may be at hand in good season to enable you to take advantage of the most favorable conditions for planting, and in ordering early you have more time in which to make your selections of what you wish to plant. Do not plant extensively of varieties with which you are not familiar, but rather make your main planting of flowers with the growth of which you are familiar and which you know from experience will succeed in your locality.

For the beginner, I would suggest the selection of those flowers which are most successful in your neighbor's garden and those which you most admire. Do not, however, pass over the new things entirely, but try them in a conservative way, for they have all been grown successfully and proven of merit and desirability if offered by a reliable seedsman. They may add great attractiveness to your garden, and it is always a source of gratification and pride to the gardener to show visiting friends some choice new flower with which they are not acquainted or have not as yet heard.

The modern seed catalog is a great improvement on its predecessors, which simply gave lists of flower seeds without descriptions, and in many cases even the seedsmen were not familiar with the growth or flower of what they offered. Now catalogs give a description of the habits of growth, generally with cultural directions, and the latter are also frequently printed on the packet of seed. Fuller cultural directions are also given with the rarer and newer flowers in leaflets or books, which are either sent free on request to customers or furnished as premiums with orders for certain amounts, so that the gardener may obtain a complete knowledge of the growth of the plant and the conditions under which it will succeed in advance of sowing the seed, and thus be enabled to plant with the best assurance of success.

One of the most important points in growing flowers from seed is the very moderate cost of the seed as compared with that of the young plants purchased from florists. In most instances the cost of a packet of seed containing from twenty five to several hundred seeds is about the same as the cost of one or two plants purchased from the florist, and with most varieties enough plants can be grown from a single

packet of seed to set a good-sized flower bed. To this should be added the satisfaction and pride arising from a garden which is entirely the result of your own skill and labor.—Supt. E. D. Darlington, Fordhook Seed Farms.

Boys and Flowers.

It is not uncommon to find misstatements in books, but of all the misstatements I remember at this moment, none are larger or more common than those about the barefoot country boy and his knowledge of nature. Whittier speaks of him as a bright-eyed, rollicking youngster, with his "turned-up pantaloons, and his merry whistled tunes." So far Whittier is all right; but when he goes on to sing of this boy's mental acquirements:

"Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bees' morning chase,
Of the wild-flowers' time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood,"

and all the rest. The dear old poet is dreaming—dreaming back into boyhood many of the pleasant lessons learned later in life; or else he was an unusual boy, and, indeed, he was.

Now, I have known many country lads, and known them well; gone fishing with them, and taken long drives and walks with them up hill and down dale, but I have never yet come upon a single one of these native-born naturalists. One of my latest boy chums was an unusually bright fellow of about sixteen years. He drove the stage for his father over an eight-mile route through some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery imaginable, along the bank of a roaring trout brook, over a road bordered by wild flowers, and bright and musical with insect life.

Alone in the old stage with him we soon fell a talking, and he told me about his home, and his school, and his stage business. Finding him, as I have said, uncommonly bright and responsive, I determined to test his "knowledge never learned in schools." "Purple asters were making the roadside gay." "What are those flowers?" "I d'n know." "Are there many kinds of flowers about here?" "Not as I know." "Lots of birds in these woods, I

suppose?" "I hain't never noticed 'em much."

And so it went on. He was easily interested in these matters when they were brought to his attention, and he would have been quick to learn, if anybody had cared to teach him, but as it was he knew little about flowers, birds, trees or fishes, and cared as little.

I have found the same to be true of all other boys in similar conditions, and when you think of it, how can it be otherwise?

A few men have been self-taught, like Thomas Edwards and Audubon, but, ninety nine times in a hundred, boys must be taught, or at least put on the track of learning by some one who knows.

How easily the interest of American boys in nature can be aroused is shown by the success of the Agassiz Association. The asking of a simple question in these columns is sure to bring replies from scores of boys in all parts of the country—replies usually incorrect or partial, but good, honest answers, showing awakening interest and effort. The promise of our pretty little badge and a card of membership is always enough to bring us a large number of letters telling of original observations, prompted by the mere suggestion.

We gave a few hints on insect study and asked a few leading questions. The result is two pigeonholes in our desk crammed with letters asking about caterpillars, and bugs, and ants, and telling of spiders, and wasps, and beetles—so many that if we should print them all, the whole AMERICAN BOY would buzz like a beehive, and be turned into nothing but a great bug paper!

How many wild flowers do you know? Can you name ten when you see them? Twenty? Forty? Try it. Write a list of all the wild flowers you know and send it to me. Don't look in a book! We will take your word for that! To every boy or girl who will send a list of at least twenty wild flowers that he or she knows by sight, we will send a badge of the A. A., and a card of membership; and to the one sending the largest list, we will also send the A. A. Handbook. All lists must be sent to me at the address printed below, and before March 1, 1903. Now is your chance, "barefoot boy with cheek of tan," to prove that I am wrong about your knowledge of nature! If I have slandered you, I'll take it all back and apologize. If I am right, say the word, and I will try to put you in the way of learning something about the beautiful and useful plants that grow wherever they have a chance to grow, and bless the world, and die. Address

H. H. BALLARD,
Pittsfield, Mass.

The Crown Prince of Siam.

The Crown Prince of Siam, who has been visiting this country, was educated at Oxford, in England. He began his



tuition there at the age of twelve, and now, at the age of twenty one, he is on his way home via the United States, where he has been getting a pretty fair notion of American hospitality.

The Prompt Boy.

"How I do appreciate a boy, who is always prompt—always on time," said John Wanamaker, the great dry goods merchant. "One soon learns to depend upon the boy who is never late in taking his place—who is never late in delivering a letter or a package—never late in going to meet a railroad train—never late in keeping an engagement of any kind. Such a boy will soon be trusted in weightier matters, be promoted at an early date to higher positions, and honored by the shrewd men of finance who will desire to be associated with him in important business transactions. Promptness is better than a big capital for a business man or woman, and is one of the most important elements of success in life."

From the Streets of Ponce to Harvard College.

Two years ago there was running about the streets of Ponce, Porto Rico, a ragged boy, by name Pedro A. Morales. The



PEDRO A. MORALES.

Spanish War Journal tells of the good luck that came to this Porto Rican lad. A Colonel Darling, with his soldiers, had been sent to Porto Rico during the course of the Spanish War. Our soldiers were not received with bullets at Ponce, but with flowers, for the enthusiasm of the natives, in view of the new turn of affairs, was boundless. The native boys paid marked attention to the American troops and voluntarily helped in the work about the camps. Colonel Darling one morning spied one of these boys cleaning up the ground about his quarters. Approaching him he asked, "What's your name?"

"Name? Ise Pedro."
"Yes, and what are you doing here?"
"Ise cleanin' up. Ise ord'ly."

"And who told you that you were my orderly?"

"I not told—I jus' ord'ly—others went to little ofers—I you ord'ly cause you big soldier."

Colonel Darling thought that the boy's enthusiasm would soon wane, but to his astonishment he found him at work day after day, and apparently with unabated ardor. Finally the Colonel began to be interested in the boy. One day he asked him, "What are you going to do when we go away, Pedro?"

"Ise goin' way, too—Ise goin' wid you."
Colonel Darling, by some inquiry, found that the boy was an orphan, fifteen years of age, the last remnant of an old Spanish family. The result was the Colonel told the boy that he might return to the United States with him if he would consent to go to school and be an obedient boy.

The end of the story is soon told. The boy is making rapid progress in his studies and is preparing now for Harvard College at the Allen School in West Newton, Mass.

The Boy Webster.

Daniel Webster as a lad is thus described by John Bach McMaster, the historian, in the first of his illustrated papers on the statesman, published in the November Century: "As the boy grew in years and stature his life was powerfully affected by the fact that he was the youngest son and ninth child in a family of ten; that his health was far from good; that he showed tastes and mental traits that stood out in marked contrast with those of his brothers and sisters; and that he was, from infancy, the pet of the family. Such daily work as a farmer's lad was then made to do was not for him. Yet he was expected to do something, and he might have been seen barefooted, in frock and trousers, astride of the horse that dragged the plow between the rows of corn, or raking hay, or following the cows to pasture in the morning and home again at night, or tending logs in his father's saw-mill. When such work was to be done it was his custom to take a book along, set the log, hoist the gates, and while the saw passed slowly through the tree-trunk, an operation which, in those days, consumed some twenty minutes, he would settle himself comfortably and read."

Secret of Success.

I've often been asked what I think is the secret of success in business. To my mind it's one that a good many of the young men of to-day don't seem to learn. It's to pay your debts, keep your word and be a good collector; not to take anybody else's word, but to use your own judgment. I never made a dollar on anyone else's steering.—John Dunfee.

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EVERY ENERGETIC AMERICAN BOY SHOULD BE A MEMBER

Company News.

CUBA ATHLETIC CLUB COMPANY, No. 7, Cuba, N. Y., held its election of officers recently with the following result: Captain, Ralph Wheeler; Secretary, Lawrence Prouty; Treasurer, Raymond Brown. This Company has rented a room for a gymnasium and is fitting it up, and the Captain promises us a picture of it when completed.—**OLD COMFORT COMPANY**, No. 33, Jackson, Mich., held its first meeting at the home of Captain Max B. Loomis. He writes: "I received the charter and badges and we are very proud of them."—**SANTA LUCIA COMPANY**, No. 10, San Luis Obispo, Cal., at its first meeting elected the following officers: Captain, Thomas H. Hourihan; Secretary, Almon H. Nichols; Treasurer, Eugene H. Steinback; Librarian, Harvey Greenfield; Field Day Captain, Harold McCurry. Meetings are held every other Thursday at the homes of the various members. Monthly dues, twenty five cents.—**GOLIAD COMPANY**, No. 11, Leonard, Tex., holds its meetings every Friday at the home of the Captain. The boys expect to go pecan hunting some Saturday on the banks of a creek eight miles from town.—**"HONEST ABE" COMPANY**, No. 26, Merrill, Mich., resumed its regular meetings on September 1. The following are its officers: Captain, A. E. Wright; Vice Captain, Roy A. White; Secretary, James Daley; Treasurer, Guy White. The following are extracts from the Merrill MONITOR of different dates: "Last Saturday night the O. A. B. Band of this village appeared on the streets in a full dress parade." This was a comic parade, and part of the members were dressed in the most laughable costumes. After the parade the boys were entertained at the home of the Captain, where refreshments were served and all had a good time. "Last Wednesday evening the O. A. B. of this village spent an enjoyable evening in Carnwell's woods. After building fires they had an old-fashioned corn roast to which all did their duty. "Didn't the O. A. B. look swell yesterday (Field Day)? They are a good crowd, and don't smoke, chew, drink, or swear."—**TIMOTHY MURPHY COMPANY**, No. 1, Cobleskill, N. Y., spent a week camping at Summit Lake in August. Some of the boys were unable to go for the whole time, but ran up at different times during the week, and on Sunday many visitors went up from Cobleskill, taking the boys a supply of provisions. Most of the time was spent in hunting, fishing and reading. During the Fair held in Cobleskill by the Agricultural Society, the members of this Company conducted a lunch room and cleared about \$14. Meetings are held at the homes of the various members. At a recent meeting the following question was discussed: "Resolved, That the Government should own and control the coal mines." The boys are looking forward to a good time skating this winter.—**BRANT COMPANY**, No. 30, Brant, Mich., holds its meetings on Saturday evenings at 7:30. Company dues, five cents per month.—**JOHN BROWN COMPANY**, No. 4, Saratoga, Cal., resumed its regular meetings in November, and from that time on meetings have been held every second and fourth Saturday evenings. The Company has moved into its new club room, which is a fine one, where the boys can spend their winter evenings, the club room being open to members at all times. The boys were planning for some games to be held Thanksgiving afternoon, in which several of the town boys were to take part.



CHARLEY ROACH,
Captain of Bengal Tiger Company, No. 10, Lisbon, Ia.

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.



GILES GIBSON,
Captain of Brant Company, No. 30, Brant, Mich.

They are going to have a "feed" before long, at which all members will be allowed to eat their fill. The gymnasium is growing rapidly and much interest is being taken in athletics and physical culture. The Captain writes: "The boys are all very proud of the club, and the citizens of the town speak very highly of it."—**MOUNTAIN HOME COMPANY**, No. 28, Otsego, Mich., holds its meetings at the homes of the various members. Dues, five cents per month. A fine of one cent a word has been imposed for the use of profane language during meetings, and a fine of three cents for absence from meetings without good excuse.—**LITTLE GIANT COMPANY**, No. 34, Carney, Mich., is an athletic company. No more meetings will be held until January 1, 1903, when it will organize a track team and also a baseball team, and the boys will start in training for the Field Day sports. The Company colors are red and white, and it expects soon to have a flag.—**COYOTES COMPANY**, No. 3, De Smet, S. D., held its regular semi-annual election of officers the evening of November 14, at which time the following officers were chosen: Captain, Curtis C. Brown; Secretary, Claude Stockwell; Treasurer, Lester Carpenter. It recently purchased a second-hand set of boxing gloves for \$2.00, and will buy more athletic goods as soon as it has money in the treasury.—**WILLIAM T. SHERMAN COMPANY**, No. 24, Lancaster, O., has its club room only a few blocks from the birthplace of the man for whom it was named.—**JOHN BROWN COMPANY**, No. 6, Paola, Kas., held its first meeting in its new rooms the evening of October 29, when a very enjoyable time was had. After the meeting adjourned the boys boxed for half an hour.—**EMPIRE STATE COMPANY**, No. 18, Lorraine, N. Y., holds its meetings once a week in its club room. Company dues, ten cents per month. It has a small library consisting of books and magazines contributed by the members. The boys are very proud of their charter and hope soon to have it framed.—**U. S. GRANT COMPANY**, No. 9, Eureka, Cal., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Carl Gustafson; Treasurer, Roland Wight; Librarian, August Gustafson. It has a club room, but expects soon to move into a new and better one.—**PROF. F. B. WILLIS COMPANY**, No. 3, Ada, O., has not been holding regular meetings since September 1, because all the members excepting one are in the Senior High School Class. The boys have five studies, namely, Latin, Literature, Rhetoric, Geometry and Bookkeeping, and the Captain says, "It keeps us hustling to get them." Meetings will be held whenever it is possible to do so.—**JOHN HARRIS COMPANY**, No. 10, Harrisburg, Pa., is getting along finely. The boys are about to finish a sail wagon at which they are working and the Captain promises us a picture of it.—**DANIEL BOONE COMPANY**, No. 3, Wayne, Neb., has had exceptionally hard luck. It had a nice club room, with nineteen members and about sixty books in its library, and was getting along nicely, when some outsiders broke the door in and stole the books, the pictures on the wall, the charter, and, in fact, everything excepting the carpet, chairs, tables and bookcases. Up to that time meetings had been held every week when a fine program was rendered. This happened last spring, and the boys are very much discouraged, but hope to hold together.—**JAMES LANE COMPANY**, No. 8, Yates Center, Kas., is progressing nicely and rapidly increasing in membership.—**GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN COMPANY**, No. 3, Newberg, Ore., is an athletic company. This Company is doing good work and expects to add more

BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE.

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8. 12. 1902

The British Boys Empire League with 6000 members, and 100 flourishing branches sends fraternal greetings to the Order of the American Boy. The Boys Empire League, is working for the same objects, as the American Order, and wishes all the members of the Order of the American Boy a happy Xmas, and a truly prosperous, and successful New Year.

A Greeting From British Boys.

The foregoing is a photographic reproduction of a letter from the headquarters of the Boys' Empire League, of London, England, written to THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY December 8 last, and received in Detroit too late for insertion in either the Christmas or the January number of this paper. The greeting of the six thousand British boys to the boys of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY will be received with no less pleasure from having been thus delayed. The President-General of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY is in correspondence with the Organizing Secretary of the Boys' Empire League, endeavoring to bring about the co-operation of these two great organizations of American and British boys, with the special purpose of obtaining for every boy of the Order in this country a British boy correspondent in some part of the world. Recognizing the importance of the boys of the two great English-speaking nations coming to know one another and growing to manhood with enlarged and liberal ideas and broad sympathies, we believe that we are on the track of a project that will accomplish great good for the boys themselves and for the great countries they represent. We shall have something further to communicate regarding this matter in our March number.

Organizing the Boys.

We are daily receiving answers to the questions asked on page 88 of the January number of THE AMERICAN BOY with reference to the conditions surrounding boy life in American towns and cities. Any reader of THE AMERICAN BOY, whether he be a member of the Order or not, who has not answered these questions should set about doing so at once. From the answers received we are making a list of men and women in American towns who are said to be ready to do anything within their power in the way of assisting THE AMERICAN BOY in the improvement of boy life and the bettering of conditions surrounding boys in their vicinities. To each of these persons we are sending a circular letter containing six suggestions as to how to go to work, and before the winter is over we should have the work of organizing boys' clubs along moral, social and intellectual lines well advanced. There are thousands of men and women who are ready to help boys if they are told how to do it. We are endeavoring to give the information. All we need to know is the conditions in the town and the names of men and women who are ready to help.

How We Boys Went Wild—Westing—Mattie M. Boteler

ALL of this happened three years ago; though I suppose, if we boys hadn't gone over to Pittsburgh to see Diamond Charlie's Wild-West show, it would never have happened at all.

We three, Tony Loomis, Billy Gandy and I, had been together a good deal that summer. Though, for that matter, the Loomis farm joined ours and Tony and I had been together pretty much all of our lives.

Billy Gandy was an orphan, and worked for old Gabriel Swartz. He was older than Tony or I, but he was quite a little fellow, dull looking, and slow in his movements. Yet, in spite of all this, he could jump farther, run faster, and pull a trigger with greater precision than any other boy in the township. At the Thanksgiving hunt he had won a rifle, over a lot of big fellows, for bringing down more game than any of the rest.

As we walked home from the show that night, excitement ran high over the exploits of Diamond Charlie. Tony had bought Diamond Charlie's book called "The Peerless Pirate of the Plains" and we agreed to meet the following night in our barn and take turns at reading it aloud.

The book was very exciting, and I went about my work feeling that cutting corn and digging potatoes was tame work indeed. I remember, the night that we finished the book (leaving the scout, his way strewn with dead Indians, bears, and smaller game, all brought down by his rifle), that Tony spoke up and said: "Boys, let's form ourselves into a band of scouts and strike out for the west."

"What would we do when we got there?" Billy spoke up more quickly than he was in the habit of doing. "O, shoot Indians and bears," Tony answered, rather indefinitely.

"Well, I'd like to bring down a few bears," Billy replied, "but I dunno as I've got any call to shoot Indians."

At this juncture, I remarked that "I didn't believe our folks would hear of it."

"Who's goin' to ask their folks?" Tony answered, giving me a withering look. "We'll leave at black midnight, swearing to divulge to no one our whereabouts till we have become famed as the 'Terrors of the Borders.'"

Although I knew that Tony had taken this word for word, from Diamond Charlie's book, it was not without its effect upon me; and I fell readily in with his plans, ashamed to acknowledge that I had ever thought of anything else.

Billy, however, was not easily won over. To be sure, we might have gone without him, but going west without Billy and his rifle didn't come up to our ideas at all. We decided to take only our firearms and such provisions as we could conveniently carry. The firearms consisted of an old revolver, for which Tony had traded all of his school-books, a rusty flintlock that had belonged to my father, and Billy's splendid, new rifle. Our purse which was to be the common property of the company, contained just sixteen dollars and forty cents, though almost ten dollars of it had been Billy's contribution.

Tony informed us that his name was to be "Antonio the Terrible."

"An' what's Billy an' me to have?" I asked, feeling that this wasn't exactly fair.

"Er—let me see," Tony mused, "how'd 'Wild Cat Billy' do?"

At this I burst right out laughing. For Billy really looked more like a meek old Thomas cat. This made Tony so mad that he refused to go on; so I was doomed to remain plain Ned Smith to the end of the chapter.

The first few days out, we got on very well. We managed to keep clear of the towns, and informed inquisitive people that we were going over to the next county for a few days' shooting.

When we had been out about ten days, things began to look rather discouraging, and Billy proposed that we make for the nearest railroad town and take our chances at stealing a ride. When we reached Lacombe, we were a sorry looking set indeed. As we sat in the freight yards waiting for night to come on, Tony suddenly nudged me, exclaiming in a loud whisper: "Diamond Charlie!"

And there was coming toward us, not Diamond Charlie, but a young man with flowing hair, wearing a black sombrero, top boots and a brace of pistols. He came right up to where we were, and after a few minutes' conversation, remarked that he had come down to Lacombe to organize a band of scouts to go with him to Mexico. At the last minute, however, some of his men had disappointed him. Tony spoke up boldly: "Stranger, would you take me an' my partners?"

The young man looked us over doubtfully for a minute, and then answered: "If the gentlemen could make their arrangements to start tonight."

"We can start this minute, if you say so," Billy broke in bluntly. "Oh, but my private car doesn't leave until 11:10, he replied, consulting his heavy gold watch. "There is one thing," he added, glancing carelessly at our traps, "we take no baggage of any description."

"Then we don't go," said Billy decidedly.

"As the gentlemen please," the

stranger answered indifferently, "though I was about to add that the special freight, carrying the baggage belonging to my men leaves in a few minutes. It is under heavy guard and, if you desire, I will take whatever valuables you have over to the car."

I noticed that Billy handed the baggage over rather reluctantly. I, however, would have handed him the pocket-book, had not Billy sharply commanded me to put it back into my pocket.

"You will please to remain here until I return," he said suavely, as he turned away. "I want you to meet my partner and dine with me at my hotel."

As we sat waiting his return, a train rolled past. With a howl of rage, Billy jumped to his feet, pointing to the car where, at an open window, our young man sat fanning himself with his broad hat.

"Has that train gone?" Billy panted, rushing up to the station master. "Looks like it," the man answered coolly.

"C—can't you stop it?" Tony shrieked. "That fellow with the wide hat and pistols stole our baggage."

"You don't say!" That was Jim Cowles. I knew he was a thief; but I didn't think he'd steal from a passel o' children."

Children indeed! To Tony and me, this was worse than the loss of our traps.

About midnight we managed to board a freight, but we were put off about twenty miles out of Lacombe. It was too dark for us to go on, so we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and lay down a little distance from the railroad.

In the morning we saw that some one was camping by the stream about half a mile away; and, on going over, found a man getting breakfast and an old white mule grazing near by. After some conversation, the man proposed to sell us the mule.

"Gentlemen," he declared, "I would'nt part with Nance, but I'm going to finish my journey by rail, an' I can't take her with me."

We all went over and looked at the mule and, after a good deal of talk, the owner offered to sell her for five



Tony sent spinning across the grass.

dollars and throw in his bag of potatoes and bacon.

"We'd better take her," Billy advised; "if we take a claim, she'll come handy about the farmin'."

Farming indeed! That wasn't what Tony and I had come West for. But, as our store of provisions were about exhausted, we consented.

We took turns that day in dragging Miss Nancy; and I'm sure we didn't travel over ten miles. When we awakened the next morning Nance and the provisions were nowhere to be seen.

We soon struck the trail and, after a weary tramp, found Nance quietly grazing on the ground where we had first made her acquaintance.

Tony looked so sick and tired that Billy and I insisted that he should ride the mule, while we took turns at dragging her. When darkness came on, we had not yet reached the place where we had camped on the previous night. We decided to take turns at watching the mule, Tony taking the early part of the night.

I had just fallen asleep, when I was awakened by a commotion and, just in time to see Tony sent spinning across the grass and Nance disappearing in the distance. We did what we could for Tony, bringing water from the stream and bathing his wounds. The poor fellow seemed to be in great pain and moaned constantly.

"There's an empty box car on the switch about a mile back. We must carry Tony down there," Billy remarked briefly. We made a bed of dry grasses in one end of the car and, late in the afternoon, carried the sick boy and placed him upon it.

By this time, Billy and I were completely worn out; so taking our provisions and a jug of water, we crawled into the car and were soon asleep. Toward daybreak, we were awakened by a dreadful jar. I sprang up and, was about to open the car when Billy shook me, saying:

"Be still! They're hitching us onto the train and, if we keep still we'll soon be out of this."

At the first station, a brakeman came and peered into the car. Billy gave him a beseeching look and, pointed to the sick boy. The man closed the door and went away, but he came back after a while and slipped a paper into the car. It contained several slices of bread, and on the paper was the writing:

"These cars are being taken to headquarters. Keep still and I'll get you through."

Toward the end of the second day our good friend came to the car and managed to whisper:

"I've got to leave you here, an' I think they'll drop your car at the next station."

I wanted very much to ask him where we were, but he was gone before I could speak. Tony's condition was becoming, every hour, more alarming. His legs were badly swollen, and the greater part of the time he lay in a kind of stupor.

All day it had been growing colder and the snow was beginning to sift into the car. As we sat shivering in the darkness, Tony roused up and spoke in a weak, husky voice:

"Boys, I'm going to die. I've been a pretty bad fellow, but I want you to tell mother that I'm sorry. Tell her if I'd lived to get back to the old home—" here his voice failed him. I don't know what Billy did, but I know that I broke right down and cried like a baby. Just then the train came to a stop, and after considerable delay, went rumbling on, leaving us standing upon the side track.

We pushed open the doors and looked out. It was very dark, but we could see lights, apparently not far off. I climbed out of the car and started in search of help.

After climbing several fences and falling into a ditch, I came to the back of the house from which the light came. I stole up to the window and looked in. For a minute I thought I must be dead

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The Widow's Valentine—Nelson Roberts

The Widow Gray lived alone in a small house on the outskirts of Clinton. She was about forty years of age, and had spent the last ten by herself. Her small garden earned for her a living in the summer, and in the winter she "took in washing" and knit stockings and gloves for the stores uptown. Her life was a hard one, at best, and many were the times when her thoughts went back to her happy childhood, so free from all care and worry, and to the time when she married "shiftless Jack Gray," as he came to be called, and troubles came thick and fast, for "shiftless Jack" died the death of a drunkard, and she was left with nothing but the little house in which she lived. It cost her a great deal for wood, and food, and clothing. In the winter, and her weary hands plied the needle day after day in the struggle for existence.

As in other villages, Clinton possessed a lot of sport-loving boys; and, although their pranks were often of a thoughtless nature, they were good boys at heart.

On this particular winter, the boys were worse than usual. "Tick-tacks" were placed on the minister's window, water was poured down the schoolmaster's chimney, and numerous performances of this sort were indulged in night after night. The local paper published an article on the "Boys of Today," in which they were characterized as outcasts, demons, toughs, loafers, thieves—in fact, degenerates. Promptly, that night, the editor stumbled over a wire stretched in front of his residence; his hat was battered, and his right eye suffered a trifle from connecting with the stone walk. During the holiday vacation the boys were especially active. Down in the hardwood lot, owned by Jack Barrett's father, they erected a shanty of logs and bark, and there they held their councils of war.

One night in early February, when the boys were returning from school, they noticed in Hilbert's drug store the usual assortment of comic valentines. Here was another chance for some fun at someone else's expense, so the boys repaired to the shanty to make the necessary preparations. Jack Barrett had eight cents, Billy Gordon dug up a nickel, Sam Dudley added three cents, Pete Forbes produced seven, and Artie Wellman, the "Kid," finished the collection with a single copper. Pete Forbes was made treasurer. With the twenty-four cents, they could buy eight valentines, eight stamps and eight envelopes. Then Jack drew a pencil and notebook out of his pocket and wrote down eight names. The Widow Gray's name headed the list.

That evening the boys purchased eight envelopes and stamps at the post office and eight valentines at the drug store. The one that they selected for the widow was a hideous picture of a tall, gaunt washerwoman. In her apron pocket was a huge flask, presumably of whiskey.

The words beneath the picture were worse than the picture itself, and below the words was written:

From your friends,
THE BOYS.

The valentine was placed in an envelope and mailed with a two cent stamp. The letter, for such it appeared to be, presented a bulky appearance; and, for this reason, the boys expected that the widow would be greatly interested in its contents. They were not disappointed, either.

At seven o'clock that evening, the widow came to the druggist's and purchased a little camphor. As soon as she left the drug store and entered the post office, the boys hurried in the direction of the little hut in which she lived and waited. Shortly after the object of their fun arrived. On one arm she carried a bag, evidently full of washing, and in the other she had two chunks of wood. Entering the cabin she placed the wood beside the stove and dropped the bag in a chair.

After starting the fire, the poor widow took off her hood and cape, and produced the bulky envelope from her pocket. Her face was pale as she hesitatingly tore the end of the letter open. Even then she paused as if fearful of what it contained. She stood facing the little window, so that the boys outside could see every move within. At last she drew the valentine out of the envelope and looked at it. Over and over, she read the words. She was too old to appreciate the fact that it was only a joke, and then, too, the picture and the words brought back to her the memories of the past—of her husband and the life he had lived. Her dim eyes filled with tears, and she fell on her knees beside the little cot. The boys gazed intently on the scene before them; then suddenly Jack turned and started up the road, the rest following silently and in single file. Straight to the shanty Jack went, and its rough walls heard the noblest consultation that the boys had ever held.

The next night, armed with saws and axes, the boys cut up a large pile of hardwood; and, during the following week, each boy worked at odd jobs in a way that surprised and mystified the villagers.

Late on St. Valentine's night, Sam Dudley arrived at the shanty with old Nance hitched to a single bob, on which the wood was loaded in two great piles. Then Jack produced a neat buckskin sack, fringed and beaded, and each one of the five boys dropped into it two bright twenty-five cent pieces.

It was ten o'clock before the wood was unloaded and piled beside the widow's house, and the buckskin sack was hung on the door latch, with these words written on it:

A VALENTINE,
From your friends,
THE BOYS.

Boys Books Reviewed

ON THE FRONTIER WITH ST. CLAIR, by Charles S. Wood. This story is by a new writer, and he has produced a thoroughly wholesome book. It treats of the pioneers of the early days of Ohio, and of the eventful times of Governor St. Clair. There is much of stirring adventure and just the kind of reading of which all healthy, vigorous American boys are fond. There are good illustrations by Chas. Emerson. 352 pages. Pictorial cover. W. A. Wilde Co., publishers.

THE YELLOW VIOLIN, by Mary A. Denison. This is a nice story about a little girl, who is left friendless and has to sell newspapers for a living. She attracts the notice of a professor of the violin, who becomes her teacher and afterward turns out to be her long lost father. There are several pleasing characters in the book and also several disagreeable ones, but the book is worth reading. 311 pages, with pictorial cover. Price \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

THE MONCASKET MYSTERY and **How Tom Hardy Solved It,** by Sidney Marlow. We have spent more time in reading this book than upon many others which have been sent to us during the past few weeks. There is something true and wholesome about it, and the interest keeps on growing as one reads, that we confess to a feeling of gratitude to the author for having lifted us out of the flat, stale monotony which characterizes so much of the literature for boys now flooding the market. The characters in the book are portrayed with fidelity, there is never any confusion in the reader's mind as to "which is which," and the plot with all its details is carried on to a conclusion with striking success. Tom Hardy's fun, combined with his ingenuity, courage and pluck, will delight all who read the book, and it contains lots of baseball, fishing and other things to claim the attention of the average American boy. The book has such a clean, healthy and inspiring tone about it, without the least shade of prosigness, that parents will be glad to see it in the hands of their boys. 374 pages, good paper, clear type with attractive cloth cover. Price \$1.25. The Penn Publishing Co., publishers.

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S HANDY BOOK, by Lina Beard and Adella B. Beard—

Surely the girl will be hard to please who does not find in this volume what she wants in the way of sport, pastime, or healthful and artistic work. Even the mothers will renew their girlhood days when taking part in some of the games and exercises appropriate to Easter or All-Hallow-Eve. Each season of the year has been provided for and no girl can possibly lament at any time, "I have nothing to do." The barest mention of part of the contents of this fascinating and delightful book can only be given. Wild Flowers and Their Preservation, The Walking Club, Easter Egg Games, How to Make a Lawn Tennis Net, May Day Sports, Midsummer Eve, Games and Sports, Sea-side Cottage Decoration, A Girl's Fourth of July, An Impression Album, Picnics, Burgooos and Corn-Roasts, Botany as Applied to Art, Quiet Games for Hot Weather, How to Make a Hammock, How to Make Fans, All-Hallow-Eve, Nature's Decorations and How to Use Them, Nutting Parties, How to Draw, Paint in Oil Colors and Model in Clay and Wax, China Painting, Christmas Festivities, Making Christmas Gifts, Games for the Holidays, Golf, Bicycling, Swimming, Physical Culture, Girls' Clubs, Seashore Games, etc., etc. The book contains over 550 pages with 500 illustrations by the authors, and in addition an alphabetical index which adds to its value. Price, \$2.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

Books Received.

- THE OTHER BOY,** by Evelyn Sharp (The Macmillan Co., \$1.25).
- MARCHING ON NIAGARA,** by Edward Stratemeyer (Lee & Shepard, \$1.00 net).
- LOVE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY,** by S. E. Kiser (Forbes & Co., 50 cents).
- TOM WINSTONE "WIDE AWAKE,"** by Martha James (Lee & Shepard, 80 cents net).
- CRUISING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE,** by Everett T. Tomlinson (Lee & Shepard, \$1.20 net).
- DOG TOWN,** by Mabel Osgood Wright, profusely illustrated (The Macmillan Co., \$1.50 net).
- PICTURES OF PAINT-BOX TOWN,** by Douglas Zabriskie Doty (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$1.00).
- THE YOUNG VOLCANO EXPLORERS,** or American Boys in the West Indies, by Edward Stratemeyer (Lee & Shepard, \$1.00 net).

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Boy Journalists

Notes.

THE CONVENTION NUMBER of The United Amateur, the official organ of The United Amateur Press Association, is a very interesting number for active amateurs, both on account of its reading matter and its portraits and biographical sketches of prominent amateurs. Erwin B. Ault, 115 Sprague avenue, Spokane, Wash., publishes it for the Association, being its official editor.—THE CHUM has removed from Sweet Springs to 421 East Seventh street, Sedalia, Mo. Paul H. Appleby is the editor. While not very well printed and consequently not so neat looking as some other amateur papers, the Chum is still a meritorious publication. Though the mechanical part of publishing an amateur paper should be secondary in importance to the literary part, still the editor should take a pride in the appearance of his paper, and if his printing facilities are not sufficient should never rest until he has improved them.—THE STYLUS for September, Foster Gilroy, 16 Rigby avenue, Lansdowne, Pa., editor and publisher, is an especially neat, artistic and commendable piece of printing. A good word for the editorial matter would not be out of place.—THE HUSTLER, published by H. Flemming and G. Moore, 264 First street, Newburgh, N. Y., is well named. It has eight pages and a cover, three pages being advertising. With such a good advertising patronage The Hustler ought to at least pay its own way. There is no reason why amateur papers should not get advertising from local merchants, and thus help out expenses, if the publishers will work for it.—DEANE S. KINTNER, Hanoverton, Ohio, deserves credit for The Scribbler, which he prints with a lead pencil. "Where there is a will there is a way" is a motto that boys who have no printing presses, but want to edit papers, may well remember.



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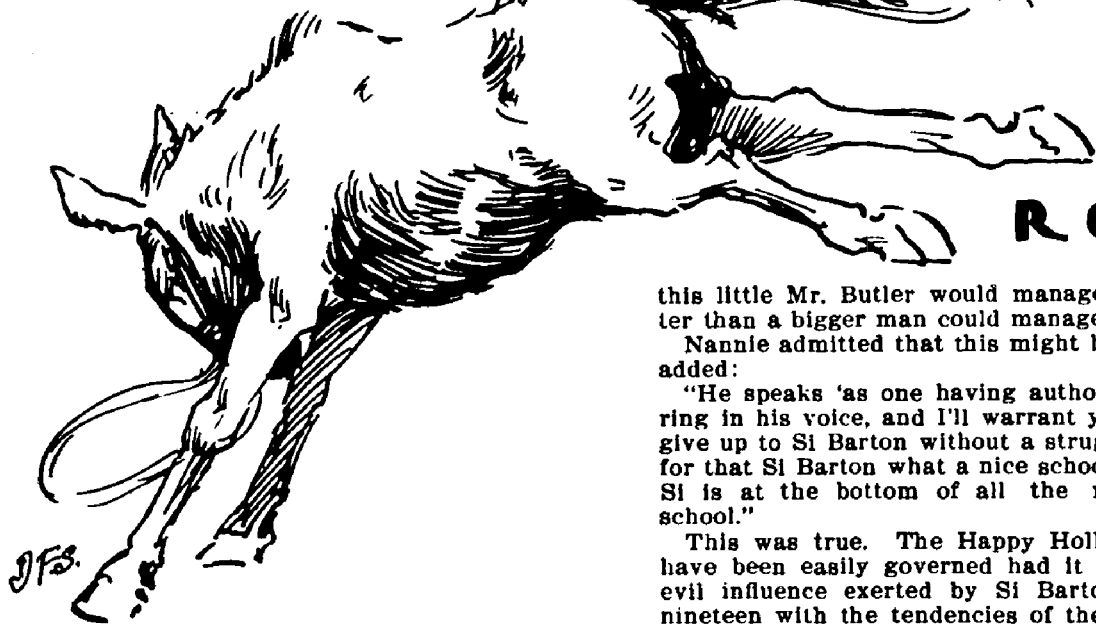
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MR. BUTLER'S DEFENDER



RODNEY BURTON

this little Mr. Butler would manage the school better than a bigger man could manage it."

Nannie admitted that this might be true, and Lucy added:

"He speaks 'as one having authority.' I like that ring in his voice, and I'll warrant you that he won't give up to Si Barton without a struggle. If it wasn't for that Si Barton what a nice school we might have. Si is at the bottom of all the mischief in this school."

This was true. The Happy Hollow school would have been easily governed had it not been for the evil influence exerted by Si Barton, a big boy of nineteen with the tendencies of the born bully. He was an idle boy and as evil as most idle boys are apt to be. It was his proud boast that the teacher "never wore shoe leather" who could "boss" him. He regarded it as being "bossed" if he complied with the most ordinary and reasonable rules of the school, and he was sure to set these rules at defiance before he had been in the school two weeks. He felt that it added to his laurels when he had succeeded in "running a teacher out" at the end of a month, and he rejoiced in the fact that he had compelled no less than three teachers to give up the school because of his conduct and the conduct of other large boys under his influence.

Si and a number of other large boys in the district did not enter the school at the beginning of the term. They were needed on the farms on which they lived, and the school would sometimes be in session two or three weeks before all of the pupils in the district were in attendance.

The remarks of Si Barton when he first saw Mr.

Butler were not at all complimentary to that gentleman.

"Gee whizz!" said Si, in a tone of what he supposed to be withering scorn, as he gathered some of his fellows around him on the playground at recess time the first day Si came to the school. "I wonder how long that little chap thinks he can run this school? And I wonder if he really thinks that us big fellers are going to be bossed by him. Why, some day I'll just march up and take him by the ear and lead him to the door and tell him to git! But I'll come the good little boy act first and make him think I'm skeered of him so as to jar him all the more when I waltz him out. Of all the pulin' little chaps that ever set up to boss it over a school he is about the worst!"

Si enjoyed the novelty of going to school in a barn so much that he graciously condescended to behave very well for the first two or three weeks of the school. He wanted, moreover, to give the teacher a complete surprise when he made what he laughingly called his "bad break."

"You fellers needn't take no hand in it," Si said to Jerry Dunn and two or three other large boys who would have been very tractable but for Si's bad influence over them. "I can manage this little affair all by myself when the time comes. Some day when you and our own dear little teacher are least expecting it all this 'love and harmones' business will come to an end, and they'll have to trot out a new teacher for old Happy Holler school. I'm getting kind o' restless and am fairly spoiling for a fight, although I reckon I won't have much of a one with little Sissy Butler. If he should git sassy and s'prise me by trying to put up a fight I'd have to turn him over my knee and give him a downright spankin' before the whole school."

One morning, when the school had been in session about a month, Si intimated to his chums at noon when they were on the playground that it was probable that "something might happen" before night. He leered and grinned as he made this announcement, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the schoolhouse, in which the teacher was showing a dull boy how to solve some problems in "partial payments."

Si had never been more affable than on this particular day, and the teacher had begun to think that the stories he had heard about Si's capacity for mischief must have been greatly exaggerated. With the exception of one or two little outbreaks of impudence Si's conduct had been very good, and Mr. Butler, who had been kindness itself to all of the scholars, felt that he had really won a victory over the bully of the school.

When Mr. Butler rang the bell at the close of the afternoon recess Si did not come in with the other scholars, and the teacher said:

"Where is Silas Barton?"

"Here I be!" Si replied, and at that moment a door leading from the schoolroom into the barn opened and Si appeared leading a big, sleepy looking white mule Avery Sharp had recently purchased. A wild shout went up from the boys in the room, while several of the older girls gave expressions of indignation. The smaller boys and girls sitting near the door fled shrieking to a remote corner of the room.

"Whoa, Emmy!" bawled out Silas, and when the mule manifested some disinclination to enter the room Si tugged away at the halter and said: "Come along, Moses!"

Mr. Butler rose from his chair with his blue eyes flashing and his face aflame with indignation.

"What does this mean, Silas Barton?" asked the teacher.

Si grinned and winked impudently at the boys before saying:

A TRAMP who had made himself a bed of hay in the Happy Hollow schoolhouse was responsible for the fire that burned the house to the ground on the Saturday night before the school was to have opened on Monday. It was supposed that a spark from the pipe of the tramp had ignited the hay, and in a short time the house was in ashes. There was no money with which to build a new house, and it was at first thought that the district would not have any school that winter. Avery Sharp lived within a short distance of the schoolhouse site. He had just completed a barn larger than he would need that winter, and he offered the use of a part of the barn for a schoolroom for the fall and winter term of the school. The offer was accepted by the school board, and on the Monday after the fire a number of the men in the district went to Avery's house to get the barn ready for the school. A room about twenty feet square was partitioned off, rude seats and desks were made of unplaned pine boards, a very large stove, bought in the town six miles distant, was set up in the middle of the room, three windows were set in the wall, and the barn was ready for occupancy by the school.

This hastily improvised schoolroom was quite as comfortable and much cleaner than the old schoolhouse had been. The novelty of going to school in a barn pleased the children, and we were all in good humor when the school "took up," as we called it, the next Wednesday.

"If Si Barton and Jerry Dunn, and the other big and bad boys will only behave themselves when they start in we can have a lovely school this winter," said Lucy Drewe to Nannie Ross at recess time on the first day of the school in the barn.

"Yes, 'if' they only behave themselves. It provokes me so to see the way those rowdies act."

"Don't it, though," replied Lucy. "I wish that we would sometime get a teacher who would and could sail in and give that Si Barton the best thrashing a boy ever got in his life! He is the leader, and if he could be made to behave himself the teacher could probably get along with the other boys."

"But," said Nannie, in a lower tone, as she glanced toward the schoolhouse, "you can see for yourself that Mr. Butler cannot make Si Barton behave himself, if Si takes a notion not to do so. I don't see why the directors ever hired a little, delicate looking man like Mr. Butler to teach our school, when they know that even that big Mr. Shaw we had last winter could not manage Si."

"Well, you know that they didn't set out to hire Mr. Butler in the first place. They had a man named Dryden engaged, a regular fighter, so they say; but he fell and broke his leg last week and this Mr. Butler came along and they gave the school to him because there was no one else to give it to. I heard Jonas Hites, one of the directors, say to my father yesterday that you couldn't always judge a man by his size, and that it might be that



"Now, my friend, you are goin' to mount this royal steed whether you will or no."

"Well, it means that you are going to get a free ride!"

"Take that mule right out of this room!" commanded the teacher.

"Aw, yeas," drawled out Si. "To be shore! All in due time, me friend, but when this mule critter goes out you'll go astraddle of it! Ketch on?"

This was such a colossal piece of impudence and such a daring scheme that it amazed even the boys most familiar with Si's boldness.

"Hope you ain't no objection to riding bareback," said Si. "If you have, there is a sidesaddle in the barn that I might put on for a ladyfied young gent like you!"

The teacher's voice had a note in it that thrilled most of the pupils as he said:

"Silas Barton, I command you to take that animal out of this room!"

"You command me!" said Si with a sneer. "I'll command you to git astraddle o' this mule critter in a minute or two, and if you don't do it I'll be under the necessity of picking you up and setting you astraddle of him, embarrassing as that would be to both of us. Come along here, Moses!"

The teacher whipped off his coat and pushed back his sleeves. He knew that he was no match physically for the bully before him, but he was not to be intimidated on that account. His voice was perfectly steady as he said:

"I give you warning, Si Barton, that you will be sorry for this!"

"Aw, please don't lick me, teacher," said Si, affecting a whine that made some of the boys laugh.

"Silence!" commanded the teacher, in a voice that caused even Si to wonder a little.

"The fact is, Mister Teacher, that things have got kind o' dull in this school and I propose to liven them up," said Si. "Then I have come to the conclusion that you ain't just the person I want for teacher of the school. I want somebody that there'd be some glory in me lickin' once in awhile, an' there wouldn't be no glory in lickin' such a sissy as you. I a, I could do you up with one hand tied behind me. Wwoa, there, Emmy!"

The mule had pulled back again and Si gave the animal a cuff on the head with his palm.

Si knew that there would be no interference on the part of Avery Sharp, for Avery and his wife had gone to town that afternoon and there was no one in the farmhouse.

Leading the mule forward until it stood in front of the teacher's little table, Si called out to Jerry Dunn:

"Say, Jerry, you come and hold this royal charger while I assist our young friend to mount, seein' that he will probably decline to mount the beast of his own accord."

Jerry came forward with a grin on his face, and when he had taken the halter in his hand Si whipped off his own coat and said:

"Now, my friend, you are goin' to mount this royal steed whether you will or no. And before you do so you might as well take a fond adieu of your beloved scholars, for I can tell you that this is your last day as their dear teacher."

He said this with a leer, and stepped on the platform to lay hands on the teacher. To his amazement and to the surprise of the whole school Mr. Butler stepped forward, drew back his right arm and planted a blow squarely between the eyes of Silas, who gave a yell of rage and pain as he staggered back directly behind the mule. Then there was a still louder yell from Silas, for the old mule suddenly let one bony hind leg fly out and Si went reeling to the wall of the schoolroom, where he fell in a heap, crying out:

"O-o-o-o-h! He's killed me! He's killed me! O-o-o-o-h, my leg, my leg!"

The teacher was on his knees by the side of Si in an instant. Every trace of anger and resentment was gone from his voice as he said:

"I'm sorry, Silas! Are you badly hurt?"

Suddenly there was a yell of pain from some one else who had also been hurt. Frightened by the yells of Si and rebelling against the entire situation, the mule had suddenly caught Jerry Dunn's arm between its big, yellow teeth and had bitten him until Jerry dropped the bridle and began to howl with pain. The mule, now free from restraint, would probably have made sorry work in the schoolroom had not the teacher suddenly jumped to his feet, caught the animal by the bridle and called:

"Whoa!"

There was something in his voice that compelled obedience, and the mule stood quietly as the teacher stroked him gently for a moment, and then led him to the door and turned him loose into the barnyard. Then Mr. Butler gave his attention to Silas, who was still lying on the floor writhing in pain, as well he might, for after a hurried examination the teacher said:

"Well, Silas, I fear that it is you instead of I who will have to say good-bye to the school for a while, at least, for your leg is broken and I fear that it is a very bad fracture. We'll get you home as soon as we can and one of the boys must go for a doctor. Let me see what has been done to you, Jerry."

Jerry had dropped into a seat, grasping his arm and wincing with pain. There were holes in his sleeve caused by the sharp teeth of the mule. When he had taken off his coat it was seen that his shirt sleeve was soaked with blood, and the teacher feared for a time that the teeth of the mule had fractured the bone of the arm, but this did not prove to be the case.

"You'll have a lame arm for a long time, Jerry," said the teacher, "and I advise you to go home at once and have your arm attended to. I shall have all I can do looking after Silas. He must be taken home at once. School is dismissed for the rest of the day."

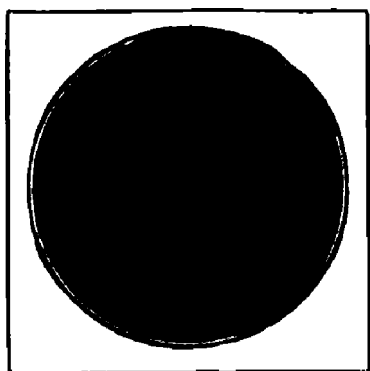
Mr. Butler, assisted by some of Si's thoroughly subdued chums, hitched one of Avery Sharp's horses to a wagon, the bed of which they filled with hay. They lifted Si into the wagon and Mr. Butler himself took the reins and drove to the home of Si's father. It was after dark before the doctor arrived from the town four miles distant, and it was nearly midnight before the teacher got away from the Barton farm. He went to see Si nearly every day, and long before the injured boy was on his feet again he had become one of Mr. Butler's firmest friends.

There was peace and harmony in the school from the day of the advent of "the new scholar," as some of the children laughingly called the old mule. The fearful bite he had received and the unexpected exhibition of "grit" and muscle on the part of the teacher, had so subdued the cowardly Jerry that he was as tractable as any five year old boy in the school; and with Jerry and Silas both under subjection the teacher had nothing at all to fear from any of the other pupils.

The remainder of the term was one of the most delightful in the history of the district, and when a handsome new schoolhouse was built the next summer it was the unanimous vote of the school that Mr. Butler should be the teacher. He accepted the position and never before had Happy Hollow been such an appropriate name for the school.

Shorthand in Ten Easy Lessons

ISAAC PITMAN'S SYSTEM



ISAAC PITMAN.
(The Inventor of Phonography.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY REVISION

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LESSON VI.—THE HALVING PRINCIPLE.

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.

We now come to a highly important and, at first sight, perhaps, rather difficult principle of our art—that of halving a consonant to express the past tense of verbs, or the addition of *t* or *d*. In order that you may thoroughly and easily master this important principle, we must ask your earnest attention to the following comments, illustrations, and exercise. Referring to the remarks on page 81 of the "Teacher," we find that a thin consonant is made one-half its usual size to indicate the addition of *t*. A thick letter when halved expresses the addition of *d*.

A vowel before a half-sized consonant is read before both letters, as *cast* — *ast*. A vowel after a half-sized consonant is read next to the primary single, double, or treble letter; thus, *God*, *est*. The half-length consonants are named *ket*, *jeut*, *art*, *elt*, *emt*, *end*, *wilt*.

The half-lengths *w*, *n*, *l* and downward *r* written thick, express the addition of *d*; thus, *mate*, *made*. *ld* and *rd*, like all the other thick letters, are written downward, but are not used when a vowel intervenes; *lt* and *rt* are most frequently written upwards, and the upward form of the latter letter is used in preference to the downward character, as a much better dis-

inction is thereby obtained in quick writing; thus, *felt*, *fold*. Such words as *lead* and *read* should be written *l* *r*.

When a circle *s* follows a half-sized consonant it must be read after the *t* or *d* added to the primary letter; thus, *pat*, *pats* (not *past*). No final vowel can be placed after the *t* or *d* added by halving. This rule requires the learner's particular attention.

Here you should make yourself an exercise by writing out two or three times all the letters of the phonographic alphabet that may be halved for *t* or *d*. This exercise will suggest such words as *pat*, *pet*, *pit*, *pot*; *chat*, *art*, *late*; *mat*, *mad*, *nut*, *mid*, *rud*, *dr*. Wherever possible, form words by inserting a vowel rather than leave a mere consonantal outline.

The halving principle for the expression of *t* or *d* applies equally to hooked and unhooked letters; *pat*, *prate*. In each case the added *t* or *d* is read last, that is, as a final sound. A consonant with a circle *s* or loop *st* prefixed or suffixed, or even with circle *s* at both ends, may be halved.

Work for this month to end of Exercise 58. 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 Wanamaker Store

THE New Spring Cottons

THE new cotton dress goods have appeared, with the most gorgeous burst of beauty such early Spring blooms ever presented. Not only are the designs the most beautiful ever produced in printed cottons, but the mercerizing process has made such progress that cottons have almost been turned into silk.

Another feature of the collection is the array of fancy and self-colored linen fabrics that mingle with the cottons.

The best choosing time is right now, before choicest designs are picked out. The best wearing time is before others have seen or secured the crisp, fresh beauty-things ready for you now at Wanamaker's.

We'll be glad to mail samples anywhere; but will appreciate it and serve you better if you let us know about what price you wish to pay, and what colorings you prefer.

Here are hints of the new fabrics now being shown:

French Printed Organdie Raye,	40c.	Scotch Shirting Madras,	50c.
French Printed Plumetis,	50c.	Scotch Linen Suitings,	37½c. to 75c.
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French Printed Nainsook,	40c.	American Fancy Silk Gingham,	65c. to 75c.
French Printed Piqués,	37½c.	American Fancy Swiss Muslins,	25c.
French Printed Batiste,	37½c.	American Fancy Gingham,	12½c. to 25c.
French Printed Louisine,	25c.	American Printed Batiste, Dimities,	
Fancy Embroidered Swiss Muslins		Dotted Swiss Muslins,	12½c.
at 37½c. to \$1.25 a yard.		American Fancy Oxford Suiting,	12½c. to 25c.
Printed Irish Dimities,	25c.	American Madras Shirting,	18c. to 25c.
Printed Irish Linen Lawns,	35c.		
Scotch Fancy Mercerized White			
Shirt-Waist Fabrics,	37½c. to 75c.		

John Wanamaker, New York.

Pluck and a Stone Fence—Will Lisenbee

CHAPTER I.

A BLOW ON THE CHEEK.

"**T**ELL ye, Zeb Quigley, I hain't got the money, an' don't see how I'm goin' to git it," said Abe Benton, turning uneasily on his pillow. "If I hadn't a' got down with these rumatiz agin, I might a' had it for ye 'fore this, but the prospect looks perty blue now."

"You are unfortunate, I must admit," replied Quigley, in a smooth tone; "yet I'm not responsible for your misfortune and will have to insist on having my money."

A distressed look came over Abe Benton's face.

"I can't see how I'm to git it," he replied, after a pause. "Ye orter be easy on a friend an' neighbor."

"From a philanthropic standpoint—yes," observed Quigley, casting his eyes toward the ceiling; "but the fact is, I'm a little pressed for money myself, at present, and can't afford to indulge my conscience in any charitable enterprises, however worthy."

"I ain't askin' for no charity!" exclaimed Benton with some vehemence, moving on his pillow and fixing his gaze on the visitor; "I only ask ye ter give me a chance an' I'll pay ye every cent—every cent."

"Of course, I don't dispute your intentions, but if I should undertake to hearken to every voice of distress and misfortune, I'd soon be an object of charity myself or the next thing to it—a very unpleasant situation I take it, as you can doubtless testify."

"Then ye'd have me sell the place ter pay off the mortgage?"

"Really, now, it's not my place to suggest a remedy. You understand the situation and must make your own arrangements. There are three hundred and thirty dollars due, principal and interest, but if you can raise the thirty dollars of interest by tomorrow, I'll wait till you're up before calling on you for the principal. That is the best I can do, and it is only to oblige a neighbor that I depart from my usual method of doing business."

"I'll do what I can," answered Benton, "an' I'll send Tom over tomorrow an' let ye know how I succeed."

"Very well," and with this Mr. Quigley took his leave.

As soon as his visitor was gone, Abe Benton turned on his pillow and looked at his wife, who was sitting by the open window busily engaged in stringing a mess of beans for dinner.

"I don't know what's goin' ter become of us now," he said in a dejected tone. "If Quigley insists on havin' his money we'll haf ter sell the place, an' it won't bring more 'an the mortgage calls for."

"Tain't no use to git discouraged," said Mrs. Benton, in a hopeful tone; "we've been in as bad fixes before, and allus got along somehow. We might sell the cow er one of the horses for enough to pay the interest—that would be better than partin' with the place. I think we can find some way out of the trouble."

"Ye're allus hopeful, Liza. Mebby we can manage to pull through some way, but it looks perty blue for us now, an' if somethin' don't turn up we'll haf ter sell the place."

A year before the opening of our story Abe Benton had moved with his family from Illinois to Southwest Missouri and bought forty acres of land among the flint hills. The land was not the best, but being situated in a secluded place, and surrounded by wide stretches of rocky ridges, it afforded an outlet for stock on a valuable range. The little valley where the Benton farm lay had once been known as the Barker Lead Mines, and had been worked with considerable profit many years before. But long previous to Benton's advent into the valley the mines had all been worked out and abandoned.

All the money that Mr. Benton had possessed he had paid on the farm, and was then compelled to mortgage it for three hundred dollars to complete the payment. Zeb Quigley, who owned a large farm in the valley two miles away, had loaned him the money and now held the mortgage.

Mr. Benton had hoped to be able to pry off his indebtedness in the fall when his corn was gathered, but misfortunes had conspired to render this impossible. The crop of corn proved almost a failure, and early in the summer he was attacked with his old malady, rheumatism, which rendered him incapable of work. And this is the situation of affairs at the Benton farm on a day early in October when our story opens.

The Benton family consisted of four persons, the parents and two children, Tom and Bessie. Tom was an industrious lad of seventeen, and afforded great assistance to his father tending the crops and doing general work about the place. Bessie, who was some five years younger than Tom, made herself useful in helping her mother with the housework, and pulling weeds in the garden back of the little log shanty in which the family lived.

While the interview between his father and Mr. Quigley was taking place, Tom Benton was busy at work repairing a broken place in the stone fence that ex-

tended along the south side of the little twenty-acre field.

When the lead mines, which were situated along the base of the hill that skirted the field, had been worked out, huge piles of light red rocks taken from the mineral holes were dumped along the edge of the valley, leaving the ground in a bad condition for cultivation.

It required months of work to free the valley from the masses of rock that encumbered the soil, but the task was at last accomplished, and the rocks had been made to serve a useful purpose in forming a fence along one side of the field.

It had fallen to Tom's lot to perform most of the work of building the fence, and while engaged in moving the rock, he made the discovery that there were lumps of lead ore scattered here and there among the waste piles, and he resolved at once to gather as many of these as he could while engaged in the work. He remembered having seen the "scrappers" gathering bits of mineral from the dump-piles in the Joplin mines, and it occurred to him that he might make it profitable to collect the mineral from the waste piles he was working on.

He knew that it was worth three dollars and thirty cents a hundred in Joplin—a town only ten miles away—and when the work was finished he calculated that he had at least five hundred pounds of mineral. Placing it in a depression in the ground at the edge of the hill, he covered it with dead leaves, expecting to haul it to town as soon as he could find time to do so. He said nothing about the matter to his parents, intending to surprise them with the money when it should be needed the most.

Tom was just lifting a large rock into place in the stone fence, when the sound



He struck at Tom's face with his riding whip.

of approaching hoofs came from the road that led by the field, and looking up, he beheld Paul Quigley coming, mounted on a handsome gray pony. He was a youth of about Tom's own age, of graceful bearing, but owing to his foppish ways and an air of superiority which he invariably assumed, he was not popular among his acquaintances. Being the only son of the wealthiest man in that vicinity, he considered himself a superior kind of mortal to whom the greatest deference should be paid.

"Hello, Tom!" he greeted in a familiar tone, riding up and reining in his pony beside the stone wall; "mending the fence, I see—well, it needs it."

"You are right," Tom replied. "There were some cattle in the field this morning, and I'm trying to fix the fence so they won't bother us again."

"I hope you'll keep the fence in as good repair as possible," went on young Quigley, stroking his pony's mane; "the governor says the place is to be mine as soon as the mortgage is foreclosed, and I'd like to have it looking as if someone had lived here."

"Would you?" replied Tom, a feeling of resentment coming over him at the young upstart's assurance; "perhaps you had better save yourself the trouble of assuming the responsibility of superintending the place till it is really yours."

"Oh, the matter is all settled between the old man and me. I expect to have the old house you live in torn down and taken away. It hurts the looks of things."

"I wouldn't have it torn down today if I were you," observed Tom, dryly.

"What do you mean?" asked the other, feeling that he was being guyed by Tom.

"You wouldn't want to turn us out of doors, would you?" responded Tom, assuming a grave tone.

Paul looked sharply at the speaker,

evidently not satisfied whether Tom was serious or only poking fun at him.

"Of course you couldn't expect me to furnish you a house to live in," he said, after a pause. "But it wouldn't be any loss to me if you took the old rat-trap of a shanty with you when you leave."

"I shouldn't advise you to dispose of the house," remarked Tom, an odd twinkle in his eye.

"Why so?"

"Because it isn't yours."

"Isn't it? Well, just wait and see."

"Remember there's many a slip,"

"Yes, but there isn't any 'slip' about a mortgage. The old man will fix that up all right, and I'll advise you to be more careful how you speak to me while you are so much in debt to me."

"To you? You have nothing to do with the case—it is simply a business matter between your father and mine—no affair of yours whatever."

"I suppose you mean to say that it's none of my business, then?" cried Paul, an angry flush mounting his face.

"You can take it just as you see fit," answered Tom, coolly.

"If I were in reach of you I'd chastise you for your insolence!" exclaimed young Quigley in a loud, angry tone, shaking his ivory-tipped riding whip at Tom. "I have a mind to do it anyhow!"

"Well, I'm not going to run away or climb a tree," replied Tom significantly.

"Oh! you dare me, do you!" cried Paul in a rage. "I'll show you how to insult a gentleman—take that!" and leaning quickly over the wall, he struck at Tom's face with his riding whip. The tip end of the lash just touched Tom's cheek, causing a red spot to appear and almost bringing the blood.

Not a word escaped Tom's lips, but with a spring like a panther, he leaped across the wall toward his antagonist. Paul Quigley saw his danger, and quick-

ly wheeled his horse with the intention of riding away, for with all his bravado he was a coward at heart and dreaded an encounter with Tom. But before he could put his intention into execution, Tom was at his side and had grasped his bridle rein. The next instant Paul was dragged from his saddle and landed upon his back in the middle of the road.

Tom and assuming a threatening attitude. "Dare to lay hands on my son and I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!" Then turning to Paul, he continued, "Get on your pony and go home; I'll attend to this fellow."

Paul was only too glad to obey, and catching his pony that was cropping the grass by the roadside, he mounted and rode away.

Then turning to Tom, Quigley caught him by the shoulder and said in a harsh tone:

"Now, you young outlaw, I'll punish you as you deserve."

Tom made a desperate effort to shake off the grasp of the enraged Quigley, but he was held powerless in an iron-like grip. He was a youth of great strength and activity, but he was no match for the burly man who now held him in his clutches.

In his struggles to get free the boy was jerked from his feet and thrown violently to the earth.

"I'll teach you a lesson you'll not soon forget, you vagabond," panted the enraged man, throwing himself upon the prostrate youth.

Tom would have undoubtedly fared badly in the hands of the exasperated Quigley had not unexpected assistance arrived. At that very moment a horseman galloped upon the scene. It was Nathan Kirby, a neighbor and friend of the Benton family. He was a low, heavy set man some fifty years of age; of a kind disposition, yet he was known as a man who possessed a wonderful amount of nerve and cool courage. He carried a crutch across the saddle in front of him, having lost one of his lower limbs while serving under Grant in the late war of the rebellion.

"What in the name of common sense aire ye doin' thar, Quigley?" he exclaimed, reining in his horse beside the combatants. "Ye aire old enough to know better than to jump on a boy like that!"

"The rascal has been assaulting my son on the public highway," answered Quigley, "and I'm about to teach him a lesson he won't forget in a hurry," and he grasped a hickory club that lay within his reach, and was about to carry his threat into execution, when Kirby lifted his crutch in a menacing manner over the man's head and said:

"Don't ye strike that boy, Zeb Quigley!"

"What! Do you mean to say that you'll interfere in this affair?" blurted Quigley, in a rage, releasing the youth and rising to confront the speaker.

"Ye heard what I said," observed Kirby coolly.

"Perhaps you'd like to take the thrashing in his stead!" snapped Quigley, advancing toward the horseman threateningly.

"I hain't no objections to yer tryin' it," retorted Kirby; "but I'm under the impression that thrashin' boys is more in yer line."

With a muttered imprecation, Quigley strode forward as if to strike the speaker, but something in the cold glitter of Kirby's eye caused him to pause. Domineering bully though he was, he was lacking in that cool courage that characterizes the man of nerve. Seeing that he could not bluff Kirby by his bluster and bravado, and fearing a personal encounter with him, he changed his tactics, and said:

"Of course, I only meant to frighten the boy, though he deserves a severe punishment for his behavior."

"I never knew Tom to be quarrelsome," remarked Kirby, "an' if he attacked yer son I reckon he must 'a' had some cause."

"He struck me with his whip before I offered to molest him," spoke up Tom, showing the mark upon his face.

"I thought so," commented Kirby.

"I don't wish to have any trouble with anyone," observed Quigley, mounting his horse, "but I usually understand my own business and attend to it." With this he rode off down the road in the direction of his home. When a few yards away, he turned in his saddle and continued:

"I shouldn't advise you to continue to meddle in my affairs, Mr. Kirby; I am not a man who easily forgets an affront, and it may be to your advantage to keep this in mind."

"Much obliged ter ye," called out Kirby. "An' I'd advise ye to let boys alone and do yer fightin' with men."

Quigley muttered some unintelligible sentence and galloped away.

"I thank you, Mr. Kirby, for protecting me from that man," said Tom, addressing his protector; "he certainly would have used me roughly if you had not come up."

"Taint worth mentionin'," replied Kirby. "It's a pleasure to be of service to ye. I reckon that feller will not bother ye agin." Then he rode off, leaving Tom standing in the road by the stone fence.

It was now twelve o'clock, and taking his coat from the fence Tom walked in the direction of his home.

Now that the excitement was over, he regretted the encounter he had had with Quigley and his son, for he recognized the fact that they might work some harm to his father.

On reaching home he related the circumstance to his parents.

"I hate it that ye had trouble with that man," said Mr. Benton in a regretful voice. "He's got the advantage of

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGER.

"So you would strike me and run like a coward, would you?" exclaimed Tom, his face white with anger. "I have a mind to thrash you till you'll remember it as long as you live."

As he spoke he grasped the frightened Paul by the throat and jabbed his head against the ground with a vigorous shove.

"Let me up!—help—murder!" shrieked Paul at the top of his voice.

"Hold, there, you young vagabond! How dare you lay hands upon my son?" came a gruff voice, and looking up Tom beheld Paul's father, who had just ridden up and was hastily dismounting.

"He struck me with his whip," explained Tom.

"Is that any reason why you should murder him?" demanded the exasperated father, approaching and grasping Tom by the shoulder, and pushing him aside.

"I'll have a warrant out for you this very day, you young ruffian."

"He had no right to strike me," said Tom. "He assaulted me first."

"He is lying," whined Paul, rising and brushing the dust from his clothes. "He tried to kill me simply because I spoke about the mortgage on the place."

"Take care!" warned Tom, advancing a step; "don't you dare tell me I lied!"

"Stand back, you young beggar!" thundered the father, stepping in front of

us in holdin' the mortgage on the place, and it ain't likely he'll neglect to make use of it now."

"I am sorry that it happened," said Tom; "but Paul struck me, and I couldn't take that."

"It won't make no difference with that old Quigley, any way," spoke Mrs. Benton. "He's goin' to do all he can to beat us out of the place—I could see that when he was here."

"He's got ter have the thirty dollars interest to-morrow," said Mr. Benton, "an' I can't see how we're goin' to git it. He said he'd wait for the other if I'll git him the interest."

"He wouldn't 'a' said that if he'd 'a' thought we could git it," replied Mrs. Benton. "It's only a plan of his to keep us from seein' what he's up to. He knows we hain't got a cent in the house."

Tom's heart gave a great leap as he thought of the scrap mineral he had been saving. This would bring part of the money necessary to pay the interest, at least, and he resolved to start to Joplin with it at once.

In a few brief words he told his parents about the stuff and of his intention to take it to town and sell it that evening.

"It is the hand of Providence," said Mrs. Benton, stooping to kiss Tom's cheek.

As soon as the boy had eaten his dinner, he hitched up the team of sorrel mules to the old lynch-pin wagon and drove down to the field and loaded up the scrap mineral. There was a great deal more of it than he had supposed, and he felt sure there were eight or nine hundred pounds at least.

Then, mounting the seat, he drove into the road, and flourishing a long dog-wood switch over the backs of the lazy animals, went lumbering on his way toward Joplin.

The road over which he was compelled to pass was very rough, being rarely used, and he was forced to travel very slowly. It was almost four o'clock when he drove up and stopped his team in front of the Moffet & Seargent Smelting Works at Joplin.

The weigher came out and after examining the mineral in the wagon box, he said:

"I can give you thirty two dollars per thousand for this; there is a little dirt mixed with it and I can't pay the full price."

"All right," answered Tom. "I'll take thirty two."

When the mineral had been weighed and thrown into one of the bins Tom followed the clerk into the office.

"What name?" asked the clerk.

"Thomas Benton," replied our hero.

The clerk wrote out a check and passed it to Tom.

"There were twelve hundred and eighty pounds," he said; "forty dollars and ninety six cents."

Tom could hardly believe his senses. Forty dollars seemed a very large sum to him, and he could hardly realize that there had been so much of the mineral. Yet there was the check for \$40.96 as positive proof of the fact.

I might add that Tom's miscalculation regarding the weight of the mineral is a common one with those unaccustomed to handling it.

"Take the check to our office on Main street, and it will be cashed for you," said the clerk, and with a polite "thank you," Tom left the office. He had little trouble in finding the paying office, and soon had a roll of crisp bills in his hands. As he emerged from the building onto the sidewalk, he noticed a rather seedy-looking individual standing by the door who eyed the bills greedily as Tom thrust them into his inside coat pocket.

After making a few purchases of some articles for his mother and sick father, he went to the post office and called for their mail.

A letter addressed to "A. Benton, Esq., Joplin, Mo.," was handed to him. It was post marked at St. Louis, and on the corner of the envelope was the card of one of the leading hotels of that place. "I wonder whom it can be from," mused Tom as he left the office; "I don't know who would write to father from St. Louis."

As he pondered over the matter a sudden thought came to him. Perhaps it was from the stranger that had come to their house some weeks before, and had gone away in so mysterious a manner. But who was he, and why should he write to his father?

Tom had often wondered who the stranger was, and what business brought him to that neighborhood. He was a man some forty years of age, was well dressed and seemed to have plenty of money. He had come to the Benton cabin one morning on horseback, and had asked a good many questions about the watercourses and grazing land in that vicinity.

He inquired if he might leave his horse there while he took a tramp across the hills to the nearest creek where he expected to spend the day fishing, though he carried no tackle with him. In the evening he returned, complaining of a severe headache. That night he was taken with a congestive chill and it was over four days before he was able to leave his bed. During this time he was

taken care of in the kindest manner by the Benton family, and Tom had brought a doctor from Joplin for him. For all these attentions he insisted on paying in a most liberal manner.

As soon as he was able to ride, he mounted his horse one morning and rode away, saying he would probably not return till night, and that was the last they had ever seen of him.

It was not strange then that Tom should connect the stranger in some way with the mysterious letter.

Thrusting the missive into his coat pocket, the lad hurried back to where he had left his team, and climbing into the wagon, started the mules into a brisk trot in the direction of home.

The sun was low in the horizon now, and he knew that it would be dark long before he could reach his destination.

As he turned in a side street, he saw the seedy-looking individual he had noticed by the office door walking at a rapid rate along the sidewalk.

Quickening his pace, the stranger approached the wagon.

"Kin yer let a feller ride with ye a ways?" he asked as he drew near; "I've walked about twenty miles ter-day, an' I'm almost petered out."

Tom hesitated a moment before answering. He did not like the man's appearance, and did not fancy having him for a traveling companion, yet it would look mean for him to refuse to let anybody ride when he had no load.

The stranger saw the look of doubt on Tom's face, and said in a pleading tone:

"It would be a great favor ter me if ye'd let me ride, but if ye have any objections ter ridin' with a shabby feller like me—"

"Get in," said Tom, and the man obeyed with great alacrity. Seating himself beside the youth, he began to talk in the liveliest manner, but Tom had very little to say, and could not but feel sorry that he had allowed the stranger to ride with him.

It was almost sunset when Tom turned into the dim wooded road that led to his home. There were still four miles of rough road before him—a road that wound about through a range of rocky hills, and he could not suppress a feeling of impending evil that stole over him as the sun went down and night settled rapidly over the lonely hills.

He had just entered a narrow valley where the trees threw their black shadows across the road, when suddenly the stranger turned and grasped him by the shoulder, and said in a gruff voice: "Give me that money."

(To be continued.)

THE MEDICATED CROUP NECKLACE

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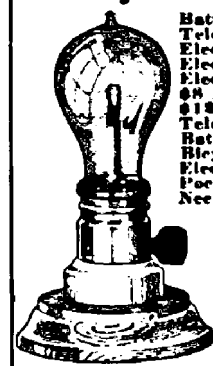


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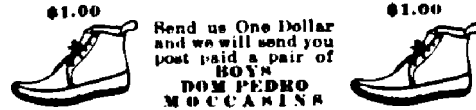
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The Boy Photographer

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.

Snap Shots on the Streets.

With the ordinary shutter, amateurs who attempt to take street scenes nearer than twenty five feet to the camera are apt to be disappointed. With the object fifty feet away, say, a little movement will not be discernible on the plate if the shutter is set to the highest speed; but when nearer than that a moving object—and there are always moving objects in street scenes—will be almost sure to spoil the plate. The only exception is when the object is coming directly toward or going from the camera.

One must learn to hold the camera both horizontal and perpendicular in taking street scenes, and should not be under the necessity of looking into the "finder" to know what will appear on the plate. After practice, which to be sure is costly but worth the price, the "camera fiend" will in time be able to so quickly adjust his camera and make the exposure that the picture is secured almost before anyone is "onto" the trick.

Good Lenses.

Very few manufacturers will admit that their lenses are not good, though with close questioning they might be willing to say that some lenses are better than others. Probably as satisfactory a lens for amateur work and within economical limits as can be secured is a rapid rectilinear. Such a lens gives images of straight lines, and does not distort. A lens should not show color at the edges of the image either. It should be achromatic. The amateur, on the send-off, need not bother himself about "verastigmat" and "anastigmat" and other big words. Each means something, to be sure, but they are not always essential, even to good photography. Many a prize-winning picture has been made with a single cheap lens.

Rapid Developing.

The more rapid the developing the more precise must be the timing of the negative. This is why metol is out of favor with many professional photographers. They like pyrogallol because it gives them time to see what they are about. But some insist on having a rapid developer, and to such it is suggested that they use the formula of a member of the London society who developed several negatives before that body in the short space of five seconds each. It is as follows:

- NO. 1.
- Hydroquinone 20 grains
 - Metol 20 grains
 - Auduroil 40 grains
 - Sodium sulphite 48 grains
 - Water 8 ounces

- NO. 2.
- Potassium bromide 10 grains
 - Sodium hydrate (caustic soda) 120 grains
 - Water 8 ounces
- Equal parts of Nos. 1 and 2 are used without further dilution.

This developer will fog some make of plates unless it is kept cool.



BE A LEADER. Second prize photo: Nick Broehl, Sherwood, Wis.

Getting the "Hypo" Out of Prints.

It is reported that if prints are squeezed after each washing. It will greatly facilitate getting rid of the hypo in the fixing bath, which is the object of all the washing. This will be welcome news to those who do not have running water, and so are compelled to put their prints through a dozen or more washings. If the hypo is not all removed, the prints will in the course of a few months begin to turn yellow.

Getting Clear Pictures.

It is generally a surprise to the amateur photographer to find that it takes less time to get a picture of a distant object than of one near by. To be told to shorten the exposure as the distance increases, seems just the opposite of what it should be. But if the owner will study his camera he will see that when the camera is focused on a distant object, the plate is nearer the lens, and so nearer the light, than when the object is in the immediate foreground. So it stands to reason that with plate and lens together the light is strong, while when they are apart, the light is by that much weakened.

Supposing you have two objects, one near and the other at a considerable distance, and you desire both to be in focus. The right thing to do is to leave the stop wide open, and then focus on the nearest object, taking care that it is perfectly clear on the lower margin, as that is the nearest point to the camera. Of course the distant object will be out of focus, but this is easily remedied by then "stopping down" until everything on the plate is in focus. The stopping down will not alter the focus on the near by object, but it will remedy the other defect by cutting off the rays of light that come from the edges of the lens; and in proportion as the rays are direct will the focusing be accomplished.

It is a mistake, however, to want everything in every picture sharp. In landscape work it is pleasing to have the distance somewhat hazy, just as it is in reality, except in high altitudes. This is accomplished by focusing on the near by objects, and then only stop down sufficiently to give distinctness to the middle distance. That will help to convey the idea of distance. It will also fasten the attention of those looking at the photo on the objects in the foreground, which are generally supposed to be of most interest.

"Do not study sharpness in the center only," says one writer on photography, and this is good advice. Still in portrait work it is necessary that the center should be sharp, and the margin somewhat indistinct. Indeed some of the high-priced lenses will, unless stopped down, have the nose in, and the ear out of focus. There are special lenses made for work that requires great clearness all over, as in architectural photography.

Avoiding Pyro Stains.

As has before been remarked, one of the chief objections to pyro developer by amateurs is the fact that it stains the hands, particularly if more than one or two plates is developed in the same quantity of developer. To avoid these pyro stains on the hands all that is necessary is to wash the hands in a diluted solution of citric acid, and when dry rub them well with glycerine. Under this treatment, it is said, the pyro will have no effect on the hands.

The Industrious Queen

FRANK H. SWEET

Thousands of years ago, when men were carving their records on wood and stone, this queen was manufacturing a firmer and more durable paper than even the Egyptians, who built the pyramids and made so many wonderful carvings, could make. And all through the intervening years, she has continued the manufacture, in the same old way, and even now, with all our progress, her work commands our wonder and admiration. We examine the different qualities, and marvel at the delicate, lace-like appearance of one, and at another which is like stout cardboard. And through them all can be traced the long interwoven fibres which give the paper its strength, and which, strangely enough, the Egyptians never learned to substitute for their short fibres.

She has helpers, of course; but she outlines the work, and has it well under way, often before the helpers are born. Some warm day in spring, perhaps even before the snow has left the ground, she creeps from the sunny hole or crevice where she has passed the winter, and after a half-hour or so to stretch her wings and get accustomed to the light, begins her life work. She selects a suitable spot to found her kingdom, perhaps the low branch of a pine tree, and hunts about for old wood or fibres of plants to convert into the paper which is to be her building material.

She has a very strong pair of mandibles, or jaws, this industrious queen, and with them she tears off and gnaws tiny particles of the decaying wood, which she chews and works with her jaws until she has reduced the particles to a pulp by mixing them with the juices in her mouth. This pulp she forms into a column, with an umbrella-like attachment beneath which she builds a few cells, of finer texture than the outside covering. As the cells are finished the queen deposits an egg in each, which she glues firmly in place. Then, as the weeks go by, she builds more cells and deposits more eggs; and she provides food for the babies which will be very ravenous when they first make their appearance in the world. This food is insects, stung into numbness, but not killed.

But not until the eggs hatch, the young develop and go into that wonderful sleep from which they awaken perfect wasps, are they ready to help their mother, the queen. Then, for the first time in her busy life, she withdraws from active work and becomes a queen in reality as well as in name.

One of the Central American species makes a nest shaped like a sugar-loaf, of firm, white cardboard. This she manufactures from cotton-down, sometimes making as many as sixteen layers to give it strength to withstand the violent rainstorms of the tropics. An Australian cousin builds a very elaborate nest shaped like a Mexican water bottle turned upside down. She kneads the mud of which it is made until it is very fine and plastic. The neck of the bottle with its neatly-turned rim forms the doorway.

Some of the wasps prefer building in holes in the ground or hollow trees. The steel-blue wasps excavate homes in the muddy banks of rivers. But all of them, like well-behaved children, go to bed at sunset. They will sting, of course, if molested, but their good points easily outweigh their bad. In the summer they destroy an immense number of insects which would otherwise be very injurious to our fruits, vegetables and flowers. Some housekeepers even welcome the wasps into their kitchens, as they destroy so many flies.

The structure of wasps is wonderfully adapted to their work. They have two pairs of gauzy wings, the framework of which, and the heavy lines running through them are tubes filled with air. This gives the wasps buoyancy and explains why they are so strong on the wing as to be able to seize moths and butterflies larger than themselves. When at rest the wings of the true wasps are always folded lengthwise. On the front part of the wasp's head is a little triangle with a toothed edge. This is for flattening the pulp bar into sheets of paper by patting and pressing them. There are very powerful muscles connected with the wasp's jaws, to enable her to tear and bite the wood and fibres of which she makes her paper. The lower jaw is provided with strong teeth.

But on the first approach of cold weather the wasps lose all their vitality and soon succumb, only a few of the young queens living through the winter, to found other colonies.

Owls That Live in Holes Dug in the Ground.

Birds make all kinds of curious nests; still, surprising as some of them are, they generally are alike in one thing, and that is that they are suspended in the air in some manner.

But Florida has a bird that digs its nest deep in the ground. It is the little Florida burrowing owl, called by the neat and dainty name of "Speotyto cunicularia floridana" by scientists, who love to find names like that for the beasts and birds and fishes of the country.

The burrowing owl does not live underground because it is too stupid to build a nest above ground. It is a very wise little bird, much wiser than most of its feathered relatives, and its knowing appearance is fully borne out by its brain. The owl burrows because it prefers to live that way.

The birds dwell together in large colonies. Thus their homes form real bird cities. They prefer an open prairie land for the site of the settlement. Having selected the location, they pitch in suddenly some night and by the time dawn comes the town is open for business, each house finished and all the inhabitants snoring comfortably, from four to eight feet under ground.

Like the prairie owls in the west, which also live in burrows, the Florida owls are as quick as a wink in diving into the holes of their gloomy homes on the first sign of danger.

The burrowing owls are not satisfied with a burrow unless it is deep enough to furnish them reasonable protection against rattlesnakes, which dote on owls' eggs, and will not hesitate to squirm into an opening in the ground if they think that a feast of fresh eggs is waiting for them at the bottom.

Sometimes a rattlesnake will worm its horrible body into a nest and drive the little owls out, eat their eggs and then add insult to injury by dwelling in the burrow itself.

When the birds are ready to build their underground mansion the male bird pecks at the ground with his bill till he has marked out a circle about six inches in diameter. It is wonderful how well he can do this. The circle that he "pecks out" is much more perfect than any that most children could draw.

When the circle is completed, the male and female begin to delve away at once. First they dig with their bills, until they have broken up the top layer of the ground enough to give them a foothold. Then they begin to use their claws.

When the scratching begins the dirt begins to fly. It would make barnyard hens turn green with envy if they could see how the burrowing owls can scratch. Indeed, it is lucky for us that chickens can-



not scratch one-tenth as well. If they could the entire United States might be scratched off the face of the earth in a few years.

The burrows extend in a straight line. When the birds have worked out the circular shaft they must make a big vaulted dwelling room at the bottom. This parlor is circular in shape and large enough to accommodate both papa and mama owl and all the little owls. It is so deep below the surface that rains cannot seep into it. The little family, gathered there throughout a stormy day, can sleep as comfortably as if there were no such thing as tempest.

The burrowing owls' eggs are beautiful little spheres, perfectly round, pure white, and not more than an inch in diameter. After they have been laid and until they are hatched out, the little father stands constantly at the mouth of the burrow, watching most fiercely that no enemy shall approach too closely.

When he is standing sentry he rests on one leg and never moves any part of his body except his head, which he twists around in all directions, forward, backward and sideways, as if it were set on a pivot. Let danger threaten and that movable "tottoleey" head is thrust forward, the bill opens alarmingly and the yellow eyes grow immense—so immense that most animals are frightened when they see them.

Spare the Birds.

It is estimated that 5,000,000 birds are annually required in America alone to fill fashion's demand. In one winter in Florida one party killed 130,000 birds. Forty thousand terns were destroyed at Cape Cod in one single season. Prof. E. E. Fish, of Buffalo, referring to birds, says: "It is estimated that they save to the farmers annually in the United States over \$100,000,000."

Think of this when you go to kill a bird!

Lions "At Home."

The lions of Bronx Park, of Greater New York, are to have a new home which is to be 170 feet long, sixty feet wide and the finest in the world. Here they will be healthier and happier than they have been heretofore in the stuffy air of their smaller home.

THE BOYS Poultry Yard

The Way Chicks Are Made in the Shell.

An egg is neither more nor less than the raw material for a new organism put into a neat and handy parcel. The yolk furnishes sulphur and phosphorus for brain and nerves, lime for bone-building, as well as a remnant substance for nutrition. The white, pure albumen, is for flesh and muscle forming. The transformation is effected through the joint action of warmth and the living germ.

This germ lies hid within a small whitish semi-transparent slot attached to one side of the yolk, just where it lies against the white. A fresh egg has the yolk perfectly balanced in the middle of the white. Unless it remains thus balanced the chances are decidedly against hatching. Brooding hens understand that. In fact when filling the nest, a hen turns over all the eggs in it before she quits it after laying a new one. She knows instinctively, too, that in hot weather the sun will addle her eggs, so chooses a shady nest-spot. But in winter, a stolen nest is often made where the fullest sunshine streams into it.

Brooding is throughout full of quaint surprises. Eggs will hatch if kept at blood heat—98 degrees. But they hatch more certainly, and turn out stronger chicks if the temperature is a degree or so higher. Just how it is done nobody knows, but mother hens some way contrive to raise the normal heat of their bodies to the requisite pitch. Further they strip the whole breast of feathers, so the eggs may have the benefit of full heat. Twice a day they turn over every egg in the nest, cuddling them separately up underneath their beaks, making little soft half-creeps, chuckling noises the while. They are also most uncalculating egg stealers. All in sight will be drawn into the nest, though the stolen eggs may crowd out those legitimately there. Still in a way, hens take stock of what they brood. With few eggs they sit prim, with trimly folded wings. With too many they sprawl all over the nest, wings loose enough to let light between every feather, and frequently turn themselves about reaching for uncovered eggs, and drawing them underneath the breast. A hen of average size cannot profitably cover more than fifteen eggs. In cold weather thirteen is a better limit, although in mid-summer the same hen might brood and hatch twenty. Left to themselves, the unchecked instinct of egg-thieving is apt to result in a nest full of spoiled eggs, with maybe one or two feeble chicks.

Twenty four hours of brooding makes hardly a perceptible change in an egg. Sometimes in warm weather, there is the least reddish tinge beside the whitish clot. After thirty six hours the clot shows a well defined drop of very red blood. In two days more a ghastly eyeball is visible, further the blood-drop has spread to ragged veins and arteries. A little later the veins and arteries are well established. One main channel runs straight out to the shell. Inside the shell there is a delicate membranous lining. In this lining other veins develop from the point of contact with the big vein. They spread all over the membrane in fact, and through them the forming blood is oxygenated. Eggshells are full of minute pores, through which the embryo gets air.

At the end of ten days the head is fairly well formed, though the trunk is still ragged. In two weeks the chick is recognizable as a chick, and if the shell envelope is broken will quiver all through and feebly move the head. It has, however, no vestiges of the fine down coat it will wear a little later. The coat forms rather rapidly. The period of incubation for a chick is twenty one days, and for two days before leaving the shell the young fowl is practically perfect. Notwithstanding it would not live were the shell forcibly removed. It spends the last two days gathering vital force to make its own way out into the world. It lies snug within the shell, the head bent upon the breast, in such a position as brings the beak full against the shell. The beak is armed with a tiny detachable piece of horn, flint-hard, and set upon the very tip of the upper mandible. At full hatching time the chick presses this triangle against the brittle shell and breaks a triangle hole in it, possibly a quarter inch across. An hour later, the chick having turned itself slightly slightly presses the beak against a new spot, and makes a fresh break. As more air comes in the little creature grows stronger. It writhes still more strongly in its prison, turning always from left to right. In two hours or ten it breaks the shell in two, and slips out into the nest, a wet and weary sprawler. But the turning in the shell meant more than the breaking out. The motion twisted in two the parietal blood vessel, connecting with the veins in the lining membrane. If it had not been thus gradually severed the young chick would have been in danger of death.

Old eggs, with shrunken whites, have this lining membrane so thick and leathery that although the chicks may form in them all right enough, they rarely ever live to come out of the shell. At pipping time, when the chick begins turning, the tough shrunken lining clings hard. The shell may be brittle enough to part for one or two pipings, but the skin garment sticks—the poor chick rolls out a wrinkled discolored ball, and dies whether or no he is helped out.

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BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS and MONEY SAVERS

A Young Butter Maker.

Wesley Adams, formerly of Clarion, Pa., age seventeen, has made a good record as a butter maker, scoring 92 points out of a possible 100 in securing



WESLEY ADAMS.

a prize therefor at the annual meeting of the Iowa State Dairy Association in 1902. Ninety seven. It is said, is the highest score ever made at these meetings. Wesley and his parents have lately moved to Rega, N. D., and Wesley is ambitious to succeed in stock raising.

Could You Get a Bond?

The Interior says: "Under old business methods a young man who sought employment in some great house must appeal to his friends for 'bonds.' Today he must appeal to a guaranty company; and the first question asked him is, 'Do you gamble?' The second is, 'Do you drink?' If he cannot answer 'No' to each, and back up his reply by the evidence of his friends, he may pound stone, but he cannot handle cash. The Sunday school has now a powerful assistant in the packing-house and the bank. The area in which a young man may sow wild oats is being narrowed every year, and the young man who 'must have his fling,' may have it out on the levee, but not on Wall street. Fathers and mothers do not send detectives to the race track to see who is betting on the horses there, but the bond companies do; and many a young fellow who sneered at his mother's tearful entreaty has listened very humbly to the words of the president of the company which holds his future in its hands."

Good Sound Advice to All.

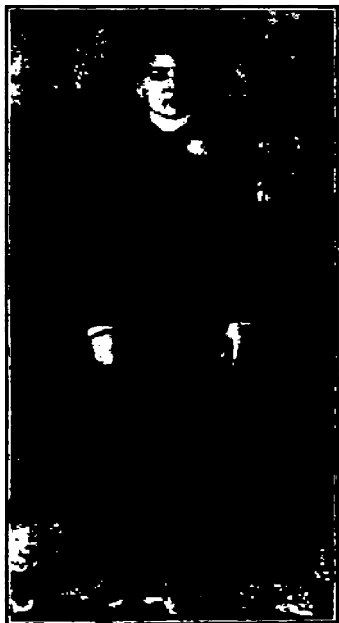
Many boys see the typesetters in a country printing office sitting on a stool, doing nice clean work, and they want to learn the printing trade right off. The first day they put you to distributing "pl." and you think you have struck a snap, but the next day you get the second degree and have to wash the rollers, and wash the forms, carrying the dirty water down three flights of stairs and carry the clean water up, and you do the rolling; and when you go home the second night, there is ink on your white shirt and clean up to your hair, and when you get home your mother will not own you. You want to quit the printing business right off. You supposed it was all setting type and editing the paper, but you will find that you have got an apprenticeship of years of dirty work before you reach that point, and to be a success you have got to enjoy it, and forget that sometime another boy will take the ink degree, and you will be advanced. If you have it in you, and take the various degrees in the employment you seek, you will, some day become the grand master, and you can have your hands clean. The Sun's advice to you, boy, would be to pick some trade that you think you are fitted for, put on some old clothes, and tell them that you want to begin at the bottom and learn it clear to the top, and then don't you ever miss a note or shirk anything, and when you are graduated you are in a position to teach others. There is no trade that you can learn that will let you remain at the top and keep clean and make you easy, except that of inheriting a fortune, but that trade is already overrun and there are few openings. Learn something, and learn it well, and when you are at the head of a business, with gray in your hair, you can enjoy thinking of the days you were dirty and disgusted.—Peck's Sun.

Boys at Work.

BUD JONES, Novi, Mich., fifteen years old, has laid the foundation for a fortune by selling The Detroit Evening News in his town. He has been acting as an agent for the News for five years. In that time he has sold more than 75,000 copies, and yet Novi has a population of only 250 persons. Bud has bought a house and lot with his savings. The boy began with thirteen customers and his profit was less than six cents a day. When he got \$300 in the bank he bought a small house on an acre of ground in the village. He had to pay \$400 down. He took his money from the bank and borrowed \$100 from his father, thus making up the price. He then spent four dollars for fire insurance and another dollar for cyclone insurance. Then he rented the house to a man who paid him \$52 a year, which was 13 per cent on his investment. He reserved the back part of the lot, which had on it some fruit trees. On a patch of this ground he planted sweet corn and beans and looked after them himself. He expects to get at least fifteen dollars out of his apple crop. We are accustomed to hearing of poor boys doing extraordinary things in the way of making money, but Bud's case is one of a boy whose father has money and position, getting out and hustling for dollars for himself. It is an example which the sons of rich fathers may well emulate.—LEO E. DUFF, Jersey City, N. J., age thirteen, earned the money to pay his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by collecting bills for his father on commission. He says, "I would like to hear from other subscribers to this juvenile paper. It's a peach."—HARRY DINKEL, age fifteen, Chicago, Ill., earns money working in a coal office after school hours. He saves his money and buys his own clothes and other needful articles. The dollar for his subscription to this paper he earned. He plays the violin and belongs to two orchestras, and the money that he earns playing in the orchestras he pays out for music lessons.—CHARLES E. WELLS, Yale, Mich., has made and put in the bank \$104.75 within the six weeks prior to December 4, by printing a cook book called "Yale's Pride." Each woman in the town gave a tested recipe with her name signed to it and agreed to take a book at 25 cents. He then obtained advertisements from several of the home merchants. The book contains forty pages and was printed by himself on a 3x5 Kelsey Excelsior press. Charles is seventeen years of age and is Captain of Apollo Company, No. 31, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.—CARSON TAYLOR, Cedar Falls, Ia., age twelve, worked last summer on the farm and earned fifteen dollars. He has loaned it at 8 per cent interest.

Two Boy Barbers.

Chester A. Spath, of Lewiston, Mo., and Joe Muscia, of Allegheny, Pa., the former thirteen years old and the latter eleven, are two boys who have undertaken to become tonsorial artists at a very early age. Chester learned the trade at Monticello, Mo. He began it at the age of eleven under the teaching of his father. The father noticed that the boy was naturally inclined to do things about the barber shop and so allowed him to take a hand at the

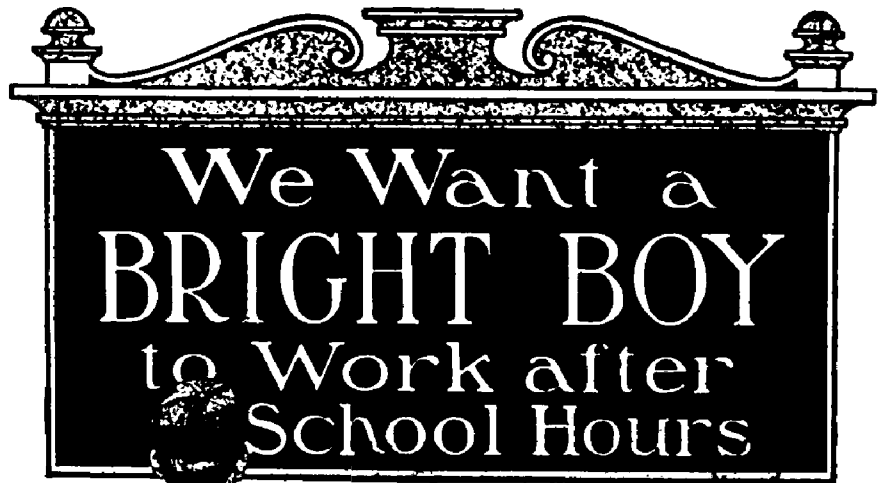


JOE MUSCIA.



CHESTER A. SPATH.

simpler part of the work during his spare time after school hours, and in a surprisingly short time the boy mastered the trade and now holds a regular chair in his father's large shop, a platform having been built around the chair so as to allow him to do the work with ease. Joe Muscia also works in his father's shop, which is on Washington avenue in Allegheny, Pa. Joe began at the age of nine. He is a nice-looking, rosy-cheeked boy, and seems perfectly contented with his trade. During the day he attends school, but as soon as



Any bright boy who reads this advertisement can start in business next week selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He can do it after school hours on Fridays and on Saturdays. The work is pleasant, as well as profitable. The only qualification necessary is a willingness to work—no money needed. We provide the capital. Ten copies of the magazine are furnished free of charge the first week. These are sold at Five Cents a copy and provide the necessary money to order the next week's supply.

\$225 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES WILL BE DISTRIBUTED NEXT MONTH AMONG BOYS WHO SELL 5 OR MORE COPIES WEEKLY

If you are willing to try it, we will send next week's supply and everything necessary for making a success, including booklet showing photographs and describing methods of successful boy agents.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
415 Arch Street Philadelphia, Pa.

school hours are over he puts on his apron and goes to work. He, too, has had a platform built about his barber's chair so as to bring him up on a level with his work. Joe has little time for play and is seldom seen with his schoolmates on the streets.

Learn to Do Only Work that Pays.

Digging in the soil and chopping wood is hard work, but it requires no special skill, hence the wages paid are the smallest. The pay increases in proportion to the thought and skill required. Learn a good trade and it will be with you when your friends and money are gone. Few boys take to tasks that require thought and persistent effort. Yet skilled work is the only employment in demand. Hod-carriers and common laborers glut the market everywhere. The tradesmen and artisans are the ones that get the easiest jobs and the most money. The others are always hunting work. Should they accidentally stumble upon a job they cannot hold it. A superficial knowledge will not do. It must be thorough. Boys, learn a trade while young. After you are twenty years old few will be found who will take time and trouble to teach you one. When you are that old you will want a man's pay. If you don't know anything you won't get it. Know-nothings work at odd jobs and are paid the lowest scale.—The Gem.

HERE'S A MONEY MAKER
AGENTS Our Automatic Carpet Stretcher and Tacker
Sells itself. Works on an entirely new principle. Operator stands in stretching and tacking carpet. Can stretch and tack two thicknesses. Stretcher draws your weight with the carpet. Don't pound fingers or wear out knees. Drives 50 tacks per minute. Every machine guaranteed. Special price to agents on samples, express paid. Columbus Tack Feller, post-paid 20c. Write for terms, catalogue and Good Co. Splendid seller. Other items. One agent sold 25 stretchers in three days. Now is time to take orders. E. O. Pierce Specialty Co., Solist, Wis. 451 2nd Street.

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, without previous experience, from \$700 to \$1,000 a year sure money. Write to-day.
J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Ills.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS!
MANY MAKE \$2000 A YEAR. You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars. A. M. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

PAYS to write for our 250-page free book. Tells how men with small capital can make money with a MAGIO LANTERN or STEREOPTICON.
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

\$8 PAID FOR 100 **POSTAL** **X**
Secretary to A. W. SCOTT, COMOKS, N. Y.

BOYS MONEY EASILY—MADE—distributing samples. Write for information. Israel Sideman Co., New York.

BIG MONEY in Mail-Order Business. Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan for starting beginners is marvellously successful. Send stamp for comp. plan. Central Supply A Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Boys! Make Money Boys wanted in every town in the United States to sell our Garden and Flower Seeds. New Plan. Hundreds of dollars are being earned by boys working after school hours and on Saturdays. Absolutely no money required. We start you and pay you cash. Write at once for particulars and agency of your town.
HOLMES SEED CO., Seed Growers, Harrisburg, Pa.

Boys in Games and Sport

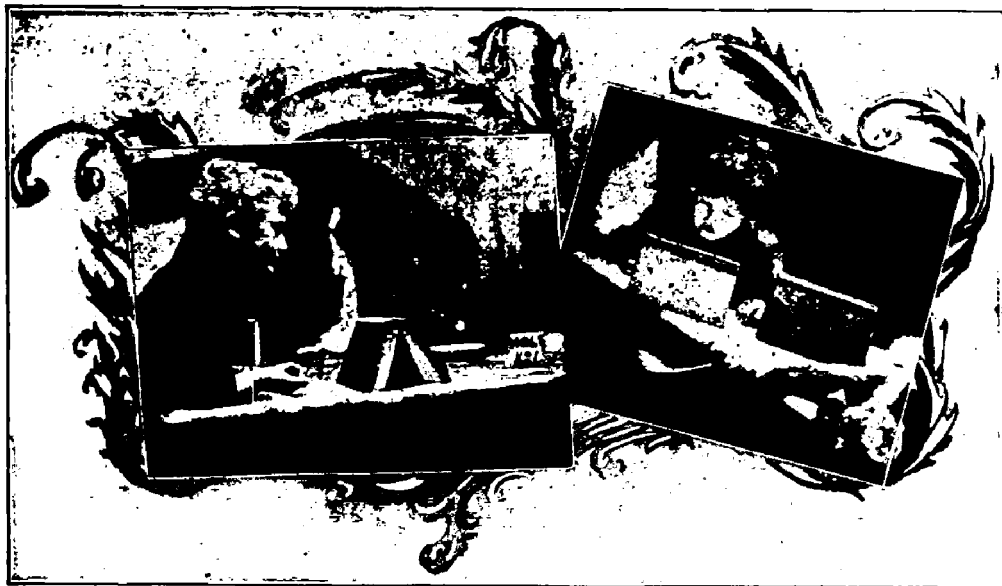


Table Golf for Winter Evenings—Myra Kline.

All the principles of the fascinating out-of-door game of golf are retained in table golf, though, of course, the means employed are very different. To begin with, you should have a good-sized table. If the dining table is an extension one, with leaves, extend it to its utmost. It must be covered with a thick, springy cloth. If the cloth is not of the right thickness itself, lay something on the table first, like a very thick blanket and then put the cloth over that. This will enable you to "drive" the counters with which you are to play and which are to represent not only the ball, but the driver, brassie, cleek and niblick all in one.

The rules which govern the game may be, if you wish to follow them, exactly the same as in golf on the open links; but if it be found confusing to keep track of all the small strokes, the better plan is to proceed as in playing croquet, that is, playing your opponent stroke for stroke, and the one who gets round the links first wins.

In arranging the links a good deal of ingenuity may be displayed, but it is well not to make the course too difficult at first. For holes, use whatever may be agreed upon; a teacup will answer, or an egg-cup, or a book laid flat, as shown; it is not so easy to flip the counter on to the book as may be imagined. The most important part, of course, is the judicious placing of the obstacles. It is a good idea to place the first bunker at such a distance from the tee, that it requires a good shot to pass it. A very good bunker is made by placing two books on edge, leaving an opening between them, through which the drive must be made. If the tablecloth be rucked up, just beyond, it makes it still more difficult, as if you lift the counter by accident into that bit of brushwood, then it may take several shots before you are out of it, and ready to take the next bunker and then "put" for the first hole.

The "putting" of course does not consist of rolling a ball into the hole as in real golf, but in flipping the counter onto a book or into the cup. Duck ponds may be saucers of water and if you happen to get the ball into one of these do not attempt to play it out, you will only lose by that method; the quickest way out of that trouble is to take it out and to lose a stroke. A very good bunker is a wide book set on edge, as seen in one of the illustrations. This is another bunker that looks simple, but it is not

so easy as it looks; it requires considerable knack to give the counter the right pressure to send it up and straight over the book, so that it falls on the other side in a good position for the player to make for the "putting green." Also this bunker is on the very edge of the table, so that there is a chance of the shot going wrong and the counter going off the table, in which case the shot is lost, and you must go back to the place where you struck your ball, or counter, and lose the turn.

Now let us follow a game around the links we have arranged. It is a good plan to make the first shot from Tee No. 1, a long one; the player's aim must be to clear the duck pond and "drive" through the ravine represented by the two books on edge; if you go too hard you are apt to land in the brushwood beyond, which, in this case, consists of the tablecloth rucked up; if you don't go hard enough you may lose your ball in the duck pond or hit one of the books on the side, in which case you may lose several shots in getting back again into the front of the ravine so that you have a straight shot through.

If you are so unfortunate as to get into the brushwood you may find it very hard work getting out again, and lose a good many shots. If too much tangled up in it, the best plan is to lose a shot and take it out. Assuming that you do that, you have got to take a shot on the near side of the brush and clear that and leave yourself well-placed for the shot over the next bunker (the book on end) and having cleared that, you "put" for the first hole, or cup.

Then starting from Tee No. 2, you have another pond to get over. Hole No. 2 is near the edge of the table and it is a flat book, which makes it not such an easy matter to flip the counter thereon and have it stay. Just beyond Tee No. 3, there is another stretch of shrubbery; this consists of a silk handkerchief or a feather boa, and the player must clear this and yet not go so far as to get off the edge of the table. Having passed this you "put" into the third or last hole. The first one around the links, of course, wins the game.

As to the number of players, there is no limit if the room and table be fairly large. Two or more may play and it may be by taking sides, or all against all. If after a little practice it is desired to make the game more difficult, many things will suggest themselves whereby this may be accomplished, but perhaps it may be well to mention one way which I have found to prove admirable. Use two tables, the second

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Through heat and cold, or jar and jolt—

The Elgin Watch will never fail in its faithful performance of perfect timekeeping. Guaranteed against original defect.

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ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Illinois.

need not, of course, be so large as the first, place them at a distance apart which will require a very good drive to cover the distance that separates them. On the other table there may be other bunkers and a hole or two according to the size of the table. After passing around the second table, it is necessary to cross the yawning chasm between the two tables in order to get back to the original links, which will require the very best "stroke" the player can make. The counters with which the game is played are the small discs of celluloid, about the size of a quarter, which are used in other popular games. The plan is to use one as the ball and to hold another between the thumb and first finger. By pressing one on the edge of the other the latter may be made to fly in any direction and to any distance desired.

Progressive Games.

"Hale House" is a club house for boys and girls in Boston, which has the oversight of 260 young people. Mr. G. W. Lee, of the Hale House, sends us a copy of the House "Log" in which the doings at Hale House are reported from time to time in printed form. He calls attention to an article printed by him on "Progressive Games," which are table games in which the winning players "move on" when the bell rings. "Progressive Games" is a semi-annual event at Hale House. The games used on the last occasion (October 24) were the following: Conette (a small catapult throwing a projectile into a net marked off with numbers), ring-a-peg (a modified tiddledy-winks), magic wells (a harmless hammering game, mostly luck and particularly popular), niloe (a first-letter game, which we regard as one of our old "stand-bys"), cube anagrams (a word-guessing game, with dice-throwing, fish-pond (old as the poles, but unique, dominoes (still older, but with modern methods of play), foxy Grandpa (an adding game with cards), and snap (after the manner of snap-jack).

The writer of the article suggests the following as an additional list of games that may be used in this way: Magnetic Jackstraws, go-bang, miniature pool, crokinole, shunette, target game toy, tiddledy-wings, fascination, table football, ports and commerce, and loto (the last four being games of luck).

Prizes are given in the Hale House games. There is no head table, and no time limit between bell ringings. It is found more satisfactory to have all winners move on each time, with the playing interval to be determined by the slowest game. These progressive game parties afford much entertainment to the boys.

Some Simple Tricks.

A few simple tricks may be thus described:

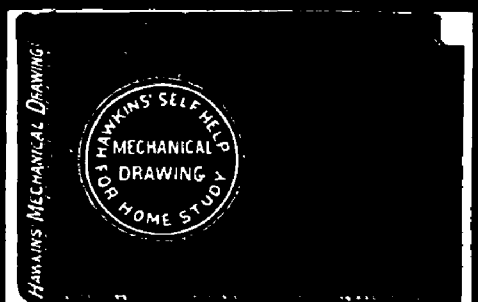
Tell a boy that you can make a circle round him with a piece of chalk out of which he cannot jump. The chances are that he will say you cannot do it. Draw a circle with the chalk around his jacket, and say, "Now, jump out of it."

Ask a boy whether he thinks if he clasped his hands together he could walk out of the room. He will, of course, say that he could. Request him to pass his arms around the leg of the table or piano, join his hands, and walk away.

Fill a small glass with water, cover it with a hat, and say you can drink it without touching the hat. Take the glass and the hat, put your head under the table, make a noise as if drinking, rise and wipe your lips. Some one of the company thinking you have drunk the water will certainly take up the hat to see. As soon as the hat is removed pick up the glass and drink its contents. You can now drink the water without touching the hat.

Wind some clean thread tightly around a small pebble and secure the end. Now if you expose it to the flame of a lamp or candle the thread will not burn; for the heat runs along the thread without remaining in it and attacks the stone. The same sort of trick may be performed with a poker around which is evenly pasted a sheet of paper.

Learn to Draw



THIS BOOK as shown in illustration is a self-instructor for home study and practice in the art of MECHANICAL DRAWING for ENGINEERS, MACHINISTS, ELECTRICIANS, METAL WORKERS and all interested in drafting for shop practice, and has been prepared in plain practical language and illustrated by the author of HAWKINS' EDUCATIONAL WORKS. The book is divided into 28 different subjects which comprise the fundamental principles of drawing, each heading being thoroughly treated.

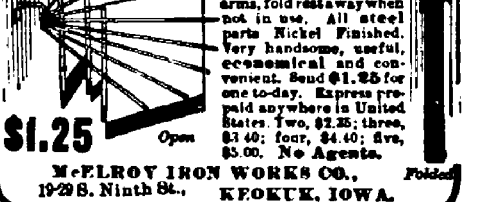
There are 320 pages, 300 illustrations and diagrams. The book is handsomely bound in green cloth, gold edges and title, size 7x10 1/2 in., printed on fine paper. Upon receipt of price, the book will be sent to any address pre-paid, money returned if not as represented. Order to-day.

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Light polished hard wood arms. 16 feet of hanging space. Use one or more arms, fold rest away when not in use. All steel parts nickel finished. Very handsome, useful, economical and convenient. Send \$1.25 for one to-day. Express prepaid anywhere in United States. Two, \$2.25; three, \$3.40; four, \$4.40; five, \$5.00. No Agents.

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From the MODOC LAVA HEADS, 12c. each, two for 25c., postpaid. Obsidian specimens, suitable for CABINET, 25 cents, postpaid.

GEO. J. STEELE, CANBY, Modoc County, CAL.

Learn to Entertain

Five Good Tricks, complete apparatus, full directions, post free, 15 cents. Cat. free. BAILEY & TRIPP CO., Manufacturers of Magical Apparatus, Box B, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

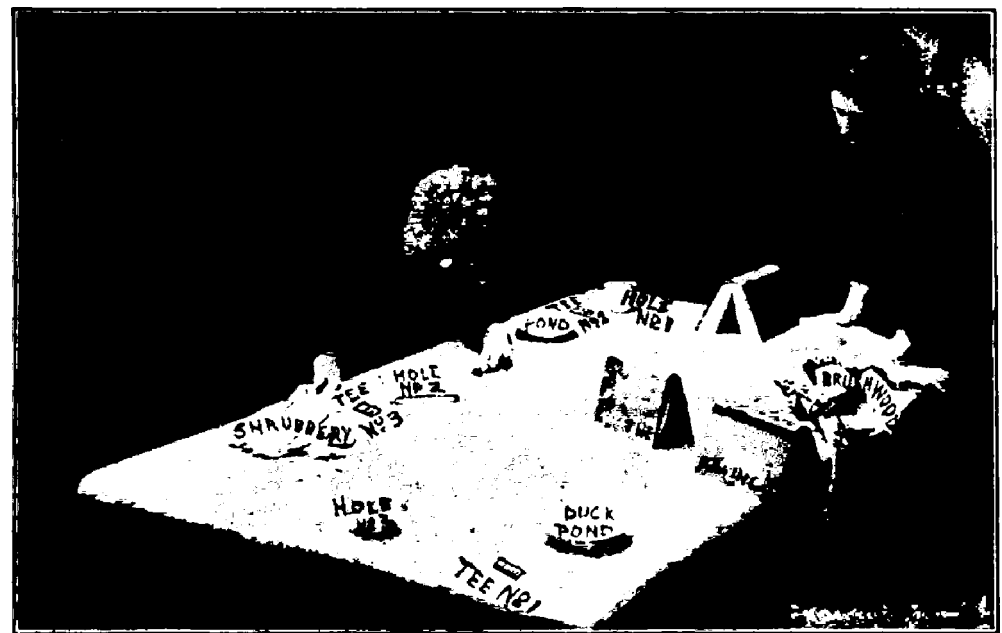
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Wanted—Everywhere men to distribute advertising matter, tack signs, etc.; no canvassing. Previous experience unnecessary. Address National Advertising Co., No. 107 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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TO LADIES, A Beautiful Enamelled Brooch. TO GENTS, A pair of Gold Plated Cuff Buttons, worth 2c., with our big bargain catalogue, if you send two-cent stamps for postage. J. HIRSH JEWELRY HOUSE, Department A. E., Rochester, New York.

FREE a copy of SWITCHLIGHTS, an illustrated book of 100 POEMS, by E. E. Sheagreen, an engineer, TO BOYS sending us an order for five copies, 87 poems; bound in green cloth, price \$1.00 per copy. "Head and Judge whether or no he should be called the 'Bobby Burns of the Throttle.'"—St. Paul Pioneer Press. Address The Iron Trail Pub. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.



JUMBO PACKET No. 1

Price 25c., postpaid, contains 75 stamps, catalog value about \$1.00, including 8 large Egyptian revenues, unused and used battle ship revenues, unused Turkey and Porto Rico, 10 Japan, 1m. Germany, obsolete, etc.

JUMBO PACKET No. 2. Price 60c., postpaid.

This superb packet contains nearly 70 stamps, including 65 Revenue, 1 shilling New Zealand, high value Nicaragua, valuable Peru, Serbia, etc. The full catalog value of this packet is more than \$2.00. The two packets are entirely different. Dealers could make a handsome profit by retailing these stamps separately.

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ALBUM FREE

With each order for PACKET No. 200, which contains 1000 varieties used and unused postage stamps, from nearly all countries, including Barbados, Ceylon, Decan, Nomi B., Louisiana, etc., a \$1.00 album is sent in itself. Price with album holding 1,500 stamps, \$2.50. Return, if not satisfactory, and money will be refunded. Packet No. 15, 50 var. foreign (20 postage extra)..... 50c. Packet No. 25, 100 var. foreign (20 postage extra)..... 1.00 Packet No. 30, 20 var. U. S., cat. value 50c..... 50c Agents wanted. Send references and receive Approval Sheets at 60% dia. Did you see our Dec. advertisement? CAMBRIDGE STAMP CO., Cambridge, Mass.

For Boys Only

Start a stamp business of your own and make piles of money. Can be done in your spare time. You only have to wait for orders and receive cash. No canvassing. Write at once for full particulars to R. THISTLEWHITE, 46 Sanford Street, DOVER, N. J.

300 FOREIGN STAMPS

(not the cheap kind) only 10c. 100 var. Foreign, 5c.; 150 var., 10c.; 200 var., 15c.; 250 var., 20c.; 300 var., 25c.; 400 var., 30c. These packets were put up five years ago, and are extra value. 3 old U. S. on cover, 50. 10 of 10c. U. S. postal cards, 10c. Isalah Rudy, Box 102, Sta. A, Pittsburg, Pa.

STAMP COLLECTORS

100 diff. used Foreign, 20 diff. U. S., 5 diff. unused Foreign, 3 Mexican Revs., 1 stamp catalogued 10 cents, 1 package stamps hinges, 1 blank approval book, all for 25 cents, postage prepaid. EDGEWOOD STAMP COMPANY, 58 Clarkson St., Suite 1, DORCHESTER, MASS.

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107 fine stamps for names of two collectors. Offer only good when applying for our approval sheets at 50% discount. Mention this paper and have parental sign approval. 1000 fine mix. 10c.; 200 diff. 2c.; 100 sheets 15c.; 1000 hinges 8c.; 1908 catalogue 5c. Lists FREE. Write TIFFIN STAMP COMPANY, TIFFIN, OHIO.

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Porto Rican and Cuban Stamps at 1-10 cat. 8 Abye, cat. \$1.10, 2c.; 2 Venez. cat. 50c, 10c. Approval Books, 15 Foreign, all diff., cat. \$0.50, for 10c. At 50% and 25% 50 " " 200 " " 25c Commission..... 100 " " 5c 3 stamps, cat. 25c., free with each order over 25c. J. H. BAKER, 488 Jackson Ave., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

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1000 mixed, 10c.; 50 var. France, 2c.; 100 var., 1c. to 1c. each, 10c.; 500 var., \$1.00; 1000 hinges, P. G. Beals, 21 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

STAMPS 10c.

100, no two alike and genuine. Costa Rica, Mauritius, Natal, Cape G.H., Cuba, Oosta 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.

STAMPS 15c.

152 different, including Servia, etc., 10c. 1000 mixed, 2c. Approval sheets, 50% com. Large price-list of packets, albums, etc. FREE. New Eng. Stamp Co., 27 Bromfield St., Boston.

STAMPS FREE

100 all different free for names and addresses of two stamp collectors and 20 postage stamps, 10c.; 200 Foreign, 5c., 2c. List 60c. sets free. Agents 50% commission. STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

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Foreign Stamps and Albums, 10c. 1000 varieties \$2.50. 1 set Pan American with each order. Agent wanted. Fine stamps on approval. W. M. L. STABLE, Jr., 55 Spangler Ave. Cleveland, Ohio.

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300 Foreign Stamps, 10c.

104 all diff. from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., with album, 10c.; 40 diff. U. S., 10c.; 15 diff. Australia, 10c. 30-page catalog free. Agents wanted. We send out sheets of stamps at 50% discount. C. Crowell Stamp Co., 148 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

BOYS MAKE 50 CENTS AN HOUR

showing sample and taking orders for our patent FINE KINDLER. Send 25 cents for trial sample and get 25 more. KINDLER COMPANY, HILLSBORO, ILLINOIS.

STAMPS FREE for addresses of collectors.

The more names, the more stamps. Album, 10 stamps and cats. Free to all. 105 In-China, a U. S. worth 2c., W. I. & Co. Agts. 50% and prizes. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston.

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Price list of 600 sets and packets free. W. T. McKAY, 678 Broad Street, NEWARK, N. J.

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FREE 100 varieties foreign stamps for names and addresses of 2 collectors.

Postage 2 cents, 1000 hinges, 8 cents. READ STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

FREE! A stamp worth 12c given to all new applicants for approval sheets.

Reference must accompany application, or a note from parent giving consent. WILLIAM F. PRICE, Arnold Ave., NEWPORT, R. I.

130 all different foreign postage stamps, no postal cards, a good start for a collection, all for 10 cents if ordered at once.

THE NEBRASKA STAMPOO, S. Omaha, Neb.

500 Stamps finely mixed only 10c; 50 all diff. fine 5c; 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c; 1000 hinges (unusual) 10c; 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agents wanted 50%. List free. Old stamps bought. Union Stamp Co., Dept. O, St. Louis, Mo.

The Boy Stamp, Coin and Curio Collector

Answers to Questions. The Numismatic Sphinx.

V. W., Madison, Indiana—Your stamp is catalogued at 2 cents.

G. W. B., Springdale, Washington—The stamp is catalogued at 30 cents unused if the envelope is entire.

W. G., Chicago, Ill.—The \$1 second issue revenues catalogues 10 cents, and the \$1 and \$5 third issue 6 cents and 75 cents respectively.

R. W. A., Blair, Neb.—Your stamp is not a postage stamp, but a revenue stamp. It is issued by some of the countries of South America, we believe.

J. C. D., Goldfield, Colo.—The three cent Agriculture is catalogued at thirty cents unused and the twelve cent Agriculture catalogues a dollar and a quarter unused.

T. J. F., Clinton, Mass.—The stamps of the Transvaal, formerly the South African Republic, are issued in the currency of Great Britain. A penny is equal to 2 cents American money.

H. D. L., Germantown, Pa.—The stamp you illustrate is a Roman States issue. Counterfeit stamps differ from the genuine in many minor details. Stamps that are engraved are often counterfeited by lithography.

J. V. F., Elizabeth, N. J.—The 2-pence brown South African Republic surcharged "E. R. L. Half-Penny" can be purchased for 3 cents, and the same stamp surcharged "V. R. I." can be purchased for 10 cents.

A. W. L., Philadelphia, Pa.—The 59 cent present issue U. S. can be purchased for 6 cents. Postal card heads have no value. The card is collected entire. Nearly all the "Baby Heads" of Cuba are worth more used than unused.

C. W. O., Plainfield, Indiana—The stamps mentioned in your letter, in the order given, are: Italy, Russia, Greece, Dutch Indies, and Spain or some of the Spanish colonies. The one "with the head of the young man and nothing else" is from Greece.

R. H., Newark, Ill.—The revenue stamp described is from Great Britain and is not catalogued in postage catalogues. The 8s Norway of 1856-57 is dull lake in color and catalogues at 10 cents. The same stamp issued in 1863 is rose in color and catalogues 15 cents.

W. H. V., Raleigh, N. C.—The 3 cent Canada stamp with the maple leaves in each corner surcharged 2 cents is catalogued at 3 cents; the 2 cent U. S. surcharged Porto Rico catalogues 3 cents, and the same stamp surcharged Puerto Rico catalogues 2 cents.

F. H., Chicago, Ill.—The surcharges for Cuba on the current U. S. stamps are catalogued as follows in used condition: 1c, 2 cents; 2c, 3 cents; 2 1/2c, 5 cents, 3c, 8 cents; 5c, 6 cents; 10c, 15 cents. They are seldom offered at one-half catalogue, 25 per cent from catalogue being the usual prices asked by dealers.

D. R., Stephenville, Texas.—The best way to start a collection is by the purchase of a packet of all different foreign. A packet of 500 all different can be purchased for \$1.50. Write any of the stamp dealers advertising in THE AMERICAN BOY and they will send you a price list of packets, sets and single stamps free.

F. A. C., Clare, Mich.—The easiest way to remove stamps from the envelope is to place them in cold water. Never use hot water. If the stamp is in a color that will fade from contact with water, lay the envelope on a wet cloth, with the face of the stamp up, and in a few minutes the stamp will peel easily from the cover without injury.

G. E. H.—Pre-cancelled stamps are stamps canceled with the name of the office selling them, the cancellation being done by printing the name of the office by a printing press in place of handstamping them. They are sold to large mail order firms and save the time of the office in canceling them. Zechmeyer's continentals refer to the name of the dealer putting the stamps on the market.

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Postage 2c extra. 25 var. Canada; 15 Canada Revs.; 50 var. Br. Colonies; 15 var. Br. W. Indies and S. A. Colonies; 17 var. Br. African Colonies; 50 var. Australia. 1000 Ideal Stamp Mounts, List FREE. THE BRITISH COLONIAL STAMP CO., 517 Temple Building, LONDON, CANADA.

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P. L.: Your coins are all common.—1853 three cent pieces sell for fifteen cents.—The 1827 dime sells for a quarter.—The 1849 gold dollar sells for two dollars. This was the first year of its issue.—The 1854 and 1862 gold dollars sell for two dollars each.—C. H.: See answer to C. L.—W. K. S.: Your copper is a common 1 kreutzer of Austria.—The 1841 quarter sells for fifty cents at the dealers.—The half-penny Nova Scotia, 1832, sells for ten cents.—The half cent of 1854 sells for fifteen cents.—The 1808 half dollar sells for eighty five cents; 1829 dime, twenty five cents.—The 1813 half cent is worth twenty five cents. Your others, no premium.—The 1834 half dollar sells at the dealers for seventy five cents.—The Mexican dollar of 1852 is only worth face value.—Gold dollars now all bring a premium. None of them are worth less than \$1.50.—R. Y. M.: Your rubbing is from a Virginia half-penny of 1773 and sells for fifty cents.—The 1818 and 1834 half dollars sell for eighty five and seventy five cents each. 1827 dime, a quarter.—A gold dollar of 1867 that has been mutilated is worth but bullion value.—R. S. S.: Your rubbing is taken from a Jackson token or cent of 1841. It sells at the dealers for forty cents.—W. F. H.: Your rubbing is from a Scotch penny of Alexander III. (1249-85) and it is worth about two dollars.—The dime of 1830 sells for a quarter. The quarter eagle of 1834 hardly brings a premium.—The 1829 half dollar sells for seventy five cents. 1855 half dime, no premium.—G. B. D.: Your rubbing is from an ecu of Louis XV. of France (1726). It sells for \$1.75.—E. W.: Your drawing is from a rectangular silver coin of Japan, called bu. (1818-68), and is worth seventy five cents.—G. M. G.: The 1830 half dollar, seventy five cents. Your "one penny" with sun above and balance beneath, is no doubt a Masonic penny.—P. K.: Your rubbings are all from very common coins which have no premiums.—The 1847 cent sells for five cents.—R. H. E.: Your 1810 Spanish 8 reals of Ferdinand VII. was struck in Mexico, and is worth only face value. The 1825 half cent sells for fifteen cents.—H. B.: Your rubbing is from a current Japanese sen. What you call a snake on the coin is the Japanese dragon. The coin is very common.—C. G.: The coin of which you send a rubbing is a Spanish 4 real of Charles IV. It, with the other coins you mention, have no premium.—W. B. S.: The cents and half cents you mention, if in good condition, sell at from five to ten cents each. All are very common.—L. M. H.: Your coins are all common. The cents of 1838 and 1848, if in good condition, sell for ten cents each.—The 1852 cent, five cents; Porto Rico, 1856 5 centimos, ten cents; 1832 half dollar, seventy five cents; Spain, 1879, 5 centimos, five cents. Other coins face value only.—H. W. B.: No premium on the 1864 two cent coin. Cannot make out from your description what your 1794 coin is. Send us a rubbing of it.—L. R.: Your American coins sell for about five times their face value. Your foreigners are all common, as is also your \$10 Confederate bill of 1864.—W. B. K.: Your 1 rigsmont Skilling is from Denmark and sells for five cents. The 1819 cent is worth ten cents. Your other coins are mostly Civil War tokens and are common.—W. H. B.: Your coins are all common. 1829 dime sells for a quarter. Your coin with the III, 1851, is a common nickel three cent piece.—R. E. A. sends us a fine drawing of a Continental Bill of Feb. 26th 1777, for five dollars. This particular specimen is common, the dealers selling them for a quarter each.—The "bit" in the south and west is equal to a shilling of twelve and a half cents. The old Spanish reals being of that value were called "bits." The term is still used in sections of this country; twenty five cents equals two "bits," etc.—C. L.: The Spanish silver as a general thing is worth only bullion or face value. Yours is an 8 reals or dollar, and was issued at the Mexican mint.—A good 1801 half dime is worth \$5.00. The 1802 is the rarest of the series, and a fine specimen easily brings \$100.00. The half dollars of 1826 and 1827 sell at seventy five cents each.

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MILTON G. AILES.

ROBERT T. HILL.

ROBERT WYNNE.

CHARLES O'NEIL.

Boys of the Past; Men of the Present—Crittenden Marriott

THIRTY years ago, the men who are now conducting the great business affairs of Uncle Sam were boys; some of them were very little boys and others might be termed men, but all were young, ambitious, and abounding in vigor. Noting the steps by which they rose, the boys of today may study their example and rise in turn to the posts they now occupy. For, as sure as the Republic endures, some of the boys of today will hold these posts thirty years hence. And if we can judge the future by the past, those who hold them then will have earned them, as those who hold them now have earned them, by hard work.

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Thirty years ago, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury was a mere baby; fifteen years ago he was an "assistant messenger" in the department in which he now stands next to the head. Milton G. Ailes was born in a backwoods district in Shelby County, Ohio; he walked to school two miles through woods filled with wild animals; his whole family lived in a poverty endurable only because all the neighbors underwent similar privations. When he was sixteen, he went to Washington to get work and finally obtained it, as has been said, as assistant messenger in the Treasury. His duties were to sweep the floors, carry in the coal, and generally speaking, to "polish up the handle of the big front door." He polished it up so carefully that he attracted the attention of the chief of his division, who advised him to study law, and put his law library at his disposal.

Ailes studied law, but he did not neglect his most important elective—the study of the department in which he worked. When any clerk was sick or away on vacation, he would ask to be allowed to do part of the work, thus left without attention; usually he was permitted to do so, and in time, came to be familiar with the work of every desk in his bureau. So, when a vacancy occurred, he got it.

It was a small promotion, but still it was a promotion. Later he passed an examination in typewriting and stenography and received another promotion; later still, he took an examination for a law clerkship, and was appointed to that. These various promotions caused him to be transferred from division to division about the big building and in each he learned all the duties of all the clerks. Consequently, when Secretary Gage wanted a private secretary some six years ago, who could there be more suitable than the man who knew all the routine of the department. Again, two years later, when the post of assistant secretary became vacant, there was no one better qualified to discharge its duties than the quondam "assistant messenger."

THE CHIEF OF ORDNANCE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Admiral Charles O'Neil, chief of ordnance of the United States Navy, is older than most of the others discussed in this article. When the civil war be-

gan, forty two years ago, he was a sailor, a mate of a sailing vessel, and had been knocking around the world on salt water for five or six years. He had had little education in the general sense of the word, but seamanship he knew from the beginning to the end. No trick of the tide, no treacherous current by day, no squall by night, found him unprepared to meet it. He had learned his business thoroughly.

When the war began he was appointed an "acting" lieutenant, that is to say, he was to hold office until the close of the war and then be mustered out. Thousands of others were similarly commissioned and were mustered out, but "Charley" O'Neil was not. He had improved his spare time in study, and when the word went out that acting officers who could prove their fitness on examination might remain in the navy, he was ready. He is one of four or five men now in the service who have not been through the Naval Academy.

Possibly it was the fact that he knew "Jack" through and through that carried him to success more than any other one thing. He had spent years before the mast and knew all the workings of Jack's mind; hence he knew how to manage him. Harassed officers who had gotten their crews into a snarl

were only too glad to call on "Charley" to help them straighten things out. Before long, he was known as the best disciplinarian in the navy—a man whom the most restive obeyed because they liked and trusted him.

His technical knowledge of ordnance has all been acquired late in life, but has been so thoroughly burned into him that he has discharged the complicated duties of chief of ordnance with such success that American gun work is famous all over the world.

ROBERT T. HILL, GEOLOGIST.

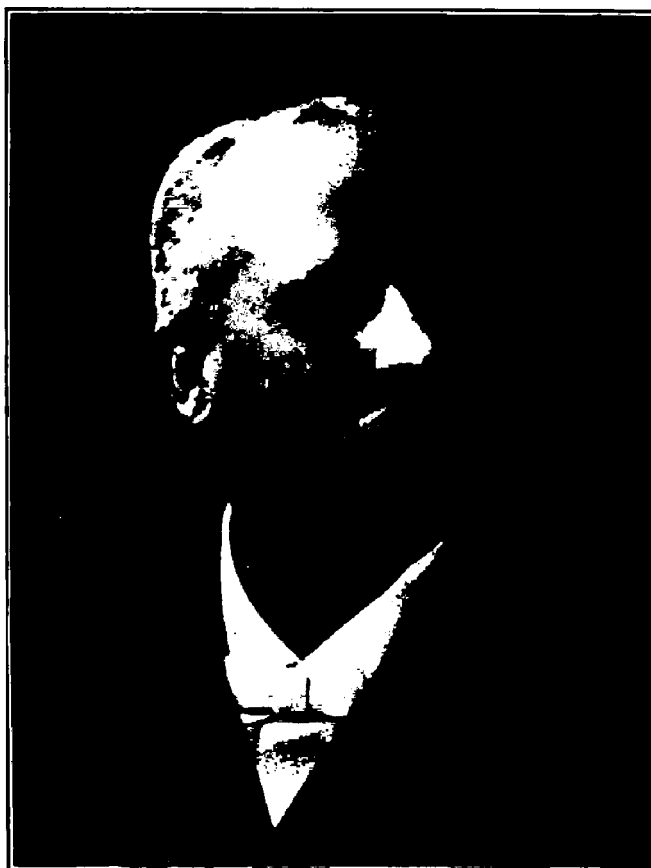
Thirty years ago, Robert T. Hill, one of the most eminent men on the staff of the Geological Survey, whose work has made for the United States a reputation in this kind of work second to none, was a cowboy and a peripatetic typesetter in Texas, where he had wandered from his native state of Tennessee. But he was more than either a cowboy or a printer; he was an ardent student of geology—a science then in its infancy. Whether "riding herd" or bending over a printer's case, he spent all his spare time in chipping at the rocks around him. When Texas found that he was not looking for gold, it promptly dubbed him the "crazy printer." When he decided that he wanted a college education and started east without a dollar in his pocket to get it, Texas was absolutely sure of its wisdom in so naming him. Having so decided it forgot him—for a time.

Hill made his way east by slow stages, stopping along the route to stick type in order to pay his way farther. Finally he reached Cornell, where he got a position on a local paper and worked nights to pay his expenses while he went through college. When he was graduated, he read a thesis on the "Geology of Texas," which made him famous in the scientific world. It was promptly printed as a bulletin by the United States Geological Survey, whose Director sent for him and offered him a post, from which he has risen to his present enviable standing.

It would take too long to rehearse the story of what he has done, but it may be mentioned that he was one of the three experts sent by the government to examine into the conditions in Martinique when Mount Pelee did such awful damage. It may be mentioned, too, that Texas has been slow to change its estimation of him, despite the honors heaped upon him by learned societies all over the world. Some years ago, being stationed in the Lone Star State, he accepted the newly established chair of geology in the Texas State University, but was compelled to resign—and his chair was abolished—because Texas, of all places in the world, was horrified at the teachings of geology, which it declared were subversive of all religion. Texas has learned better since then, however.

THE CHIEF CLERK OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Something more than 30 years ago, Thomas G. Alvord, now chief clerk and executive officer of the magnificent new Library of Congress, was just about to enter college. Suddenly his father died, his fortune was swept away, and he himself left penniless.



EDWARD A. MOSELEY.

Temporarily abandoning his hopes for the future, he went to work in a grocery store. While there he mastered bookkeeping to its last detail. His employer failed in the financial storm of 1873 and Tom went to sea, where he learned the life of the common sailor of the United States merchant service. After three years of this, he brought up in Texas as a cowboy and learned the life of the plains at first hand. It seemed a waste of time, as did everything else he had been able to do, but he did it faithfully, nevertheless.

Then came the turning point. He began to write for the papers, drawing on the material he had accumulated in past years. His work "caught on" and he was invited to go to Albany, New York, and take a place on a paper there. Thence he soon moved up to the New York Herald, on which his experience made him invaluable. Whether it was a big failure, or a yacht race, or an unexplained rise in the price of meat, his special knowledge enabled him to discuss it ably. For years he represented the Herald and then the World in Washington, resigning from the latter to undertake the management of the administrative details of the magnificent library, leaving the Librarian free to attend to the more purely literary features of the work.

THE FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL.

Thirty years ago, "Bob" Wynne, second in command in the post office department, was a stenographer and typewriter in Washington. Even then, he was famed for his stick-at-it-iveness. Once started on a piece of work, he never let go until it was finished, and finished well.

Later, he became a newspaper correspondent, in which work his persistency served him excellently. When he went after a "story," his man might as well surrender first as last, for surrender he had to sooner or later. He made a special study of financial matters, and during the last two years of President Harrison's administration was private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury, a post of considerable importance and responsibility. Here he earned the gratitude of his chief by the ability with which he made the



THOMAS G. ALVORD.

most of every incident connected with the big department, which might tend to avert the panic that all the country knew was impending. It was a conspicuous piece of persistency that called

President Roosevelt's attention to him and that probably brought about his final appointment to the office he now holds. This was nothing less than his positive refusal, as correspondent of the New York Press, to stop "booming" Mr. Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency. "But I don't want the place," said Mr. Roosevelt. "That makes no difference," rejoined Wynne. "The party needs you and you have got to take it."

Later, when Perry Heath resigned, the President could find no one better fitted for his place than the man who had refused to abandon what he believed to be for the best, for any consideration that could be brought to bear on him.

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

Thirty years ago, Edward A. Moseley, Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a body made up of the ablest lawyers and charged with the supervision of the gigantic railway systems of the country and the application to it of the vast mass of complicated law, was a cabin boy on a sailing vessel at sea. That he ever got much beyond a cabin boy is due to his abounding vitality and the energy with which he threw himself into everything he undertook.

While a sailor, he carried mahogany from Hayti to the United States; later he went mahogany hunting in Central America; later still he worked at logging in the Maine north woods and in time established a lumber firm at Portland.

Some years ago, he took up the cause of the railway brotherhoods in their efforts to secure safety devices on the railway cars in order to stop the frightful waste of life that takes place annually. To him more than to any other one man was due the passage by Congress of an act compelling this.

His labors in this direction led him to study the railway system and laws of the United States, and, when the Interstate Commerce Commission was established, to be appointed its secretary, a post he has since held. Today, he has a more comprehensive knowledge of railway conditions than perhaps any other man in the country.

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.]

X.—ROOM AT THE TOP.

Every boy who has any stuff in him wants to succeed. By success he means high position, big salary or income, reputation, influence, power. Sceldom is the higher success that results from lofty character, irrespective of wealth or fame, taken into account. So, for this concluding paper, I will deal with pure worldly success, the kind that men are recklessly struggling for the world over.

If the average boy approaching manhood were to analyze his ambition and define his goal twenty years ahead, it would be the presidency of a bank or great corporation, the head of a rich firm, the foremost place in the chosen profession of law, medicine, or the ministry, a seat in Congress, or perhaps the mayoralty of his town.

And here comes the surprising and encouraging truth that these great prizes of a life are not hard for the well-equipped man to attain. The competition for them is not severe. Indeed, strange as it may seem, the big place is usually hunting for the man. There is room at the top. The bottom is crowded with those struggling fiercely for the small prizes. The top has ample elbow room for the few who are up there.

To explain a little. Every corporation or firm that employs men knows how hard it is to find just the right material for responsible positions. It is easy enough to fill the routine places where brains and character are not essential; but commence to look for a man above the ordinary, and the trouble begins. One man available is honest, industrious, faithful, but lacks a trained mind. Another is capable, energetic, hard working, but there is a shadow of doubt about his moral strength under temptation. Another is honest, bright, true, but lacks industry or the power of application. Still another seems to possess every needed thing, but is without health and endurance. And so on through the list. It is next to impossible to find one who combines in himself the necessary qualities for a high and responsible position, unless there is mixed up with them some shortcoming or failure. The well-rounded man, morally, intellectually, physically, is a prize in the business world, and those controlling great interests are grabbing for him. He commands the highest pay while he serves others, and in due time you find him at the head of his own great interests.

Now turn from the top downward. With each descending step in the scale the number of those competing for place increases in geometrical ratio, until at the very bottom you find the greatest crowd of all. The lower the pay, the more menial the work, the greater is the scramble for it. For example, take a great manufacturing corporation. Its president dies or retires. The salary is perhaps \$25,000 a year. The

directors begin the search for a successor, and if they find two or three broad, able and forceful men from whom to make a selection, and who have not already better positions, they will be fortunate. But suppose the vacancy is that of assistant bookkeeper or bill clerk at \$40 a month. A hundred men—yes, a thousand, if it is in a great city—can be had in a day's time. And the \$25,000 man is cheaper than the \$40 a month man. I was told the other day of a vice-president of a great corporation in New York who had by a timely, sagacious stroke made his company \$600,000 in a single year. It was enough to pay his salary of \$30,000 a year for twenty years in advance. The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad died some years since, leaving a \$50,000 position to be filled. There was no scramble for the office. One man was available who had mounted every successive round of the ladder, but he practically had no competitors. I know a man who started as a poor German boy in the night schools of a western city, working step by step through the mechanical departments of a large manufacturing business, proving himself master in each place, until the management of a great enterprise came to him unsought at \$25,000 a year. I know a railroad president who, coming from a small town in Maine, by sheer force of brains and character reached a commanding position. To one high office was added another, until his combined salaries equal that of the President of the United States.

Let us ask a few questions. Is it natural brilliancy or luck that puts one man so far ahead of his fellows? It is neither. Analyze the character of the men in highest places. You will find they attained their positions by preparation, mental, moral, physical, technical; brains well trained, energy well directed, work well sustained. Study the steps in the character of Gladstone, of Benjamin Harrison, of Carnegie, of Rockefeller, of Wanamaker, of P. D. Armour, of C. M. Schwab, and prove the statement.

Are the qualities of success attainable by a man of ordinary natural abilities? Unquestionably, yes. First the character; then the preparation; then the opportunity. The latter comes to most men sooner or later, but rare is the man who is ready to seize it. U. S. Grant as a boy in Ohio built his character. At West Point and in the Mexican war he made his preparation. In the Civil war he found his opportunity. Here are a few of the essential qualities which will win against all the powers of so-called ill luck:

1. Absolute, unswerving integrity. Is that unattainable?
2. Brains, mental grasp. Given a fair mind, what is that but education and discipline?
3. Energy and force of character. This is a question of exercise of will to overcome laziness and love of ease.
4. Capacity for work, executive power.

the ability to bring things to pass. This is the product of industry by system or method. It is energy conserved and well directed. It is the art of making every stroke count.

5. Personal manners, engaging address. What is this but the result of close, unselfish adherence to the rules for making a gentleman?

All these qualifications are not easy, it is true, but they are not impossible. It is therefore your own choosing whether you will be among the richly rewarded few at the top, or the hungry multitude at the bottom.

[The End.]

Magnanimous Boys.

Horace Mann says: "You are made to be kind, boys; generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags within his hearing. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; or if one boy is proud of his talents, and another boy is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him."

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HOW TO BUILD AN ICE YACHT

By A. Neely Hall.

With illustrations by the Author and Norman P. Hall

Probably no winter sport can be found that is more enjoyable than that of ice-yachting.

By following the plans here outlined, any handy boy can readily construct an ice-boat at a very small outlay of money. With one of these great speed may be obtained.

The framework consists of two planks, one of which is four feet long, the other eight feet long. Fasten the shorter plank crosswise upon the longer one about one foot from one end, and bore a large hole where the two planks intersect at O, for the mast. Bore another hole at P for the rudder to pass through.

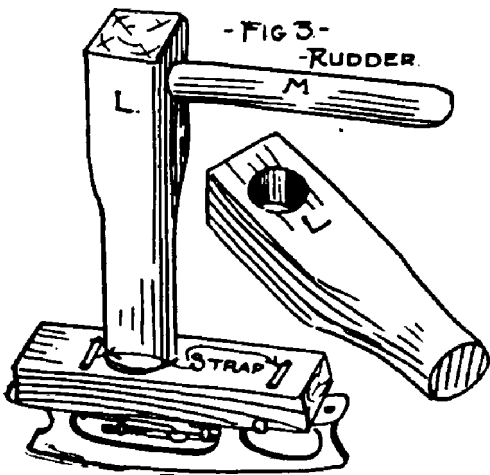
In figure 1, A, B, C, D are side-stays, consisting of wires fastened to screw-eyes placed at E, F, G, H, I.

Three old skates make good runners. Fasten one of these to each end of the crossplank. To do this, bore holes through the plank at J, K, and run straps through them and around the skates. To make the skates real firm, drive staples through their tops. (Figure 2.)

For the rudder, use a block of wood about ten inches long and two inches thick, and fasten the third skate to it in the same way that you did the other two. Make the rudderpost similar to L

boom as shown in figure 4. At R and S bore a small hole with a gimlet and after slipping the crotch around the mast, run a wire through these holes and fasten the ends securely.

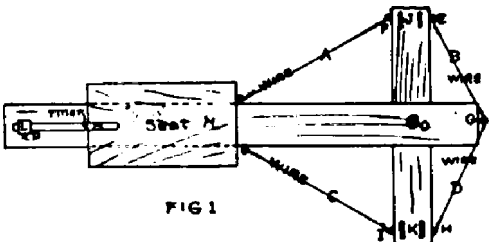
Make the sail out of stout drilling.



You had better secure the help of your mother or sister in making this in order to have a neat job.

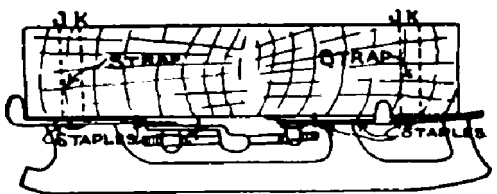
Cut a board about three feet long by eighteen inches wide for a seat and nail it to the center plank. (See N in figure 1.)

If the work has been properly put together and in a substantial manner, you will have an ice-yacht that will be the envy of all your boy friends, and something to be proud of.



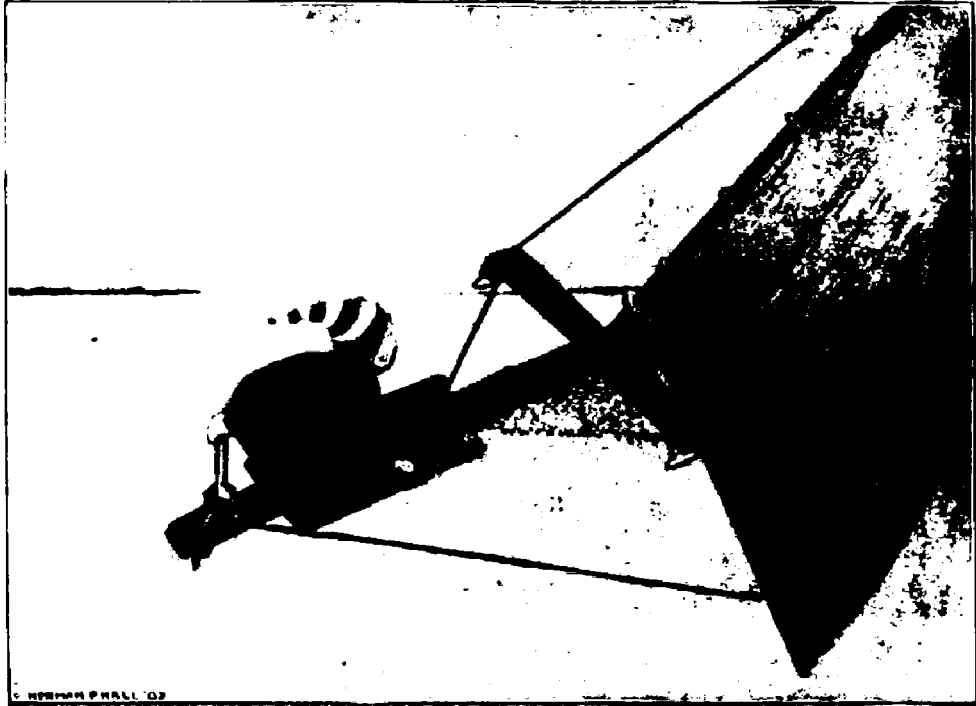
In figure 3, boring a hole in it large enough to admit the tiller M, after which nail it firmly to the ten-inch block. The tiller is a broom handle about eighteen inches long. To make the construction of the yacht more simple, the steering apparatus may be omitted, the steering in this case being done by a boy who skates behind the yacht, holding on to a board attached to the stern for the purpose. If the boat is controlled in this manner, fasten the third skate to the stern, like those in front.

The leg-of-mutton sail is best adapted to a small ice-boat like this, although



any other style of sail may be used. Use a spruce pole about ten feet long and two inches in diameter for the mast, and another, eight feet long, for the boom. After fastening the mast in the hole bored for it, steady it with stays run from the peak of the mast to the screw-eyes at F, G and I. (See figure 1.)

Cut a crotch from the limb of a tree and bind it with cord to one end of the





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BUILD A YACHT

Send for HOW-TO Book List

The Rudder Publishing Company



One thing I want to impress upon the young athlete is not to overdo at the start. This mistake has been the undoing of many a youngster who would have developed into a big, strong athlete if he had not started out with the wrong ideas of how to train.

Different people need different kinds of work. A frail, delicate boy cannot stand as vigorous work at first as a big lusty chap, yet the little chap has just as much chance as the big one if he only goes about things in the proper manner.

Good health is the first essential of an athlete. If one is not healthy, then he must go about to build himself up in this direction before starting in on any course of physical exercise.

This can only be done by laying down certain rules and following them strictly. These rules are very simple. In brief, they are as follows:

- Don't drink.
- Don't smoke.
- Don't chew.
- Get all the sleep you can.
- Get all the pure, fresh air you can.
- Eat plain, wholesome food, and lots of it.
- Stick to these rules and gradually, but surely, you will find yourself getting stronger and stronger. Finally the day will come when you will never know a sick moment.

Then is the time to begin your exercising. At this stage another duty presents itself. You must find out your weakest physical points. Then these must be built up so as to correspond with the rest of your body. If your back is weak, it must be strengthened; if your arms, your legs, or your chest are weak, you must pay particular attention to these parts until you feel that they are perfect.

Good Physique.

Frank M. Lowe, a thirteen-year-old Irving schoolboy of Kansas City, Mo., is possessed of a remarkable physique. On his thirteenth birthday he was examined by the physical director of the Y. M. C. A. at Kansas City, who pronounced him to be the best developed boy for his age of any he had ever examined. He has never worked in a gymnasium, but has taken exercise at home without an instructor. He is an expert bag puncher and has one trick which is all his own—that of lying on his back and punching the bag with his feet. The boy scarcely ever eats meat, living almost entirely on fruit, cereals, vegetables and nuts.

The following is his record: Weight, 145 pounds; height, 5 feet 7 1/2 inches; depth of chest, 7.3 inches; neck, 13.8; chest, contracted, 33.4; chest, expanded, 37.5; waist, 28.6; right forearm, 10.6; right upper arm, down, 10.4; right upper arm, up, 12.8; left forearm, 11; left upper arm, down, 10.3; left upper arm, up, 11.10; right thigh, 21; right calf, 13.6; left thigh, 21.2; left calf, 13.6; lung capacity, 310 cubic inches; grip of right hand, 122 pounds; grip of left hand, 122 pounds; back lift, 432 pounds; legs and back lift, 872 pounds.

Arab Boys Play Marbles.

The boys of Arabia have a curious way of playing marbles. The marble is placed in the hollow between the middle finger and the forefinger of the left hand, the hand being flat on the ground and the fingers closed. The forefinger of the right hand is then pressed firmly on the end joint of the middle finger, which pushes the middle finger suddenly aside and the forefinger slips out with sufficient force to propel the shooter very accurately.

To Become Strong Men.

In the Chicago American the noted boxer, Robert Fitzsimmons, gives the following good advice to boys:

The great secret of proper training for all kinds of athletic feats is to use plenty of common sense. This is the keynote of success for all athletics. Common sense in eating, common sense in exercising, common sense in sleeping, all form a combination that wind up in success.

A TRICK WITH COINS

The following illusion, although it may seem very simple, will, in order to meet with the very best of success, require more or less practice on the part of the performer. Do not infer from this that the trick is complicated or beyond the possibilities of any. Practice until you have satisfied yourself as to your capability at performing the trick, and you will invariably succeed. It may be very successfully played in a room before a small company of observers. The appearance of the trick to an observer is as follows: Standing in the midst of the group the performer will roll his sleeves up to his elbow and at the same time borrow a gentleman's hat from one of the company. This he holds in the left hand, and immediately turns it over, showing it to be empty. He now requests that the members of the company supply him with a number of twenty-five cent pieces, which he says are needed to perform the trick. In very few instances, if any, will he be able to secure and make your first appearance in the act of pulling at the right coat sleeve, holding the right hand open. Ask for the hat immediately, continuing to pull at the right coat sleeve until you hold the hat in the right hand. Now place the hat in the left hand, rim upward, the fingers protruding down into the hat, and the thumb outside. In placing the hat in the left hand allow one of the coins to drop into the right hand. The coins are now next to the hat, held by the fingers, and by the use of the forefinger may be made to drop one by one into the hat. Here it is that you turn the hat over, showing it to be empty, at the same time grasping into the air with the right hand, and here exhibit the quarter. You now pretend to place the coin in the hat, allowing your hand to enter the hat, but instead of doing this it is retained in the right hand and one of the coins in the left hand allowed to drop into the hat. These movements are repeated until the coins in the left hand are exhausted, and the last one (which has never left the right hand until now) is thrown up and caught in the hat. Each time a coin is produced the hat should be lowered, showing it contained one more coin. The foregoing was contributed by Harry W. McMillan, of Stafford, Kansas. Mr. McMillan has made the art of magic a study for a number of years and has published two books on the subject, written especially for readers of the American Boy. Reliable literature pertaining to the art of magic is scarce, and when such a book may be obtained for a trifling cost, it is a rare exception. Here in this book you cannot, with a reasonable amount of practice, perform sleight-of-hand tricks successfully. If our readers could realize the amount of real amusement contained in these books, for your friends as well as yourself, you would not hesitate in ordering either or both of them. The book "Primary Magic" contains some of the simpler and easier tricks to perform and is sold, when bought separately, at twenty-five cents. A more extensive production entitled "High Magic" contains many of the seemingly superhuman marvels of late origin and is sold at fifty cents. Both books sent prepaid to any address for sixty-five cents (postoffice money order). A descriptive catalogue of the contents of the books will be sent upon receipt of five cents to cover postage. Order early and insure prompt delivery. Address all orders and communications to Harry W. McMillan, Publisher, Stafford, Kansas.

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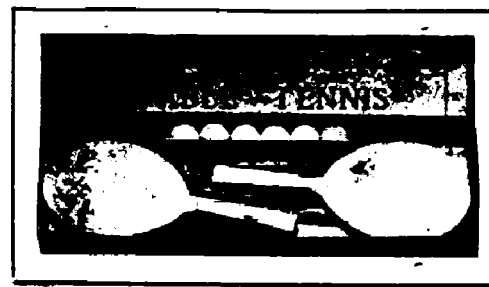
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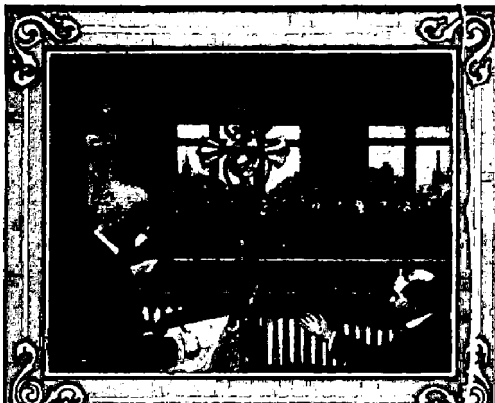
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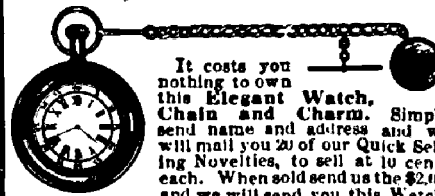


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The American Boy

March 1903



Work Hard = Play Hard

Theodore Roosevelt to Schoolboys

Boys:—You are here to study, and while you are at it, study hard. When you have got the chance to play outside, play hard. Do not forget this, that in the long run the man who shirks his work will shirk his play. I remember a professor in Yale speaking to me of a member of the Yale eleven some years ago and saying, "That fellow is going to fail. He stands too low in his studies. He is slack there and he will be slack when it comes to the hard work on the gridiron." He did fail.

You are preparing yourselves for the best work of life. During your school days and in after life I earnestly believe in each of you having as good a time as possible, but making it come second to doing the best kind of work possible. And in your studies and in your sports in school, and afterwards in life in doing your work in the great world, it is a safe plan to follow this rule—a rule that I once heard preached on the football field—don't flinch, don't foul, and hit the line hard.



Napoleon

A History Written for

CHAPTER XIII.

EMPEROR—DEATH OF NELSON—AUSTERLITZ—
JENA—EYLAU—TREATY OF TILSIT.

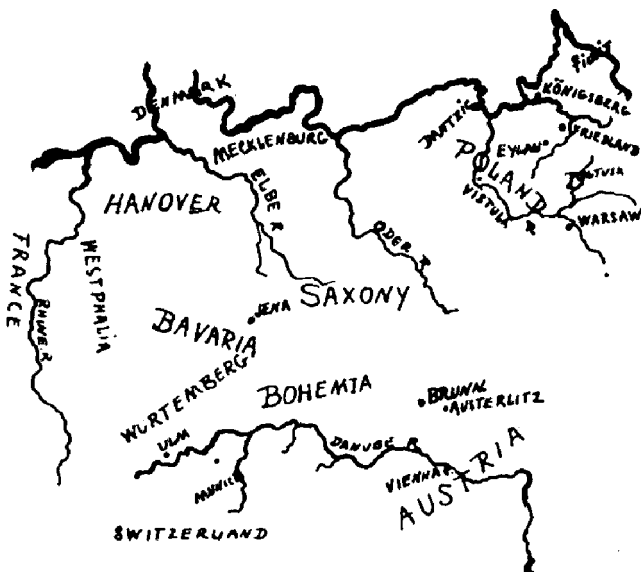
The favorable opportunity had come, and on the thirtieth of April, 1804, the Senate adopted, with scarcely a dissenting voice, a measure afterwards ratified by the people by a vote of over 4,000,000 to 3,000 by which Napoleon assumed the title of Emperor of the French. On December second, 1804, by one of the most imposing ceremonials ever enacted, Napoleon was crowned in Notre Dame Cathedral by Pope Pius VII., who had come all the way from Rome to lend dignity and solemnity to the event. On the following May twenty sixth, by the unanimous call of the Italian Republic, he was crowned as their King at Milan. At the coronation ceremonies Napoleon took the crown from the hands of the Pope and placed it on his own head and then he crowned the kneeling Josephine, as if recognizing no one, not even a Pope—the vicegerent of God on earth—as fitted to do him honor. Likewise at Milan he placed the old iron crown of Charlemagne on his own head, repeating the words used by the Lombard kings of times past—"God hath given it me; beware, who touches it." We now hear only of Empire, of Emperor and Empress, of Princes and Princesses, of High Constables, Grand Admirals, Grand Marshals, Grand Huntsmen and Masters of the Horse. The Empire was to descend in the male line of Napoleon's descendants, and in case of his having no son he might adopt a son or grandson of his brother's. The members of his family were declared princes of the blood of France. The army received the change with applause. Flattery and devotion met the Emperor on every hand. Every crown in Europe, excepting Russia, Sweden and England, congratulated him, and many princes came in person to pay their respects.

Scarcely had Napoleon returned from his coronation in Italy before he learned that a new coalition had been formed against him by England, Russia, Austria and Sweden, with a half million men ready to take the field. The Czar Alexander of Russia was even then on his way to Berlin in person to win Prussia over to the alliance. Napoleon wished for peace, so on January 27, 1805, he wrote a magnanimous letter to George III. of England, whose weak excuse, given through his minister, was to the effect that it was impossible for him to negotiate without the consent of Russia.

Let us not make the mistake of thinking that Napoleon's wars up to this time had been of his own seeking. The honest reader of history must see at the heart of all these struggles the determination of England and the continent of France to put down republicanism and re-establish the Bourbons on the throne. The kings of Europe could never rest so long as a plebeian without ancestry sat in one of the high places reserved for the aristocracy. What might have been the history of France had Napoleon been left to carry out his gigantic purposes and plans with reference to her internal prosperity, we can only dimly imagine. Napoleon wanted peace that he might devote his time and energy to building up France at home, and his most bitter enemies tell us that even when in the saddle during the most arduous campaigns he was planning and putting into execution great projects for the improvement of the condition of his people.

In the war about to desolate Europe anew, Napoleon's old antagonist, Austria, was to take the lead. At once she marched her armies into Bavaria, and though that comparatively feeble country wanted to remain neutral, she was treated by Austria like an enemy. The armies of France were, as we have seen, scattered along her northern coast. With incredible celerity Napoleon marshaled them into six great divisions and almost before his enemies realized that he was on the move he had pushed across the Rhine. Within two weeks twenty thousand prisoners had fallen into his hands, and within twenty days the Austrian army of 80,000 men was utterly destroyed. The approach of the invincible Napoleon at the head of 186,000 men burning with enthusiasm was too much for the Austrian General Mack, shut up in Ulm, and, incredible as it may appear, without waiting for reinforcements and without striking a blow he surrendered the fortress with 36,000 men. Napoleon, with his staff, stood for five hours and watched this great army march out from the ramparts of Ulm and thus he addressed their officers: "Gentlemen, war has its chances. Often victorious, you must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war. I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting."

Massena, who had been sent by Napoleon to fight



his way into Austria by way of Italy, was equally successful, driving, in a few weeks, the Archduke Charles and 60,000 men out of Italy and in full retreat toward the Austrian capitol. Marshal Ney, at the head of another division, was successful on the Upper Rhine against the Archduke John, and now these three great divisions of the French army were rushing on to Vienna. The Austrian Emperor and his household fled, and on November 13, 1805, Napoleon entered the capital of the Austrian Caesars and took up his residence in the palace of Emperor Francis.

For a moment we turn from this theater of warfare to another. Spain had declared war on England and had put her fleet at Napoleon's disposal. A battle took place off Cape Finisterre with the allied fleets of France and Spain, consisting of twenty sail of the line, 350 ships and four frigates on the one side, and the English fleet, with fifteen sail of the line and two frigates under Sir Robert Calder on the other. The English gained a nominal victory, though they captured but two of the enemy's ships. The latter made at once for Cadiz. Admiral Nelson, of whom we have heard before, then took command of an English fleet composed of twenty seven sail of the line and three frigates. The combined fleets of France and Spain now numbered thirty three ships of the line and seven frigates and carried four thousand troops besides their regular crews.

On October twenty first, 1805, took place the battle so famous in history known as the Battle of Trafalgar, off Trafalgar on the coast of Spain. The ships of the allied forces were drawn up in double line; those of England came on in two columns, that of the Admiral displaying at her masthead the signal that all the world has read, "England expects every man to do his duty." When the smoke of battle had died away nineteen ships of France and Spain were in the hands of the English and seven that had escaped had been rendered unserviceable; but victory was at the tremendous cost of the life of the brave Nelson, who fell mortally wounded, exclaiming, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

Napoleon remained but a few days at Vienna and then pushed on over the Danube into Moravia, fixing his headquarters at Brunn, two miles from Austerlitz. At Brunn the Austrian and Russian forces were concentrated under the eyes of their two Emperors, Alexander and Francis, and on the second of December, 1805, were prepared for battle. At midnight of the first Napoleon laid himself down for much needed rest. In one hour he arose, mounted his horse and set out to reconnoiter. He strove to escape observation, but the soldiers recognized him, and springing to their feet they received him with shouts of enthusiasm. Lighting fires of straw and fixing them to their bayonets, the whole line

Bonaparte

Boys by the Editor

blazed in welcome, while shouts from 80,000 soldiers rent the air. Napoleon asking the meaning of it was told that it was the anniversary of his coronation. He then retired to his tent and issued a stirring proclamation to his troops: "Soldiers," he said, "I will myself direct all your battalions. I will keep myself at a distance from the fire if, with your accustomed valor, you carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but should victory appear for a moment uncertain you shall see your Emperor expose himself to the first strokes. Victory must not be doubtful on this occasion." With such an appeal the veterans of France were roused to the highest pitch of frenzy.

By four o'clock the Russian columns were in full march to surprise the French. Napoleon was at once on horseback, a bugle sounded, and, as if by magic, the French army was in battle array. At first a fog obscured the field, then a ruddy glow appeared in the eastern horizon and the sun rose with unaccustomed brilliancy, producing a deep impression on the imagination of all. This was known afterwards as the "Sun of Austerlitz," and the veterans of this campaign in after years when beholding a brilliant sunrise recalled the one of this momentous day.

Riding along the line on a fleet horse Napoleon cried: "Soldiers, we must end the campaign today with a thunderbolt." The answer he received was the universal shout, "Long live the Emperor."

The Russians, by the advance of one wing of their army, had weakened their center. Napoleon on seeing it, declared: "In twenty four hours that army is mine." With the speed of the wind the French force poured in upon the weakened point in the Russian advance. With stubborn bravery the Cossacks held their positions. The battlefield looked like a prairie on fire. Two such magnificent armies had never met. Then Murat, the intrepid leader of the French cavalry, galloped upon the field with thousands of gleaming swords in air, and before the eyes of the Emperors of Austria and Russia the center of their armies was broken. Their right was surrounded and forced into a hollow, whence they attempted to escape over the ice that covered a few small lakes. The French gunners poured a storm of



The whole line blazed in welcome.



shot upon the ice and broke it, and here died 20,000 men. The two allied emperors, with the shattered remnants of their armies, fled in terror from the scene. Thus ended the "Battle of the Emperors," Napoleon taking 20,000 prisoners, forty pieces of artillery and all the standards of the Imperial Guard of Russia. After the battle the Emperor Francis of Austria called on Napoleon, promised never to fight against him again (a promise he did not keep), and obtained from him permission that Alexander of Russia might withdraw to his own dominions.

Prussia at this time had 200,000 men ready for the field. Alexander of Russia had endeavored in person to persuade Frederick William to join the coalition but without entire success, though the two Emperors, before the tomb of Frederick the Great, took an oath to sustain the cause of the allied kings. There can be little doubt but that if Napoleon had been defeated at Austerlitz Prussia would have thrown her splendid army against him. As it was, she intrigued and evaded month after month. Frederick William's beautiful Queen, Louise, fanned the indignation and zeal of her people and, dressed in the uniform of the regiment that bore her name, she rode at its head; but still Prussia held back. There can be little doubt, too, but that Napoleon bribed Frederick William into an attitude of inaction by the gift to him of Hanover.

We cannot name the results, momentous as they are, of the Battle of Austerlitz. By it Napoleon became virtually ruler of the greater part of Germany. Austria gave up to the kingdom of Italy her Venetian territories and transferred to Bavaria her possessions of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg. Eugene Beauharnais, the son of Josephine, who had been made Viceroy of Italy, took in marriage the eldest daughter of the King of Hanover. Napoleon proclaimed that the Royal House of Naples had ceased to reign forever and proclaimed his brother Joseph King of Naples. Principalities were conferred on Napoleon's sisters, Eliza and Pauline. His brother Louis, who had married Hortense, the fair daughter of Josephine, became the King of Bavaria. A confederation was formed by the Kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, the Grand Duke of Berg, and other sovereigns of West Germany under the name "The Federation of the Rhine," with Napoleon as "Protector." This confederation was bound to place 60,000 soldiers at Napoleon's command. Thus was the Germanic Empire torn to pieces. Sweden, on the news of Austerlitz, suddenly became quiet. Napoleon then returned to Paris, signaling his return by creating a new order of nobility known as Princes, Dukes and Counts, and granting to his appointees extensive estates in the newly conquered country.

Prussia was now to fall under the displeasure of Napoleon and to reap the same reward that Austria had reaped before her. The friendship of Prussia had been a purchased friendship. She now looked upon the Confederation of the Rhine with suspicion and sought to bring about such a coalition of the

other Germanic states as would offset that of the West. The Czar of Russia was quick to take advantage of Prussia's state of mind. Again he visited Berlin and promised the assistance of his army. England was there with promises of money. Napoleon, with his usual farsightedness, knew that war must come and determined to strike a blow before Russia could march her armies to the assistance of her ally. The Prussians made the mistake of taking the field before reinforcements had come from their eastern neighbor. Advancing into Saxony, they compelled the Elector of Saxony to ally himself with Prussia, and then took up a position on the Saale, in front of the French army which came on in three great divisions. The Prussians made the further mistake of extending their line too far and of so placing it that their stores and magazines were back of their extreme right. Napoleon at once grasped the situation and, sending in his forces upon the enemy's right, turned it, took possession of the stores and magazines and blew up the latter. The Prussian King, finding himself about to be surrounded, formed his army into two divisions, and one, under his own leadership, retreated toward Nuremberg, the other, under General Molendorf, toward Jena.

On the evening of the thirteenth of October Napoleon arrived at Jena and found the enemy ready to meet him. Napoleon's own heavy train of artillery was thirty six hours' march in the rear, but, nothing daunted, he ordered his men to work all night in cutting a road through the rocks and in drawing up on the neighboring heights their light guns. Both armies were closing in battle the next day before the sun revealed to either commander the divisions of his foe. As soon as the sun had risen Napoleon, with his glass, saw where a bold charge would decide the battle and ordered Murat to advance with his cavalry. These brave horsemen leaped to the contest, dashed through the enemy's lines, spreading havoc on every side. Twenty thousand Prussians were either killed or taken prisoners, and 300 cannon, sixty royal standards and twenty generals were the trophies of

French victory. Thus was defeated an army that started out with 150,000 men, led by kings and princes, and thus the Prussian monarchy lay at the feet of Napoleon. One after another her strong fortresses fell into the victor's hands, and he himself, on October twenty fifth, entered Berlin. Frederick William of Prussia having fled to Konigsberg.

While at Berlin Napoleon visited the tomb of Frederick the Great, where Frederick William and Alexander had sworn allegiance against France. Napoleon, it is said, took from the mausoleum of Frederick the Great the sword and orders of the Great Frederick and sent them to Paris, saying, "These orders and sword shall witness no other scene of perjury over the ashes of Frederick." He sent to Paris also the best pictures and statues of Berlin and Potsdam. Thus he laid the foundation for the seemingly undying enmity that has existed for generations between the German and the French.

Napoleon was now the master of the whole sea coast of continental Europe excepting only that which bordered the territories of Russia and Turkey. At Berlin he announced what is known as the Decrees of Berlin, in which he sought to punish England by way of her commerce. In these decrees he declared the British Islands to be in a state of blockade and that any intercourse with that country would be considered treason against himself. At this time a deputation from Paris came to Berlin to congratulate him. They carried back with them the trophies of his victories and a demand for a new levy of 80,000 men.

Napoleon now advanced to meet the Russians, who were still unconquered and in the field. Between Russia and Germany lay stricken Poland. Napoleon allowed Poland to believe that her saviour was at hand. Kosciusko wrote a stirring appeal from Paris and the Polish officers of the French army wrote glowing accounts of the high character of Napoleon and promising that the great conqueror would restore to them their ancient grandeur; so thousands of brave Poles rushed to swell the army of the conqueror. The French army reached Warsaw, the capital of Poland, November 28, 1806. Soon it encountered the Russian army under Bennigsen and drove it back from post to post until it made a stand at Pultusk. Here the French charged and met with a repulse which was nothing less than a disaster, 8,000 French, among them Lannes, being either killed or wounded. Had the Russians followed up their advantage, defeat must have come to Napoleon. As it was, the French quietly retired into winter quarters, the emperor taking up his residence in Warsaw and stationing his army in the towns round about. But the Russian army was not idle. They were better able to stand the severe cold of this latitude, and in detachments they struck telling blows here and there upon the French outposts. Napoleon, therefore, determined to move before spring. His first attempt was to get in the rear of the enemy and cut them off from a retreat toward Russia.



Battle of Austerlitz.

(Continued on page 148.)



Nita—A Tomboy Soldier

—THE LAST STORY WRITTEN BY THE LATE G. A. HENTY—

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CHAPTER I.

ON THE northwest frontier of India stood the little fort of Darlinger. It was occupied by three companies of a Punjabi regiment under the command of Major Ackworth. It had been erected two years previous to the opening of this story, and was intended to check the incursions of the fierce tribes across the frontier. One of these incursions had recently been made, and the major was about to start with two companies and a field gun to punish the invaders. He was a strict officer but not unpopular, being very particular about the comfort and well-being of his men. In other respects he was a silent and reserved man. He had lost his wife a year before and this had completely broken him down; the only being he seemed now to care for was his daughter Nita. Nita's mother had intended to return to England with her daughter just before death put an end to the plan.

The major talked again of the necessity of sending Nita home, but so far it had only been talk. "I have quite made up my mind at last, Nita, when I return from this expedition to pack you off to your uncle in England; you are getting a great deal too old to be knocking about in a barrack yard. I know that you are a favorite with all the officers, but that only makes matters worse. You have been a regular tomboy for the last five years, and it is quite time that you were taught to behave as a young lady."

"I can behave like that now when I like, father, and I am sure I don't want to grow up a young lady like the colonel's two daughters, who walk about as if their feet were pinched up in wooden shoes, and simper and smirk whenever any one speaks to them. Then there is Captain Mann's wife, who seems to think of nothing but dress, and expects to be waited on by all the officers."

"That is all very well," the major said. "I admit that they are not favorable specimens of their sex, and I by no means advise you to take them as models; you know well enough that I should not be sending you home to England unless I was absolutely convinced of the necessity for so doing. I shall miss you very sorely and shall count the days till, in three years' time, I shall take my leave and come home to you, to bring you out again when I return. You must admit yourself that your accomplishments are not strictly feminine in their character. You are as good a pistol shot as there is in the regiment, you can fence very fairly, you have a very good idea of cricket, but you know nothing of music."

"Well, father, you know you have said so many times that you don't like musical women."

"No, I am not fond of them," the major said shortly, "but I like a woman who can play an accompaniment to a good old English, Scotch, or Irish song; but as for a woman who is always strumming on a piano, I think that she is a bore of the worst kind, so we won't say much about the music. Then you could not make a garment for yourself to save your life, and there is no more necessary accomplishment on the frontier than for a woman to be able to make her own clothes. You can cook very decently, I admit, but as for anything else you know no more than a child of ten. I am afraid that your uncle will be sadly shocked at your ignorance of everything except barrack life."

"I wish I had been a boy instead of a girl," Nita said.

"I rather wish so, too, Nita; but even if you had been, you would have been obliged to go home and work desperately hard to get a commission. No, I think you had better be contented with matters as they are, and if we can't turn you out a soldier we can, at least, make a lady of you."

Nita made a little grimace which showed that the prospect did not delight her. "What is the use," she said, "of my being able to hit the ace of diamonds ten times following at twelve paces?"

"It is not impossible that it may be of use if you come out here again. It is more than probable that you will be a soldier's wife, and in a country like this it is by no means impossible that skill with a pistol may be of use to us. You remember at the mutiny how women stood at the side of their hus-

bands. There has been more than one massacre since we have been here, and such an event might occur again. At the present moment the tribes are restless, and may break out in a general insurrection at any time. However, that is as it may be. Young Carter will take his leave and go down country in a month's time, and I shall place you under his care."

Nita laughed. "I should rather say, father, that you would place him under my care, for he is the most conceited young fellow in the regiment."

The major smiled. "He is not liked, Nita, but he is an honest young fellow; he doesn't say much, certainly, but as you talk a great deal I have no doubt that you will get on very well when you are once in a railway carriage on your way down South, and he will be able to look after you when he gets to Bombay, and see all about your cabin, and make general arrangements. I do not know any one in the regiment to whom I would rather trust you."

"Well, father, as you say so, of course I must go. If it were only for six months I should not mind, for

have been settled there for some time. The great thing is to make the best of things. You are a big girl for your age. You are as tall as many village girls at sixteen, and if you are bright and cheerful you will soon make yourself liked. Naturally in every school there are one or two disagreeable girls but there will be no reason why you should quarrel with them."

Nita threw back her head. "They had better not quarrel with me," she said, "you know that Lieutenant Carter has given me lessons in boxing."

"Why, you little savage," said her father, "you don't suppose in a finishing school they use their fists against each other! I gave you permission to learn to box for I think it well that every man or woman should be taught how to protect themselves from a street ruffian. Moreover, boxing gives quickness of thought and doubtless improves the poise and figure. If you were to hit a girl at school, it would lead to your instant expulsion. Women fight with words, not with deeds. I think after your constant verbal skirmishes with the officers that you will be able to hold your own."

"I think so, father," Nita said, "oh, yes. I think I shall get on very well at school."

On the following day the major marched away with his two companies, and he half told his daughter that he should probably be back in a fortnight; then she turned and began to make her preparations for her journey. "Take care of yourself," he shouted as he waved his hand before giving the order to start. "I expect to hear when I come back that you have been doing junior subaltern's work to Lieutenant Carter."

As soon as the force were beyond the gate she went up to Carter: "You heard, sir," she said, saluting in military fashion, "that my father has deputed me to act as your sub?"

The young man looked at her in surprise. "I understood that the major was joking, Miss Ackworth."

"Partly in jest, partly in earnest, sir," she said calmly, "one white officer to fifty men is quite enough under ordinary circumstances, but it might not be enough here if we were attacked in great force by the Pathans. I might not be of any use in directing the men's movements, they have their own native officers, but in case of trouble I could keep watch and carry orders for you and act as hospital nurse, and do no end of things."

"I trust that there will be no necessity at all for your efforts in any direction."

"Look here, Charlie," she said, "if that is the way you take my well-meant offers, I shall withdraw them." This she said in a tone of indignation.

"I think you are quite right to do so, Miss Ackworth, I do not think there is the most remote chance of your services being called into requisition."

"I don't know," she said, "somehow or other I have a sort of uneasy conviction that there is trouble brewing in the air."

The lieutenant's face changed its expression instantly. "Have you any reason whatever for such an idea?" he asked, with a sharpness and directness differing widely from his usual manner.

"No, I cannot quite say that I have, still there are some little things which might afford some foundation for it. To begin with, you know that thirty of the camp followers went off a week ago. Why should they have done that? They are always well treated. There has been no grumbling among them, and yet, without a moment's notice they stole away, just before the gates were closed at night."

"Yes, Miss Ackworth, we talked that over among ourselves and came to the conclusion that the men thought they wanted a change and had gone off to their villages."

"Yes, of course, it might have meant that. I heard you talking it over when you were sitting in the veranda outside the bungalow. I thought you were all very stupid, because you only seemed to have one idea before you. Why, I could have given you several ideas at least."

"The men all belong to the hill tribes, and, I have no doubt, had an inkling that an expedition was going to start, and so went to join their friends. They took, I heard, half a dozen rifles with them which would certainly seem to show that they had no intention of returning here."



"You heard, sir, that my father has deputed me to act as your sub?"

I want to see the sea, and the big ships, and, of course, it will be all new to me in England. I have no doubt that my aunt will be very kind and make allowances for my deficiencies, but it will be terrible work saying good-bye to you when we have never been separated even for a day. I will promise you that I will do my best to be trained up to be a lady. Shall I have to go to school?"

"Certainly, dear, I shall ask your aunt to find a first-rate finishing school to which you can be sent for the three years that you are in England, except for your holidays."

"The girls will all think that I am a little savage. I have heard you say that they go out for walks two by two, like an awkward squad being drilled, and they never run races, but have to walk along with their arms the reverse side, and their feet turned out. Oh, dear, it will be dreadful."

"Not so bad as that, dear; I believe there are schools now where girls play games—hockey, football, and cricket, and have gymnastics; and I shall ask your aunt to choose a school of that sort."

"That will be better," Nita said, more cheerfully; "at any rate I think that I shall be able to hold my own."

"I dare say you will feel very happy when you

"Well, that is one solution. The other is that the raid that my father has gone out to punish is really a feint to get him to take the greater part of the garrison away, so that during his absence they might fall upon us tooth and nail."

The young lieutenant looked at Nita gravely. "What you suggest is quite possible; I never thought of it before, and I don't think the major can have done so, or he would have left some more of his force here. I beg your pardon, Miss Ackworth. I see that in case this supposition turns out true, you will make me a very useful subaltern, and I at once accept your offers in that direction. I trust sincerely that your fears will not come to anything, but at any rate I will at once take every precaution in my power—forewarned is forearmed, you know."

"That is right, sir," she said, saluting again; "I hope that when you are assigning a place in the defense to others that you will also give me a place. I should not be much good with a rifle, for my father considers it altogether out of my province—still, I very often fire one down at the butts, and certainly think that I could not miss a man if he were coming up close to the wall—but as you know, I am a pretty sure shot with my revolver, and if it came to close fighting, could calculate upon bringing down a man with each shot."

"I will remember," he said, with a slight smile, "but I should say that to begin with, your place would be in one of the officer's bungalows, which we would turn into a hospital. There will be plenty of work for you there, if we are attacked. I again apologize for having treated your first proposal so lightly."

"Oh, never mind about that, Charlie. I am glad that it is you that they left behind, for most of the other officers would only have chafed me, and then I should have got into a rage."

Greatly satisfied, she returned to her father's bungalow, and set herself to going through her father's belongings and putting aside all old garments she could find that could be torn up and used for bandaging.

Charlie Carter at once called up the two native officers and told them that he did not consider the fort safe from attack while the troops were away. The soldiers were formed up, and with these they made a tour of the walls, telling off a man to every twenty yards, and additional men at the points that were weakest and most open to attack. "You will put half the men off duty every day, and see that the others are posted at nightfall; there will be no occasion for them all to remain on guard all night, so you will station a third of them at their posts, and change them three times during the night. The others will all sleep with their loaded muskets close at hand, so as to be ready to open fire if the alarm is given. You will each by turns be on night duty, and see that the sentries are vigilant, and that all is going on quietly. The troops who are off duty will, of course, be ready to take their posts on the wall as soon as the alarm is given."

The officers appeared in no way surprised at the orders. There had been some discussion among them on the previous evening about the fort being left so slenderly guarded, and they were pleased to see that their commander was determined not to be caught napping. A tour of inspection was made, and each man was instructed in the position that he was to occupy in case of assault. The weakest spot was the gateway which was commanded by a native mosque, a hundred yards away, that was surrounded by several low buildings.

"I wish I could pull this place down," he said to Nita, "but it is more than I can dare to do when we have really nothing to go upon. The major has always said that if we were going to be attacked he should not hesitate to level the whole place to the ground, but he could not venture to do so unless the danger were imminent, as its destruction would be bitterly resented by all the people round about."

"Don't you think, Charlie, that if we were to plant a couple of barrels of powder under it, and lay a train from which it could be fired, that it would smash it up pretty completely? We have a large store of powder, and can spare two or three barrels for the purpose."

"It is a capital idea, Miss Ackworth, and I will carry it out tonight when the people in the village are all asleep. Upon my word, if it were in accordance with military discipline, I should feel disposed to hand over my command to you, for your brain works quicker than mine does, by a long way."

"I am quite content to serve under you," she said; "I dare say I shall have other suggestions later on to make; some, no doubt, will be possible, others the contrary, but I shall submit them for your approval or rejection, knowing very well that some of them would be impracticable. Now, look here, I shall find it frightfully dull taking my meals by myself, and I don't suppose you will find it lively, so I wish you would join me on the veranda of the bungalow."

"I don't know, Miss, whether your father would quite approve of that."

"Nonsense!" the girl exclaimed with a laugh, "you know I am not in any way to be regarded as a young

lady yet; besides, my father was going to send me very soon down to Bombay, and from there to England under your escort, which shows that he considers you a prudent and trustworthy officer and guardian for me. If I am at home all day by myself I am sure that I should get the jumps. My brain is always busy, and, as father's representative here, I think I ought to be able constantly to confer with you, and I am sure it will be more pleasant for you to sit in our veranda and smoke your pipe and put up with my chatter, than it would be for you to be moping by yourself in the anteroom. If you like I will promise to talk as childishly as I can, and with all due respect to you as commander of the garrison."

Carter smiled. "Very well, Miss Ackworth, it would certainly be a great deal more pleasant for me, and you must take the responsibility when the major returns."

"I will do that," she said; "my father must see that it would be ridiculous for us each to be taking our meals alone all the time that he was away."

"Do you know, Charlie," Nita said on the second evening, "I have always thought you rather slow, and now I see that you are really nothing of the sort."

Carter laughed. "I am quite conscious that I am slow. Miss Ackworth, I am slow in taking in ideas, and in expressing my own ideas. I often wish that it wasn't so, but I have lately been getting better. I can't chaff as most of them can, but I find myself able to join in general conversation more easily. Some day, I dare say, I shall become quite a conversationist."

"How very serious you are," she said.

CHAPTER II.

"Have you got another uniform, Charlie?" the girl asked on the following evening.

"Certainly I have," Carter answered in some surprise.

"Well, I wish you would send it over here."

"Send it over here, Miss Ackworth, what on earth do you want it for?"

"Well, it is this. It is as well to be prepared for all contingencies. I certainly do not mean to be carried away, if the fort should be captured, and made the slave of some Afridi chief. If I find things going badly I shall run back here and put on the uniform, cut my hair off short, and then go out and fight it out to the last. It would be a thousand times better to be killed fighting than to be captured."

"Certainly it would," the young officer said gravely, "it would be a hard lot for a woman to be carried off as a captive by these Afridis."

"Very well, then, you will lend me a uniform?"

"Yes I will, Miss Ackworth, but I should advise you to keep the last bullet in your revolver for yourself."

"I mean to," she said, "but something might happen; I might fall seriously wounded and be unable to use it, and then, if they found me lying wounded, they would fire a bullet into me and finish it."

"God forbid that it should come to that," he said, "though it is as well to make provision against it. I am now quite of your opinion that there is a possibility of our being attacked. For the last two days many of the villagers have abandoned their homes and cleared off. There must be some reason for this, and the only reason that I can see is that the men are aware that we are going to be attacked. They have no ground for complaint against us, we have always paid for everything that we have had of them. There has been no enforced labor, and we have every reason for supposing that they are well content to have us established here, as it places them beyond the reach of an Afridi raid. This move on their part certainly is ominous. Should we be driven from our walls, which, I hope, will not take place, I suppose that we must rally in this house and make our last stand here. The walls are solid and I have this morning set some of the men who know something of carpentering to make thick shutters to all the windows and to store the house with provisions. I think we could make a stout defense here."

"I think it is a very good plan, Charlie; a bugle call would bring all the men down from the walls in no time. There are no buildings around, and the enemy would have to attack us across the open; I believe if only twenty men got here in safety we ought to be able to drive them off."

"We will have a good try for it, anyhow," the young lieutenant said; "they will know that it will not be many days before the major is back, and after one or two sharp repulses might deem it expedient to move off lest they should find the tables turned upon them. You are rather a bloodthirsty little person, Miss Ackworth!"

"Do you think so? I hope not; I know very well that if we are attacked it will be a very serious matter, and I fear great loss of life. But I do think that if they made a trifling attack, and drew off, I should enjoy the excitement. But I certainly do hope that there will not be any regular attacks.

Still, if there is I do think that I should, in a sort of way, enjoy it. It would be very wrong, I have no doubt, but I don't think that I could help it."

"I think that is the way with all soldiers, Miss Ackworth. They may feel nervous before, but when they are once in it, they lose all sense of fear and their great anxiety is to get hand to hand with the enemy. If it were not for that feeling I fancy that very few attacks would ever succeed. The man who deliberately says to himself, 'no one could live under such a storm of bullets as this,' would not be likely to march steadily through it."

"It is a funny thing, isn't it, that men should be so fond of fighting as they are?"

"It is. I have wondered over it many a time. All savage races love fighting, and certainly our own people do. If there were a great war, hundreds and thousands of men would volunteer at once. I am afraid this instinct brings us very near the savage. I think no other nation possesses it to anything like the same extent as the British race. The Germans are fine soldiers and fight well, but they do it purely because they are commanded and have to obey. The Frenchmen are nearly the same, and I think it is the same with the Russian. The Italian is by no means a courageous soldier; I fancy you may say the same for the Spaniard. The Turk, now, is a thorough good fighter, and with him it is a matter of religious fanaticism. It is curious that our Indian subjects, for the most part, go into battle with the same feelings as do our people. There are no finer fighters in the world than the Sikhs, the Punjabies, and the Ghoorkhas. They are all magnificent, but are equalled in Africa by the Hausas and other tribes from whom we draw our soldiers. All these people go into a fray as if they were going to a feast."

"I expect," said Nita, "it is because we have that feeling that we always win our battles."

"No doubt that is so, and I only hope that the feeling will not be knocked out of us by school boards and other contrivances of that sort."

Nita shook her head. This was beyond her. "Why should it do so?" she asked.

"The school board trains up the boys to despise their fathers' callings. I am afraid they all want to go into shops, or to get some small clerkships, and to struggle, in fact, for anything where they can wear black clothes, instead of fustian. Still I hope they won't lose the old courage that goes with the old fighting feeling. At any rate a very large number of young fellows who have been to board schools become volunteers afterwards, and I thoroughly believe that the volunteers would turn out as one man if we had a very serious war, say, with France or Germany."

"That would be a serious war," Nita said. "Those nations have tremendous armies, so I have heard my father say."

"They have; but they are, in my opinion, too tremendous. If they were to fight in a solid body against us, they would be literally swept away. If they fought in the open order, which is now the rule with us, the battle would extend over fifty miles, and no general in the world could work an army of such an enormous length. I should say that from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand is the greatest body that could be efficiently worked. I don't think the French are ever likely to fight us. The way they backed down after Fashoda showed that the men who govern them have a very poor opinion of the fighting power of their army. When we licked them at the beginning of the century we had a population of five or six millions, while the French had six times that number. Now our British Islands have something like forty millions, and are every day increasing, while the French are stationary, if not going back. Besides, if there were a big war, I believe that the colonies would, if we were hardly pushed, send us half a million fighting men. Between us and Germany the matter is different. They are entering the field as our commercial rivals, and they fret that we should hold almost all the land in the world where a white man can work. I except, of course, North America. The Germans are uneasy in themselves. Democracy is making great strides, and the time may well come when a German Emperor may be driven into war with us in order to prevent civil war at home. At present, however, the power of the press is supreme. Germany is adding to her navy, for without a powerful navy they could not hope to get into contact with us; but while they build one warship we build three, so that we need not fear our supremacy at sea being threatened save by an alliance between France and Germany and Russia, an alliance which there is little fear of coming about, for the Germans hate the Russians and the Russians hate the Germans. You might as well think of an alliance between a dog, a cat and a rat, as that those three powers should pull together. No, the next war, when it comes, may be between us and Russia, and as it is certain that the little Japs would join us, I think that between us we should make things pretty hot for her. There, Miss Ackworth, I have been giving you a sort of lecture on the politics of the world. I hope that you did not find it dull."

(Continued on page 144.)

A Boy's Garden in the South

Dr. Hugo Erichsen



DR. HUGO ERICHSEN.

Honorary Member of the Detroit Florists' Club.

MAKING floricultural recommendations to my boy friends in Dixie-land, I will assume that they have had no previous experience in raising flowers and vegetables, but that they are fond of gardening and delight in nature. A garden is its own reward, aside from the pecuniary profit it affords when properly cultivated. It enables lads who must needs turn time into money to earn something during their vacation and leisure hours from the sale of the products of their garden, for which even small towns provide a ready market. People everywhere prefer fresh vegetables, just taken from the soil, to the stale offerings of the grocer, no matter how temptingly the latter may be displayed. The large hotels of winter resorts also afford an opportunity to boys for earning pocket money. In the course of the season they require an enormous quantity of vegetables and eagerly welcome any addition to the supply of their floral table decorations. People do not go South, while Jack Frost rules supreme in the North, to eat canned goods. And, as for a floral display, they have a time-honored idea that the South and flowers means practically one and the same thing.

Fortunately the establishment of a garden is not expensive. All that is required, in addition to a suitable piece of ground, a few low-priced tools, and an assortment of inexpensive seeds, is an abundance of what an old farmer aptly termed elbow grease and what American boy, North or South, lacks muscle? A garden, it may be well to say in passing, is no place for a lazybones; it means work, and work that cannot be put off indefinitely. If the plants are not promptly watered today, they may be dead by tomorrow, and no amount of self-reproach will restore them to life.

The spade, hoe and rake may be considered indispensable tools in the home garden and will suffice for all the gardening operations a boy may be called upon to perform. If means permit, a cultivator and weeder may be added to this outfit. But a hand weeder will do, in the absence of a more complicated contrivance. It does not matter how the work is done, as long as the soil is thoroughly cultivated—with the emphasis upon the next to the last word.

But what, I hear you ask, of the boys who do not turn gardeners for the sake of profit? The healthful exercise and pleasure obtained from the pursuit will be their compensation, in addition to the gratification they will experience in providing flowers for the decoration of their home, in which flowers are appropriate anywhere except in the bedrooms. Even here a bouquet may be placed occasionally to welcome a newly arrived guest, but be sure to remove it before he goes to rest, as its presence does not conduce to good health. This is due to a curious phenomenon. Plants breathe, like human beings. During the night they exhale carbonic acid and take up oxygen from the atmosphere, a process that goes on all the time in our own lungs. Hence, after nightfall, they encroach upon the very element we require and should be excluded from our rooms.

In the South, the gardening season begins much earlier than it does with us. In fact, in many sections of that part of the country, it may be said to go on forever, bringing with it a never ceasing round of duties for every month in the year. This has the advantage of not crowding the bulk of the work into the early spring and late fall months, and of distributing it more evenly.

Those of my Southern boy friends who have neglected to plant annuals and perennials during the past two months should not put off this work any longer. Annuals are plants that must be sown every year and that perish in autumn; perennials are hardy and will live for many years. The seeds of annuals should be scattered very thinly, where they are intended to bloom, as they transplant

very poorly in the latitude to which this article relates.

Among the annuals that I would particularly recommend are: Sweet Alyssum, various kinds of poppies, sweet peas, lobelia, Chinese pinks, candytuft, centaureas, Drummond's phlox, and foliage cinerarias. All of these are easily grown without previous experience. But a word of caution may not be amiss. Be careful to secure good seed. Purchase from reliable houses only. Do not buy seed because it is cheap. With inferior seeds, your efforts will be wasted.

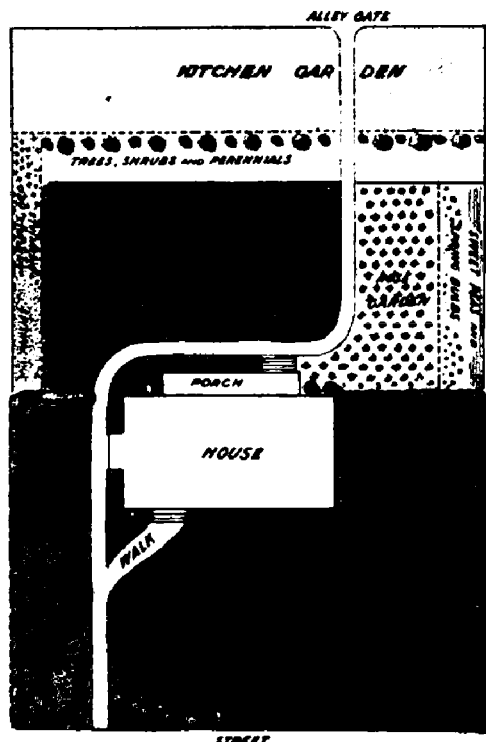
The Oriental poppy is the queen of her family and, like all of her sisters, easily raised from seed. Her large cup-shaped blossom, with a black splotch in the center, is intensely scarlet in color and very striking in appearance. This is the plant, by the way, from the seed-pod of which the opium is secured that relieves so much human suffering.

It is not yet too late to establish a pansy bed. I like the so-called Trimar-deau pansies best, on account of their large, showy blossoms. The pansy is fond of partial shade, where it will escape the hot afternoon sun; therefore the pansy bed should be located on the northern exposure of a house or in the proximity of shrubbery and trees.

Among the perennials I would mention, particularly, delphiniums, phlox, Sweet William and hollyhocks, the latter two being really biennials, that is to say blooming the second year. A good way to plant these is to place them next to a fence, in the background as it were, arranging the annuals in the forepart of a border. Or, if it is proposed to lay out a series of garden beds, the perennials may be placed in the center and the annuals on the outside.

If cannas, caladiums, chrysanthemums, and dahlias, require division, they should be taken up without delay, separated and re-planted. Now is also a good time to plant gladioli and tuberose bulbs, the planting of which may be extended throughout this month and the next to secure a succession of bloom. It occurs to me that a great many of my readers may not be acquainted with the plants above referred to. To them the floral catalogues will prove a boon, as they contain a detailed description of the plants offered, that it would be impossible for me to give in the limited space at my command.

Roses, in the South, thrive best when planted in the fall. In the meantime, however, it would be well to prepare a



bed for them in rich, deep, clay loam, to which well-rotted manure is added at the rate of one part in four. Salvias, heliotropes, pyrethrum, asters, petunias and verbenas are easily ruined by heavy spring rains, against which a cold-frame will afford protection. A cold-frame is merely a bottomless box, set on the ground and covered with a sash. If you find an old window on the home premises, it will answer admirably for the cover of a frame of that kind. Of course, the plants will have to be transplanted later in the season, when they are large enough and strong enough to bear the change in location.

Salvias make a good showing when massed, that is to say planted in one place and not scattered throughout the garden. For brightness of color—cardinal red—they are equalled only by the Oriental poppy. Asters continue to show improvement from year to year and I believe the time is coming when they will resemble the Japanese chrysanthemum to such an extent that it will be difficult to tell the two apart.

Annuals for summer blooming may be sown as late as April, at which time the bright-hued foliage coleuses should also be planted. These are best arranged in beds, in various color combinations. The

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so-called carpet beds in our public parks are of this description.

During the summer months the plants should be watered and weeded regularly. Diligence in this respect is the price of flowers. It is also advisable to stir up the soil between the plants, so as to prevent it from caking, which interferes with root-action.

September is the time to sow annuals that overwinter in the South. Calliopsis, calendulas, galliardias, primroses, godetias, are among these. It is also a good time to sow perennials and biennials and to plant lilies. But the weeding must continue, for during this month the winter weeds put in an appearance.

The so-called spring bulbs (tulips, hyacinths, narcissi and lilies), are planted in October and November. In December, when the Japanese Camellias are in bloom, the season is concluded in the flower garden by the pruning of shrubs and roses, which should not be done indiscriminately, but with some degree of judgment. If you have not done this kind of work before, find out how it is done from somebody who has. You will probably experience no difficulty in discovering at least one experienced pruner in the locality in which you live.

Where the gardening season is extended throughout the year, a small area, fully occupied and thoroughly cultivated, will suffice for a vegetable garden. In such a garden, of course, it would be impracticable to give up space to crops requiring much room, such as, for instance, corn and potatoes. Even cucumbers would have to be excluded, if it were not for the fact that there are varieties that may be trained on a trellis against the fence, where they are out of the way. They should be planted this month, in hills four feet apart. When the plants put in an appearance, they should be thinned to six in a hill, this number being still further reduced to one or two when the plants begin to get rough leaves. Some more cucumbers can be sown in June and those intended for pickling as late as July.

The time to transplant lettuce has gone by. The plants would probably go to seed, if an attempt should be made to transfer them to some other location in the garden. But they may still be sown in rows and eventually thinned to about one foot apart. During the summer months it is difficult to get lettuce seed to sprout. For this reason it is best to plant it in a shallow box in the house, where it will germinate readily if kept moist. As soon as the seed has sprouted, it may be sown, but the rows should be watered if this is done during dry weather.

Beans may be sown in ridges during March and the following five months; level culture in the South does not produce good results. Early peas may be sown this month and the next, but no later; the late varieties are raised in October and November.

After the fifteenth of this month egg-plants may be sown out of doors, if a sheltered spot is selected. At the same time a sowing of Okra can be made, in rows three feet apart. Every Southern boy knows, of course, what Okra or Gumbo is, but for the benefit of Northern lads it may be well to state that this vegetable is used extensively for soups and pickles. Okra may be sown as late as June and seems to thrive in hot weather.

In the latter part of this month tomatoes may be sown in the open ground for fall fruiting. It is too late now to secure early tomatoes, as these should have been sown in a hot bed in January and transplanted during the past month. During May, June and July the summer varieties of radishes will thrive. Melons, squashes and pumpkins take up too much room and must, therefore, be debarred from a small garden, which means the average garden. The main sowing of cabbage and cauliflower should be deferred until August, but even these vegetables will probably occupy too much space and have to be excluded for that reason. Where there is no lack of space, sweet potatoes, set out in June or August, will yield a satisfactory crop.

The following vegetables may be sown in October and November, for a winter supply: Carrots, corn-salad, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, beets, kohlrabi, parsnip, salsify and spinach.

The gardening year concludes, in December, with the sowing of peas, radishes, lettuce, endive and some early York cabbage.

As a parting admonition, I would say to my young friends: In order to achieve success in the garden, be tireless in weeding and cultivating. If you tickle the earth with a hoe, it will laugh.

A WOMAN FLORIST

6

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Napoleon Bonaparte—

A History Written for Boys by the Editor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139.

In these maneuvers the French soldiers suffered terribly, living part of the time on frozen roots. Finally the soldiers demanded battle. Death was better than the horrible suffering they were undergoing. The Russian army numbered 100,000 men and was located at Eylau. Napoleon reached there February seventh, and on that day fighting took place in and about the town with great loss on both sides. On the eighth the French charged at two points but were repulsed. A fierce storm arose at mid-day, the snow blowing into the eyes of the Russians. The neighboring village of Serpallen took fire and dense smoke rolled over the battle field. The conflict raged till ten at night and was the longest and fiercest Napoleon had yet fought. After fourteen hours continuous fighting the two armies held the same positions they held at the beginning. Fifty thousand corpses lay upon the frozen ground, fully one half of whom were French, and twelve French standards were in the hands of the Russians. The battle ended without victory for either side, the Russians retiring toward Konigsberg with their captured standards and the French not pursuing. Five days later Napoleon offered to Frederick William a nearly complete restoration of his dominions if he would accept a separate peace; but Frederick William refused the offer.

On February nineteenth Napoleon retired on the Vistula and summoned new forces from France. Dantzic, which had held out up to this time, was taken on May seventh, and then Napoleon took the field again with 280,000 men. After a few smart engagements with the Russian army of 90,000 Napoleon, on June thirteenth, came upon the main body of his enemies on the west bank of the Aller, opposite Friedland. Napoleon deceived the Russian general, who with his army was on the west bank, into thinking that

he was in the presence of but a small body of French, whereupon the Russians sent a small detachment across the river to the attack. Napoleon, by a pre-conceived plan, retreated, and by so doing drew a greater and greater force across the bridge until finally the whole Russian army had crossed and had the river at their back. At ten of the morning of the fourteenth the battle of Friedland began, and at five in the evening, after a general assault, the French were victorious and the Russians in retreat. On June twenty first an armistice was agreed upon and on the twenty fifth Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander met on a raft in the river, embraced, and retiring under a canopy held a long conversation in secret. Then Tilsit was made a neutral town and here the two Emperors lived for a time on terms of intimacy. Frederick William also came to take part in the negotiations, but Napoleon received him with scant courtesy. The treaty made at Tilsit gave up to Frederick ancient Prussia and upper Saxony, but Frederick was to remain the vassal of Napoleon. The Prussian dominions of lower Saxony and on the Rhine, with Hanover and other states, became Westphalia, with Jerome Bonaparte as its King. This Jerome had been under the displeasure of Napoleon by having married a Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, in the United States. Now he was reconciled, having consented to marry a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. There could be little doubt but what there were secret articles in the treaty at Tilsit by which Europe was to be divided between Napoleon and Alexander. It was the discovery of these that led England a little later to fan again the flames of war. The following August Napoleon returned to Paris to receive the homage of a people delirious from oft-repeated victories.

(To be continued.)



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Boys Books Reviewed

CHATTERBOX, for 1902. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A. This warm favorite of the boys and girls is fully equal in quantity and quality to any of its predecessors. The stories, poems and illustrations with which the book abounds are sure to please its readers, both old and young, and the lessons of self-sacrifice, pluck, endurance, helpfulness and kindness taught will appeal to every right-minded American boy and girl. 412 large pages. Dana, Estes & Co., publishers.

THE BOYS OF WAVENEY, by Robert Leighton. This is a first-class book dealing with English public school life, although the boy whom we would call the real hero of the story is an American. From cover to cover there is something stirring which will interest the reader, and the lessons of fair play, courage and christian manliness it teaches will be appreciated. It is nicely illustrated by Gordon Browne. 323 closely printed pages, in good, clear type; ornamental cover. Price, \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

PICTURES OF PAINT-BOX TOWN, by Douglas Zabriskie Doty. The idea of this book is one which we feel sure will prove interesting and instructive to the little ones. It is a story book and paint-book combined, the full page outline drawings being described in verse on the pages opposite, the rhymes giving also instructions as to the proper colors to use on the drawings. Both mamma and the children can thus be fully occupied, the one in reading the directions and the latter doing the painting. 39 pages, long 8 vo. Good, strong paper and well bound. Price \$1.00 net. E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers.

DOG TOWN, by Mabel Osgood Wright. Those who have read "Tommy Anne" will be delighted with this continuation of the account of the Waddles family, and those who have not, but are lovers of dogs, will feel their hearts grow warmer toward their canine friends. Mrs. Wright has written a book full of fun and humor, and with a charm which enhances her already deservedly high reputation as a writer of animal stories. In regard to the many illustrations it need only be said that they are from actual photographs of the animals and scenes which the author describes. 405 pages. Printed on excellent paper. Gilt top, in good, clear type and with ornamental cloth cover. Price \$1.50 net. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

THE BEARS OF BLUE RIVER, by Charles Major. We believe that Mr. Major with this book has scored as big a success with the boys as he has already done with the "grown ups" by his "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The stories in this volume are just the kind a boy wants where there is combined the excitement of hunting and shooting with interesting instruction as to the nature and habits of wild animals. What American boy will not envy Balser and his killing of the big bear on the log where he was fishing, or the blackberrying adventure in which he saves his little friend Liney,

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"short" for Pauline Fox, from the Indian who was carrying her off. The fun which the boys had with the two bear cubs, Tom and Jerry, will make the most dyspeptic boy laugh. But we haven't space enough to tell, much as we would wish, of "The One-Eared Bear," "The Wolf Hunt," "The Fire Bear" and "The Castle on Brandywine," which the boys made and in which they camped and had a glorious time hunting and trapping and fishing. You must just get the book and enjoy it for yourselves. 277 pages and a lot of fine illustrations by A. B. Frost and others. Handsomely bound. Price \$1.50. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

There has been sent us from The Hoffmann Metropolitan Publishing Co., Milwaukee, a copy of THE NATURAL SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP, the author of which is O. A. Hoffmann. From the examination we have made of it we believe it justifies all that is claimed, viz., "simple, plain, yet practical and effective." It does away with all useless lines, variety of styles, shades and flourishes, which are not attractive embellishments in business letters. The book, which measures 7 1/2 x 10 1/4, is ably and artistically gotten up, and shows by illustration and plain directions, what is required of the student. It contains 60 lessons and 100 model letters sufficiently varied to meet every kind of business correspondence. It is dedicated to the Public Schools and the Youth of America, and should have a wide circulation.

SWITCH LIGHTS, by Ed. E. Sheasgreen, engineer on the Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. While this little volume will appeal more particularly to the men at the switch and the throttle, there is an attractiveness about Mr. Sheasgreen's poetry, which the general reader will find most pleasing. There is apparently a great deal of sentiment and homely philosophy about the life of a railroad engineer unknown and unthought of by the outsider, and the author has caught and embodied in simple, yet sincere and often beautiful, expressions all the varied experiences, the lights and shadows, the comedies and often the tragedies of life on the iron rail. Space forbids us quoting from the book, but there is not one of the nearly ninety poems in the book but is worth reading. Most appropriately illustrated throughout its 150 pages, with marginal sketches and cuts in black and white, by P. J. Carter. Iron Trail Publishing Co. Price \$1.00.

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Nita—A Tomboy Soldier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141.

"Certainly not," Nita said. "I am very much obliged to you. Of course, I have heard these things talked over before, but never in such a way that I could exactly understand them. It seems funny to be talking of such matters up here on the frontier with the chance of being attacked every hour."

"Well, I must go my first rounds. Good night, Miss Ackworth. I hope your sleep will not be disturbed."

"I hope not, indeed," the girl said. "I have slept soundly every night so far. There has been so much to be seen and done that I go to sleep as soon as I lay my head upon the pillow."

Four hours later she sat suddenly up in bed. It was certainly a rifle shot that she heard. This was followed almost instantaneously by a heavy roar of musketry. "It has come!" she exclaimed as she leapt out of bed and hurriedly dressed herself. She paused a moment as she looked at the suit of uniform and then muttering, "There will be time enough for that later on," she proceeded to put on her own clothes. She put a box of pistol cartridges into her pocket, and with a revolver in her hand sallied out. It seemed to her that the place was attacked on all sides at once, for flashes of fire spat out round the whole circle of the walls, but this was as nothing to the roar outside. By the sound, she assured herself that the main attack was directed on the gate, and here the fire of the defenders was also exceptionally heavy. She made her way up to the top of the wall. Here she found the greater part of the men who had been in reserve, although some of them had, as arranged, hurried to other points on the wall.

"Fire steadily, men, fire steadily," Lieutenant Carter shouted. This told her where he was stationed and she made her way to him. When his eye fell on her he said, "You ought not to be here, Miss Ackworth. If things were going badly with us I should say nothing against it, but at present, at any rate, you are quite out of place here and I must ask you to retire at once. What do you suppose the major would say if, on his return, he found that you had been killed by a chance shot on the walls. I must really beg of you to retire at once."

Never before had Nita heard the young lieutenant speak in such a tone of command and determination. "All right," she said, meekly, "just let me have one peep over the wall and then I will go down."

"You may take just one peep, but there is nothing to see. They have failed in the expectation that they would take us by surprise. At present they are lying down and using up their ammunition."

Nita took a hasty glance over the parapet and then descending the steps made her way to the building, which it had been decided had better be used as a hospital as it was a bullet-proof building, although less well ventilated and comfortable than the bungalow would have been. She set to work to light the lanterns ranged along the wall, to get out bandages and to prepare for the reception of the wounded. Two of the men had been told off to assist her, and these were already there when she arrived. It was not long before the first patient was brought in. He had been severely wounded in the head while firing over the parapet. Nita shuddered, but putting on a thick, white canvas apron, which she had made on the previous day, began her work. The surgeon had unfortunately gone with the expedition, and she felt that the responsibility was a heavy one. She knew a little of bandaging, having been present on two occasions when men who had badly injured themselves had been attended to, but this was a case altogether beyond her. She could only bathe the man's head and then put a bandage round it. She gave him a drink of water and then sat suddenly down on the next bed, faint and sick. She held out her hand to one of the men for a glass of water, drank it up, and then with a great effort got on to her feet again, and waited for the next patient.

Five or six more men were brought in during the night; all had been hit either in the head or shoulder, some of them, however, were only gashed in the cheek, and these, as soon as their wounds were bandaged, took up their rifles and went off again to the wall. So the night passed; the fire had slackened a good deal and it was evident that the Afridis had abandoned the idea of taking the fort by assault. Although it was two o'clock when the attack had begun, the night seemed endless to Nita, and she was grateful indeed when the first tinge of daylight appeared in the east. Presently Carter arrived. "You have done well, indeed, Miss Ackworth," he said, "and have been far more useful than you could have been on the wall. It required a deal of nerve to carry out the work, and your looks show what a strain it has been. I beg that you will go and lie down for a time. Half the men have come down from the wall, and a good many of them are adepts in the art of bandaging wounds, having been enlisted among fighting tribes. Your bandaging has been really effective, but these men will make a neater job of it."

"How are things going on?" she asked.

"Very well. They have fallen back now to the mosque and village, and no

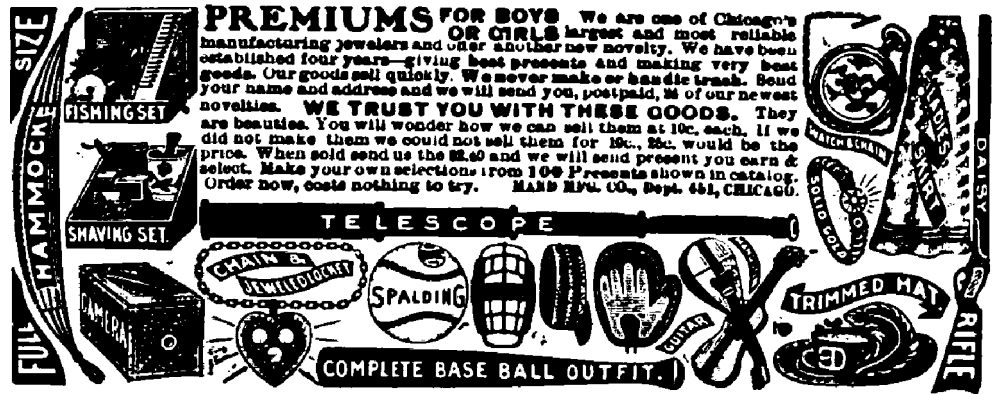
doubt will spend the morning in consultation."

"You have not fired off the barrels, then?"

"Oh, no, I shall keep that as a pill for them when matters become more serious. Now, please go and lie down. Of course, if there is a fresh attack you will wake and come out again."

Nita walked slowly across the yard to the bungalow. "Why are my legs so ridiculously weak?" she said to herself; "I am sure that I have not been afraid, and as to the work of bandaging those poor fellows, it was nothing. I suppose it was the sight of blood and having to wait so long for something to do. I am sure that I should have borne it ten times better if Mr. Carter had left me standing on the wall. I should not have thought that I could have been overruled by what he said, but he spoke so sternly and sharply that I seemed to feel that I must obey him. I would not have believed that Charlie could have spoken so. I shall not be so quick in forming an opinion about people again. I think I spoke of him as 'stupid' when father said he was to take me down country, but I see that there is nothing stupid about him. He is very quiet, certainly, but he takes the command as if he had been accustomed to it all his life. I am quite certain that if any one can defend this place he can. How stupid of me, I forgot to ask him what was the strength of the force attacking us. However, that will keep till I get up."

So saying, she laid herself down on the bed, dressed as she was, and in two minutes was fast asleep. It was eleven o'clock when she woke. "I did not think that I could have slept five minutes," she said indignantly to herself; "here I have slept nearly six hours." She dipped her face in water, brushed her hair and



made herself as tidy as she had time to. When she went out Lieutenant Carter was talking to the two native officers; she waited till they both saluted and retired, then she went up to him. "Please tell me a little more about it, Mr. Carter. How many are there of the attackers? What do you think they are going to do? Did you kill many of them?"

"Three questions at once," he said, with a smile, "and to none of them can I give you a satisfactory answer. In the first place, they are very strong; we have put them down as being fifteen hundred men. As to their intention, I can tell you nothing yet, for there has been no development. Thirdly, I think that we must have killed fifty at their first rush at the gate; but that is pure surmise, for they carried off the bodies as fast as they fell. I am waiting somewhat eagerly to see what their next move will be. We have heard outbursts of yells twice in the last hour, and I expect that we shall soon see the result."

"It is long odds," the girl said.

"Very long," answered the lieutenant; "for there is no doubt that it is a preconcerted thing. An attack was made on that outlying post two hundred miles

away, probably only with the intention of getting our garrison to march away, while all the assembled tribes came down upon us, feeling, no doubt, that with the benefit of a surprise, and knowing how small our garrison must be, that it would be carried at the first rush. Now that that has failed they will, no doubt, adopt some quite different tactics. I have had the men at work ever since day-break, piling up sacks full of earth against the gate to within two or three feet of the top, where I have made some loopholes so that our men could lie down behind the sacks, and keep up a close fire. That is all that I can do at present until we see what game they mean to play."

"That is capital," the girl said; "if they make a real attack, that is the place where I shall place myself. There will be no chance of my being hit there, and at that distance I could calculate on bringing down an enemy at every shot."

"I am afraid that you are a very wilful young person," he said, with a smile; "but as I know how good a shot you are, I shall not refuse your aid in case of extremity."

(To be continued.)

Some Achievements of Boys

ROBERT B. BUCKHAM

Every now and then we are astonished and delighted at being brought face to face with some remarkable and truly admirable achievement accomplished by a boy. No one has ever yet been able to fathom the genuine boy, or to place metes and bounds upon the extent of his possibilities. He is to us in a great measure an enigma, and often outruns our utmost expectations in ability and understanding. We would do well to have a care how we lightly pass judgment upon his capacity or hold his undertakings in little esteem. Some very good illustrations of this fact are to be found in the following incidents:

A BOY'S BOOK.

In almost any public library, as well as in many scientific collections, will be found a treatise on ornithology, entitled, "The Land and Game Birds of New England." It is a thoroughly prepared, well written and valuable authority upon this subject of so much interest to both young and old students of birds. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is the fact that it was WRITTEN BY A BOY LESS THAN SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE!

The particulars as to how it came to be compiled are as follows: Its young author, Henry D. Minot, was born in the town of Roxbury, Mass. His father's farm, comprising about thirty acres of land, was situated on the edge of the wooded and open country stretching away to the town of Dedham on the west, and the Blue Hills on the south. Naturally this was a famous place for birds, almost every variety native to eastern Massachusetts, as well as the only occasional visitors, being found here.

From early childhood, young Minot showed a great fondness for nature, and her influence and charm increased with every added year of his boyhood. He never wearied of wandering through these woods and fields, exercising his habit of keen and patient observation, and unconsciously the lad trained himself to be an ornithologist. Nature was his teacher, and he proved himself an apt pupil.

It is related of him that he wrote with facility, and soon formed the habit of recording his observations daily. In this way he collected a large amount of manuscript, out of which he prepared the text of his book. After much hesitation, he submitted it to his eldest brother and asked his opinion of it. He was astonished at its thoroughness, accuracy, and originality, and procured its publication. The book was well received, sold rapidly, and was soon out of print.

A YOUNG ENGINEER'S RUSE.

It is related that during one of the campaigns of the famous military strategist, Napoleon, while passing through an unfamiliar country, the army came suddenly and quite unexpectedly upon a wide and deep river, effectually barring farther progress with its waters. Napoleon chanced to be in the very front ranks of the army, and among the first to arrive at the river's bank. Instantly he turned, and in no happy mood at being thus summarily brought to a standstill, petulantly called out to a group of his engineers, nearby: "Tell me the width of this river!"

They looked from one to the other in dismay. What should they reply. Their instruments were packed away and in the baggage train in the rear of the army. "Tell me the width of this river!" again called the great commander in tones that struck consternation to the hearts of the discomfited engineers. At this critical moment, a young fellow, not much more than a mere boy, employed in some menial capacity by the engineers, stepped forward and respectfully touching his cap, ventured, "I can tell you its width, Sir." Napoleon turned to him with a look of mingled impatience and amusement. "Well, what is it?" he replied.

Now it so happened that a ruse which he often used to put to the test in his sports with his young companions had occurred to him, the moment that this difficulty had arisen; a mere boy's amusement, but not without its scientific principle, nevertheless. Standing perfectly rigid, he drew down his cap until its visor was in a direct line with his eyes and the opposite bank of the river. Then turning steadily about, he noted the distance thus indicated along the bank on which he was standing, paced it off, and announced the result to the astonished general. It goes without saying that promotion came rapidly and frequently in his case, and yet it was but a boy's pastime which won him his advancement.

A BOY'S CHURCH.

In the historical records of early times in Massachusetts, there is to be found a remarkable incident, in which a boy endowed with plenty of the pluck and spirit so characteristic of youth, set an example of manhood to a whole colony of grown men, as well as inspired them with the fortitude to attempt an undertaking which none of their own number could do. In one of the smaller towns on Cape Cod, a meeting of the inhabitants had been called for the purpose of planning for the erection of a church building in the town.

It was the sense of the meeting that they ought to have such a building, but after much discussion all seemed to agree that the idea must be abandoned on account of the expense involved. No one felt able to contribute largely enough to insure its completion, and no one could be found who was willing even to start a subscription list with a generous offer of funds.

Finally a boy stepped into their midst, and exclaimed, "I will head a subscription list, and will give one hundred dollars! Who will be the next?" The lad was known to be a poor boy of the town, and none was able to imagine where he was to get the money, but not one dared ask him the question, and rather than be outdone by a boy, one after another came forward with his subscription, until at last money enough was subscribed, and the erection of the building was assured. The best of it all was that though the lad at the time of the meeting had not a cent to his name in all the world, yet he borrowed a boat and went to fishing off the cape, sending his catches to market, and thus managed to pay his subscription to the last dollar, as he had agreed to do. The completed edifice might well have been designated as a boy's church, since it doubtless never would have been built without his assistance.

A BOY'S POEM.

William Cullen Bryant, the famous American poet, began writing verses at the early age of eight. His father was a doctor, being also very fond of the study of botany, and had accumulated quite a complete library of volumes devoted to these two subjects. Young William was a great reader, devouring everything that came in his way, and of course very early explored the contents of this library. Thus he was introduced to the study of nature, but it was the subject of death, with which he was confronted in the medical works, which made the most profound impression upon him. So deeply was he stirred by its consideration that he composed a poem, for which he coined a name, calling it "Thanatopsis, or a View of Death."

After having completed it, why he do not know, he did not show it to anyone, but hid it away in his father's desk. Doubtless he soon forgot its whereabouts, for soon afterwards he left home, to study law, and then to practice his profession in a neighboring town, never having disturbed the composition. Meantime the North American Review had been started, and Dr. Bryant happening to find the poem in a pigeonhole of his desk, sent it to the editor of the new publication. He was delighted with it and showed it to the well known critic, Richard H. Dana. He immediately exclaimed, "You have been imposed upon! No one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses!"

But, of course, it soon became known, that this famous and inimitable poem, so well known and dear to all, the equal of which, it is claimed, has never been written by one so young, was composed by young Bryant before his departure from home, and when he was but a boy, less than nineteen years of age.

VALOR WITHOUT A PARALLEL.

Perhaps the most remarkable exhibition of valor which history recounts occurred as follows; briefly told. Two immense armies were once lined up opposite each other, and a battle seemed imminent. But it so happened that one host had among its numbers a warrior of gigantic size and enormous strength, and well knowing that it would be difficult indeed to find his match, tauntingly offered to send him out and let him fight single handed with any one the opposing force chose to send against him, the terms being that all should abide by the result of the combat.

No one could be found so go out against him, clad in his heavy armor and terrible to look upon with his huge spear and sword, until at last a mere boy arrived in camp, and desired permission to go and meet him. At first his request elicited nothing but ridicule, and he was told to return home; but so persistent was he that he at length gained permission to make the attempt, and went out to fight the giant.

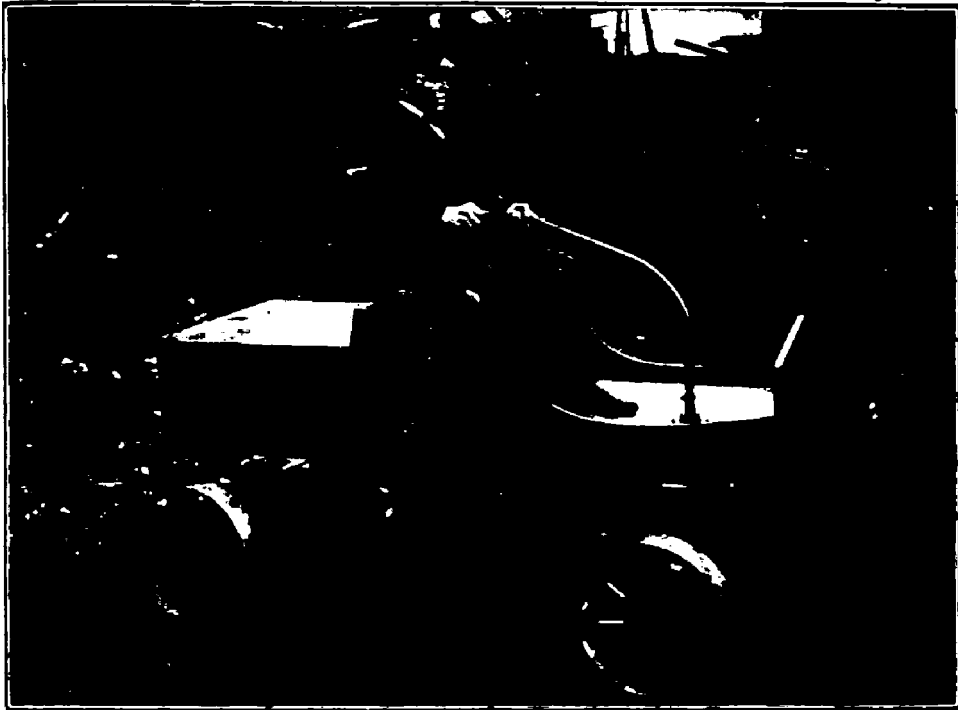
The reader well knows the rest; how that David, for it was he, advanced to meet Goliath with nothing but a sling in his hands, and as the huge fellow advanced upon him, confident of success over such a diminutive enemy, hit him in the forehead with a smooth stone from the brook, and cut off his head with his own sword; at sight of which the enemy fled in dismay.

Boy Mechanics and Artisans

Ralph Teeter, Electrician.

It doesn't seem possible that a twelve-year-old boy could make an automobile. About two years ago Ralph's father, who is the president of a manufacturing concern at Hagerstown, Ind., built a shop for his boy in the back yard of the home in the hope of keeping him out of the factory, where he was taking up the time of the men misplacing tools and working machines that little boys have no business with. This shop is equipped with a three horse gasoline engine, which is used to operate lathes, saws, and other machinery. He has a work bench of regular size and a complete outfit of tools for working in both wood and iron. There are dynamos in the shop from the smallest size to the practical, powerful kind, some of them having been made by the young electrician. Ralph has fitted up an electric call-bell between his home and his shop. About a year ago the boy became deeply interested in the subject of automobiles and read everything he could find on the subject. When school closed last spring he went to work, and the result was the automobile shown in our picture. It

J. FRED KELLY, 115 York Street, New Haven, Conn., says he has a motor of 110 volts. He wants to know whether caustic potash batteries can be used, and if so, how many cells it will require. He also wants to know how to make this kind of a cell.—GEORGE W. ROOSA, Buffalo, N. Y., is an amateur electrician and takes great pleasure in making his own apparatus. He says he is very much interested in THE AMERICAN BOY. He relates that he and a lad across the street nearly have a fight every time the paper comes; that this lad reads his copy but never lends him any of his own, but as the lad has no papers to lend it is not strange.—REX ROBERTSON, Fergus Falls, Minn., made type by cutting a rubber hot water bag and stamping letters on the rubber and then cutting them out and pasting the rubber letters on blocks of wood. By this means he obtained a set of rubber type.—HARRY P. FISHER, Ness City, Kas., has a woodworking shop of his own and a fine set of woodworking tools. He owns a Barnes velocipede gig saw, with which he makes wooden wheels, brackets, etc. He has constructed a narrow gauge railway one hundred yards long with wooden rails and a chain driver and car. He has



RALPH TEETER AND THE AUTO HE MADE.

will carry two or three persons and make about fifteen miles an hour. The steering device and fuel and water tanks on the machine were designed and constructed by the boy. Ralph is thinking of exhibiting it at the St. Louis Exposition. He is a regular attendant at the schools of the town and is particularly fond of reading and studying the lives of great inventors. He will be heard from.

BUILDING BONES.

Of Great Importance That Children Have Proper Food.

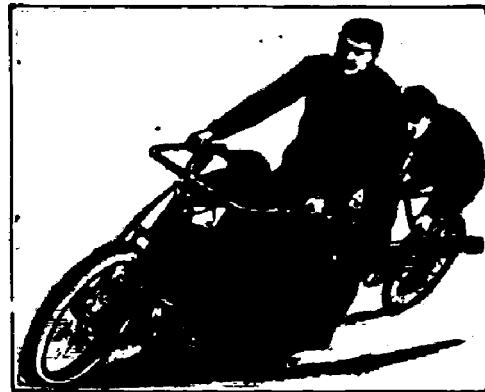
A child will grow up with weak and small bones or strong and sturdy frame, depending on the kind of food given. That's why feeding the youngsters is of such great importance. The children do not select the food—the responsibility rests with the parent or guardian, or with you if you select the food for a boy or girl. The scientific selection of this food should begin as early as possible. That's when the delicate little plant needs the tenderest care. A well-known lady of Callatoga, Calif., says: "About two years ago my little niece was taken sick. When medical aid was called one physician pronounced the case curvature of the spine; another called it softening of the bones and gave but little hope of her recovery. For weeks she had been falling before her parents thought it anything but trouble from her teething. "She had been fed on mushes and soft foods of different kinds, but at last her stomach could retain scarcely anything. At this time she had become a weak little skeleton of humanity that could not much more than stand alone. "The doctors changed her food several times until finally she was put on Grape-Nuts which she relished from the first and ate at almost every meal, and her recovery has been wonderful. She has been gaining ever since in strength and weight. "She has eaten dozens of packages of Grape-Nuts in the last year and a half and the child is now a rosy-cheeked and healthy little girl, still clinging to her Grape-Nuts. "It is plain the food has saved her life by giving her body the needed material to keep it well and the bone material to build with." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

also made a complete threshing outfit with which he can thresh blue grass, foxtail, and other light grasses. He runs the threshing machine with a Jumbo windmill, which he says produces quite an amount of power when the wind blows hard. He is now working on an elevator for his shop that can carry him and his tools and materials from the first to the second floor. He takes great pleasure in experimenting with electricity. He has learned to telegraph, and some day expects to get a position as an operator.—ALBERT L. ALLEN, Worcester, Mass., wants directions for making a small gasoline or electric motor of one-half horse power.—JAMES IRVING FINNIE, Clinton, Mass., with another boy, had a booth at the Clinton Fair held in September, and stocked it full of their own home-made electrical apparatus, winning first prize of five dollars and a diploma. Part of this money he sends us for a subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. Clippings from local papers indicate that the boys' display attracted great attention. The boys were each under sixteen years of age.—HANS BURKHOLZ, Milwaukee, Wis., reading the request of H. V. Christian, says the best kind of battery that he knows of is the Mercury Fuller battery, two volts each. They are strong and last a long time. To Gilbert H. Gavits he would say, send for Rubler Publishing Company's catalogue of motor and dynamo castings and how to make an electric motor. They are at Lynn, Mass. Price ten cents.—GEORGE BEIER, Dubuque, Ia., is learning the printing trade and sends us some very neat specimens of his work. He earns \$4.50 as a press feeder



RALPH TEETER IN HIS SHOP.

and has been working at it nearly five months. He improves his spare time in learning how to do odd jobs about the office, and in time no doubt will be an expert printer.—HERBERT P. SNYDER, LOUIE TIDBALL and PLYMON TUTTLE, living near Garrettsville, O., and each sixteen years of age, bought a half mile of wire, which they stretched between their homes, using poles which they had cut in the woods. They also bought three telegraph instruments. After using the line about a year GEORGE and LEON WATERS joined with them and another mile of wire was bought and two more instruments. They made their own batteries. This scheme has enabled them to learn very much about telegraphy and has given them much amusement as well.—ANSON M. PHILLIPPE, Campbell, Cal., lives in the little Santa Clara Valley, which is known far and wide for its yield of splendid fruit. Anson is interested in steam engines. He has a one-fourth horse power engine, and wants to correspond with other boys interested in engines.—LEROY HENRY and WEBB WILDMAN, Radcliffe, Ia., have fitted up a telegraph line which is half a mile long. It is constructed of common wire and put up on home-made poles. Seven gravity cells are used to operate it. They have printed some telegraph blanks on a printing outfit which they made.—HAROLD H. THURSTON, Anoka, Minn., wants to know what chemicals should be used, and the amount of each ingredient, to make a good primary dry battery.



CYCLIST FACED BY MOTOR CYCLE WITH WIND SHIELD.—From Literary Digest.

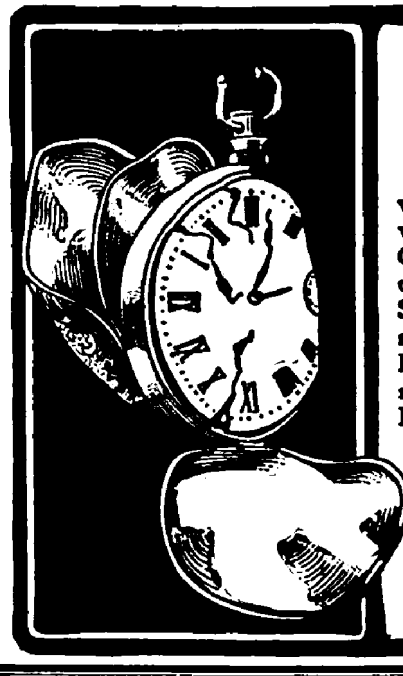
WALDO K. HARRIS, Neosho Falls, Kas., wants to know how to put in electric door bells and where he can get books on electricity. Write the Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.—DAVID CREEKBAUM, 24 E. 2nd St., Portsmouth, O., wants to know how to make a telegraph instrument.—C. KIRKPATRICK, Montreal, Canada, wants to know if telegraphy is a profitable line of work. In general, we would say that telegraphy is a trade that pays well and in which an expert can always obtain employment.—GEORGE REID HEMENWAY, Manchester, Vt., is another boy who is an expert with the scissors in cutting out figures. Samples of his work are before us and they are excellent—indeed, remarkable. He has been doing this work since he was five years old. The cutting is done without the use of pencil in drawing outlines first.—CHARLES TIMBON, Chicago, Ill., wants to be recommended to a paper that deals with amateur work on model engines. Send us \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the Model Electrical and Mechanical Engineer (monthly), a journal for amateurs.—RAY GALLANT, Champaign, B. C., wants to see articles on scientific kite making.—TOWNSEND JONES, Cherry Valley, Ill., is interested in railroad engineering. He wants to know what books he can get on the locomotive and would like to correspond with other boys on the subject. An engineer friend of his permits him frequently to ride with him and help in the management of the engine.—RALPH GILLILAND, Washington, D. C., wants to have plans for building a skiff.—EARL BACON, Medford, Mass., is interested in electricity. He has a room in which he keeps his electric apparatus, which includes a switchboard, an electric railroad, etc.—LAWRENCE A. JOHNSON, Savannah, N. Y., wants directions for making skees.—WILLIE TREUMANN, Grafton, N. D., sends us a picture of a combined writing desk and bookcase that he made himself and which he now has in his room. The pencil sketch of it which he sends is excellent, and if the desk is as good as the sketch he has a fine article of furniture that he may well be proud of.

Watch Accidents.

will happen! That's why your watch works should be protected by a strong case. Gold alone is soft and bends easily. It's used for show only. The JAS. BOSS STIFFENED GOLD WATCH CASE resists jar and jolt. Keeps out the dust. Reduces the expense of repair. Adds many years to the life of your watch. Every JAS. BOSS CASE is guaranteed for 25 years by a Keystone Trade-mark stamped inside. You must look for this trade-mark.

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Pluck and a Stone Fence

WILL LISENBEE

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I. AND II.

Zeb Quigley holds a mortgage on Abe Benton's little farm, and as Benton is poor, Zeb thinks the mortgage will not be paid and he will be able to get the farm by foreclosing the mortgage and buying it in. There is \$400 principal and interest due, and Abe doesn't know how he is going to raise the money. The Benton family consists of four persons, the parents and two children; of the latter, Tom, is a lad of seventeen. One day Zeb demands his money. That same day, while Tom is repairing a stone fence on the farm, Paul Quigley, Zeb's son, taunts Tom with reference to his poverty, and, goaded to anger by Paul's manner and words, Tom resents it, whereupon Paul strikes him with a riding whip that he is carrying. Paul's father comes along just in time to save Paul from a thrashing. The man would have dealt roughly with Tom had not Nathan Kirby, a neighbor, happened along in time to rescue him. Tom has been collecting some lump of lead ore that were scattered about over the farm, and now makes up his mind to take it to town and sell it for what he can get in order to help his father pay the money due on the place. He receives \$40.96 for the ore. At the postoffice the day he sells the ore he receives a letter addressed to A. Benton, Esq., postmarked St. Louis. With this letter and the money he received for his lead ore he starts on his return home. He wonders whom the letter is from, and finally makes up his mind that it is from a man who had been at the Benton house some weeks before inquiring about the farm. When on the road home Tom is accosted by a rough looking fellow who asks for a ride. Tom tells him to get in, and together they ride for some distance. Finally, at a point where the road runs through the woods, the stranger suddenly turns on Tom, grabs him by the shoulder and orders him to give him the money that he has in his pocket.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

It would not be the truth to say that the sudden action of the stranger was anticipated by Tom Benton, yet the event was not wholly unexpected.

"Give me that money," repeated the stranger, tightening his hold on our hero's shoulder. As he spoke he ran his hand down into the boy's coat pocket and drew forth the roll of bills, and also the letter which Tom had just taken from the office at Joplin.

Both had risen and were now standing facing each other. The lines had dropped from Tom's hands and the team was going at a slow walk. Up to this moment the youth had remained perfectly passive, not offering the slightest resistance, but now as he fully realized his situation and knew that he was about to be deprived of the money which had cost him so much labor, and the loss of which would entail such disaster to his plans and expectations, a daring and desperate resolve took possession of him.

Scarcely had the robber taken the bills and letter from the youth's pocket, when, with a quick movement, Tom snatched them from his hand, and at the same moment leaped forward, throwing his whole weight against the robber, and forcing him backward over the side of the wagon.

So sudden and unexpected was the attack that the robber was taken completely off his guard, and before he could recover himself he was forced backward to the side of the wagon, where he lost his balance and fell with a crash into a thicket of brush that skirted the road.

Without waiting an instant, Tom leaped to the ground on the opposite side of the wagon, and darting into the brush, ran with all his speed down a narrow ravine. Scarcely had he gained the cover of the brush when he heard a bitter imprecation escape the outlaw's lips; then the crack of a pistol broke the stillness, and a bullet whizzed through the underbrush, passing within a foot of the youth's head.

Tom recognized his peril, and knew that should he be overtaken by the miscreant his life would doubtless pay the forfeit, and he strained every nerve to put as much distance between himself and his pursuer as possible before the latter could recover from the shock of being thrown from the wagon.

Tom was a swift runner, and before the robber could disengage himself from the tangled thicket into which he had been precipitated, the youth had penetrated so deeply into the woods that there was little chance of his being overtaken.

But not wishing to take any chances of again falling into the hands of the now desperate outlaw, Tom continued his rapid pace for a full quarter of an hour before venturing to slacken his speed. Then almost exhausted with his long race, he paused and listened intently; but hearing no sound of his pursuer, he continued his flight at a more leisurely pace.

After traveling a half mile farther, he changed his course and proceeded in the direction of his home, which he knew to be not more than a mile away. Presently he arrived at the edge of his father's farm, and taking a new cut across the field he soon reached home, where he found his parents greatly troubled over his absence, for the team had just arrived with the empty wagon, causing the gravest apprehension for his safety.

Briefly Tom related the facts regarding his adventure with, and narrow escape from the robber.

"It was a lucky stroke," he concluded, "that I happened to think of pushing him backward out of the wagon, for I would not only have lost the money, but might

have been used very roughly by the robber."

"Do you think he'll follow you here?" asked Mrs. Benton in great alarm.

"It won't be well for him if he does," responded Tom, taking a rifle from the corner of the room. "But I don't think he'll venture near the house."

"I reckon it won't be amiss to be ready fer him if he shows his head about hyar," remarked Mr. Benton, taking a heavy army pistol from its holster on the wall at the head of his bed, and examining its loadings.

Tom now walked to the door, gun in hand, and made a scrutiny of the surroundings, but could see nothing of the stranger. Then, closing the door and bolting it, he seated himself at the table where his supper had been placed to await his coming.

While Beesie was pouring out the steaming coffee he said:

"I have a surprise for you. The mineral brought forty dollars, and I suppose Mr. Quigley will be astonished when he finds we can pay the interest."

"Forty dollars!" cried Mrs. Benton in amazement. "You don't say so! Why that's more'n enough to pay the interest on the mortgage. I don't know what'd become of us if it warn't fer you, Tom," and she laid her hand fondly on her son's shoulder.

"I'm afraid you give me credit for much more than I really deserve, mother," replied the lad with a smile. But I forgot

"That's jist what I couldn't make out," replied Mr. Benton. "I can't imagine who'd be writin' ter me from St. Louis, but it must be some one that knows the place, for he speaks of the old stone fence."

"It beats all," declared Mrs. Benton, a puzzled look coming over her face.

"May be it is from the stranger who was here a few weeks ago," suggested Tom.

"Mebby it is," said Mr. Benton. "He acted kinder strange like."

"He did indeed!" affirmed Mrs. Benton. "Went off without saying a word."

"Somethin' wrong with him somewhar," observed Mr. Benton. "Wouldn't surprise me much if he was crazy as a muskrat fore this."

"I don't think so," replied Tom. "Listen to this," and he read aloud the strange words on the fragment of the letter:

"Place—it is—a treasure—in the red stone fence—it you will find—not fail to.—A friend."

"He's plumb crazy," affirmed Mr. Benton. "But maybe there is a treasure hidden on our place, and he wants to tell us where to find it," said Tom, his heart bounding at the very thought.

Mr. Benton shook his head.

"The letter says, 'in the red stone fence,'" Tom continued, "and I'm going to search through it tomorrow. Who knows but what the stranger might have hidden a lot of money in the old fence, and now wants us to get it? There has been such things—I have read of them—"

log stable where they were soon unbarred and provided with a substantial feed of corn and prairie hay.

It was a long time after Tom went to bed before he closed his eyes in sleep. When at last he did fall into slumber it was only to dream of struggles with unknown robbers, and of the finding of the mysterious treasure in the red stone fence.

CHAPTER IV.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

As soon as Tom had finished eating his breakfast on the following morning, he said:

"Father, I suppose I had better go over and pay Mr. Quigley the interest on the mortgage, hadn't I?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Benton. "I told him I'd send ye over this mornin', but I reckon he'll be kinder surprised when he finds ye've brought the money."

"I only wish I had enough to pay off the principal," answered Tom.

"Maybe somethin' 'll turn up to help us out," observed Mrs. Benton, hopefully. "They say its allus the darkest just before day."

While Tom was saddling one of the mules to ride over to the Quigley farm, his thoughts were busy with the events of the past day.

What was the meaning of the mysterious letter? Who had written it? And was there really a treasure hidden in the red stone fence? These and similar thoughts



The robber was taken completely off his guard.

to mention that there is a letter for father," he continued, drawing the missive and roll of bills from his pocket where he had hurriedly thrust them on escaping from the robber.

"Why the letter has been torn in two," he exclaimed in surprise. "I must have done it when I snatched it from the robber's hand. Luckily none of the bills are torn though."

Beesie carried the torn letter to her father, who unfolded it and began to try to decipher it.

"It's torn right through the middle," he said, "an' I can't make heads nor tails out of it unless I had the other half."

"That must be in the possession of the robber," said Tom. "But the letter is from St. Louis. Do you know any one in that place, father?"

"Not that I can think of. I can't make nothin' out of this, see if you can, Tom."

Tom took the fragment of the letter and spread it out upon the table and this is what he saw:

"Why, it says something about a treasure!" exclaimed Tom in an excited voice, as he finished reading the mysterious words. "What can it mean, father?"

"Yes, but they're only in books," remarked Mr. Benton.

"It would be strange if there was somethin' in it after all," observed Mrs. Benton. "If there ain't I can't see what he'd be writin' this letter for. It's the oddest thing I ever heard of. It wouldn't do no harm to search about the stone fence an' see if there's anything there."

"I'm going to do so tomorrow," replied Tom. "Then there's the other part of the letter. It may be that the robber threw it down somewhere when he saw what it was, and I'm going to see if I can find it some time tomorrow."

With this Tom fell to work and dispatched his supper which had been neglected owing to the discussion over the mysterious letter.

When he had finished eating, he went out to take care of the team that still stood hitched to the wagon near the cabin. Fearing that the robber might be lurking about the place, he took the rifle with him. The moon had now risen, rendering every object about the place visible. Glancing cautiously about the premises, and failing to discover any sign of the scoundrel, he unhitched the mules and led them into the

passed rapidly through his mind, throwing him into a state of feverish excitement and eager anticipation.

He was fully resolved to search the stone fence for the treasure as soon as he should return from Quigley's, and whatever might be the result of his labors, he felt that there was something in the stranger's letter that would be of value to them could its meaning be known.

"Better go by an' see the constable, an' tell him of the robber," said Mr. Benton as Tom rode away. "He might be hangin' about the neighborhood, an' it's a good idea ter have people on their guard."

After notifying the officer of the attempted robbery, Tom proceeded directly to the Quigley farm house, where he found Mr. Quigley seated in the back parlor which he had furnished to serve as an office. He was busily engaged in looking over some papers as Tom was ushered into his presence. It was some moments before he deigned to notice the youth; then turning about and facing the visitor he said:

"I suppose you have come to tell me that your father can't pay the interest. It is no more than I expected, but I must tell you that it is impossible for me to be

lenient with all who are in pressed circumstances.

"I have come to pay you the money," replied Tom, briefly, producing a roll of bills and laying them on the desk in front of Mr. Quigley. "Please give me a receipt."

"What! you have got the money then? Your father was not as hard up as he led me to believe. He told me he hadn't a cent."

"This money is some I had out of my own savings," replied Tom, "and father knew nothing about it."

"Oh, you are certainly an exceptional son," observed Quigley with a sneer. "Perhaps you will be able to pay the principal also."

"I hope so," said Tom, quietly. Mr. Quigley then took up the bills and counted them over, eyeing each one critically as he did so.

"You may tell your father that I shall soon call on him for the principal," he remarked, as he placed the money in his pocket book.

"Very well," responded Tom. "I was just thinking," went on Quigley, in a diplomatic tone, "that I couldn't see how your father could possibly meet the payment as soon as I shall expect it, and although the place is a poor one and would be of little use to me, I might be induced to purchase it at a reasonable figure—simply to help a neighbor out of a little financial difficulty."

"I'm quite sure father doesn't want to sell the place," replied Tom. "But he may be compelled to."

"Certainly, but he will not sell it if he can avoid it."

"Of course it is of no interest to me one way or the other. I only mention the matter so that if he should be disappointed in raising the necessary funds to cancel the mortgage, he may know where to find a purchaser—though I should prefer not to invest in any more land at present, unless it was in a case like this."

Tom readily perceived that the man's fair speech was only employed to deceive him, and cover up his evil and mercenary plans with a small show of generosity. But not wishing to give him the slightest cause to believe that his motives were suspected, Tom merely replied that he would speak to his father about the matter, and then took his leave.

"The first thing to do, now," thought the youth, as he rode down the hill from the Quigley farm house, "is to visit the place where I had the tussle with the robber and see if I can find the missing half of the letter."

In spite of the assertions of his father and mother to the contrary, Tom still adhered to the opinion that the strange letter contained information of vital importance, and he was resolved not to rest till he had solved the mystery that surrounded it.

In case he could not find the other part of the letter, it was his intention to return and prosecute a vigorous search for the hidden treasure in the stone fence.

On reaching the spot where the unknown outlaw had made the attempt to rob him, Tom dismounted, and fastening his mule to a tree by the road side, began his search. He soon found the patch of brush into which the rogue had fallen when pushed from the wagon, but no trace of the

missing paper could be discovered. After searching up and down the road and through the neighboring thicket for over an hour he gave it up, and returned to where he had left his mule hitched, and mounting, rode toward home.

"I suppose the robber carried the paper away with him," he mused as he rode along the shady road, "and it is very doubtful if we ever find it."

His reverie was interrupted by the sound of horse's feet behind him, and glancing backward, he beheld Paul Quigley coming down the road, mounted upon his dapple gray pony.

On recognizing Tom, Paul spurred his pony forward into a gallop, and passed without appearing to notice him. When he was a few paces ahead, he drew rein, and allowed his animal to proceed at a walk. Then turning in his saddle he said:

"Hello, there! Where did you get that fine race horse?" and he cast a glance of contempt at the shabby mule Tom was riding.

"That's one I had left me," replied Tom in a careless tone.

On reaching home, Tom found his father sitting by the open door, enjoying the fragrant air that came from across the field.

"I reckon I'll soon be about agin," he said, "but one of my legs is pretty stiff yet. Did ye pay Quigley the money?"

"Yes," answered Tom, "and he seemed greatly surprised. He said to tell you he would soon call on you for the principal and if you couldn't raise the money he might buy the place of you."

"I know'd that was what he was after," declared Mr. Benton. "He thinks he can git the place for a song by pushing us—the mean old miser!"

"It looks as if we might haf ter sell it after all," continued Mr. Benton dejectedly. "I might git the money somewhar if I could git around, but thar ain't many people that's got money ter loan on a second mortgage. I'll try ter git over an' see Kirby in a few days if I can, an' mebbly I'll succeed in borrowin' the money of him er some one in the neighborhood."

"I don't want to sell the place," said Mrs. Benton. "We orter manage it somehow."

"I'll do the best I can," replied Mr. Benton.

"If we could only find the treasure the letter speaks of," ventured Tom, "we would then be independent of Quigley."

"But I'll never be found," remarked his father. "Did you look for the other piece of the letter, Tom?"

"Yes, father, but I couldn't find it. I suppose it was carried away by the robber, though it seems he would have thrown it away as soon as he discovered it was only a piece of worthless paper."

As soon as Tom had put the mule in the stable, he crossed the field to the stone fence, and began a careful hunt for the hidden treasure, but all his labor proved fruitless, and it was almost noon when he relinquished the search.

"If I only had the other part of the letter," he mused as he walked home; "I'm sure I could find the treasure."

But little did he dream that the identical piece of letter for which he had searched, and which was to play such an important part in our story, had been picked up by Paul Quigley early that morning in the road where the robber had dropped it, and was at that very moment in the hands of Zeb Quigley, who was examining it, a look of greedy triumph on his evil countenance.

(To be continued.)

AND THIS IS WHAT HE SAW.

"It's a pity to ride an animal at such a breakneck speed."

"Is it?"

"Yes; you ought to treat him better."

"Is he any relation of yours?"

An angry flush swept over Paul's face.

"What do you mean?"

"You heard what I said."

"You have got to apologize for that insult," cried Paul in rage.

Tom seemed to reflect a moment.

"Perhaps I was too hasty," he said, after a pause.

"You will apologize, then?"

"Yes—to the mule."

Paul grew purple with anger.

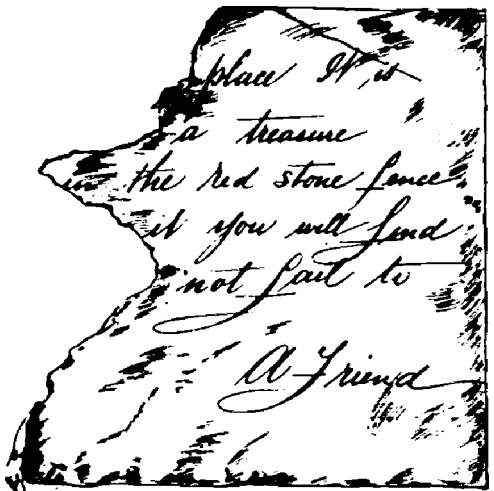
"I have a mind to lay your back open with this whip!" he cried, with a savage gesture.

"You had the same mind yesterday," observed Tom.

"Yes, and I would have given you a sound thrashing if father had not interfered."

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remarked, with exasperating coolness; "but it's fortunate that he isn't present on this occasion."

"You had better not tempt me to strike you again," cried Paul, with a blustering air. "You will be sorry if you do!"

"It's kind of you to give me advice. You are more generous than I supposed."

Paul bit his lip with anger and chagrin. He saw that he was no match for Tom—either in a war of words or a physical encounter, and the thought nettled him more than he would have cared to own.

"I wouldn't degrade myself by fighting with a beggar!" he cried, seeing no other loophole through which he could escape.

"Nor with anyone else—except with your mouth," responded Tom.

"I'll get even with you for your insolence, see if I don't," exclaimed Paul, and putting his pony into a gallop, he soon disappeared around a turn in the road.

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(To be continued.)

consonant that has neither hook, circle, nor loop—is halved for either *t* or *d*, the vowels are written and read exactly as though the letter were a full-sized one: thus, *\ ap, \ pat, \ apt;*

\ pet; in other words, there are first, second, and third vowel places in half-length, as well as in full-length consonants.

Where a half-length consonant precedes or follows a full-length consonant, the vowels are reckoned as though both were of full size.

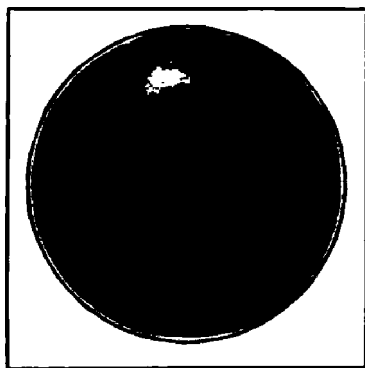
A half-sized letter with an initial hook is vocalized the same as a full-sized letter with an initial hook: as *\ pray, \ praye.*

A half-sized consonant with initial circle *s* or *st* loop is vocalized the same as a corresponding full-sized consonant: thus, *\ pot, \ spot* (read thus: 1, initial circle *s*; 2, consonant *t*; 3, the vowel; and 4, the added *t*).

These regulations apply, of course, equally to halved consonants with final hooks, circles, or loop: thus, *\ pain, \ paine.*

Shorthand in Ten Easy Lessons

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LESSON VII.—THE HALVING PRINCIPLE—Cont'd.

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.

The four heavy letters *sp, sh, lr, rr*, do not admit of being halved for the addition of *t* or *d*, because they would clash respectively with half-sized *m, n, l, r*, as seen in *\ pomade, \ in-*

lend, \ failed.

The rule we have given for the halving of thin consonants to express *t*, and thick ones to express *d*, only applies when the letter is written by itself. When, however, a word consists of more than one syllable, or is only one syllable, but contains a final hook, or circle added to final hook, then either *t* or *d* is expressed by halving it; thus, *\ repeat, \ repeated.*

A full-sized consonant may either precede or follow a half-sized one when it prevents no difficulty in joining: thus,

\ timed, \ wadam; or a halved consonant may occur medially, as *\ military.*

The past tense of a verb ending in *t* or *d* is written thus: *\ part, \ parted.*

The pupil should study attentively the order shown in the "Teacher," page 33, which is to be uniformly observed in the consonantal elements of all words in which the halving principle is applied.

The way to master this arrangement is to go through Exercises 53 and 54 of the "Teacher," and reduce each phonographic sign to its consonantal elements as above shown.

No doubt you will find some difficulty at first in understanding and applying the halving principle and vocalising correctly; but a careful attention to the order of the consonants will guide you as to the vowels. It may, however, be of further assistance to you to consider the following rules:

Where a single consonant—that is, a

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The American Boy Lyceum



Government of cities change on such questions as licenses, popularity of candidates. Should management of great enterprises change with the wind? Millions of money must be invested in developing franchises. But if cost of service to the public is too great regulate it by law. If groceries are too high, must cities go into the grocery business? Enormous debts would be incurred. City ownership would be fraught with great dangers.

REFERENCES.

Read on both sides of the subject, for in so doing you may anticipate the argument of your opponent and be prepared to meet it. It is said that Webster used to prepare the strongest possible argument on the other side before constructing his own argument. Recent magazine articles on city ownership: ARENA, 25:560, 26:99, 27:659, 27:379, 23:432; CHAUT., 23:447; ENGIN., M., 5:725, 9:41; FORUM, 52:219; INDEPENDENT, 52:2065, 2633; NATION, 56:449, 65:26, 75:25; OBITUARY, 59:76, 70:736; WORLD'S WORK, 4:2260.

IS IT NECESSARY TO READ?

Reading is of great importance in securing readiness in debate. One must have a reserve upon which to draw. Moreover, one is unconsciously influenced by the style of the authors read, and he will find he can make a point with greater clearness or force, after reading authors of the best style.

There are between two and three million books in print. But do not be discouraged; it is not desirable to read them all. There is, however, a reason why this department should furnish something about books and reading, and give some lists of books worth reading. Here are a few of the old standbys, which are both interesting and entertaining. Have you read them? THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, ROBINSON CRUSOE, TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST, THE LAST OF THE BARONS, A TALE OF TWO CITIES, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, WESTWARD HO, THE JUNGLE BOOKS, ROBIN HOOD, IVANHOE, KENILWORTH, KIDNAPPED, TREASURE ISLAND, GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, HENRY ESMOND.

A boy cannot know what book will be most valuable for him to read. He may be sure it will be best to read something. We will try to help him by giving not only references to books upon the subjects for debates, but by talking about the books which a boy ought to read for his own pleasure and profit, books which will keep up the reserve for the emergencies of life. And you can read a great deal if you try. An hour a day, about twenty pages, or twenty five volumes of about three hundred pages each.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE.

Resolved, That strikes do more harm than good. That there should be an educational qualification for voting. That United States Senators should be elected by popular vote. That more evil than good results from giving prizes. That athletic training should be compulsory in schools. That it is desirable to have a curfew law. That women should receive the same wages as men for the same work. That capital punishment is justifiable. That a system of compulsory education is advisable. That the national government should own and operate the coal mines. That colored people should not be appointed to office in the South.

THE WRECK OF THE MAINE.

By Robert G. Cousins, member of Congress from Iowa since 1893. Born in Iowa, 1859.

The destruction of the MAINE in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, March 15, 1898, did more than any one thing to precipitate the war with Spain. The following extract is from a speech delivered in the House of Representatives March 21, 1898, upon the bill for the relief of the sufferers by the destruction of the MAINE:

The measure now proposed is most appropriate and just, but hardly is it mentionable in contemplation of the great calamity to which it appertains. It will be merely an incidental, legislative footnote to a page of history that will be open to the eyes of the Republic and of the world for all time to come. No human speech can add anything to the silent gratitude, the speechless reverence already given by a great and grateful nation to its dead defenders and to their living kin. No act of Congress providing for their needs can make a restitution for their sacrifices. Human nature does, in human ways, its best, and still feels deep in debt.

Expressions of condolence have come from every country and from every clime, and every nerve of steel and ocean-cable has carried on electric breath the sweetest, tenderest words of sympathy for that gallant crew who manned the MAINE. But no human recompense can reach them. Humanity and time remain their everlasting debtors.

It was a brave, and strong, and splendid crew. They were a part of the blood, and bone, and sinew of our land. Two were from my native State of Iowa. Some were only recently at the Naval Academy, where they had so often heard the morning and the evening salutation to the flag, that flag which had been interwoven with the dearest memories of their lives and which had colored all their friendships with the lasting blue of true fidelity. But whether they came from naval school or civil life, from one State or from another, they called each other comrade—that gem of human language which sometimes means but little less than love and a little more

than friendship—that gentle salutation of the human heart that speaks in all the languages of man, that winds, and turns, and runs through all the joys and sorrows of the human race—through deed, and thought, and dream, through song, and toil, and battlefield.

No foe had ever challenged them. The world can never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; they never shall. While at their posts of duty, sleep lured them into the abyss, then death unlocked their slumbering eyes for but an instant, to behold its dreadful carnival. Most of them, just when life was full of hope and all its tides were at their highest, grandest flow—just when the early sunbeams were falling on the steep of fame and flooding all life's landscape, far out into the dreamy, distant horizon—just at that age when all the nymphs were making diadems and garlands, weaving laurel-wreaths before the eyes of young and eager nature—just then, when death seemed most unnatural.

Hovering above the dark waters of that mysterious harbor of Havana the black-winged vulture watches for the belated dead—while over it and over all there is the eagle's piercing eyes, sternly watching for the truth. Whether the appropriation carried by this resolution shall be ultimately charged to fate or to some foe shall soon appear. Meanwhile, a patient and a patriotic people, enlightened by the lessons of our history, remembering the woes of war, both to the vanquished and victorious, are ready for the truth and ready for their duty.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

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If the boys interested in this page will write to the editor, giving their wishes, suggestions, questions, he will try to meet their needs as fully as his space and the general plan of the Department will allow.

This department will give, from month to month, outlines of debates, lists of live questions with suggestions for preparing debates, selections from famous orations for prize-speaking contests, notes on boys' books, and such other matter as shall prove most helpful in leading our readers to think and act along the lines which lead to vigorous, aggressive American citizenship.

SUBJECT FOR DEBATE.

Resolved, THAT CITIES SHOULD OWN ALL THEIR PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

Chief among franchises not wholly or even generally under public ownership are those for supplying water, gas, and electric light, and street railroads. In the outlines following, little attention is paid to arrangement. The debaters should divide the points and arrange with some plan of grouping subordinate parts under the main proposition to which they naturally belong, adding others which may be suggested by thinking or by the reading of the articles referred to below. Each point should be developed and illustrated and always the main object to be accomplished should be kept in mind to give unity and value to the argument.

OUTLINES.

AFFIRMATIVE.

It has been successfully tried.
High taxes are reduced.
Good government promoted.
The "danger point" in government is in cities.
"Ring" and "lobby" have to do with franchises in which are vast fortunes.
Millions distributed among the people would increase intelligence, decrease crime.
Cities care successfully for streets, sewerage, bridges, schools, involving vast expenditures, without scandals.
Why give away franchises which would still yield large returns to the people, with less cost for services?
Cost of administration would be less.
No watered stock or expensive salaries.
No "lobby" expenses or loss from strikes.
Illustrate cost of strikes in money and suffering.
Civic patriotism promoted.
Better paid labor, decreased cost for services, wealth accumulates among the people, not in the hands of monopolists.
Surer basis for continued "good times."
The aim of private ownership is profit.
The aim of city ownership is greatest efficiency at smallest cost.
See CENTURY, 31:71, for experience of Birmingham, Eng., in reducing cost of gas.
Wheeling, W. Va., reduced gas from \$2.50 to 75 cents, paid cost of plant from profits, and yields a revenue to the city.
Study Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast.

Electric Lights.	City.	Private.
Essex, Mass.	\$73	\$185
Elgin, Ill.	85	123
Detroit, Mich.	73	132
Bangor, Maine	48	150
Topeka, Kan.	60	...
Fort Wayne, Kan., similar service	...	120
Little Rock, Ark.	51	...
New Bedford, Mass., similar service	...	138

See ARENA, Feb., 1903.

NEGATIVE.

Cities are our "danger points" in government. But franchises are less harmful than contracts and "jobs."
The city "boss" wants city ownership.
Remember "out of the frying pan; into the fire."
Honest officers the best remedy for city evils.
Study of Manchester and Belfast and Glasgow of little value for New York, Boston and Chicago.
The "ring" thrives in our cities.
City ownership would add to power of "ring rule."
Cost of enterprises increased.
For cities do not practice economy.
Business poorly managed.
For change of parties means change of management.
"To the victors belong the spoils."
Private enterprises are managed more successfully.
High salaries are the result of great abilities.
Greater economy in the high salary of the skilled manager than in the smaller salary of the manager with a "pull."
Compulsory arbitration is in the near future.
Cost of service should be regulated by law.
Cities can regulate without ownership.
Control less radical than ownership.
Without prospect of gain there would be no enterprise.
Franchises become valuable only after years of careful management.
Private enterprises succeed through failures.
Cities cannot, for parties change.

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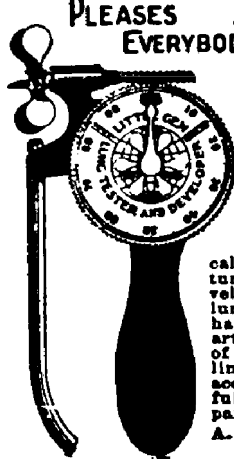
Boys' Double-Breasted Suits at \$3.75

Of plain blue or fancy all-wool chevots, the latter in attractive Spring patterns. Extra trousers. Suits your boys will be proud to wear. Sizes 8 to 16 years.

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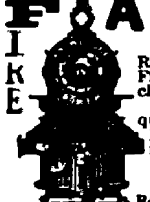
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ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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BOYS IN THE HOME CHURCH AND SCHOOL

The Ruling Passion.

"Goodness, Henry! How queer baby looks! I think he is going to have a fit." "By George! I believe you are right. Where is my camera?"—Exchange.

What He Would Have Asked For.

A teacher in the juvenile department of a Sunday school in Rockland, Mass., inquired of his class: "What did the lame man ask Peter and John for?" "Alms," promptly answered one of the lads; whereupon another boy thoughtfully followed with: "If I had been in his place, I should have asked for legs."

Another Author.

Teacher—I am sorry to say it, Henry, but your composition is not worthy of you. The rhetoric is faulty, the logic weak, the statements are based upon misinformation, and the style is lamentably crude. Henry—My! won't dad be mad when I tell him that? Teacher—But you can tell him you did your very best. Henry—Did my best—nothing! Dad wrote the whole of it himself.

Shocking.

Fing Ling, one of his brethren visiting the United States, writes home to the Pekin Pelican thus about us: "They live months without eating a mouthful of rice; they eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities; they have to bathe frequently; they eat meat with knives and prongs; they never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves, but jump around and kick balls as if paid to do it, and they have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women."

"The American Boy" in the Schools.

A friend of THE AMERICAN BOY in South Tacoma, Wash., tells of a Washington teacher who subscribes for THE AMERICAN BOY in order to use it in her school. She used the front cover picture of the May number for a language lesson in the fourth grade. The picture, you remember, represented a boy sitting on the ground, having fallen from a bicycle. The essays have all been sent to the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, with the request that he read them and pass upon their merits. The best composition is that of Willie Blackhurst, and the best handwriting that of Linnie Johnston.

"Class Boy" and "Cup Boy."

A boy wants to know what is meant by the terms "Class Boy of Yale, '85," and "Cup Boy of '85, Wolf's Head, Yale," as used in the item regarding Carlton Way on page 66 of our December number. It has been customary for a great many years for the first-born son of any member of a class in Yale University to receive a silver cup from the class at their first triennial gathering. If the boy is born by that time, or at the second triennial, if born between the first and the second. The Wolf's Head is the name of a society of the senior class at Yale. This society also gives a cup to the first boy born to a member of the graduating class each year. This is how Carlton Way is both Class Cup Boy and Wolf's Head Cup Boy of Yale, '85.

"Stick to Your Bush."

One day many years since it was reported among the schoolboys of a certain Massachusetts town that blackberries were ripe and very plentiful on a near-by vacant farm. When Saturday came, therefore, about a dozen of the boys hastened to the berrying ground with large wooden buckets, determined to fill them to the brim. The report proved true—the bushes were indeed loaded, and the delighted boys immediately commenced to gather the luscious fruit. One of them, however, soon conceived the idea of picking only the largest of the berries, thinking that he could thus fill his pail in much less time than it would take the others to fill theirs. Accordingly, he went here and there among the thorny bushes, selecting only the very largest that he could find. The other boys picked their bushes clean as they went, and in less than two hours' time had their pails full. He who had resolved to outstrip his companions had some fine berries, but he had occupied so much time in rummaging about that the fruit was only about two inches deep in the bottom of his pail. When he saw the full pails of the others he became discouraged and commenced eating his berries. The others soon joined in and helped him, and the result was that he went home with an empty pail. The moral of this anecdote is plain: One should "stick to his bush," or in other words, "let well enough alone."—Charles H. Coe.

Appreciated by Denver Boys.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court of Denver, writes: "THE AMERICAN BOY is given to our boys now every month, and it is appreciated and read by the boys more than any other paper. It has a good effect and is a great help in our work here."

How "Buffalo Bill" Got His Name.

"Buffalo Bill" tells how he got his name. He says that a firm of contractors for the Kansas Pacific Railroad one time paid him five hundred dollars a month to supply the laborers on the railroad with buffalo meat. In order to do so he was obliged to shoot the buffaloes with the rifle, killing nearly 5,000 in eighteen months. It was at that time that the boys began calling him "Buffalo Bill."

Be On Time.

A conductor's watch is behind time, and a frightful railway accident occurs. A leading firm with enormous assets becomes bankrupt because an agent is tardy in transmitting available funds, as ordered. An innocent man is hanged because the messenger bearing a reprieve should have arrived five minutes earlier. A man is stopped five minutes to hear a trivial story and misses a train or steamer by one minute.—Pushing to the Front.

American Boys in Porto Rico Learning to "Shine."

The first American troops that landed on the island of Porto Rico were accompanied by a colored bootblack, a boy about twelve years of age, who drove a thriving business shining the shoes of the officers. In less than two months after his arrival he got some very lively competition from the native youngsters, who, watching his movements, straightway provided themselves with boxes, brushes and blacking and learned the word "shine." Today every city and town of Porto Rico is full of little bootblacks. Thus is "American civilization" spreading.

Starting an Autograph Collection.

Leo Dimond, Pontiac, Ill., asks for information as to how to start an autograph collection. Ask for autographs from persons whose autographs you want, and if the request be courteous and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope, you will seldom meet with a refusal. Ask your friends and acquaintances for such autographs as they may have and be willing to give you. When great men and women come to your town interview them and ask for their signatures. Buy a little blank book and have the autographs written therein, or paste therein signatures kept from letters or otherwise obtained.

A Word to Parents.

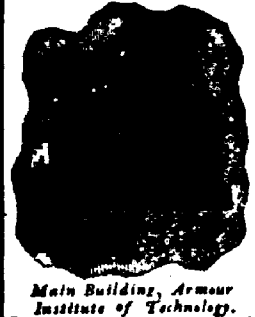
As the boys grow up make companions of them; then they will not seek companionship elsewhere. Allow boys as they grow older to have opinions of their own; make them individuals, not mere echoes. Remember that without physical health mental attainment is well nigh worthless. Let the boys lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body. Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character and have patience with faults and failings. Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities. You have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

Andrew Johnson's Boyhood.

When ten years old, Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, was a ragged street boy in Raleigh, N. C., and had never been to school. Andrew was apprenticed to a tailor and began to learn his trade before he was able to read or write. A benevolent old gentleman in Raleigh used to go about the city reading to the apprentices in the shops, and in the course of time he came upon Andrew. It is supposed that in this way the boy who was to become a president got his first love of reading, for shortly thereafter he began to learn his letters. Ten hours a day he worked at his trade, and the rest of the time, with the exception of a few hours devoted to sleep, he was trying to read. At sixteen he finished his apprenticeship, but he had yet to learn much before he could read well. Then he was fortunate enough to marry a young woman who became his teacher. He opened a tailor shop after he was married and his wife sat with him while he worked and read to him, in the evenings teaching him writing, geography, arithmetic and spelling.

BOYS, BE HONEST.

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THE DENVER POST NEWSBOYS AT THEIR THANKSGIVING (1902) BANQUET AT THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL.

With the Boys

STUART LAMIE, Newark, N. J., is greatly interested in physical culture and the care of the body in general. He is in the next graduating class in his school and is a strong supporter of THE AMERICAN BOY. He is trying to save up money for an education beyond that given by the common schools.—BYRON GABRIEL, age fourteen, Milford Center, O., has a stamp collection and his brothers have a badge collection. Together they have a collection of relics, and with the last named they have taken first premiums at fairs.—GILES D. RANDALL, Meriden, Conn., age fifteen, is a senior in the Meriden High School and is the youngest boy, with the exception of one, that ever entered a senior class in the High School in Meriden. Last year he took the examination for Yale college and passed with a fine grade.—WILLIAM W. HAVENS, New York city, is a graduate of the largest public grammar school in the world. According to his statement it has 4,000 pupils. On his examination for graduation from the grammar school he took second place, a fraction of a per cent below the first boy. He is now in the first year of the High School, and says that he has never been tardy since he began to go to school.—CURTIS B. KNIGHTEN, Ennis, Tex., secured twenty one subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY in one day recently.—ROBERT BROWN, Denniston, New Zealand, via Westport, asks if it would not be possible to open up an exchange column in connection with our stamp page open to subscribers only. Our experience with columns of this character in THE AMERICAN BOY is such that we could not meet the suggestion. It is possible for papers of small circulation to publish exchange columns permitting free interchange of information as to wants, etc.; but with a paper going into 100,000 families and read by upwards of 200,000 boys, we would be deluged with this sort of matter, and the result would be that we would have to disappoint hundreds upon hundreds of our friends by either refusing to print their matter or delaying it so long that the value of the item when printed would be little, if anything. Last year we ran a general exchange column, but we found that we could fill pages every month with such matter and then not keep up with the demand on the part of our correspondents, and rather than disappoint so many hundreds we dropped it.—CLAUDE E. and STANLEY M. CAYOT, Garnet, Kas., have been neither absent nor tardy during the last nine months in school. Claude, when twelve years old, won two county prizes in declamation contests.—STANLEY DUNN, Cowansville, Que., writes of a change of address from Embro, Ont., to Cowansville, Que., and tells of himself and his brother driving the distance from Embro to Cowansville—560 miles—in nine days, with one horse. He says the road was entirely new to them, but they got along fine, the drive being very enjoyable, and very rapid, we should add.—SEYMOUR KRUSE, Marysville, Wash., has had an experience that many boys would like to have. He ran a sawmill engine all summer for his father. Perhaps this wouldn't be particularly enjoyable, but the salmon fishing that Seymour enjoys would not be refused, we imagine, by the average boy. Seymour and his parents removed from Iowa to Washington last spring, and Seymour had a fine ride on the engine over the Rocky Mountains, seeing great sights. One place the train ran over a trestle 225 feet.

The Cincinnati Refuge Home sent us a very daintily gotten up Christmas pro-

gram showing how the boys of that large institution celebrated the great day. The program included music by the Refuge Home band, songs and recitations by the boys, tableaux, and a cantata in which girls took part, as well as Santa Claus himself. The boys of the Home enjoyed a turkey dinner at noon on Christmas day, after the distribution of Christmas presents and goodies by Santa Claus. The entire afternoon was given over to the boys and girls for a family reunion and play.—NEAL HERINGER, age fourteen, Bay City, Mich., is a young orator. He has won three medals in W. C. T. U. oratorical contests—one of silver and two of gold.—WARREN E. DODGE, Hubbard, Ia., wants a complete list of the Henty books. He thinks he has the largest private library for boys in his town. It consists of eighty five books, of which twenty three are by Henty.—LOUIS H. McBAIN, Grand Rapids, Mich., sends us a very pretty piece of burnt work indicating that he has much talent in this direction. On account of ill health Louis has not been attending school regularly for several years past, so he busies himself with doing burnt work and looking after his collection of stamps, which is a large one, and curios, among which are eleven Indian arrowheads and several other Indian relics, a cent run over by the funeral car of President McKinley, dominoes said to have been carved by Napoleon's men while prisoners, a song book of 1792, a sword and knapsack of the Civil War, a bullet from the battle of Santiago, a shoe from China, and corals, shells, etc.—PIERIE DEPEW, Nyack, N. Y., is another boy who owns many Henty books. He has twenty nine. His library contains, in addition, forty other books. He says he can hardly wait for THE AMERICAN BOY to come, and that his father also reads it. Pierie has a fine Sunday record. He has been present in church and Sunday school for two years without missing one Sunday in January, 1902.—CARL BICKEL, Kansas City, Mo., has been studying mineralogy for three years and thinks he has "got it down fine." "I can tell," says he, "any of the common minerals and some of the rare ones." He thinks he has the largest mineral collection ever made by a boy, having 2,000



J. E. POTTER.

specimens, which he keeps in a fine oak drawer cabinet in pasteboard trays.—J. E. POTTER, Conneaut, O., has decided talent in the line of architecture. For a fourteen-year-old boy he is doing splendid work. He has a fine set of tools and spends much of his time at study and drawing. He is taking lessons from an architect, and is at present engaged in remodeling a residence. We are glad to be able to show a specimen



From a design by J. E. Potter.

of his work.—WILLIAM McKINLEY ENSCORE, Menard, Ill., is one of the youngest telegraph operators in the world. He is but ten years old. His father was for many years a telegraph operator at Galatia, Ill., and William and his sister Lena, age eleven, have both learned the business with him. The Southern Illinois Penitentiary is located at Menard, and William visits the prison,



WILLIAM McKINLEY ENSCORE.

of which his father is an officer, almost every week. He says there are more than 950 prisoners there. He tells of the good times the prisoners had on last Thanksgiving day when they were all let out of their cells and for two hours sang and danced together. At dinner they managed to pretty thoroughly clean up 220 turkeys and three barrels of cranberries.—FORD OVERTON, Fullerton, Cal., does splendid work with a pencil. The captain of one of our O. A. B. companies at Fullerton has sent us a specimen of Ford's work and it is easily the best that we have ever seen from the hands of a boy.

The Denver Newsboys' Thanksgiving.

There are about one hundred and eighty newsboys in Denver who will never forget their 1902 Thanksgiving Day, when the Denver Post gave their annual dinner for their newsboys—and a feast, indeed, it was.

For weeks each little urchin who yelled "Denver Post" at the top of his voice had looked forward to this eventful day. At the hour of eleven the boys were to meet at the office of The Post. Of course they were there an hour or more before the time. You can always trust a boy to be on time when he is promised good things to eat.

As the time drew near, the famous Satriano band, stationed in front of the newspaper office, played selections—mostly ragtime music. An elegant Columbia coach, drawn by six beautiful black horses, stood ready to convey the boys to the dinner. About seventy of the little newsboys clambered in, each wearing a flower in his buttonhole, either a huge white or yellow chrysanthemum or a rose. Behind the coach was a large vehicle drawn by four white

horses, and this was instantly filled with more newsboys. Then still a third conveyance was filled with them. The band, attired in red uniforms, completed the procession, which wended its way to the elegant Brown Palace hotel.

Such yelling and cheering! Each boy presented his ticket and was admitted. Then up in the elevator they went to the eighth floor of the palatial hotel. There, what a vision met the sight of those hungry boys! There were three beautifully spread tables which reached the whole length of the long room, with rows of chairs down each side.

What a picture the boys presented as they began to feast on the good things put before them! There were all kinds of boys: Boys of various nationalities; sweet little boys with innocent faces, with a few not so innocent; some dressed for the occasion with white collars and gorgeous neckties, but most of them in sweaters, and a number in ragged clothes; grimy hands and faces and frowny heads were largely in the majority. Notwithstanding all this, all the faces were enwreathed in smiles.

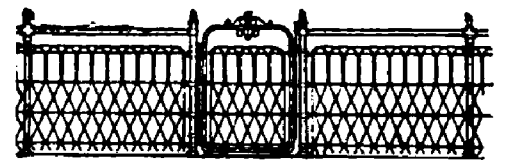
Can you imagine one hundred and eighty boys having all the turkey, cranberries, vegetables, and the et ceteras that they could eat, with coffee and milk to drink?

The band played most of the time and the boys cheered every little while, so that excitement and enthusiasm prevailed all the time. When the waiters appeared with a large piece of mince pie for each one, the boys cried out, "Pie! Pie!" Before the pie had entirely disappeared, the waiters brought in large saucers of delicious ice cream and plates of cake. The boys could not refrain from clapping their hands then. Two boys looked at their saucers of ice cream and passed them to their neighbors. Upon being asked whether they did not like ice cream, each answered sorrowfully, "Yes, but I am too full."

Most of the boys, however, seemed to have unlimited capacities, and they continued to eat nuts, raisins and apples until they were like the two little fellows mentioned—"too full."

Newsboys can stand more than the general run of boys, however, and that same evening they were running hither and thither on the busy streets, shouting, "Post and Times, here, two for a nickel-1-1! Paper, sir?"

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For a Boys' "Circus"

J. C. BEARD

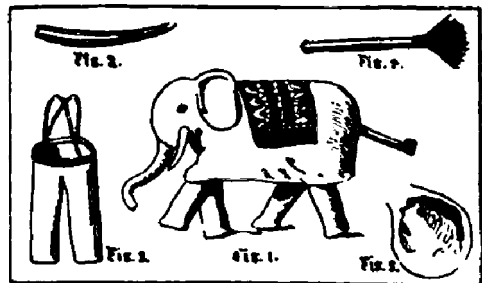
No. 1—THE FUNNY HUMAN ELEPHANT.

Two boys are necessary to make up the elephant. One boy is needed for the hind legs and one boy for the fore legs.

The boy in front manipulates the trunk; the boy in the rear manipulates the tail.

Both boys must bend slightly forward in walking. The boy in the rear rests his one hand which is not engaged in holding the tail, on the shoulder of his companion.

Turn in one corner of an old pillow-case and place it over the head of the first boy. Cut small holes in it so that the boy may see where he is going.



THE ELEPHANT'S ANATOMY.

Paint two large eyes on a sheet of paper. Cut them out and pin them on the pillow-case.

The elephant's trunk is the arm of the first boy covered by a gray stocking. Two pairs of pajamas caught together under the feet and filled out with cotton, excelsior or crumpled paper make the feet and legs. Figure 3 shows this.

The tail, shown in Figure 4, is a short section of a broom handle with the straws from an old broom tied around the end.

The tusks, one of which is shown in Figure 4, are long, narrow cloth bags tightly stuffed with sawdust, excelsior or bits of paper.

Figure 5 shows the elephant's ear. It can be made from either brown or gray cardboard. The ears can be sewed to the head by using a large needle with twine or heavy thread.

Throw a sheet over the two boys to hide them. This will form the body of the beast.

A rug hung over the sheet, especially if it is brightly colored, will give the effect of the tinsel splendor of a circus.

This "fake" elephant does not need months of careful training before he can perform; and he is likely to amuse the spectators better than the real creature.

The table scene, so popular at every



circus, during which the clown decides to treat his pet to a dinner, can be acted to perfection by the human elephant. He can order all the most expensive dishes on the bill, just as the real elephant is always supposed to do, and he can keep constantly ringing a huge dinner bell for the waiter to bring more food.

The human elephant can also introduce a new element into this scene. The boy in the rear can decide that the front boy is getting more than his share and proceed to demand a part of the good things. He can kick the front man; he can reach out his hand instead of the elephant's tail and in a dozen other ways prove to the audience that he is not at all satisfied with the way things are going.

The human elephant, in spite of its simplicity and the ease with which it may be trained, forms one of the most interesting acts which any circus has to offer.

No. 2—THE RUBBER GIANT.

The "Rubber Giant" is so called because he possesses the magic power of growing shorter or longer at will. He is a trump card in the hands of any showman. A group of rubber giants made one of the principal "hits" in the "Black Crook" in which these figures were first introduced.

Fasten a bundle of rags around the end of a stick as shown in Figure 1, and place the mask, shown in Figure 2, on this improvised head.

Drape a piece of cloth around the head in such a manner that the absence of hair will not be noticeable. If a ready-made long, grotesque head can be obtained, it will of course answer better than anything which can be improvised; but the mask and bundle of rags are sufficient to create a great deal of fun.

Fasten two sheets together and gather one end of them around the neck of the rubber giant. When the giant's body is extended at full length, the lower end of the sheets should nearly touch the floor.

Fasten a hoop on the inside of the giant's skirts, as depicted in Figure 3, and attach this hoop to the shoulders of the operator by means of tapes, as illustrated in Figure 4.

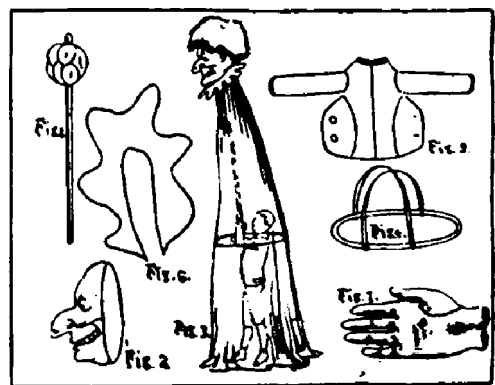
This will prevent the giant's skirts from touching the floor when he lowers his head. If the skirts dragged on the floor they would, of course, trip the operator. Two very small holes are made in the skirt just above the hoop so that the operator can see where he is going.

The various attitudes which the giant may assume and odd movements which he may make are very amusing. By lowering the giant's head and crouching down and then gradually resuming an erect position and extending the head to his utmost, the operator may make the figure pass through all the stages of growth from a dwarf to a giant.

By swaying the head from side to side and inclining the body at different angles, the figure may be made to dance. A bow when executed by a rubber giant is almost delightfully ridiculous.

The figure is, of course, an excellent contortionist and can be bent into all sorts of curves. It can bring its head down and stretch it through between its own legs in a most ludicrous fashion.

In all straight or curved positions the operator's body must carry out the lines set by the stick; he must become, as it were, a continuation of the stick to which the giant's head is attached.



Be careful to avoid all abrupt angles. The operator should move in easy curves and with graceful undulations.

A small jacket like that shown in Figure 5 can be fastened around the giant's neck just under the collar, so the collar, Figure 6.

Stuff an old pair of gloves with cotton, as shown in Figure 7, and pin them in the sleeves of the jacket.

The length of the stick which supports the giant's head must, of course, vary with the amount of space which can be allowed for the giant to move around in; but even if there is plenty of room it is not wise to have the stick more than six or seven feet long; because a great part of the fun consists in the apparent animation of the giant, and in his eccentric movements. If the stick is too long it will be heavy and unmanageable and the giant will move in a series of jerks which will spoil the illusion.

It adds to the effect greatly if more than one giant is used. Then the op-



erators can play into each others hands, that is, help to accentuate each other's absurdity.

For instance, one may grow tall while the other is growing short. Or one will watch intently while the other is going through some curious tricks, and when the tricks are completed the one who has been watching will attempt to imitate them.

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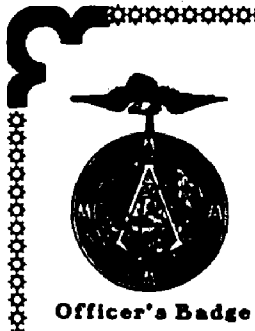
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EVERY ENERGETIC AMERICAN BOY SHOULD BE A MEMBER

Company News.

CHIEF GOODTHUNDER COMPANY, No. 4, Redwood Falls, Minn., has resumed its meetings, no meetings having been held during the summer months. The officers are: Captain, Paul M. Hitchcock; Treasurer, Carroll King; Librarian, Henry Morgan. This Company holds its meetings every two weeks in its club room. After the regular business meeting the boys play games, etc. The Company is trying to find a room for a gymnasium, but has not yet succeeded. It would like to exchange a baseball mitt for boxing gloves, or anything for a gymnasium.—**APOLLO COMPANY, No. 31, Yale, Mich.,** has a library of over fifty books.—**ROBERT DALE OWEN COMPANY, No. 4, Stewartsville, Ind.,** is progressing finely. The boys entertained their young lady friends the evening of November 28 at the club room and proved themselves to be royal entertainers.—**WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY COMPANY, No. 11, Woodstock, Ill.,** at a recent meeting elected the following officers: Captain, J. G. Richards; Secretary, R. H. Gillmore; Treasurer, Rupert Donovan; Secretary of Athletics, James Northrup. Meetings are held every two weeks, and the membership is limited to twelve, the present number.—**HAYES COMPANY, No. 14, Des Moines, Ia.,** recently organized, has elected the following officers: Arthur Wilkinson, Captain; Howard Osborne, Vice Captain; Marlin Wragg, Secretary; Forest Scott, Treasurer; Ralph Ray, Librarian.—**CAHOKIA COMPANY, No. 23, Edwardsville, Ill.,** holds its meetings every two weeks. The Captain promises us a picture of the Company soon.—**SANTA FE COMPANY, No. 3, Chase, Kas.,** has resumed its regular meetings and expects to enroll several new members in the near future. This Company is going to study shorthand this winter after the lessons given in THE AMERICAN BOY.—**COLFAX COMPANY, No. 8, Indianapolis, Ind.,** holds its meetings every Friday evening at the homes of the various members. Meetings for the winter will be mostly of a social nature. This Company has a basketball team composed of Eugene Dolmetsch, Captain, and Marion Smith, Clare and Harold Sexsmith and Harold Kurtz, with Vance Lawrence as a substitute. It is striving to obtain new members so that next fall it can organize a football team.—**JOHN BROWN COMPANY, No. 6, Paola, Kas.,** was very pleasantly surprised at a recent meeting when Doctor Walthall, father of the Captain, presented the Company with its charter nicely framed. Ex-Captain George E. Quimby writes: "It is a beauty, and we gave him three cheers and tendered him a vote of thanks." Doctor Walthall also donates the Company rooms, and the boys feel very much indebted to him.—**BLACK HAWK COMPANY, No. 9, Sheboygan, Wis.,** is one of the prosperous companies of the Order. This Company expected to have a feast on Thanksgiving evening in its club room. A committee was appointed to decide upon what each boy should bring, and the boys were planning for a good time. We are promised an account of it by one of the members.—**HONEST ABE COMPANY, No. 6, Springfield, Mo.,** is progressing finely. It has a nice set of boxing gloves and a library of about twelve books. This Company has its charter framed and hanging on the wall, with a picture of "Old Abe" hanging underneath it. Meetings are held at the home of Herbert Brubaker, one of the members, Mrs. Brubaker having kindly donated a room for this purpose. This Company expected to have a Halloween party, and a little later to give an entertainment, and we are promised a report of these. One of the local papers of Springfield gave the Company a nice write-up in a recent issue.—**WILLIAM J. SAMFORD COMPANY, No. 3, Opelika, Ala.,** has organized a football team. On November 7 the boys played with a near-by team and defeated them, the score being 35 to 5. After the game three cheers were given for the O. A. B. team. About seventy five people witnessed the game and all joined in the cheering. Frank Driver, a member of the Company, made the best play that was made, having made three touch-downs. The following is the line-up: Tom Dyer, center rush; Frank Driver, quarter-back; Jule Greene, full-back; Moses Blumenfeld, right half-back; Casey Greene, left half-back; Henry Johnson, left tackle; Claude Williamson, right tackle; Simon Blumenfeld, right guard; Kyle Andrews, left guard; Claude Barnes, right end; Lionel

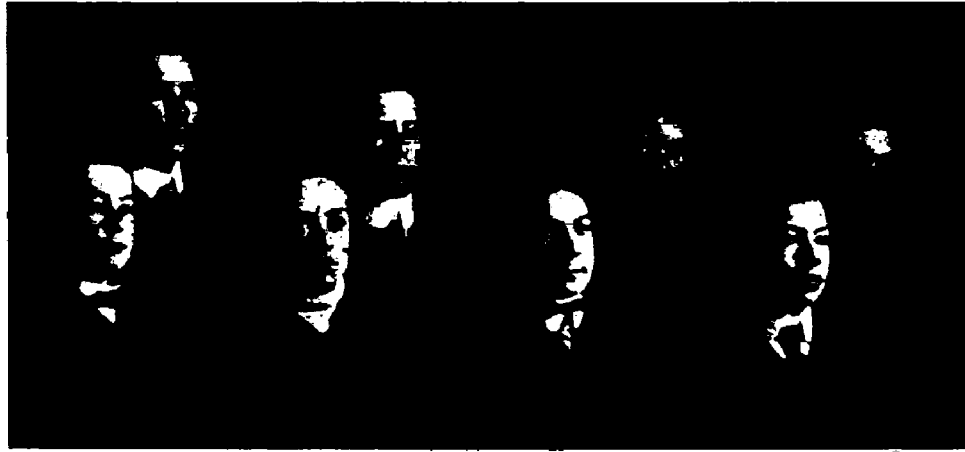
The Order of The American Boy

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.



BENGAL TIGER COMPANY NO. 10, DIVISION OF IOWA, LISBON, IA.

Well, left end. This Company has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. Fines are imposed for various offenses. The boys have had their charter framed and hung upon the wall, and have a fine library which is growing rapidly. The Captain says they are going to do good work this winter.—**STAR OF THE WEST COMPANY, No. 4, Elgin, Ore.,** recently organized, is one of the flourishing companies of the Order. The Captain writes under date of November 28: "We received the charter all right and are very proud of it."—**BLACK HAWK COMPANY, No. 9, Sheboygan, Wis.,** reports its Thanksgiving feast, of which we promised to give an account later, a grand success. All the members excepting one were present, and the meeting was called to order at 8 o'clock p. m., by the Vice Captain. Here is the order of the program: Salute to Flag; Oration, Otis Welsh; Mandolin Solo, Arno Stein; Recitation, Frank Schiffeneder; Essay, "Thanksgiving," Andrew Bielefeld; Speech, Frank Gerhardt; Club Prophecy, Willie Klumb; Salute to Flag. Adjournment. Following the program, the boys played games, and then came the refreshments. The Secretary writes, "There were sixteen boys present and you can imagine how rapidly the food disappeared." After supper more games were played and the boys enjoyed themselves generally until late in the evening, all agreeing that they had a fine time. This Company has organized a football team and on Thanksgiving Day defeated the Freshmen. Following is a copy of the minutes of the meeting held November 11, 1902: Meeting called to order by the Captain; Salute to Flag; Calling of Roll by Secretary; Reports of committees; Secretary's report; Treasurer's report; Proposals for membership; Balloting on candidates. Oscar Schrant and Willie Klumb were appointed a committee to keep the club room in order for the two succeeding weeks. A motion was made and carried that a new window be put in the club room. Motion was made by Otis Welsh, seconded and carried, that if a member did not appear at meetings at least four weeks after he was voted in, his name be stricken from the membership list. It was agreed that, owing to the money in the treasury diminishing so rapidly, refreshments be served only once in two weeks at meetings. Motion was made, seconded and carried, that the Company pay Mr. Slyfield fifty cents, as part of

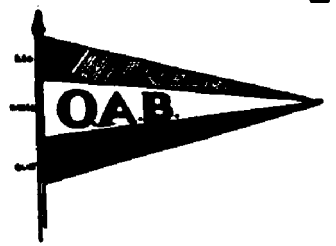
the money loaned by him for the circulating library. Motion was made that the Captain appoint a committee of three, of which committee the Secretary was to be Chairman, to draft a literary program to be given on Thanksgiving evening. Otis Welsh, Henry Fessler and Arno Stein were appointed as this committee. Motion was made and carried that all those refusing to take the part assigned to them on the program be fined not less than three cents nor more than seven cents, the money collected in this way (if any) to go into the library treasury. A committee was appointed to determine what each member should contribute toward the Thanksgiving spread, with the provision that their report be read at the next meeting for approval of the Company. Fees amounting to seventy five cents were collected at this meeting. Salute to Flag. Adjournment.—**LITTLE GIANT COMPANY, No. 34, Carney, Mich.,** will hold its first meeting for the new year on January 24, at which time it will organize a track team and a baseball team. This Company is very much interested in athletics.—**SHERIDAN COMPANY, No. 21, Chicago, Ill.,** has a fine gymnasium, with punching bag, boxing gloves, Whitely exerciser and a pair of dumb bells. It also has some games and a few books in its library, and expects to have more soon. It has, at this writing, \$2.40 in its treasury.—**GOLDEN STATE COMPANY, No. 12, Fullerton, Cal.,** has had its charter framed in black with a moulding around the edge.—**RIVER VIEW COMPANY, No. 1, Rio Vista, Cal.,** will hold its annual banquet and have a Christmas tree the evening of December 23, at the home of Treasurer Herman Lund. This Company has just added nine new books to its library. The Captain writes, "Our Company is prospering finely and the boys take more interest in it every day."—**JAMES LANE COMPANY, No. 8, Yates Center, Kas.,** is an athletic company. It has a football team, a baseball team, and two basketball teams, and the captain says they have won every game they have played.—**VICTORIA COMPANY, No. 1, Water-vliet, Mich.,** elected the following officers on the evening of December 23: Captain, Arthur Frazee, Vice Captain, Hiram Randall; Secretary and Librarian, Burr Baughman; Treasurer, Sebastian Smith; Sergeant-at-Arms, Sherwood Smith. After the election the boys partook of an oyster supper, which was

given in honor of Lester Sodusky, a former member of the Company, and now a resident of Chicago. After supper a fine program was rendered and the evening altogether was a very enjoyable one.—**U. S. GRANT COMPANY, No. 9, Eureka, Cal.,** has rented a club room, paying for the same one dollar per month. Meetings are held once a week. This Company is chiefly interested in athletics. The boys expect to give an entertainment on the evening of January 15.—**JOSEPH R. HAWLEY COMPANY, No. 2, Norfolk, Conn.,** holds its meetings on Friday evenings at the homes of the members. This company will build an underground club house in the spring, unless suitable quarters are found before that time. It has had its charter framed and has ordered a pennant.—**NORTH STAR COMPANY, No. 35, Detroit, Mich.,** explains the meaning and origin of its name as follows: "Michigan being one of the northern states of the Union, and every state being represented by a star on the flag, we have decided upon the name of 'North Star.'" This company holds its meetings on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week at the home of the sergeant-at-arms, Paul Ranspach, where a club room has been fitted up with three trapezes, one pair of rings, one Whitely exerciser, boxing gloves, punching bag, dumb-bells and Indian clubs. It is needless to add that this is an athletic company.—**GEORGE W. STEELE COMPANY, No. 6, Swayzee, Ind.,** has rented a room in a store building which it will fit up as a club room. It already has several books, a drum, two pairs of fencing foils, a baseball mask, a football, one pair of two-pound Indian clubs and one ten-pound club. The secretary promises us a picture of the club room when completed.—**GENERAL LAWTON COMPANY, No. 4, Emporia, Kas.,** at a recent meeting elected the following officers: Captain, Fred Puffer; Vice Captain, Hobart Moses; Secretary, Harry Smith; Treasurer, Warren Morris.—**MAPLEWOODS COMPANY, No. 17, Ida Grove, Ia.,** hope soon to have a new club room. The captain's father is a photographer, and at present meetings are held in his reception room. We are promised a picture of the company soon.—**GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER COMPANY, No. 22, Freeport, Ill.,** recently elected the following officers: Captain, Wesley Eiseman; Vice Captain and Secretary, Dea Wheeler; Treasurer, Willie Ickes. This company holds its meetings every two weeks. Dues, five cents, payable at each meeting.—**THE BENGAL TIGER COMPANY, No. 10, Lisbon, Ia.,** on the evening of January 5 elected the following officers: George Wooderson, Captain; Merrill Ringer, Vice Captain; Charles Roach, Secretary; Leonard Furnas, Treasurer. This company has at present \$2.88 in its treasury. The captain has sent us a picture of the company which here appears.—**FORT CONCHO COMPANY, No. 6, San Angelo, Tex.,** is building a gymnasium. This company recently organized a football team and purchased a football. It has ten books in its library at present but intends to invest in a number of new books soon. Company dues are ten cents per month, and a fine of five cents is imposed for disorderly conduct during meetings or for using profane language. The company has at present \$2.30 in its treasury.—**STAR OF THE WEST COMPANY, No. 4, Elgin, Ore.,** sends the following report: Number of resignations, one; number of new members since date of organization, four; total membership, January 1, 1903, nine; amount of money taken in since date of organization, \$2.45. This company expects to celebrate AMERICAN BOY Town Meeting by giving a "pic social," and we are promised an account later.—**HENRY FOUR M COMPANY, No. 24, Henry, Ill.,** takes its name from the words "Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals." Its officers are, Geary Stibben, Captain; Cecil Deck, Vice Captain; Joseph Jones, Secretary; Claire Baguley, Treasurer; George Yanochowski, Librarian.—**HONEST ABE COMPANY, No. 26, Merrill, Mich.,** gave a party recently at the home of the vice captain, Thomas Johnson, and reports an enjoyable time. Light refreshments were served and the boys had a good time generally. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected: Captain, Mrs. Horace Johnson; Vice Captain, Thomas Johnson; Treasurer, John Daley; Secretary, James S. Daley.—**GET THERE ELLI COMPANY, No. 2, York, Neb.,** is an athletic company. Last season it organized a baseball team and played twenty games, losing only seven. The team played the South Omaha Stockyards Juniors and was defeated, the score standing 4 to 0. It also played the Seward First team and was defeated by a score of 4 to 5. The captain says these were the two closest games played, though all of them were close. He writes: "We toured the state considerably last season but intend to make a big tour of the state this season and advertise THE AMERICAN BOY." Their uniforms consist of red shirts with the letters "O. A. B." in white on the front, blue pants, white belt, blue cap with white stripes around it and blue (or red) stockings. The captain says the O. A. B. Baseball Club was known all over the state during the season as they had three pitchers in their club who were considered the best in the state for their age. This company also has a football team and a basketball team. The former played one game last season with the Bradshaw H. B. and defeated them 26 to 0. The following are the officers of the company: Captain, Ralph Falkinburg; Vice Captain, Clyde Bailey; Secretary, Willie Mead; Treasurer, Leverage Goble; Librarian, Wray Edwards; Sergeant-at-Arms, Claud Zeigler.—**GRIZZLY COMPANY, No. 11, Berkeley, Cal.,** has a small house, 10x10 feet, which is used as a club room, but expects to build an addition to it soon. The secretary promises us a picture of the company.—**LEWIS AND CLARK COMPANY, No. 5, Baker City, Ore.,** recently organized, is getting

CAN BOY ARMY

E, MIND AND MORALS

MBER OF "THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY."



O. A. B. Pennant



HERMAN DOUGLAS, Capt. Tippecanoe Co., No. 7, Monticello, Ind. ORNO STOVALL, Capt. Golden State Co., No. 12, Fullerton, Cal.

Company News.

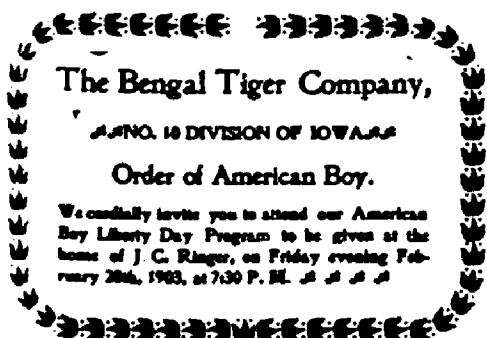
(Continued.)

along nicely. This company will make a specialty of curio collecting. The captain writes: "We have received our charter and are very proud of it. We will try to fulfill the meaning of M. M. M. M."—OHIO VALLEY COMPANY, No. 2, Bellaire, O., has a fine club room which has been furnished, free of charge, by Mr. Blum, father of the secretary. It has had its charter framed.—J. C. SPOONER COMPANY, No. 11, Blanchardville, Wis., is an athletic company. It will also have a library.—CUSHMAN K. DAVIS COMPANY, No. 2, Heron Lake, Minn., held its semi-annual election of officers on Friday, January 23, when the following officers were elected: Captain, John C. Benson; First Lieutenant, Hugo Jones; Second Lieutenant, Walter Jones; First Sergeant, Arthur Butler; Second Sergeant, Harvey Prescott; Third Sergeant, Tommy Ross. Meetings are held every Friday and the members are very enthusiastic and are already looking forward to making a fine display in the Fourth of July parade.—GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE COMPANY, No. 3, Bentonville, Ark., holds its meetings twice a week. Dues, five cents per month, with a fine of five cents for using profane language and ten cents for the use of tobacco in any form.—LAFAYETTE COMPANY, No. 9, Carmel, Ind., has about four dollars in its treasury and has a fine gymnasium outfit. The following officers were recently elected. Captain, Clarence E. Lancaster; Vice Captain, Virgil Pond; Secretary, Malcolm C. Randall; Treasurer, Telford B. Myers; Librarian, Cecil Moore.—THE CAVALIER COMPANY, No. 12, Oakfield, Wis., has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. Weekly dues, five cents, with a fine of three cents for disorderly conduct during meetings and also for using profane language. Meetings are held on Wednesday evenings at the homes of the various members. Company colors, red and blue. This company is chiefly interested in athletics and will soon have a club team.—G. A. HENTY COMPANY, No. 1, Enid, Okla., is a literary company. Its aim will be to get the Henty series of books for its library. (To be Continued.)

American Boy Indian Festival.

Programs and suggestions for THE AMERICAN BOY Indian Festival, which Companies of the Order are invited to hold on March 21st, will be sent Company Captains by mail. The directions are too lengthy to permit of their being printed in these columns.

Reduced Fac Simile of a Company Invitation.



Report of One of "The American Boy" Town Meetings.

The William J. Sanford Company, No. 3, of the Alabama Division of "The Order of the American Boy," is an excellent addition to the club circles of this city. Composed as it is of the splendid little boys, gallant and chivalrous in their noble young manhood, who have

Rank of Individual and Company Members

NOTE:—An INDIVIDUAL MEMBER is one who does not belong to a Company. A COMPANY MEMBER is a member who belongs to a Company. An HONOR MEMBER is a member who has had his name on The Legion of Honor Roll.

Every Member of a Company (excepting an Officer) is a	FIRST DEGREE MEMBER
Every Officer of a Company (Captain, Secretary, etc.) is a	SECOND DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member (Individual or Company Member) who sends us One New Subscription is a	THIRD DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Two New Subscriptions is a	FOURTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Three New Subscriptions is a	FIFTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Five New Subscriptions is a	SIXTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Ten New Subscriptions is a	SEVENTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Twenty-five New Subscriptions is a	EIGHTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Thirty-five New Subscriptions is a	NINTH DEGREE MEMBER
Every Member " " " Fifty New Subscriptions is a	TENTH DEGREE MEMBER

Members need not send all subscriptions at once. Every time you send sufficient new subscriptions you will receive promotion. We pay CASH commissions on the subscriptions or give PREMIUMS if you prefer, (see our Premium List sent you) and we furnish to you free PRIVATE STAMPS and a BADGE showing your rank. In addition, a Tenth Degree Member receives THE AMERICAN BOY free DURING HIS LIFE; a Ninth Degree Member receives it for TEN YEARS and the Eighth Degree for FIVE YEARS.



CHARLES E. WELLS, Captain Apollo Company, No. 31, Yala, Mich.

for their purpose study, and the special object of the organization is for the "cultivation of manliness in muscle, mind and moral." They have selected a name that allures them on with patriotism, that inspires them with a desire to become statesmen of his noble and exalted type. A noble Christian character worthy for the individual of this company of "The American Boy," that proudly bears his name, to emulate in every walk and sphere of life.

The Wm. J. Sanford company was organized but a few months ago, and their meetings held on Friday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. H. Blumenfeld, have never abated in interest. The program arranged for them in the magazine THE AMERICAN BOY is carried out in detail, and consists of papers written upon various subjects, interspersed with music. The fortunate feature of this company is that they have several musicians in their membership and the program can be varied with music. On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Blumenfeld invited the mothers and a few other lady friends to be present for the meeting of the company, at which time she beautifully entertained in honor of the boys.

When the captain, Mr. Casey Greene, touched his gavel, perfect quiet prevailed and Mr. Paul Shoaff read the well prepared minutes of the last meeting, which told of splendid papers read by members of the company, on Washington, Lee, Jackson and other patriots.

The subject for the evening, "The American Town Meeting," was entertaining, with the following well read and well prepared papers: "A Clean Town," Mr. Henry Johnson; "A Beautiful Town," Mr. George Clower; "An Intellectual Town," Mr. Leonel Well; "A Moral Town," Mr. Simon Blumenfeld.

Music by the orchestra of the company, with Mr. Casey Greene on the piano, and Messrs.

Julie Greene and Simon Blumenfeld on the violin, furnished several sweet musical numbers. Miss Gertrude Shoaff charmed her hearers with a splendid piano solo.

The visitors were delighted to be counted among the friends of the "American Boys," and bade them Godspeed in the noble plans and purposes of their company, one of which is a library, that is now well begun, numbering 21 volumes.

The officers of the Wm. J. Sanford Company are: Captain, Mr. Casey Greene; Vice Captain, Mr. Simon Blumenfeld; Secretary, Mr. Paul Shoaff; Treasurer, Mr. Will Davis; Librarian, Mr. George Clower.—From The Opelika (Ala.) POST of January 30, 1903.

ANOTHER REPORT.

Opelika, Ala., Jan 23, 1903.

Our American Boy Town Meeting was held this afternoon at our club room. It was a great success. The addresses made by the boys were well prepared. Music served to enliven the program. Refreshments were served. About twenty visitors were present. A fine talk was made by each of several visitors, that gave us a lot of encouragement. It was decided that our town was a very clean town, but not so clean as it could be made. In the voting of the second resolution it was decided that our town was not as beautiful as it should be.

In the third resolution it was decided that Opelika is as intellectual as it should be.

In the fourth the decision was that Opelika was not as moral as it should be, but was a great deal more moral than the average town.

CASEY GREENE.

Ten Great Days.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY will celebrate by special program the following ten great days during the remainder of this year:

March 21—AMERICAN BOY INDIAN FESTIVAL; April 25—AMERICAN BOY GRAND RALLY; May 23—AMERICAN BOY TREE PLANTING; June 20—AMERICAN BOY FAIR; July 4—AMERICAN BOY INDEPENDENCE DAY; August 22—AMERICAN BOY CAMP FIRE AND CORN ROAST; September 19—AMERICAN BOY FIELD DAY; October 31—AMERICAN BOY HALLOWEEN; November 28—AMERICAN BOY CONGRESS; December 19—AMERICAN BOY ANNUAL BANQUET. PUBLIC MEETING AND ADDRESS. Every member, whether an individual or Company member, will look forward to these days as red letter days for 1903.

Prize Essays.

In accordance with the terms of the prize essay contest announced on page 89 of the January number of THE AMERICAN BOY, we award the first prize of \$3.00 to Fred B. Snoemaker, age fifteen, Washington, Ia., and the second prize of \$1.00 to Arthur Luthl, age fifteen, Detroit, Mich. Honorable mention is given to Paul A. McCoskey, Chicago, age thirteen; Horace G. Duke, Greeley, Colo., age thirteen, and Edward Stotler, Washington, D. C. There were no contestants under ten years of age.

Thirty Eight New Companies Organized Between Dec. 29 and Feb. 10.

G. A. Henty Company, No. 1, Division of Oklahoma, Enid, Okla.—Cedar River Boys Company No. 15, Division of Iowa, Cedar Falls, Ia.—Chief Wabasis Company, No. 36, Division of Michigan, Rockford, Mich.—Hawkeye Company, No. 18, Division of Iowa, Modale, Ia.—Frances Marion Company, No. 16, Division of Pennsylvania, Harrisville, Pa.—Henry Four-M Company, No. 24, Division of Illinois, Henry, Ill.—Pigeonroose Company, No. 13, Division of Indiana, Scottsburg, Ind.—Albert C. Cummings Company, No. 19, Division of Iowa, Volga, Ia.—Oliver Optic Company, No. 27, Division of Ohio, Pioneer, O.—William Barret Travis Company, No. 12, Division of Texas, Tyler, Tex.—General Ulysses S. Grant Company, No. 14, Division of Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind.—William B. Allison Company, No. 20, Division of Iowa, Webster City, Ia.—Susquehanna Company, No. 17, Division of Pennsylvania, Muncy, Pa.—Ohio Valley Company, No. 28, Division of Ohio, Bellaire, O.—Phineas Taylor Barnum Company, No. 3, Division of Connecticut, Bridgeport, Conn.—J. C. Spooner Company, No. 11, Division of Wisconsin, Blanchardville, Wis.—General Braddock Company, No. 18, Division of Pennsylvania, Braddock, Pa.—Robert E. Lee Company, No. 4, Division of Alabama, Gadsden, Ala.—Will Carleton Company, No. 37, Division of Michigan, Mason, Mich.—Richard P. Bland Company, No. 8, Division of Missouri, Kansas City, Mo.—Now or Never Company, No. 29, Division of Ohio, Greenfield, O.—Port Huron Company, No. 38, Division of Michigan, Port Huron, Mich.—Little Rhody Company, No. 1, Division of Rhode Island, Westerly, R. I.—William C. Sprague Company, No. 30, Division of Ohio, Edgerton, O.—The Cavalier Company, No. 12, Division of Wisconsin, Oakfield, Wis.—General Robert E. Lee Company, No. 3, Division of Arkansas, Bentonville, Ark.—Moses Cleveland Company, No. 31, Division of Ohio, Conneaut, O.—Stonewall Jackson Company, No. 13, Division of Texas, Corsicana, Tex.—Daniel Boone Company, No. 32, Division of Ohio, Martins Ferry, O.—Commodore Perry Company, No. 15, Division of Indiana, Danville, Ind.—Knut Nelson Company, No. 7, Division of Minnesota, Mankato, Minn.—Hamlin Garland Company, No. 21, Division of Iowa, Osage, Ia.—Nemaha Valley Company, No. 11, Division of Nebraska, South Auburn, Neb.—The Pilgrim Company, No. 14, Division of Massachusetts, Duxbury, Mass.—St. Lawrence Valley Company, No. 20, Division of New York, Canton, N. Y.—Thomas Jefferson Company, No. 39, Division of Michigan, Nashville, Mich.—John McLoughlin Company, No. 6, Division of Oregon, Oregon City, Ore.—Jacob Rills Company, No. 40, Division of Michigan, Big Rapids, Mich.—Frederick Post Company, No. 2, Division of Idaho, Post Falls, Ida.—Tulare Company, No. 13, Division of California, Tulare, Cal.

The Wreck of the "Winsome Winny"—J. Olivier Curwood

OURS was a lateen-rigged sail, with an even four hundred feet of canvas. We were both proud of her as she ran her bowsprit out over the ice for the first time. I suppose I took an inglorious pride in the thought that it was I who had given her the name of the "Winsome Winny." We had both planned her, and in her building I had helped as much as any uncle could have expected of a boy who wasn't over fond of saws and hammers. It wasn't our first boat, but it was the only one in which I had ever had the slightest interest, so far as ownership was concerned.

"Looks like an ugly day," remarked Uncle Ben.

We were looking straight out over Lake Erie from a little to the south of where the Detroit river emptied into it. I had never seen the ice so smooth. For three winters the lake had been so rough when the freezing nights came that ice-boating had been confined almost entirely to the rivers and bays on account of the roughness of the "open sea," as we called it. But this year it was different.

Uncle Ben stood with his hands in his pockets, staring across the lake. It seemed only a short distance out that the sombre gray of the sky shut in the ice-field. There was almost no wind, but the pall of gloom grew steadily blacker as we looked. Over the Canadian shore, which shone out in a dim snow-line, the gray had parted and let through a chilly light, which fell on the tumbled masses of ice broken up by the swift current of the river half a mile away. I glanced from these things to Uncle Ben. His face was partly turned, but I could see that it wore a doubtful look.

"I believe that if it wasn't for disappointing the folks over in Sandusky I'd postpone the trip," he said, finally.

"There's a light breaking through, and there's no wind," I argued, knowing as well as he that the light portended more evil things than the purple sky.

Uncle was a man who did not say much. One had to read his face. He made no answer, but gave the "Winsome Winny" a shove that sent her out from the headland, where she caught the breeze in her rigging. "Might as well stand by to hoist the sheet, Harry," he called.

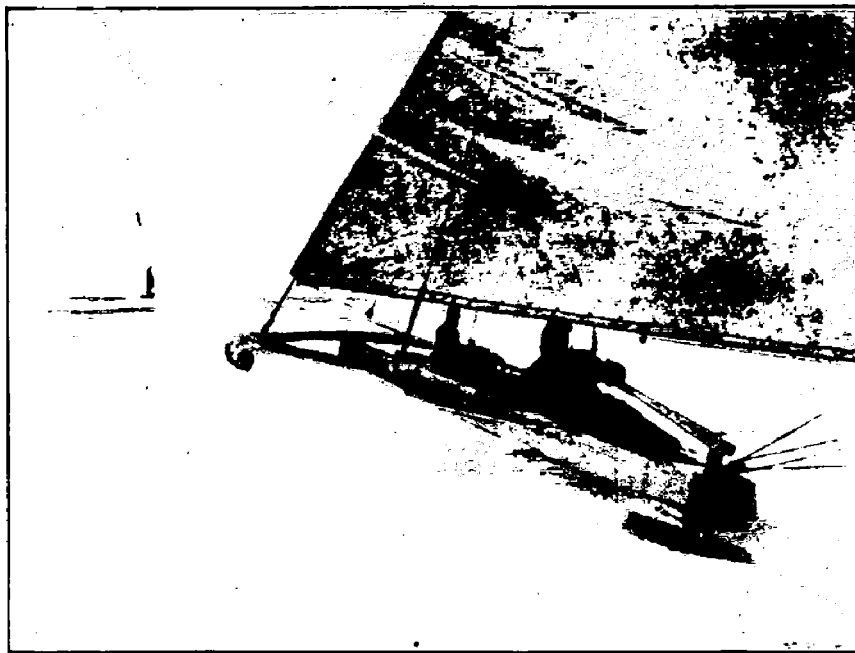
In a trice I had the sheet partly up, and the "Winsome Winny" walked out beautifully with the wind. I was about to loosen the full mains'l—I always abbreviated my "sail" because it sounded more nautical—when Uncle Ben interrupted me, and called me back to the cockpit. There I doubled up my feet and scrutinized the darkening sky and Uncle Ben's face by turns. So far as I could see there was no reason why we shouldn't cut straight across to Sandusky without any loss of time. So long as Uncle Ben was at the tiller I had no fear of getting lost in the worst blizzard that ever blew. But evidently I had more confidence in him than he had in himself. Each minute the sky seemed drawing nearer, like a great curtain, enveloping more and more of the frosted ice-field. From behind, where the steely light broke through, the wind grew fresher. Now and then a sudden puff would set the wire rigging to humming, and each time this happened Uncle Ben would glance back over his shoulder.

"It's six to one and half a dozen to the other, Harry," he said. "If we run back we'll have to leave our boat on shore and hunt up a farmhouse, and if we go on it's likely we'll weather it all right. We'll chance it, anyway. Skip out an' loose the sail."

We had been going dead with the wind, in a sort of uncertain way, but now as the three hundred feet of canvas in the mains'l filled out with the breeze Uncle Ben's cogitations ended, and he brought the "Winsome Winny" about with the wind on our beam in a way that sent her scuttling off like a shot. With "wind abeam" the breeze was striking us at right-angles, from the side instead of the rear, which places an iceboat at her best. This had always puzzled me. I had tried to figure it out again and again. I could see how a boat might go twenty miles an hour before a twenty-mile wind, but how she could make twice that much running almost against the wind had always been a conundrum to me.

"Harry!" My uncle's shout was followed by a quick wave of his arm from the cockpit.

"Hustle up!" When Uncle Ben used that sort of language something was up. Straddling the beam leading out to the runner-plank, I wormed my way toward the cockpit. A fierce gust set the wires humming dismally above my head, and I could feel the jar of the windward skate as it lifted slightly off the ice. The singing of the wires continued. Perhaps Uncle Ben wanted to get me in the cockpit before the blizzard struck us.



"Slips along like a ghost — — —"

"What do you see out there, Harry—your eyes are sharper than mine!" he shouted as he pulled me over among the rugs.

I put my hands telescope-like to my eyes in an effort to pierce the gray gloom on our lee. The sky seemed farther away, but to offset it the air began to fill with a fine, driving snow. For a few moments it seemed as though all was dark, elusive vacancy, then I fancied I caught a glimpse of something that was neither the gray sky nor the ice. I shouted to Uncle Ben, but it had disappeared in an instant.

"Slips along like a ghost—." He said something else, but I couldn't catch it. The fierce gusts of wind had given way to a steadily increasing gale, and with it whistling in our ears and the wires overhead cutting it with shrill wallings a shout was almost unintelligible. Then I caught sight of it again. It was parallel with us, perhaps three-quarters of a mile away.

"It's an iceboat!"

I shouted the fact close up to Uncle Ben's face, and he nudged me, grinning. He replied with something that sounded like "comp'ny," and I suppose he meant we would join the stranger craft, for we changed our course just enough to cross her bow. She loomed up rapidly, for under the edge of the gale the "Winsome Winny" was kicking up her heels, as we called it, at no less than forty miles an hour. I could make her out lateen-rigged, with a bigger sweep of canvas than I had ever before seen on an iceboat. I believe we had crept up to within a quarter of a mile of her before she noticed us. Until then only two figures were visible, one at the rudder and the other sitting amidships, or halfway between the stern and the mast. But immediately on discovering us two others popped up, and disappeared again as suddenly, evidently hugging close to the deck. Hardly an instant elapsed before she heeled over with the wind, and stood out with the gale directly behind her.

"—mighty queer craft!" I caught from Uncle Ben's lips. Above the howling of the wind and the wires I could hear the deep-cut scraping of the rudder skate under the cockpit, and the "Winsome Winny" swung about as gracefully as a bird. A race! I grinned my delight into Uncle Ben's face. He returned it with a stare that seemed unnatural.

The stranger was running splendidly! There was only one figure visible on her now, and that soon began to fade away in the distance. I felt my heart go thump—thump—inside of me as I realized we were being beaten. Uncle Ben seemed to have forgotten I was beside him. He stared straight ahead with a hard, fixed gaze, and more than once during the next five minutes I found myself wondering why a race should affect him so. With the gale straight behind us the wires had stopped singing above, and when Uncle Ben spoke to me it was in his natural voice, though I fancied I caught a peculiar ring in it.

"I'm afraid we're on the wrong tack, Harry. I'm going to put her hard to lee, an' chance cutting 'em off!" By putting her "hard to lee" Uncle Ben meant he was about to fetch the "Winsome Winny" around so that the wind would strike us on the side again.

It was beautiful to see the way we caught the ice! I gave a hurrah as the ringing skates fairly danced across it. It was now blowing a blizzard, and it seemed that half of the time our windward skate was in the air. The big lateen sail ahead began to show up again. Each second added to the whiteness and the bigness of her canvas. Then, like magic, all four figures appeared on her. We could see there was excited talking, and with his free arm the helmsman was gesticulating wildly. The distance be-

tween us was so short that we could see he was talking to a man in the bow, who sat facing us, with his arms up as though he was holding a gun to his shoulder. Then there came a sudden snap, so sharp that we could hear it almost as plainly as though we had been aboard the stranger. The huge lateen sail swept around with a sound like the cracking of a whip.

"She's going over!" shouted Uncle Ben. For a moment it looked that way. I would have staked my life she had capsized. What magnificent control! She was up and off like a bird in an instant! In that hazardous second she had changed her course as completely as though she had taken an hour to do it in. Now she was playing almost dead against the wind, while Uncle Ben, too surprised to act, gave her a handsome start.

"Stand by—duck!" he fairly shrieked. I heard the swish of the "Winsome Winny's" sail as I flattened myself in the cockpit. We were after the stranger again! Once more she was just a mist against the gray sky. The "Winsome Winny" had shown her mettle. I knew it by the grim smile that had settled on Uncle Ben's face.

But why were Uncle Ben and the stranger playing this game of tag all over Lake Erie while every minute a blizzard was coming up blacker and thicker all around us?

There was something mysterious about it all. I began to realize now that it was more than a race. If I had not suspected it before, the next move of the stranger craft would have settled all doubts in my mind. She was hovering in the wind like a great gull an eighth of a mile ahead, almost motionless, for she was taking the fierce blast of the blizzard full on her bow, with her sail swinging out behind like a pennant. Then she suddenly swerved, and as she went off like a shot at right-angles to us I saw something topple off her deck upon the ice.

"Man overboard!" I cried. The grim smile on Uncle Ben's face never changed. With one big swoop to leeward the "Winsome Winny" came about with the wind abeam again, and as we dashed away in pursuit of the stranger we passed within a few feet of the object. It was the carcass of a sheep, freshly cleaned.

"Just as I thought!" shouted Uncle Ben in my ear. His face lit up with an added excitement. I was more mystified than ever, and howled back a lusty inquiry:

"What is it?"

"Mutton—they're smuggling mutton!" he replied.

Smugglers! I felt a cold chill creep up my back that was not exactly caused by the wind. If they were smugglers, why in the world was Uncle Ben chasing them! According to my idea it would have been a much wiser policy to have turned in another direction, and in the next few seconds I made up my mind that if anything did happen it wouldn't be the fault of the smugglers, for Uncle Ben was hounding them like grim death.

The stranger had now tried every trick known to experienced ice-boaters in order to escape the "Winsome Winny." We had beaten her with the wind, we had beaten her against it, we had outpointed her with it abeam, and now as it caught us on the side again we were overtaking her rapidly. Everything seemed plain to me now. I had often read in the papers that sheep could be bought much cheaper on the Canadian side than in the United States, and that there was a big profit in smuggling them. The daring men ahead had taken advantage of the smooth winter on Lake Erie to run them across, and were probably taking them to some point on the shore between the river and Toledo. That they were taking us for revenue men who had got wind of their operations was probable. In no other way could they account for our pursuit. But what in the world did Uncle Ben intend to do? They outnumbered us two to one, and we, at least, were unarmed. I felt that my question would soon be answered, for we were drawing so near that the two men flattened on the deck could be plainly discerned. The figure amidships was facing us again. Suddenly a puff of white smoke clouded it for an instant.

The report of a gun rolled across to us! The lurch that followed sent such a thrill through me as I never hope to feel again! It seemed that I could see death written in Uncle Ben's face as he uttered a sharp cry and lurched against me with a force that drove the breath out of my body.

"Look out!" he shrieked. He doubled me up under him, with my face turned skyward, and in that instant I saw the "Winsome Winny's" big spar toppling down through space, with a loud rending and tearing of canvas. Before I could fairly realize what had happened the "Winsome Winny" seemed standing on end. The fallen

spar crunched into the ice ahead of the forward skates, and as the rear skate swung with the jar the rudder-stick caught Uncle Ben a turn in the side that sent him headlong from the cockpit. One moment more and the "Winsome Winny" was a hopeless wreck. Clinging in a dazed fashion to her sides, I saw the windward skate wrenched off and sent whirling across the ice. From the grinding under me, as we still went on, I knew the rudder-skate was smashed. Then we stopped, a mess of sails, and spars, and snow.

Uncle Ben came limping up across the ice. Without saying a word, he clambered over to the ice-boat's mast, and pulling down one of the ropes he brought it back and shoved it under my eyes, swearing very softly.

"There wasn't one chance in five hundred million that a bullet'd hit that, Harry—'n' yet it did!"

I had read splendid books of the pursuit of richly laden merchantmen by pirate ships, and of their narrow escapes by shooting away the enemy's rigging, but I believe that if any one had told me the "Winsome Winny" could have been put out of business by a single rifle bullet cutting her halyard I would have laughed until I was red in the face.

Now I looked my amazement. "And there's only one thing left for us to do," continued Uncle, after he had investigated the extent of the "Winsome Winny's" injuries. "Every skate on her is ruined. We'd freeze to death if we tried to go back through this blizzard, so we'll have to brave it out on the Middle Sister."

He pointed across the ice, and I could just make out the shore of the island perhaps half a mile ahead.

"You run ahead and build a fire," he said, briskly, "an' I'll go back after the sheep!"

Running half the distance to get a little warmth in my chilled limbs, I soon came up to the rocky shore of the island. It was thickly wooded on our side, down to the very edge of the ice, and picking out a place protected from the wind and snow I scraped together a big pile of dry twigs and broken limbs, and soon had a merry fire going. A few minutes later Uncle Ben came up, carrying the sheep's carcass across his shoulder.

"This won't be a bad place to camp in for a few days, especially after we get our tent up!" he cried, cheerily. "There's enough mutton here to feed us for a week at least. Like mutton, Harry?"

"Love it!" I replied. Things began to look cheery. By the time we got back with the "Winsome Winny's" sail we were as warm as toast, and Uncle began to sing like a boy. I thought he enjoyed our adventure, though I learned afterward that he was more nervous than he acted. After we had built our tent he leaned back and smoked his pipe, while I tended fire and broiled mutton over the coals with sticks.



It was the carcass of a sheep freshly cleaned.

Our first meal was a regular picnic, attended as it was by our ravenous appetites, and for that matter we spent a comfortable night, sleeping but little, and telling stories nearly all the hours through. But when the next day dawned, black, gloomy, and with the blizzard still raging, even I, who thus far had thoroughly enjoyed being "cast away" on an uninhabited island, began to experience an uneasy feeling that was the next thing to fear. As this day lengthened, and we banked up great piles of wood in front of our tent, I could see that Uncle Ben was disguising his real feelings, so I came out bluntly

and asked him to tell me just how we were situated, and to conceal nothing from me, for I had already guessed pretty near the truth.

"I'd rather be wrecked here in the summer," said Uncle Ben, puffing his pipe. "If it was summer we could build big fires on the shore and attract the attention of passing vessels. But now there's nobody near us for miles and miles."

"And we couldn't walk ashore in the summer," I said. "Why can't we noof it over to the mainland? I can make twenty miles in a day easy."

"If we got out into that once, Harry," said Uncle, pointing where the blizzard hung white over the lake. "we couldn't tell which way from which! A few hours' wandering about and we'd freeze to death. All we can do is to stay here, and—I've been hoping!"

What Uncle Ben's hopes were I did not just then inquire. I felt that he would tell me as soon as he had them straightened out in his own mind, and after I had added fresh brushwood to the fire and came back beside him I found that I was right.

"I telegraphed Ed"—Ed was Uncle Ben's brother—"that we were just about to start for his place across the ice, and we were due there last night," explained Uncle. "Seeing that we didn't show up, the folks will telegraph over to Detroit, and between them they will discover that we are somewhere out on the lake, perhaps dead. Of course they'll search—"

Uncle Ben never finished his sentence. With a whoop he tore through our tent door, jumped clean over the fire, and when I had recovered enough from my surprise to follow I found him surrounded by three men dressed in heavy fur coats, all of them shaking his hands by turns with the finest friendship imaginable.

When they had all greeted me, and trooped into our tent, Uncle Ben drew me slightly aside, and putting his mouth close down to my ear whispered:

"Harry, as long as you live, don't you lisp a word about the smugglers! They're gentlemen, every one of them. They no sooner made a safe landing near Toledo than they sent word to an iceboat club there that we were wrecked near the Middle Sister. They saved our lives—mind you—never lisp a word about the smugglers!"

And I have kept it all a secret until now.

THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER

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.

inch wide and an inch and a half long. If this is not handy, use a piece of paper, only the paper must be twice as wide. Stick this fuse in the powder, letting the end hang out. Then set the can lid on the top of the camera. Now arrange the group, shutting out all artificial light. Open the shutter of the camera, draw the slide and everything is ready. Light the top of the fuse and stand out of the way. The powder will flash up with a dazzling light, after which immediately close the shutter and replace the slide to the plate holder. No shadows will be seen, as they are behind the objects. An ounce of powder will make 20 or 30 of such exposures in a room 15x15.

Fogging Plates.

During the past summer the writer has industriously watched amateur photographers manipulating their cameras, and he noticed one blunder that was made by the majority. After making an exposure they were apt to replace the slide, that covers the plate, corner foremost. The effect of this was to allow a ray of light to enter the plate holder when the corner of the slide lifted the "trapdoor" that protects the plate when the slide is out. This "trapdoor" is called the plate valve, and it should only be disturbed by inserting the plate holder squarely, so as to exclude all light. Another thing: The focusing cloth should be thrown over the camera when withdrawing or inserting the slide. That is the great secret of clear plates.

Prizes.

The prizes for the two best photographs this month are awarded as follows: First prize, Paul Neal, Keota, Ia., picture entitled "The Overflow;" second prize, Lloyd McKinney, 1036 Grove street, Jacksonville, Ill., photograph entitled "Moonlight on Lake Michigan."

Reduction.

Prof. Lainer gives the following formula by which a very slowly proceeding reduction of the negative is obtained without loss of the delicate half-tones: Fixing soda solution 1:4.....100 c.cm. Iodide potassium.....1 g. After about an hour the reduction is perceptible; after eight to ten hours' action, even a dense fog will disappear. The gelatine film is not attacked thereby; on the contrary, it is hardened somewhat.

The Manipulation of Kloro Paper.

The manipulation of kloro paper is simplicity itself. Print a shade deeper than is desired in the finished print; wash in several changes of water until all the free silver is removed, which can be told by the non-milky appearance of the water; take of water 60 ounces, chloride of gold 2 grains, and neutralize with a saturated solution composed of acetate soda and borax, equal parts; prints should tone in five minutes; then place them in a fixing bath composed of 40 ounces of water to 2 ounces of hypo, and they should be thoroughly fixed in twenty minutes; wash in running water half an hour.

Hurrying Negatives to Dry.

A photographer says he has been able to hurry the drying process with negatives by wiping them gently with a Turkish towel. "I grasp the mass of the towel in the hand," he says, "making it into a sort of a pad, and draw it lightly several times across the face of the negative until the superficial moisture has all been removed. This has the effect of removing chance particles of hair, grit, etc., that often adhere to the negative. It insures even drying, while with such treatment it is usually ready for printing in an hour's time." The experimenter is warned to be very careful when trying this way, as some negatives are much softer than others, and will hardly stand what looks to be rather rough treatment, even if it is done with a Turkish towel.

Improving Poor Negatives.

It is not far out of the way to say that most of the negatives at first turned out by amateur photographers are flat or fogged. How they become so is another question, but the probability is that they are under-developed or over-exposed. Yet these very negatives may comprise subjects of both artistic and commercial value. Prof. H. Kessler, who is an authority on photographic matters, advises the following process with such negatives: The dry negative is bleached completely with bichloride of mercury, washed fifteen minutes, and then blackened with a solution of fifty gr. sulphite of soda and five gr. metol in 500 ccm. of water until the blackening has penetrated to the glass side. Then wash again and reduce with a solution of fixing soda and red prussiate of potash until the picture has become clear. Finally wash again. It is not well for beginners to "monkey" with these chemicals, but it will be all right for those who have had some experience in mixing chemicals, and who desire to save fogged plates.



A PROUD READER.

Taking Flashlight Pictures.

Harry C. Hollingsworth sends the following directions for taking a flashlight picture, with the advice that it will be found satisfactory and economical. He says: Get a good powder. Montgomery Ward sells a good magnesium flashlight powder for 35 cents an ounce. Take a section of broom handle, nearly an inch long, and bore in it a half inch hole half an inch deep. Put this in the lid of a baking powder can and fill the hole in the wood with powder. For a fuse, use a strip of celluloid about an eighth of an

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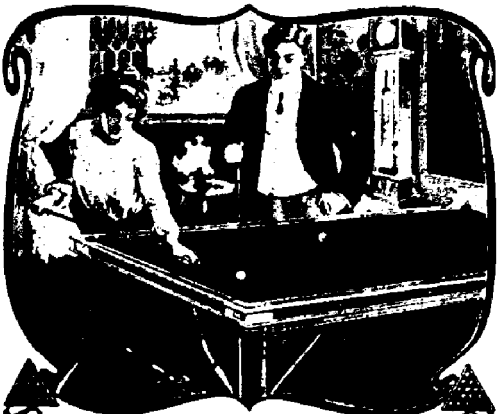
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MY BROTHER Rodney was sixteen years of age and I was two years younger the first time we ever saw a railroad train. I remember that we and six other boys of about our size walked nine miles to see an engine and a construction train. I recall our delight when the big, good-natured engineer invited all of us to "pile on and take a little ride" when he had to run the engine and two or three flat cars down the track for a mile or two. We "piled on" to the flat car and sat down on its rough floor with bated breath when the train began to move. I remember that we thought that one of the boys, Joe Rees, was fairly risking his life when he had the temerity to stand up at one end of the car after the train was in motion.

The track was new and rough and the train did not move at a very rapid rate of speed, but to our inexperienced minds we were fairly flying through the air, and I remember that little Timmy Davis, the smallest boy in our party, clung to his big brother Ed and began to cry when the train was fairly in motion. "Oh, let me off! let me off!" he wailed. "I'm going to jump off! I'll get killed if I don't!"

"You'll get killed if you do!" exclaimed Ed, as he laid a restraining hand on Timmy. "But what if the cars run off the track?" "No danger of that. Shut up and sit still!" commanded Ed. I think that we were all rather relieved when we again found ourselves on terra firma, but we boasted loudly because of our ride on the cars when we returned to the little town in which we lived, and I rather think that some of us drew largely on our imagination when we told of the length of the ride and of the rate of speed at which we had ridden.

Three months after this epoch in the lives of my brother Rodney and me, a far more momentous event occurred, for we took a journey of more than a hundred miles on the railroad, which had by this time reached the town in which we lived. One morning father said at the breakfast table:

"Boys, do you think that you could go by yourselves from here to your Uncle Lorin's house?"

This was a surprising question, for our Uncle Lorin Dwight lived in the adjoining state of Illinois, a hundred and thirty miles from our home, and we had never been out of the county in which we had been born, but Rodney made eager haste to say:

"Why, of course we could, father. Why do you ask?"

"Because your mother and I have been talking the matter over, and we have been thinking that it would be a pleasant thing for you to make your Uncle Lorin and your cousins a visit now that the railroad runs directly from here to Wablen. You would have nothing to do but to get on the cars here at ten o'clock in the morning, and sit there until you reached Wablen at about four in the afternoon. It is not more than a mile and a half from the station to your Uncle Lorin's farm. The station agent at Wablen could direct you after you had left the train, and it is almost a straight road from the station to your uncle's house. You could hardly miss the way if you tried."

"Oh, we'd find it easy enough," said Rodney confidently. "Do let us go, father!"

"Oh, please do!" I added, although I knew that father and mother had already definitely decided that we were to go or they would not have said anything about the matter. Before we left the table it was settled that we were to start three days later.

"I think that I will not write your uncle that you are coming," said father. "It will be a great surprise to him and to your cousins and to your grandmother when you walk in on them and introduce yourselves."

"I guess you'll have to introduce yourselves," said mother, "for it is ten years since your uncle and cousins visited us,

and you have not seen them since that time, and they would never know you in the world."

The idea of surprising our relatives in Illinois added to the delight of the proposed journey, and we begged father not to announce our coming in advance.

Very few of the boys in the town had yet ridden on the cars, and Rodney and I were objects of envy and interest. All of the boys we knew were at the station to see us off, and most of our numerous relatives, young and old, in the town were also present. We were the recipients of a great deal of advice supposed to be conducive to our safety while en route.

"Now mind what I tell you, and don't you budge from your seats once until you get to Wablen," said our dear old grandmother Morse, who lived at our house.

"And don't you talk to anybody," added our cautious old Aunt Hannah.

"And don't you, on any account, stick your heads out of the car window. If you do, like as not you'll have 'em snapped off by a telegraph pole, or they might strike a gin some building or something," said grandmother, who had never ridden on the cars, and who had declared her intention of never risking her life on "the pesky things."

"You'll see an axe an' a saw in a rack at one end o' the car," said old Tommy Carter out of his large experience of travel, for he had been "clean over to Pettis County an' back," a distance of thirty miles, on the cars.

"That axe an' the saw are there for you to go an' git 'em an' saw an' chop yourselves out in case there is a smash-up," continued the erudite Tommy. "I wouldn't set right behind the engine if I was you, for if it should blow up, pieces o' the boiler might come kersmash right into the car where you are. They say the safest place on a train is the rear car an' the rear seat. An' don't try



ridin' back'ards. I was fool enough to try it just to see how it would go when I went over to Pettis County, an' it riled my stummick up awfully. Every time you hear the whistle toot you'll know it's a horse or a cow on the track, an' you better say your prayers an' keep your eye on that axe an' saw. I tell you I did when I rid clean over to Pettis County!"

With all this well meant advice ringing in our ears we sped away from the little station, our handkerchiefs fluttering from the car windows, but not daring to look out for a farewell glimpse of our

friends on the platform. Billy Todd, a wag of a boy, had handed us a sealed envelope, telling us not to open it until the train was in motion. When we opened it we found it to contain pictures and harrowing accounts of the most shocking railroad accidents, together with a note from Billy in which he wrote:

"Good-bye, Rodney and Lorin. I have a feeling that I will never see you any more. I dreamed that I saw you two boys ground to pulp in a railroad accident last night, and my dreams nearly always come true. There was a big washout about twenty miles down the track yesterday and they say the track is awfully shaky. Then a good many people think that that big bridge over the Three Falls river is terribly unsafe. I saw a picture of a bridge going down with a train on it in my coffee grounds this morning. Good-bye—forever!"

Our ride was really quite uneventful notwithstanding the dismal forebodings and dreams of Billy Todd. We clung to our seats and I am sure our pulses quickened when we rode over the long and high bridge spanning the Three Falls river, but before the day was done we became quite accustomed to riding on the cars. About the pleasantest feature of the trip was the eating of the bountiful and delicious dinner mother had put up for us, and we prolonged this pleasure as long as possible.

The train was a little behind time in reaching Wablen, and it was nearly five o'clock when we reached our destination. We were the only passengers to leave the train, and when the train had gone on its way we went up to the station agent and asked him if he could direct us to the home of Mr. Lorin Dwight.

"Why, yes," he said. "You follow this road right in front of the station until you come to the fourth brick house on the right after you have crossed the bridge over the river. You can't miss the way. The fourth red brick house is Mr. Dwight's place. You can reach it in half an hour."

Thankful that we were so near the end of our journey, and joyfully anticipating the surprise of our relatives when they should see us, we set out in the direction indicated by the agent, leaving our little trunk at the station to be called for.

"What will Uncle Lorin and grandmother and the boys say when they see us?" I said, as we hurried away over the dusty country road.

"I guess it will be about the biggest surprise they have had in one while," replied Rodney.

"We might pretend that we are a couple of tramp boys at first and ask them to keep us over night," I suggested. "Old Tommy Carter says that you are the 'livin' spit' of father, and you do look a lot like him, so they would probably recognize you on that account," said Rodney. "I think it would be more fun to walk right in and say: 'How are you, Uncle Lorin, and all the rest of you?' I should think you might at least have met us at the train."

We agreed that this would be our most amusing method of procedure, and our pulses quickened when we had passed three brick houses to our right and saw a fourth large, square brick house looming up about a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

"That must be the house," I said. "It is the fourth brick house to the right, and you know that father said that Uncle Lorin's house was a large, square brick building."

"That seems to be the favorite style of architecture in this neighborhood," replied Rodney. "All but one or two of the brick houses we have passed on both sides of the road have been of that kind."

Our hearts were in our mouths as we entered the gate and walked toward the front door between two long rows of flower beds full of old-fashioned flowers. Everything about the place indicated thrift and prosperity. There was a beautiful orchard with bushels of peaches and apples in it back of the house, and beyond the orchard was a wide stretch of shining river with high, green bluffs on the farther shore. All of the shades in the front of the house were drawn and Rodney said:

"It doesn't look as if there was any one at home."

"No, it does not," I said a little moodily. We walked up to the front door and pulled the bell knob. We heard the bell ring at the other end of the hall, but no one came to the door. Then we tried the back door, with the same result. All of the outbuildings were closed, and Rodney said:

"There isn't a soul at home. This is a state of affairs, isn't it?"

"I guess it is a state of affairs that won't last very long," I replied. "I suppose that uncle's folks have gone away for the day, and—O, I'll warrant you that they have all gone to Wilmington to that circus! You know, we saw bills on all the barns on the road saying that

there was to be a circus in Wifflington today. You remember that father said that Wifflington was a big town four miles from here, and that's where the folks probably are."

Rodney came to this conclusion, and then he said:

"Let's see if we can't get into the house. I'm hungry as a coyote and we ate every scrap of the lunch mother put up for us. I know that Aunt Mary wouldn't care if we went into the house and got something to eat."

"It is just what she would want us to do," I said.

A little investigation revealed the fact that a window at one end of a long porch in the rear of the house could be raised, and we entered the house through this window."

"I feel like a burglar," I said.

"Pooh! I don't," said Rodney. "I tell you, we are doing just what the folks would want us to do. How spick and span everything is. Mother has often talked about what a nice housekeeper Aunt Mary is. We might as well bring in our satchel. I'm going to have a good clean up first thing. I feel as if I hadn't had a bath for a month."

"You look as you feel," I replied. "The dirt is fairly grimed in on me. I'm rather glad that we can clean and fix ourselves up before we see the folks. And, after all, the surprise will be all the greater when the folks come home and find us quartered here."

We took off our coats, collars, vests and even our shirts and had what Rodney called a "regular clean-up" in the kitchen sink. Then we put on clean collars and combed our hair and felt greatly refreshed. I agreed with Rodney when he said:

"Now something good to eat and a lot of it will put us in shipshape. Let's go on a foraging expedition."

We found the pantry well supplied with eatables, but by this time it had begun to grow dark and we lighted one of the half dozen lamps standing on a shelf in the kitchen. We had set some pie and cookies and bread and butter out on the kitchen table and I was coming from the pantry with a dish of preserves I had found when we were startled by a harsh voice calling out:

"Ye young scoundrels, ye! I've caught ye! Yes, an' I'll have the law on ye! If ye don't sleep in the Wifflington calaboose tonight it'll be because ye are smarter than me an' my boys be, ye young rascalions!"

We could see several faces at a window at one end of the room, and a shrill feminine voice cried out wrathfully.

"Ain't you 'shamed o' yourselves? To think of two mere boys like you turnin' robbers! It's just turrible! If you'd come hungry to the door an' asked for something to eat, I'd of give it to you freely, but now we'll have to search you before you leave this house!"

"Is that you, Aunt Mary?" I asked feebly.

"No, it isn't your 'Aunt Mary,' an' I don't believe you have any 'Aunt Mary.' Don't add to your sins by tellin' no lies."

"No, lyin' won't save ye," called out the man. "You might as well give up peaceable, for we are three to one. Now on to 'em, boys!"



The door by the window suddenly opened and four lusty boys, ranging from thirteen to eighteen years of age, rushed into the room with their father and threw themselves upon us, while the mother seized a broom in a corner of the room and cried out:

"If you go to fightin' or hurtin' my boys, I'll broomstick ye good."

Rodney was very quick-tempered, and when a boy of about his age struck him on the cheek with his open hand Rodney did not "turn unto him the other cheek also," but doubled up his fist and gave the boy a blow that caused him to yell so lustily that his mother made good her threat of using the broomstick, and it came down with unpleasant force on Rodney's head.

Of course we were soon overpowered and when we were each bound with about fifty feet of clothesline and had been cuffed and beaten with the broomstick a good deal more than was necessary for the subjugation of such youthful desperadoes, the man said:

"Now, what ye got to say for yourselves before ye go to jail?"

"We supposed that we were in the house of our uncle, Mr. Lorin Dwight," said Rodney.

"That don't go," said the man, whose name we knew later was Aaron Dean. "We saw all of the Dwights at the circus an' they rode home right behind us. It's likely they have a pair o' nephews here an' never had 'em with 'em at the circus or said a word about 'em. Do you boys remember what happened to Annylias an' Sapphry for fibbin'?"

Rodney then told the whole story of our unexpected arrival and of how the station agent had told us that our uncle lived in the fourth house to the right of the road. Then Aaron Dean said:

"If you are tellin' the truth you must of misunderstood the agent or else he blundered in directing you, for Lorin Dwight lives in the fourth house on the left of the road, about ten minutes' walk from here. I know that your story ain't unreasonable, but there's been a good deal o' housebreakin' around here this fall, an' I don't feel as if I ought

to let you go just on the strength of what you say, although I will say for it that you don't look like hardened toughs."

"Oh, thank you!" said Rodney with sarcasm that was quite lost on Aaron Dean, who added:

"I kin git Lorin Dwight here in less than fifteen minutes, for my team ain't unhitched yet. Here, Fred, you take the team an' go an' fetch Lorin Dwight here right away."

Fred, the oldest Dean boy, had told our story to Uncle Lorin before he reached the house, and the moment he saw us, he said:

"Why, of course these are my brother Henry's boys! This one is Lorin, my namesake, and the very image of his father! Well, well, boys! This is rather a cold welcome, isn't it? I declare if— then, being one of the merriest of men, he burst into shouts of laughter. This speedily changed the attitude of the Deans, who were really very excellent people, and they unbound us with all possible speed and with profuse apologies for their treatment of us."

"I own I acted rather hasty," said Mr. Dean, "but there has been a lot of housebreakin' when folks was away from home around here of late, an' I was dead sure you boys were of that sort when I came home an' saw a light in the house, an' found you here. You'd been welcome as the day to all you wanted to eat if I'd known who you really was."

A warm and joyous welcome awaited us in our uncle's home and we spent four delightful weeks on his farm. During this time the Dean boys became our warmest friends, and many a good swim we had with them and our cousins in the beautiful river. But Rodney and I came to the wise conclusion that when one is about to take a journey it is not best to count too much on "surprising" one's friends, and I am sure that we shall never forget our own surprise when we found that we had invaded the domain of Aaron Dean instead of that of our uncle. Rodney advised that we "keep mum" about it, but I have not done so, as you see.

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NO SAILOR, unless it be Farragut, has achieved such undying fame as Horatio Nelson, the British Admiral.

As a little boy Nelson showed those qualities which afterwards made him great. He distinguished himself in the naval service of his country before he was out of his teens.

Weak and sickly as a boy he was filled with indomitable pluck and courage. The free life of a man of war hardened a boy naturally far from strong, and built up a constitution which originally had not been robust.

Horatio was twelve years old when, as a pale, shivering, little atom of humanity, he went on board the man-of-war *Raisonnable*, commanded by his uncle, to take up his duties as a middy in the British navy.

In order that he might get practical experience at sea, his uncle sent Nelson on a trip to the West Indies, from which he returned a good sailor and with his health much improved.

He went to the guardship lying in the Thames and as a reward for the progress he made in the study of navigation, was put in command of one of the small boats attached to the large ship and used to patrol the channels leading up to London. So by the time he was fourteen he was a good navigator, a skillful seaman and a capable pilot.

An expedition was fitting out for Arctic exploration, and as it was to be a work of hardship and danger it was decided that only grown men of good physique should be allowed to go. But Nelson was filled with a desire to see the wonders of the regions of perpetual ice and snow and through the influence of his uncle, Captain Suckling, he was allowed to go with the expedition.

The exploring ships remained in the Arctic seas all summer and met with many adventures, narrowly escaping from being caught in the ice and crushed,



or held prisoners through the long night of the northern winter.

Young as he was, Nelson had command of one of the ships' boats and when the vessels seemed hopelessly hemmed in by the great fields and floating mountains of ice he was sent to find passage to open water.

On one occasion the boy officer was discovered by his captain out on an ice floe at some distance from the ship, engaged in a fight with a big polar bear. He had fired his gun without killing the bear and was now about to attack the enraged animal with his clubbed musket.

The captain fired a gun from the ship which scared off the bear, and probably saved Nelson's life.

When the captain scolded him for his rashness the boy replied, "I wanted to kill the bear in order that I might carry the skin home to my father."

After many adventures and hardships, in all of which young Nelson so conducted himself that he won the admiration of both officers and men, the exploring vessels returned to England,

where Horatio, now just turned fifteen, found himself something of a young hero among his friends and relatives and throughout the navy.

From being a pale, sickly boy, Nelson had become a short, stout youth of florid complexion and athletic appearance. But being ordered on duty in East Indian waters he fell ill and returned home broken down in health and much discouraged.

One day, however, after a long and gloomy reverie he said to himself, "I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence brave every danger."

He has left on record that ever after that hour he did not doubt that he would one day become a great man. His health improved fast and at the age of eighteen he was commissioned a lieutenant and sent on a voyage to the West Indies where he was made commander of one of the small vessels which accompanied the frigate *Lowestoffe*.

The Revolutionary war was on then and Nelson's first exploit on reaching his new command was to board a captured American privateer in a sea so heavy and angry that the other British officers had hesitated to try it.

At twenty Nelson was made captain of the British man-of-war *Badger*. From that time his rise in rank and reputation was rapid until he became the idol of his countrymen and seemed to carry victory with him wherever he went.

While Nelson was a boy he was always studying in spite of his active life as a sailor, and when he was eighteen he passed his examination for the rank of lieutenant with honor, displaying such knowledge of his profession and a fund of general information that surprised the officers who examined him.

It was work and study with him all his life until he fell dead on the deck of his flag ship in the moment of victory in the great naval battle of Trafalgar.

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At the Conchos—William Murray Graydon



AM, would you like to accompany Raikes to Parral in the morning? the ride will give you a good idea of the country, and you will see a typical Mexican town."

The speaker was Mr. John Sanderson, manager of the Recolote silver mine in the northern part of Mexico, and the slight, delicate young man was his nephew, Sam Hillard, who had been banished to Mexico by the doctor's advice to recruit from an attack of illness brought on by too severe study at college.

"I should be delighted, uncle," he replied. "No danger of encountering outlaws on the way, I suppose?"

Mr. Sanderson laughed. "No," he said, "we have never had any trouble of that kind. This part of the country is comparatively free from such characters."

Parral lay twenty miles distant from the spot at the Altares mountains where the mine was located; and once a week some one drove over to the bank which several enterprising Americans had started, to draw and bring back the money to pay the men.

This important mission was usually performed by Henry Raikes, a tough, wiry fellow of thirty or less, hailing originally from Vermont, now an overseer at the mine. He was generally accompanied by the assistant manager, but on this occasion Mr. Johnson was ill, and Sam Hillard took his place.

They started from the mine at daybreak in a rude but solidly constructed wagon, drawn by two mules that had been especially trained to the service, and were fleet travelers, with great powers of endurance.

The road down the mountain spur was rugged and winding, but at sunrise they reached the broad plain which stretches clear to Parral, and was covered for the most part with stores and lava, with the exception of the slight "Barranca" or the ravine through which flowed a tributary of the Conchos river.

This lay midway between Parral and the mine, and the road crossed it at a shallow ford.

The town was reached early in the forenoon, and the couple drove directly to the bank, where the money was put up in three canvas bags, containing gold, silver and notes, the whole aggregating nearly three thousand dollars.

"Now, take good care of it, Raikes," said the affable cashier; and Raikes nodded assent, little thinking how soon that promise would be put to the test.

They drove slowly out of Parral, eating the lunch which they had brought with them from the mine.

As the ravine was approached, Raikes whipped up the mules.

"I always feel a little nervous while going down to that ford," he said to his companion, "the brush is pretty thick right there, and it's just the spot that some cowardly Mexican would choose to waylay us."

"But I thought there was no danger," remarked Sam.

"There isn't either," said Raikes; "what I mean is that if there were any bad characters hanging about here, they would be found in just such a place. I'm not afraid," he added, tapping the big revolver at his belt.

Raikes put on the brake as they rode down the sloping side of the ravine, and Sam looked uneasily at the dense timber and shrubbery that skirted both sides of the path.

A sudden exclamation from Raikes drew his attention to the front, and he was startled to see two mounted "Greasers" standing in the center of the road, with revolvers leveled at his own and his companion's head.

They were desperate looking fellows, he saw at a glance, dressed in greasy buckskins, with broad sombreros shading their swarthy faces.

"Throw up your hands," they shouted in Spanish, and Raikes, who understood the words and saw that resistance was useless, elevated both arms instantly, dropping the lines to the ground.

Poor Sam failed to comprehend, of course, and Raikes' whispered injunction to throw up was unheeded. Hardly conscious of what he was doing, he dropped one hand to his side—a fatal move, for the Mexicans, supposing him to be reaching for a weapon, opened fire instantly, and the unfortunate lad tumbled from the seat into the rear of the wagon.

The sharp reports, the flashes, and the curling smoke were too much for the mules, and they plunged forward with a frantic bound, sweeping past the astonished greasers, and turning at a sharp angle down the bed of the river instead of dashing across the ford.

A few yards below the Conchos was swift and deep, and just as the Mexicans wheeled round and opened fire, mules, wagon and all plunged down the steep bank into the water, fortunately without turning the vehicle.

The Mexicans opened a brisk fire on the mules, killing both the animals almost instantly. But this time Raikes was lying flat on the bed of the wagon, squeezing closely against the side. Sam, who was lying motionless under the seat, he believed was dead.

The water was several inches deep in the wagon, and Raikes' revolver was so completely soaked as to be useless.

There was no hope then of defense. The wagon would drift down to the next shallow place, half a

mile distant, and he would probably be shot while the assassins made off with the money.

Venturing to peep over the side, he observed that the strong current had carried them many yards out from shore. A second glance showed him the two Mexicans trying to force their unwilling horses into the water, twenty yards above. He continued to watch their movements, and just what he made up his mind would occur came to pass.

Finding they could not swim down the river after the wagon the Mexicans backed on shore again, and clapping spurs to their horses rode up the bank.

A moment later the brisk clatter of hoofs rang out on the stony plain beyond the edge of the ravine. They were making a short cut to reach the next fording place a half mile below.

A thrill of hope ran through Raikes' mind as he realized the escape that was open to him. He was a good swimmer and it would be an easy matter to reach the opposite bank. He crept forward and bent over his companion. Sam's face was pale, and the front of his jacket was flecked with red.

"Poor fellow," muttered Raikes; "it's all up with him. I'd better pull out while I have a chance and give an alarm. The miscreants may be caught yet."

He threw off his coat and trousers and was about diving from the end of the wagon, when his eyes fell on the canvas bags lying under the seat. Instantly a clever plan flashed into his mind by which the money might be saved from the Mexicans, and what was of more importance, might even be recovered eventually.

But was there time to spare? The wagon, still attached to the dead mules, was drifting rapidly downward in the deep, swift water, and already Raikes could hear the low murmur of the shallows round the bend. In five minutes, at the most, he

Raikes dove from the rear end and coming to the surface twenty feet away, struck out for the shore with all his strength.

The opposite bank of the Conchos was bordered with a heavy growth of weeds. If he could reach these he was probably safe.

But the longed for refuge was still far away, when the cries of the baffled Mexicans came to his hearing.

Taking a long breath he dove far under and swam along the bottom of the river until his brain seemed bursting.

As he shot to the surface two or three bullets whistled by his ears, but the friendly reeds were close at hand and another short dive carried him into thick shelter.

He heard the Mexicans still blazing away at the spot where he had been seen last, but none of the shots struck him and in a moment more he was safe in the timber.

A careful peep through the trees showed him the two angry greasers wading rapidly for his side of the river.

Possibly they believed he had some of the money with him, though revenge for the loss of the plunder was probably their chief motive.

Raikes had no desire to meet them, and as rapidly as possible he darted along the shore toward the upper fording.

Here fortune favored him, for half a dozen sun-burned Mexicans were on the point of wading their horses across, bound to Parral on a holiday trip, and they readily consented to accompany him back.

They arrived too late to capture the miscreants—they must have taken alarm and fled—but the wagon was found stranded on the shallows, and to Raikes' joy and surprise Sam Hillard was sitting up against the seat very weak and dazed.



The strong current had carried them many yards out from shore.

would float into the hands of the expectant Mexicans below.

The struggle was a severe one. It was a question of life or honor with Raikes. He could escape now, if he chose, while a slight delay would probably cost him his life. "I'll do it," he said, resolutely, "no one shall say that Henry Raikes shirked his duty."

He seized the nearest bag of coin, and just as the wagon drifted between two rocks thirty feet apart, he dropped it gently over the side, and down it went with a light splash.

"I'll remember that location," he muttered, "if I live to remember anything."

He lugged the second bag upon his knee and dropped it quickly after the first.

"About ten yards below," he said aloud, measuring the distance with his eyes.

Not daring to look ahead lest his resolution should fail him, he lifted the third and last bag. Directly opposite on the right shore was a huge, dead tree with whitened trunk and limbs.

This was as good a landmark as he could hope to find, and, with nervous haste, he dropped his burden into the water.

The money was secure from the cowardly rascals—that was certain, but how about his own safety?

He turned quickly as the wagon swept round the bend. Barely a dozen yards below him stood the expectant Mexicans waist deep in the riffles.

With one last look at his unfortunate companion,

The Mexicans had not molested him, thinking that he was dead.

An examination showed that one ball had passed through the fleshy part of his shoulder, while the other had glanced harmlessly from one of his ribs.

Raikes made no mention of the money to his new friends, but mounted behind them, he and Sam were taken back to the mine, where they found a search party about starting out to meet them.

Sam speedily recovered from his wounds, and a few days later, under Raikes' directions, the lost money was recovered from a boat by a skilled diver, for the Conchos was not more than ten feet deep at that place.

It was not an easy task, however, for it was necessary to tie a cord to each bag under water in order to draw it to the surface, and the last bag which Raikes had sunk opposite the dead tree was only found after a dozen attempts. The paper money was badly injured, of course, but not beyond redemption.

The two desperadoes were never captured though a hot search was made.

Raikes was properly rewarded for his bravery, but he never afterward passed the fording of the Conchos without a shudder, and as for Sam Hillard he positively refused to make another trip to Parral to bring money back.

"One experience of that sort," he declared, "was quite enough."

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.

Chimney Swifts Again.

Nothing yet published in this department of THE AMERICAN BOY has aroused a more widespread interest than the short article on chimney swifts, printed in November. We then printed the following four statements about this bird, offering a handbook and badge of the A. A. for the best letter, either proving or disproving them.

1. The chimney swallow is abroad earlier 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.

3. The nest is quite small and has no lining.

4. If rain softens the glue which holds the nest to the chimney, and it falls, the young birds creep up the bricks, holding on by their sharp little claws.

The prize has been awarded to Mr. F. Seymour Hersey, of Taunton, Mass., who writes, under date of November 15:

The chimney swift arrives early in May and remains until about the middle of September. My earliest and latest dates are May 3 and September 17. In the spring, during the first week or two after their arrival, they resort to some unused chimney in which to spend the night. I know of such a one—a deserted mill chimney—where I have often seen large flocks of these birds. At the base of this chimney I sometimes find a dead bird. The plumage of these is generally faded and worn, and their bodies so emaciated that I believe them to be, in all probability, old birds which have succumbed to the long journey.

Almost any day in early June one may see the chimney swallow gathering material for its nest. Unlike all other birds with which I am acquainted, this

more than other birds, inasmuch as they are free from the attacks of all the enemies that prey upon terrestrial and slower-flying birds. The young, however, are subject to a peculiar danger. The nest sometimes becomes loosened, by rain or other causes, from its place on the wall of the chimney, and it then drops to the hearth below. If it contains eggs, these are generally broken. On July 15, 1901, a nest containing five young birds fell into the fireplace of my room. My attention was first attracted to them by the sound of their voices. I removed the fireboard and substituted a frame covered with screen cloth. They would climb up this as far as the top, but would go no farther. Their mother seemed unable to find them, and, in spite of all I could do, they died at the end of four days.

They were entirely covered with pinfeathers, but none of these had split the sheath and become perfect feathers. It may be that they would all have opened together, feathering the bird within a few hours, as is the case with the yellow-billed cuckoo.

Honorable mention is awarded to Charles A. Coolidge, Chicago; Willie L. Durant, Bromley, Ala., and Sigel Mullenix, Folsom, O.

Mr. Mullenix tells of a nest, loosened by rain, that fell with young birds. The old birds came down and fed the young at the bottom of the chimney, until they were able to fly. They could not fly up the chimney, however, but crawled up to the top.

Mr. Durant has known these birds to nest in a hollow poplar. He has seen young birds fallen in a chimney, but they did not climb out. Mr. Coolidge has seen swifts abroad at five o'clock, a. m., and at seven p. m. He has found that the young cling so tightly to the side of the chimney that one cannot get them off without hurting them. L. H. Denison, of Harrison, Me., has a nice nest.

Dwars Bemfield, Pleasant Valley, Oregon, writes a good letter, but has evidently mistaken the bird, for he speaks of "nests six inches in diameter, lined with feathers and hair;" and one little friend tries to prove that chimney swallows nest in hollow trees, by saying that it would be "natural" if they could not find a chimney; and he adds: "I never saw a nest fall, but I suppose the young would crawl up if they were able." It is to train our members to "see," and not to suppose, that the A. A. exists.

The prize offered for best photograph of a chimney swift's nest is awarded to Mr. W. M. Robinson, Nunda, N. Y., whose interesting picture was ingeniously secured by gluing the nest carefully to the outside of the chimney in which it was found.

No one has sent a photograph of a hollow elm. We asked for one, because we had been asked whether the elms ever decay so as to become hollow. Has any one seen a hollow elm?

The address of Chapter 34 has been changed. It is now Geo. P. Gifford, Jr., 323 Park street, New Bedford, Mass.

Nature's Funerals.

Which reminds me to ask our readers what becomes of the bodies of dead birds and animals. Every year about as many millions of wild creatures die as are born, yet their bodies are rarely found in field or forest.

We invite letters from our readers on this interesting subject. It's only fair that we should do our part, however, and so we will tell you of one of nature's wise methods of disposing of her dead, particularly as this will answer a question sent by Clyde Stewart, of Augusta, Me. Mr. Stewart writes: "I send you an insect which I have never seen before, resembling both a bumblebee and a beetle. Will you tell me what it is?" The insect is the wonderful "burying beetle," necrophorus; and its work as a sexton is well described by another Agassiz friend, as follows:

"One morning my brother killed a field-mouse in the garden. Soon after I noticed that the mouse was not where we had left it, and looking around I found two burying

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consists entirely of twigs, which are not gathered from the ground, but are taken from the trees while the birds are in full flight. If you watch one of these birds at this time you will notice that it regularly passes some small tree, one or more branches of which are dead, and that at each passing it barely escapes these dead branches. If you are near enough, you will also notice that after the bird has passed, the twig is left vibrating. The secret of this is as follows. As the bird passes the twig it grasps it firmly in its feet, and the force with which the bird is flying snaps the twig short off. These twigs measure from one to three inches in length. The twigs are then firmly cemented to the inside of the chimney, which has been selected, and when the nest is completed it is little more than a slightly hollowed shelf projecting from the wall of the chimney. An average nest measures about three inches across the top from rim to rim, and is not over three-fourths of an inch deep. It is said that the swift always chooses an unused chimney, but I have known a pair to nest in one in which a fire burned every evening till within a day or two of June 1, and even occasionally after nest building had started. The nest is generally placed at least ten feet from the top. In this are laid four or five white eggs about June 15.

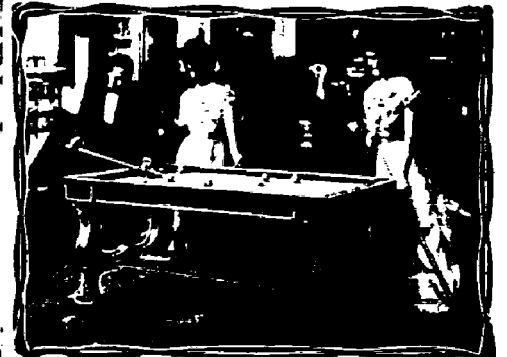
When hatched, the young seem to require a great deal of food, if one can judge of the amount by the number of the parents' visits. These continue long after other birds have retired for the night, and the last robin's voice is stilled. I have often sat after dark and listened to the chatter of the parent birds as they approached the chimney. Then all would be quiet for a second as they hovered over the top, and the next moment I would hear the rushing sound made by the air as they descended, and then the faint peepings of the young. This is often continued as late as ten o'clock, and I have heard the peeping of the young as late as half past eleven. Just before sunrise, when the first birds are beginning their matins, you will again hear the clatter of their voices as they circle about for their breakfast. The adult birds seem to be favored



beetles at work. The male did most of the digging. He kept marching round and round the mouse, throwing up a little earth at each round, till he had a sort of rampart built around the body. He made his first circuit about half an inch from the mouse, and threw the earth outside the ring. He used his head in making this furrow, holding it to one side, sloping something like a ploughshare. He then made a second furrow inside the first, throwing the earth into the first furrow. This plan he followed until he got under the mouse; throwing the earth from each new furrow into the one he had just completed. The weight of the mouse caused it to sink lower and lower as these circuits were made under it, until it was nearly covered, when the loose earth was spread over the surface. The female then deposited her eggs in the carcass; the two gorged themselves, and after that, as they were about to fly away, we captured them. While the male was digging, the female was hiding within the body of the mouse. Once she came out, rested on top of the



CAMP AGASSIZ, SOUTH HERO, VT. Photograph furnished by Thomas H. Fay, North Cambridge, Mass.



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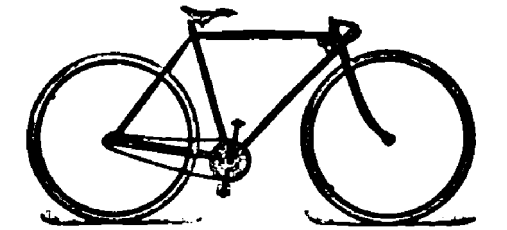
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*Saurians
and Alligator
TALES*
R. G. ROBINSON

MANY thousands of years ago, in what geologists call Mesozoic time, the earth was inhabited by gigantic reptiles, amongst which great saurians were conspicuous.

Some of these, judging from fossil remains still in existence, must have been forty, possibly fifty, feet long, and most curious and hideous in form, as, for instance, the plesiosaurus, which, if accounts are true, "had the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, the neck of a serpent, the ribs of a chameleon, the paddles of a whale, the trunk and tail of an ordinary quadruped"—altogether an ugly sort of animal to meet in a lonely wood or puddle of water.

The saurians did not all perish with the Reptilian Age. Many varieties are still in existence, and of these some are terrestrial, some are aquatic, some are at home either in water or on land. Of those in the United States, the largest and the smallest are found in Florida.

One of the least, possessing an inch and a half of body and about as much of slender, quivering tail, is catching flies on my desk as I write. A pair of them has had a home in some nook or corner of the desk for years, and have become very tame and familiar. They are a brownish drab in color, in harmony with the desk, and as fly catchers are more expert than a boy ever becomes in catching ball.

It is interesting to watch one of them stealing and creeping toward a victim. The eyes glitter, the little throat swells and throbs with excitement, the end of the tail switches nervously, and the whole attitude is indicative of the emotions a human hunter feels when his prey is in sight. Every movement of the fly is watched with evident intense anxiety. Now the little fellow creeps forward a step or two; now he crouches as if afraid of startling his game, and for an instant or two, except for his short, quick breathing, he is as motionless as a graven image; then presently—he always knows when the right time comes—with a movement too quick for the eye to follow, he leaps on his prey, and then his tail waves and his lips smack as the fly slips down his throat. He rarely ever misses, though his jump is often twelve to eighteen inches. One of them sometimes makes me jump by leaping to my shoulder after a fly, for though it has happened often it always gives a creepy sensation to feel the sharp little claws scampering around my neck.

The pair come out every morning and hunt for an hour or two, in which time they catch nearly every fly in sight and make a meal hearty enough to last twenty four hours; at least they are not seen again until the following morning. Though called chameleons in Florida, they are quite unlike the animals described by naturalists under that name. The latter are found chiefly in the hottest parts of the tropics and are slow and sluggish in movement, while these little Florida lizards are exceedingly quick and active. Like the chameleons, however, they are saurians, quite as much so as the most terrible of the ancient tribe.

The largest saurian found in Florida is the alligator. The other chief representatives of this particular branch of the family are the gaviol of the Ganges, the crocodile of the Nile, and the cayman of the Amazon. They are all closely related, but while nearly the equal of any of them in size, the alligator is the least ferocious. The others, if reports are true, are very savage and dangerous.

Until recently alligators had a reputation for ferocity which they do not deserve—in Florida at least. They are ugly and repulsive in appearance, look mean enough to be guilty of any atrocity, and when cornered or wounded will fight desperately; but instances in which they have willfully and voluntarily attacked persons are rare, and Floridians do not hesitate to swim or bathe in waters they are known to inhabit; yet unprovoked attacks have occurred, and it is wise not to tempt them too far, for they have capricious and indiscriminate appetites.

The mother alligator lays a nest of thirty or more eggs in the mud a short distance from water and covers it over with weeds and grass, the eggs being hatched by heat from the decaying vegetation. The eggs are perfectly oval in shape, a little longer than goose eggs

but not quite so large around. The young ones are six to eight inches long at first, and at once make for the nearest water. They are amphibious, but never go far from water except when crossing from one stream or lake to another, when sometimes they make long land journeys. On such occasions it is not unusual to meet them in the woods, where, not being at home, they are clumsy and slow of movement with everything except the jaws.

The extreme length attained does not exceed fifteen to sixteen feet, and one more than fourteen feet long is uncommon. They are omnivorous eaters, taking anything their jaws can close on—whether dead or alive, whether fish, flesh or fowl, and when other food is scarce they eat each other, big ones swallowing little ones; and they are very sly and expert in capturing a meal. Their eyes bulge out like a frog's, only more so, and they can float with only the eyes showing above water. When one sees a possible victim he swims toward it and as he comes near goes so slow that the motion is hardly noticeable, his savage little eyes looking like innocent chunks of driftwood floating on the surface. The eyes drift by at a distance of two or three feet, and then, with a sudden flop and bend, the tail slaps the victim into the wide open jaws.

Florida cows are fond of feeding on the aquatic plants and grasses along the shallow margins of streams and lakes, and it is a curious, though by no means unusual thing, to see the heads of a herd of cattle moving about over the surface of water a hundred feet or more from land, while the bodies are wholly submerged and out of sight. In such a position the largest cow is an easy prey to an alligator. Seizing her by the hind leg the beast backs into deep water, turning as it goes, twirling the struggling cow over and over and quickly drowning it; then the carcass is consumed at leisure.

An alligator is only equaled by a bulldog in jaw power and tenacity of hold. When the cruel teeth close on anything there is no letting go, and if its prey cannot be dragged off readily it is accomplished by a few quick turns, revolving the victim also, as illustrated by the following true incident; it has been told before, but will bear repetition.

Two Floridians were dragging a seine in water about three feet deep when a large alligator, irritated by the seine or incited by an empty stomach, seized one of them by the arm and tried to drag him into deeper water. The man, sturdy and strong, with feet firmly planted on the bottom, was a match for the beast in the mere matter of pulling, but it suddenly twirled over sideways, dislocating his arm and turning him upside down. He was then completely at its mercy, or would have been but for his companion, who reached him in time to perform a feat deserving the brightest sort of medal for cool, quick courage and daring. Taking in the situation at a glance, without a moment's hesitation, he leaped astride the beast and thrust his thumbs into its eyes, blinding it completely. Such rough and heroic treatment caused the beast to let go its hold, when its gallant rider slipped off, leaving it to plunge and charge, while he carried his wounded companion ashore.

Another true adventure, which has been told before, was as follows:

A man named Neal lived on the shore of Lake Maggiore, in Florida. From his piazza one afternoon, he saw a large alligator floating along at some distance out in the lake. Getting his rifle he fired at it, and had the satisfaction of seeing it flop and flounder and turn over as if dead. Leaving his gun, he ran down to his boat and paddled out to secure the beast, which he meant to do by tying a line to one of the feet and towing it ashore.

Bringing the boat alongside, he leaned over from his seat in the stern and grasped a paw, but his touch acted on the animal like a galvanic shock. It proved, indeed, a very lively corpse, leaping entirely out of the water it came down full length into the boat, its great jaws almost touching Neal's feet while its tail dangled and flopped over the bow.

Neal, poor fellow, was in a fix. The lake was twenty feet deep and he could not swim a stroke, or he would have

surrendered the boat at once. As it was, he sat gazing at the beast, half dazed by the peril of the situation. His young wife had seen it all from shore, but she was powerless to help; there was no other boat and the nearest neighbor was miles away. At last she called across the water, "Paddle backward, easy, Tom." Roused by her voice, Neal began paddling very softly, fearing each stroke would incite an attack from the beast. After what seemed to him hours he felt his end of the boat grate on the sandy bottom, then rolled out backward, scrambled up the bank and sank down in a fit of nervous exhaustion. His wife, almost as good a shot as he, finished the animal with another rifle ball; but even in its dying struggles, it knocked the boat into kindling wood.

The little Florida chameleons and civilization get along very well together, but with alligators it is different. They do not take kindly to having their teeth made into breastpins or their hides into shoes or pocketbooks, and as civilization advances they are retiring very fast—into articles useful or ornamental. A few years hence, at the present rate of destruction, they will be as scarce in Florida as buffalo are now on the Western plains.

A Young Naturalist

Loveday A. Nelson

Bloomington (Ill.) boasts of a ten-year-old boy, Guy Holloway by name, who is a young naturalist of note. Very early he developed a fondness for books about birds, insects and other animals. At the age of five he was catching butterflies in order to study them and get acquainted with them. He soon learned how to catch and prepare them for mounting. Today he has 125 specimens, all mounted and labeled. He spends much of his time in examining leaves, plant stems and the trunks of trees and finding the hundreds of little living things which escape ordinary eyes. When he finds a tiny egg he watches to see how long it takes to hatch. If he finds any curious formation that looks like eggs on a leaf or branch he takes it home and watches the daily development of the formation. In the same way he studies caterpillars, frogs, toads,



GUY HOLLOWAY.

snails, crawfish and tadpoles. He is also gathering specimens of rocks and shells and is studying about them. Indeed, he seems to be so in love with mother nature that he is constantly with her and can scarcely be lured away from her. When a very young boy he was sickly, but his out-of-door life has brought him health and vigor. He wastes very little time on the street. For weeks and weeks he saved money to buy Holland's Butterfly Book, and at Christmas time he was able, with his money that he had saved and that which his friends gave him, to buy the coveted book. This, with Scudder's Book on Butterflies and other works on science which are usually read by grown-up people only, is the daily food of this boy. How many ten-year-old readers of THE AMERICAN BOY can tell a moth from a butterfly, a frog from a toad, what kind of leaves certain species of caterpillars eat, what becomes of the common green tobacco worms? Guy is fortunate in having a sister younger than himself who is a junior partner with him in his undertakings.

Two Thousand Pigs.

A man who lisped wanted to put two sows and two pigs in his neighbor's pen. The way he asked was this: "I have juth been purthathing thome thwine; two thowth and pigth. I want to put them in your pen till I can fix a pliaith for them." The neighbor remonstrated, explaining that his pen wouldn't hold two thousand pigs. "I didn't say two thousand pigth but thowth and pigth." And thus it went on for some time until the lisper declared that he meant not two thousand pigs but two thowths and two pigth.

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Whence Criminals Come.

There are in every great American city thousands of families whose lives are a desperate struggle to secure food, clothing and shelter of the most meager kind. Husband and wife both labor early and late. There are multitudes of cases where women are left destitute with large families of children by the death or desertion of husbands. In both classes of cases the children are left without proper care, their playground is the street, their companions are often those who are older and depraved. They have not clothing suitable, neither have they the books with which to attend school. Ragged, dirty, they soon learn all the accomplishments of the street—to lie, steal, fight, chew and smoke, swear and drink, until in a few years the boy who under proper training and surroundings might have become a useful man is really a rowdy and a tough; he becomes the terror of decent men and a menace to the state. During great strikes that sometimes take place in the cities the soldiers are called out not so much to defend life and property from the strikers themselves as from the lawless element who cannot or will not work. Watch the records of the police courts of any one city and note the large number of cases of boys under twelve years of age who are imprisoned for stealing or other petty crimes. Multiply, then, this number by the number of cities and then think of the great number of boys really guilty of petty crimes who are never apprehended, and you can easily forecast where the criminals of the future are to come from. By birth and environment, the unfortunate children of wrong and neglect are among us; and one great question that faces the American citizen to-day is whether he will take hold of the problem and solve it in a way to protect society or whether he will allow these victims of birth and surroundings to solve it in their own way. This, of course, is the dark side of the picture. The brighter side may be seen if we turn to the records of the societies organized for the purpose of saving boys in almost all of our large cities.

Another Young Barber.

Fred Guerini, attired in knee pants and so young and small that it is necessary for him to stand upon a drygoods box in order to reach his customer's face, has for two years been employed as a professional barber at Ashtabula, O., harbor. Ashtabula harbor has long been known as the greatest iron ore receiving port in the world and, on account of the large number of sailors and transients who are employed in the various lines of traffic connected with the Great Lakes, the few barber shops



FRED GUERINI.

have all they can handle, especially during the busy season. As Fred Guerini is employed in one of the busiest of these shops he has little time for anything except business.

Most people think Fred pretty young to engage so actively in business day in and day out, but he says he enjoys the work and, besides, he is able to save his money, which, if he is wise, as his business career shows him to be, he will later expend in an education. Fred began work in a shop at the age of ten and he has worked steadily for two years. The box on which he stands while using his razor is about ten inches high. Fred shows his business tact and capability also in being able to talk entertainingly to the man in the chair.

Money Makers.

PRESTON HAWTHORNE, Timpson, Tex., age eleven, has been for the year last past head clerk in a grocery store that carries a stock of \$2,000 worth of goods. Often he is left alone for days at a time with the management of the entire business in his hands.—WILLARD C. BODGE, age fourteen, Waltham, Mass., makes \$1.20 a week carrying papers, delivering forty papers a night. He has two shares in the Waltham Co-operative Bank, which represents \$38. Willard is in the Waltham Grammar School.—FRANK D. HUME, St. Thomas, Ont., earned his money for THE AMERICAN BOY working in a clothing store during the Christmas holidays.—STANLEY BRINSON, age thirteen, Portsmouth, Va., works in his father's grocery. He says the clerks say that he's all the time eating. He is sorry for a boy who doesn't work in a grocery. He earns one dollar a week, and all he has to do, he says, is to drive the wagon.—FRED SCHULTZ, Milwaukee, Wis., age thirteen, owns a twenty dollar wheel which he earned by selling coffees, teas and spices on a commission of 25 per cent. Fred is something of an artist, and sends us a sample of his work in colors.—FRED LOGAN, Amesville, O., by saving his pennies, nickels and dimes, has over \$200 in the bank.—HARRY MILLER, Akron, Pa., earned the dollar to pay for his AMERICAN BOY by raising young pigeons and selling them to the poultry dealers.—PERCY ALLEN, Petoskey, Mich., age twelve, for the past three years has bought nearly all his own clothes with money he earned selling flowers to the people who summer at Petoskey. One summer he cleared fifteen dollars. He also gets pay for carrying laundry from the summer cottages. In winter time he buys all his school supplies. He also earns money by selling old rubbers, paper flour sacks, doing errands, peddling bills, etc. He earned all his Christmas money last Christmas.—JAY, H. SUTER, Naugatuck, Conn., earned his subscription money by picking berries.—EARL RHINEHART, Fruita, Colo., earned his subscription money in 1901 raking leaves, and in 1902 by pulling turnips. The boy who earns money with which to buy THE AMERICAN BOY can enjoy it all the more by so doing.—HERBERT C. THOMAS, Terre Haute, Ind., has a paper route and on Saturdays works in a clothing store and makes \$2.50 a week, altogether. He attends high school, and during the vacations he is employed in the clothing store. He has bought nearly all his clothing and has \$100 in bank.—RAY GILLMORE, age eleven, Concord, N. H., earned his subscription money selling homemade candy, recipes for which he found in THE AMERICAN BOY.—THEODORE C. JOHNSTONE, Hawkinsville, Ga., received from his father the use of three-fourths of an acre of land. The boy planted it to cotton and did most of the work. He hired some of the picking doing his old clothes in payment. He cleared \$3.50, one dollar of which he used for THE AMERICAN BOY. The work taught him a great deal about cotton and gave him a useful experience.—TOM BARNETT, Eureka Springs, Ark., age fourteen, worked last summer as a bell-boy in a hotel at twelve dollars a month and earned all the money for his winter clothes.—JACK BARKER, Calais, Me., earned his subscription money by working in a printing office after school. He is a typical American boy and owns a boat, gun, snow shoe, bird dog, printing press, and a good stamp collection.—CLARENCE A. SWOYER, Ashville, O., last year earned over \$200 by working in a canning factory, doing janitor work and other odd jobs. He is in the high school and is studying dynamo with the International Correspondence Schools.—C. W. CAMPBELL, Lehmasters, Pa., age sixteen, has earned money with which to buy his own clothes for the past four years. Until this year he has had the job

BOYS! ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO? IN A DAINTY little booklet, 25 out of some 4000 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. Write for a copy—it is free. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 415 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

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of lighting the street lamps. He sends us a pen and ink sketch of two pugilists, one of which is labeled "The American Boy" and the other "All other boys' papers." It is needless to say THE AMERICAN BOY has got the other down.—WILLIAM WARINER, Topeka, Kas., earned his subscription money selling pictures for a photographer. To the boy who wants to know how to solder granite ware, he says: "Scrape the place to be mended and apply dilute sulphuric acid, followed by a stick of solder with hot iron."—ED. and FRED COX, Woodbine, Ia., are hustlers. They sell the Omaha Daily News, and in addition they sell popcorn and do all kinds of work that comes their way. They buy their own clothes and books and have nearly \$100 in bank. They are trying to accumulate enough to pay their way through college. The boys say THE AMERICAN BOY gives them great encouragement.—HOMER MACNAMARA, Lacota, N. D., has earned money to buy his own clothes for the last two years and is only thirteen. He says he thinks every boy ought to keep an account of the money he handles. His father is a pioneer Methodist preacher in North Dakota.—GEORGE PARKER, Janesville, Wis., learned to feed a printing press and got five cents a thousand for his runs. He earned his money in this way for THE AMERICAN BOY. George belongs to a boys' choir, and captured a five dollar prize for good attendance and good behavior. He has ten dollars in bank and next spring is going to invest it in chickens.—RADCLIFFE WILSON, New York City, in working for THE AMERICAN BOY uses little slips of paper on which is printed "THE AMERICAN BOY is the only best paper for boys." Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich., \$1.00 a year." These slips he gives to every boy he can find.—ALBERT REHBEIN, Jr., Chicago, Ill., earned his subscription money carrying coal and chopping wood for a neighbor.—DONALD EVERETT, Penza, O., made his subscription money in a novel way—by trapping skunks and selling their hides. He received six dollars for eight hides.—EVERETT B. COPELAND, age twelve, Melrose, Mass., owns a small printing outfit. He earned the money for his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by printing cards, little circulars, etc. He has bought a bicycle out of the money thus earned.

He is the happiest man who can carry the golden thread of boyish enjoyment farthest along through the web of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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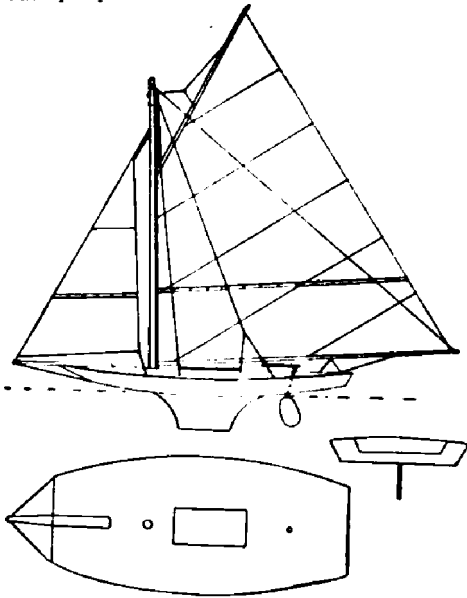
Boys in Games and Sport

HENRY P. HINSDALE, South Vernon, Vt., age sixteen, has had some fun recently wood-chuck trapping, having caught twenty during the past summer with three spring traps. He sold them at five cents each. One time he caught two in one trap.—JAMES E. TRIPP, Leesville, O., wants to know how to catch coons.—CLAUDE MARTIN, Grayling, Mich., age sixteen, wants to see articles on how to shoot, as he likes to hunt. He has a 16-gauge shotgun and a repeating Winchester.—ELMER T. HESS, Millville, N. J., age fourteen, has a record on a high jump of 43 inches.—LAWRENCE WOODS, of Calais, Me., wants points on how to run. He aspires to be a long distance runner. He and a few other boys organized a track team and are organizing a gymnasium.—HOMER BURT, Santa Paula, Cal., together with a boy friend, set three traps at the foot of the mountain, near which they live. On their first visit to the traps they found they had caught a lynx that weighed ninety pounds and measured three feet from tip to tip. They are much elated over their success and expect to do much trapping from now on.—ROBERT KIENK, Lisbon, Mich., is the best all-around athlete in Lisbon and adjoining towns. He holds three medals won in athletic contests.—L. C. HEISKEIL, Williamport, O., won the half-mile race in the field day exercises of the Central Ohio Interscholastic League, held at Washington, O., H. His time was 2:18. His brother won four gold and three silver medals that day.

Connolly Brothers' Small Yacht.

The Connolly brothers are two boys residing at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, who take pride in the fact that they own and navigate the smallest sailing boat which has ever carried a passenger. They have always been very fond of the water and are expert swimmers. Sometime ago the idea of constructing a tiny sailboat was broached to their father. Mr. Connolly thought well of the idea and had a "yacht" constructed, which is a model of its kind. The craft is so small that one of the boys can easily carry it down to the water's edge when desired and shove it in. If stood on end it would not be as tall as either of the lads, for it is but four feet in length. When the young captain goes aboard, he is obliged to keep in one position, for it is but two feet six inches in width at the widest part and, as indicated by the photograph, he must cramp himself into a very small space. But the craft safely carries its single captain and crew on cruises a mile or more in length, sailing before the wind and actually beating against the wind so that one can make a trip

mascot. It is the title of one of the characters in Byron's poem, "The Bride of Abydos," and, as will be noted, contains three vowels. Seamen believe that a name containing a large number of vowels is a sign of good luck. Certain it is that the boys thus far have had no serious accident, although several times the Zuleika has capsized in a gale, but she has been righted without difficulty. For this reason the navigator generally puts on a bathing dress before he starts on a voyage, but in an ordinary wind there is no danger of capsizing as the boat is so seaworthy. Occasionally a larger boat will come along and challenge the tiny craft to a race. It is an actual fact that several times the Zuleika has run closer to the wind than her competitors and on this tack has beaten boats which contained three or four people.



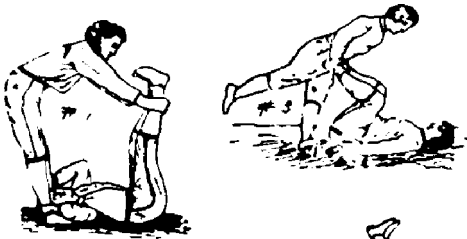
PLAN OF THE ZULEIKA.

The Roll.

Figures 1 and 2 illustrate a roll that is easy to learn. Figure 1 is the first position. The under boy bends his knees and brings his feet down onto the floor. The top boy at the same time tips forward, placing his weight on his hands under the boy's ankles and letting himself down easily. He then bends his neck, bringing his face nearly to his chest, and rolls forward, at the same time pulling the under boy up onto his feet as the latter grips the former's ankles. The movement is repeated with the boy first underneath now on top.

Another exercise is described by Figure 2. One boy lies on his back on a mat with his feet raised. The other boy takes the position shown. The under boy rocks backward and the top boy does a mixed handspring and somersault, landing so as to face in the same direction as he faced in the starting position.

Figure 4 shows another exercise. One boy lies on his back on a mat with his feet elevated. Another boy, grasping the first boy's ankles, leans against and balances his body over the feet of the first boy, lightly resting his shoulders on the first boy's hands and then coming to the erect position.—Young Men.



There is an institution in London called the London Schools Swimming Association, organized to teach boys and girls how to swim. It is said that 250,000 boys and girls have learned there how to swim since the association was founded.

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher of the class in definitions. Nobody seemed to know. "Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much. At this a hand popped up and the owner of it exclaimed: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."—Harper's Magazine.

Boy Journalists and Printers

Erstwhile Amateurs—Edgar R. Bean.

I HAVE been a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY almost since its beginning, and, though carefully reading its amateur journalistic department, I have found nothing relating to those who have been amateurs—men now famous in both Europe and America—and so, if I may take the liberty, I would like to tell of a few for the benefit of others of your readers who, I am sure, would be interested.

Charles Dickens and Nathaniel Hawthorne were both, during their youth, amateurs. Each issued a paper written by hand. Hawthorne's was very neatly done, but we are told that at times Dickens himself could not read his own paper, so poorly written was it.

Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the Century, issued the St. Thomas Register, which was partly printed. Later, in conjunction with William F. Allen, now editor of the Official Railway Guide, he issued The Leaf.

W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the famous "Hearst papers" (New York Journal, Chicago American and San Francisco Examiner), while attending Harvard was editor of the Lampoon, known to nearly every college student in the United States.

It is well known that Thos. A. Edison printed a small paper in the baggage car of the Baltimore Express, and sold it to the passengers.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier, was also an amateur during his younger days. He was so strongly inclined to literature that his relatives and friends regarded him as a future poet.

Alfred and Cornelius Vanderbilt edited and printed a small paper for two or three years in the 80s.

Last, but not least, we come to President Roosevelt, who was an amateur in that, while in college, he edited the Harvard Advocate.

And so volumes could be filled regarding those who have grown from active amateurism to high places in literature, journalism and other professions.

Reviews of Amateur Papers.

GOOD THINGS, published by Charles H. Russell, 1407 West Thompson street, Philadelphia, has added a cover. The cover design is good enough and has the merit of simplicity, but the publication would have a tastier appearance if paper of another color were used and the sheets were bound accurately, and the cover (trimmed to size of reading pages, after the manner of the magazines. Editorially, Good Things is improving, on which we congratulate Mr. Russell, but improvement means constant, strenuous effort; with less effort than this, one's connection with amateur journalism will be of no value either to himself or to the junior world of letters—it will be but little better than a waste of time.—THE PENNANT, published by the Charleston, Ill., High School, is now in its second volume. The editors and the printers seem to be united in the purpose of producing both a handsome-appearing publication and a creditable one from an editorial standpoint. Any high school in the country might be proud of The Pennant. THE AMERICAN BOY takes particular pride in it because it was started as the result of an article in this department advocating the publication of high school papers by the students, which so interested Walter C. Ficklin, who has been the editor-in-chief since The Pennant was started, that he took up the matter with the principal of his school, who indorsed the idea and helped the project along. We wonder, however, why nine of the ten assistant editors are girls. Are not the boys of Charleston as interested in literary and editorial work as the girls? John Grove is one of the athletic editors. Bain E. Winter, business manager, and Rex Woods, assistant business manager, are entitled to a great deal of the credit for the paper's success. We commend The Pennant to every high school in the country as a model that they could well follow, and we also commend to every high school the idea of publishing a paper. The paper will constitute an interesting feature of the school life, and the work of getting it out will be beneficial to the editorial board and to the other students who may contribute to its columns. A sample copy of The Pennant can be obtained for ten cents, and it will be worth the price to any school that is thinking of publishing a paper.—THE EARLY NEWS, published occasionally during the last three years by Norris Pierson, 61 Broad street, Stamford, Conn., is an example of how small a beginning a paper may have. The third issue of the paper consists simply of a piece of paper about the size of a business card, printed on both sides. For a boy of ten, however, which was the editor's age when it appeared, it is not a production to be ashamed of and the editor showed the true American boy spirit when he started with a small paper, when unable to start with a large one.—THE SHORTER BUDGET is published monthly by J. B. Lyon, a boy of fourteen, at Shorter, Alabama. The editor's motto is "always improvement."

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and \$5.00 for our MAGIC LANTERN attachment with 25 views, 5c. any lamp, entertaining and amusing, write for circular of our goods. **MARTIN MFG. CO.,** 150 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.



THE ZULEIKA.

across the harbor on which the boys live and return without the use of paddle or oar.

The Zuleika, as the boat is named, is built of spruce and divided by bulkheads into water-tight compartments. The framework is bolted and nailed together by galvanized iron fastenings. Upon the planking is stretched a canvas covering which is made water-tight by the liberal use of paint. The little craft is steered by a regular rudder fastened to a tiller on the stern and contains a movable keel which allows it to be sailed to windward or against the wind, as the mariner would say. As indicated the sails include a mainsail, and jib, which are fastened to the spars in the usual manner and raised and lowered by ropes passing through blocks. The sails are also pulled in and let out by "sheets," which pass through pulleys on the stern of the boat where they can be easily handled. The rigging which supports the masts is of galvanized wire, while the spars are made of hard pine and the sails of light cotton. The hull of the boat is painted dark green, while the "upper works" are of yellow, forming a striking contrast.

The boys themselves selected the name for the reason that they believe it is a



Bill's Little Joke—L. R. Gignilliat

THE guide, Hank Kitchens, of Fishtail, looked worried, and with good reason. Fifteen lively youngsters on a horseback trip through Yellowstone Park may furnish much fun for one another, but not for the guide.

"Look here, Dusty," he said (Dusty, by the way, was the cook), "what do you suppose them kids will be doin' next? That young un that rides the pinto, chased a silver tip off the garbage dump at the canyon last night, and him they calls Bill that's got your cayuse 'Nigger' tried to ride him over the 'Devil's Fryin' Pan.' There ain't nothin' that stops 'em, and that Bill especial'. What are we goin' to do with 'em anyway?"

"I dunno," growled Dusty. "They slings more grub than any outfit I ever cooked for; but they ain't a bad lot for kids. What's the name of that knowledge box they come from back east?"

"Culver Military Academy. They belongs to the Black Horse Troop they call it, but these cayuses ain't no black horse troop, and if they don't stop this yere pickin' up the hat and dismounting at the gallop and them other liberties they're takin' they're liable to find the bronchos doin' a few tricks themselves. There is a sight of difference between a horse goin' straightforward and limber and his goin' stiff-legged and straight up."

"Well," said Dusty, "if we get 'em through without any of 'em bein' lost or parboiled in the geysers," and he glanced suggestively at the simmering potatoes, "and without us gettin' in trouble with Uncle Sam 'count of Bill's monkeyin', we'll be lucky!"

"Yes," assented Hank, "I'm kinder glad we get to the lake tomorrow, they're goin' to shake camp and bunk in the hotel. They can't do no devilment there."

At this moment the party under discussion came into view on the crest of a neighboring divide. The little cayuses were trotting tirelessly along. Their riders, in broad-brimmed hats, blue shirts and brown canvas riding breeches, were sitting easily in their big stock saddles. But for their military seats one might well have taken them for an outfit of youthful cow punchers.

Too tired and hungry, perhaps, for their usual banter and chaff, or may be awed into silence by the impressive beauty of the Grand Canyon, passed but the hour before, they were so quiet as to belie somewhat Hap's description of their liveliness.

"We'll camp here tonight, boys," and the pack horses coming up, Hank set busily to work to relieve them of their burden of "grub," tents and bed rolls.

"Say, Hank," said a lithe, bright-eyed youngster who had just dismounted and was untying his kodak from the saddle horn, "the canyon was great. My, the colors were beautiful, old ruined castles, and sunsets and rainbows all mixed up, and a waterfall thrown in." "Yes," said another, "it beats the Golden Gate with its yellow stone, and that black glass cliff, what do you call it? Oh, yes, Obsidian cliff, all hollow." "Well, for my part," said a third, "the thing that beats everything we have seen yet are those geysers! Just think of all that water just steaming and sputtering and boiling winter and summer, and then every so many minutes or hours just shooting hundreds of feet up in the air. Then those pools of colored water on the geyser basins certainly were pretty. Do you remember that blue one and the crimson one side by side and so clear, it seemed like you were looking down into them for about a mile?"

"That Morning Glory Spring was a dandy, too; the name just hits it off about right."

"Wouldn't it be great," suggested a youngster from the Windy City, "if they could have something like that in Jackson Park in Chicago. My, just think of it, a hot sheet of water rippling over a hundred or so feet of salmon and violet lace-work. My father says every American boy that can ought to see Yellowstone Park; he says it's all nonsense sending boys to Europe till they have seen their own country."

"I believe," said an observant member of the party, "that we have seen more foreigners since we have been in the Park than Americans, do you remember those Germans who were so curious to know who we were and couldn't understand that a military school needn't be a government school, I guess they don't have any private military academies in Germany."

"They ain't the only ones that wanted to know who we were; pretty near all the tourists we meet have a question to ask. That old fellow on the geyser basin the other day who dropped that piece of formation so quick when we came up thought we were some of the regular cavalry soldiers, and that we were going to nab him for breaking the Park regulations." "I say," said the boy whom Hank had designated as the one that rode the pinto, "I saw by that paper we got at Yancey's that Teddy Roosevelt,

Jr. was out west somewheres, and that he might come through the park." "Well," said Bill reflectively, "I guess the tourists will gape at him all right. If he is as bashful as Louis over there he'll have a tough time of it." Conversation being thus directed towards Louis, a slender and, in truth, bashful youngster, that youth made a vain attempt to direct the talk from the personal to the general. "Say, but wasn't it chilly coming over Mount Washburn; the snow was up to—" "I say, Louis," relentlessly broke in the rider of the pinto, "Bill says he's going to get even with you for making his horse buck today." "I didn't mean to," protested Louis, "I was stooping down to pick up my hat and my horse ran into Bill's." "Well," grumbled Bill, "that don't take the soreness out of my muscles or make me feel any more comfortable when I'm sitting down," and so saying he seated himself gingerly at some distance from the others and gazed thoughtfully into the fire, motionless in limbs and features except for a smile that now and then hovered on his lips. Hank noticing it eyed him askance. There were signs that Bill and the spirits of mischief were in secret session, and that sooner or later, as the boys have it, there would be "something doing."

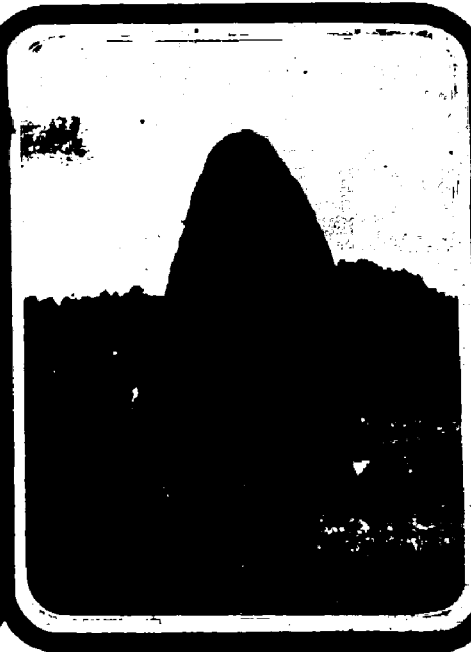
"Grub pile!" yelled Dusty. At the welcome sound the hungry travelers moved rapidly towards the cook fire, and "fell to" with a will. Not long afterwards bed rolls had been made down and camp was silent save for the deep breathing of the tired sleepers and the occasional yelp of a dismal coyote.

All was ready for the short ride to the Lake. Hank, with one foot against the ribs of the last pack horse, was giving a mighty yank at some cinch or pack rope before making it fast. The boys were already in their saddles. "Hank," said Bill, as he rode alongside, "I'm going to push ahead a little bit. I want to try to see some elk and antelope at close range; they scare when we are all coming along together," and without waiting for a reply he galloped ahead. The others took up the march at a slower gait, stopping occasionally to enjoy some especially fine view, and when tempted by the trout plainly visible in the clear, cold water of the Yellowstone, and again to inspect that loathsome, rumbling sputterer, the mud volcano.

The time passed quickly, and ere long, rounding a bend of the road, there lay before them the beautiful Lake Yellowstone, a seventeen mile stretch of gleaming water some seven thousand feet above the level



IN THE GEYSER BASIN.



LIBERTY CAP.



IN THE PINES.



BILL AND HIS CAYUSE.

of the sea, a mirror in which the great peaks of the Rockies may look to see that their headgear of snow is not on awry.

A mile or so more and then came in view the for-some-days unaccustomed sight of a structure of man's making, a large and comfortable hotel built and equipped with material that had to be hauled by wagons for many miles across mountainous roads.

"It seems to me," said Hank, "that there's an uncommon number of people agoin' through for this time of year. Look at that crowd," and he pointed to the hotel. And, indeed, it seemed as if a small army had mobilized on the hotel veranda. Curiously enough they seemed as interested in Hank and his party as the latter were in them. In fact, it would almost seem as if they had assembled there for the express purpose of seeing the youthful tourists arrive. As they came more plainly into view, it could be seen that they were gesticulating and pointing excitedly towards the approaching riders.

Nor were they tourists alone; stagecoach drivers, chambermaids, waitresses, dish washers, the clerk from the curio store, the men who rent boats, and even the "sage brush" tourists from down at the camps were all there.

"I wonder who the deuce they think we are," growled Dusty, who was of a retiring disposition, and who began to feel uncomfortable at the attention his outfit was receiving. As the boys approached still nearer the excitement on the veranda increased. "I wonder which one he is," said one. "I'll bet that's



ON THE MARCH.

him over there," said another. "Oh!" said an excited young lady armed with a kodak. "I just must get a picture of him."

At this moment a familiar voice was heard from

the direction of the crowd, and there, surrounded by a gathering of excited tourists, was Bill. "That's him," he was saying, "right there in the middle of the bunch," and Louis, to his unutterable dismay, realized that Bill was pointing at him. Every eye in that excited throng was instantly focused on the one boy in the whole outfit who most hated to be gazed at, who in fact would rather have jumped into a geyser than have faced the ordeal before him. "What on earth are they looking at me for," he wondered, as he looked helplessly around, then suddenly and confusedly he scrambled from his horse and made a wild rush for the hotel entrance. Halfway up the steps he was stopped by an effusive old gentleman, who insisted on shaking him by the hand. "I have never had the privilege," he said, "of shaking hands with your distinguished father, but I wish to do so with—." Louis waited to hear no more, but tore himself desperately away, and this time ran full tilt into Bill. "Hold on, Teddy," said Bill, with a wicked grin, "there are some people here who want to shake hands with you." Teddy? Shake hands? Distinguished father? "Heavens!" It dawned on him like a flash. Bill had passed him off as the son of the president. "We've got the bridal chamber reserved for you," continued Bill, "and—." but Louis had shot through the front door with a velocity that threatened to carry him through the back one as well. What Hank and Dusty said wouldn't do to relate. What the others said, don't matter, suffice it to say that Bill had gotten even.

An Evening of Magic

John Northern Hilliard

Mental magic is an ideal recreation. It does not require any personal dexterity, or power of deception, while it invigorates the mind, strengthens the memory, and inculcates an admiration for otherwise dry mathematics that is altogether wholesome. The experiments that make up this article are not generally known. They require no preparation, but a modicum of effort, and are absolutely undetectable. Performed with neatness and tact, they cannot fail to evoke wonder as well as provide amusement and recreation.

I. TO TELL THE HOUR SECRETLY THOUGHT OF BY ANY ONE.

Borrow a watch, and taking it in one hand and a pencil in the other, tell your audience that you will give them a specimen of your powers at thought reading. Request some one to think of, or to write down, any hour. You then tap with the pencil different hours on the dial of the watch, requesting the person who has thought of the hour to count mentally the taps, beginning from the hour he selected. For example, if the hour thought of were nine, he must count the first tap as ten, the second as eleven, the third as twelve, and so on. When, according to this mode of counting, he has reached the number twenty, he is to say "stop," when the pencil of the performer will rest on the very hour of which he thought. The secret of this splendid little trick is dependent upon a simple arithmetical principle; but it is so neatly disguised that it is rarely discovered. All the performer has to do is to count in his own mind the taps he gives, calling the first "one," the second "two," and so on. The first seven taps may be given upon any part of the dial, but the eighth must fall on the figure twelve, and thenceforward the pencil must travel through the figures in this order: "Eleven," "ten," "nine," "eight," "seven," and so on. It will thus be found that at the tap which, counting from the number the spectator thought of, will make twenty, the pencil will have traveled back to that very number.

An example will make the trick perfectly clear. Suppose the hour thought of was twelve. The spectator will count the first tap of the pencil as "thirteen," the second as "fourteen," and so on. The eighth tap will complete the twenty, and as the performer is in every case to allow the eighth tap to fall on the figure twelve, so when the spectator cries "stop," on reaching twenty, the pencil will be found at the figure "twelve." I will leave the arithmetical reason for this result to the ingenuity of my readers.

II. THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

This simple drawing-room experiment for two persons does not belong, strictly speaking, to the domain of mental magic, but as its effect is that of clairvoyance, and as the manner of working the trick is almost unknown, I take this opportunity to make my readers acquainted with it, as it will occasion no little amusement. I have known it to produce as much bewilderment as many elaborate illusions. One of the performers leaves the room and in his or her absence some object is touched, say one of several coins placed in a circle on the table or floor. On the performer's return, the assistant, who has remained in the room, taking in his hand a walking stick, or even a pencil, points to several of the coins in succession. Not a word is

spoken, but the performer indicates the coin that was touched.

The secret lies in the manner in which the stick or pencil is held. The forefinger at the outset lies flat along it, but when the right coin is reached the finger is slightly lifted. This wholly natural gesture is imperceptible to the onlookers.

III. A TRICK WITH DOMINOES.

There are two or three capital tricks performed with dominoes which will amply repay the trouble of learning them. Place a row of twenty dominoes face downwards on the table, avoiding the appearance of any special arrangement, but nevertheless taking care that the points of the first domino (commencing from the left) shall amount to twelve, the points of the second to eleven, and so on, each decreasing by one point until the thirteenth is reached, which will be the double blank. The seven remaining dominoes may be selected at random. Now inform your audience that you will give them an illustration of clairvoyance, and for the purpose leave the room, first requesting some one in the company to remove during your absence any number of dominoes (not exceeding twelve) from the right to the left hand of the row, retaining their order. On your return you touch one of the dominoes, the number of points on which, on being turned over, is found to correspond to the number of dominoes removed.

This feat is very simple, though the effect on the uninitiated must be observed to be appreciated. All you have to do is to count secretly the row of dominoes as far as the thirteenth from the left hand end, the points of which will correspond to the number of dominoes that were moved.

IV. THE MYSTERIOUS ADDITION.

This is a very effective trick. It requires a confederate, but this is no drawback. If the reader wants to create a genuine sensation among his acquaintances he has only to exhibit this experiment in thought reading, or rather compelling your audience to do certain things predicted by yourself beforehand.

Ask some one, whom, for convenience, we will call A, to write on a paper or slate a row of figures—four or five digits will be all that is needed. Then take the paper and note carefully the number written, and on a piece of paper of your own write the same number, with two subtracted from the "unit's" place and with a two prefixed at the opposite end of the row. Thus, if the number first written were 37184, the number to be written on the performer's paper would be 237182. This sum represents the total of the number first written, plus a like number of nines twice repeated. For example:

37184
99999
99999

Total, 237182

Of course your audience knows nothing of this. I have performed the trick hundreds of times and I have never met any one acute enough to offer a correct solution, though some of the explanations are amusing enough. When you have written the number down on your own paper, fold up the paper, place it in an envelope, seal the envelope and give it to some one in the audience to hold. Then invite a second person, B, to write a second row of figures under the figures put down by A. The slip is then handed to a third person, C, who puts down a third row, then to D, who writes two rows. D is a confederate and in accordance with previous instructions writes under B's and C's figures such a number as when added to it will make nine.

Thus if B's figures were...29465
D's figures would be...70534

Together making...99999
And if C's figures were...18425
D's figures would be...81574

Together making...99999

Which is the same as

37184.....A's figures
29465.....B's figures
18425.....C's figures
70534.....D's figures
81574.....D's figures

Total 237182

The paper is then handed to a sixth person to add, when the total is compared to the figures written by the performer and which were inclosed in a sealed envelope at the beginning of the experiment.

V. THE GREAT DICTIONARY TRICK.

This is a new method of performing this well known trick, which has made the fame of more than one conjurer. In this improvement any dictionary may be used, whereas formerly the trick depended upon a dictionary of one page repeated throughout. The effect of the trick is as follows: The performer hands a spectator a sealed envelope, requesting him not to break the seal until given permission. A dictionary is then handed around for examination, after which some one inserts in it, at any page, a playing card. A counter bearing a number, say 27, is taken from a bag containing fifty, all numbered differently; the dictionary is opened at the page containing the card, and due note is taken of the twenty-seventh word, as indicated by the counter, and which is, we will suppose, "magic." The person who holds the envelope is requested to open it, and on doing so finds to his astonishment that it contains a card on which is written "magic," i. e. sorcery, enchantment," in exact accordance with the word chosen, apparently by chance, from the dictionary.

This seeming mystery is easily explained. All you need is a new pocket dictionary, and, having opened it somewhere about the middle, bend the covers back until they touch each other. Any new book used thus will ever afterwards open at the same page. The performer secretly introduces a playing card—at this page. While holding the book, he gives a similar card to some person, with a request that he or she will insert it between the leaves in any position and push it right into the book. In this condition the dictionary is laid on the table. A small silk bag is now introduced, from which the performer takes a handful of cardboard counters numbered from 1 to 50 and gives them for examination, after which they are returned to the bag. Any person is now allowed to place his hand in the bag and remove one counter, but it is needless to say, however, that as careful as he may be, the number chosen will be 27, which is accounted for by the fact that the bag is provided with a division through its entire length, forming two pockets, one of which contains the counters numbered 1 to 50, and the other fifty counters all bearing the same number, i. e. 27. The dictionary is now opened by the performer at his own page, which every one will take to be the chosen one, and some one is asked to note the twenty seventh word on that page, as indicated by the counter, and the trick is brought to a conclusion, as already described. You can always ensure the left hand page of the opening being read, by holding the book, with the card, in such a position that the twenty-seventh word on the right hand page cannot be seen. Care must be taken not to expose the duplicate cards.



Peptic Malt

A Sleepless Night Can be Prevented

Substantially all the cases of insomnia are caused by the inability of a stomach weak in digestive power to furnish the brain with the necessary amount of pure rich blood.

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A tablespoonful of our Peptic Malt taken before retiring will enable the stomach to fully supply the brain, and a restful night's sleep will follow. It is not a medicine, but a highly concentrated form of nutriment.

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Inclose 2c stamp for terms to agents.

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Our Big Round World

HIGHEST GUN IN THE WORLD.

On January 17, at Sandy Hook, near New York City, Uncle Sam fired off the biggest gun in the world, a 16-incher. The shots were fired to test the gun and the test was a complete success, hurling a 2,400-pound projectile three miles out into the sea. The gun was loaded with 640 pounds of powder. The velocity of the projectile at the muzzle was 2,306 feet a second. If the shot had ever struck a first-class battleship it would have been the end of her.

THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

Nobody a generation ago would have believed that before the Twentieth Century was two years old three fast trains a week would be running between St. Petersburg and far-off Irkutsk, and not merely ordinary trains but elegant ones, with dining cars, baths, barber shop and library. The first-class fare from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg is \$62.57. Sleeper, \$11.63. By traveling second-class one can make the trip, sleeper included, for \$34.18. The railroad company notifies travelers that they must furnish their own soap, blankets and pillows.

THE HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA.

Perhaps few boys have had the opportunity to visit the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York City, probably the greatest

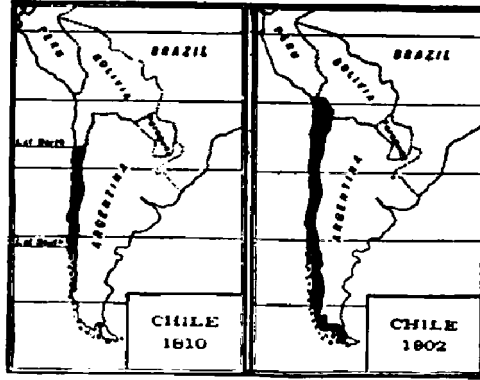
exceeding \$40,000,000, all the rights and property of the new Panama Canal Company of France, including all the capital stock of the Panama Railroad Company. The President is to acquire from the Republic of Colombia exclusive and perpetual control of a strip of land not less than six miles wide, from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, with right to build and maintain the canal and protect it. In the event of the President being unable to buy a satisfactory title from the new Panama Canal Company he is to have authority to build a canal over the Nicaragua route on the same general conditions. An appropriation of \$10,000,000 is made to begin the process, and all further appropriations are not to exceed the additional sum of \$135,000,000 if the Panama route be adopted, or \$180,000,000 if the Nicaragua one be adopted. An Isthmian Canal Commission of seven members is created to be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. They are to have charge of the construction of the canal.

ALASKA.

From The Popular Science Monthly we obtain a map showing the size of Alaska as compared with the United States. The map shows that it has one-fifth the area of the whole United States, or three and one-quarter times the area of California, or ten times that of Iowa, or one hun-

CHILE A GROWING POWER.

European newspapers seem to fear that the United States wants to gobble up South America under the Monroe Doctrine. South American countries, however, dread Chile far more than they dread the United States. Our illustration shows how Chile has grown since 1810.



A CURIOUS POSTOFFICE.

The postoffice in Beebe Plain, a town half in Vermont and half in the Province of Quebec, Canada, serves, in the postal service, two nations. The postoffice is run by parent and child, the father being postmaster for the Canadian Government and the daughter postmistress for Uncle Sam. Standing in front of this strange postoffice is a large post which marks the boundary line. The building was put up over seventy five years ago, and originally was a general store.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE PENNIES!

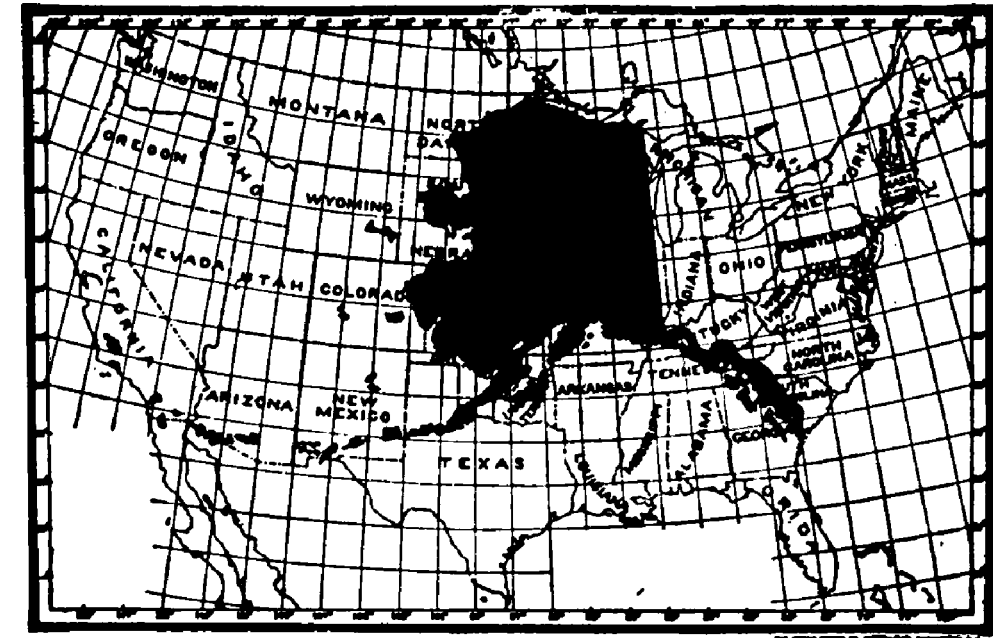
There have been 10,600,000,000 pennies coined in this country. Where do they go? During the last year the Government put into circulation 700,000,500 of them. The mint in Philadelphia is the only mint where they are coined, and it is working all the time trying to meet the demand. One press can strike off a hundred a minute. No doubt many millions of them are in boys' and girls' savings banks. Railroad companies and other big corporations that receive pennies in large quantities turn them back into the treasury in bags to be redeemed in currency. Still the question remains, what becomes of the pennies?

THE "CELTIC."

Boys who have been reading this paper for several years have read something of the "Oceanic," of the White Star Line. Here are a few interesting items regarding the "Celtic," of the same line. She was built at Queen's Island, Belfast, and is an exceedingly graceful craft. Her weight at launching was 14,257 tons, and her gross tonnage 20,904—nearly 3,500 more than the "Oceanic." She is 700 feet long, with a beam of 75 feet and a depth of 49 feet. She has no less than nine decks, and accommodation for nearly 3,000 passengers besides quarters for the crew of about 350. The height of the funnels is 131 feet above the top of the keel. She is indeed a great floating hotel.

A PART OF SANTA CLAUS' MAIL.

The White Star liner "Cymric" that reached New York the Saturday night before Christmas brought to our shores 2601 sacks of mail—the largest load of mail that any steamship ever brought to the port of New York. This was but the forerunner of other large mails from other countries that came to America



THE SIZE OF ALASKA.

hotel in America, if not in the world. Some facts regarding it will interest our readers: The average number of persons sleeping in the hotel during a year is 370,000; greatest number entertained at any one time, 1,444; largest bill ever paid at the hotel by one individual, \$20,000. The amount of business transacted each year figures many millions of dollars. The number of employes per day averages about 1,500; number of sleeping rooms, 1,386; baths, 800; electric lights, 30,000. The quantity of water pumped daily exceeds the entire water supply of Trenton, N. J. Daily ice supply, 150 tons; coal burned per day, 100 tons; meat bill, \$300,000 a year; flour bill, \$35,000 a year. A ball of 4,000 persons can be given in the hotel and ordinary guests will not know that anything of the kind is going on. The head of the Waldorf-Astoria is Mr. George C. Boldt. This boniface has received many magnificent presents from guests. His Excellency, Yang Yu, a great Chinaman, gave Mr. Boldt a magnificent blue plaque and a pair of magnificent old cloisonne vases. Marshal Yamagata, a Japanese, gave him a cloisonne plaque from the royal collection in Japan. A distinguished foreigner gave him a jewelled caterpillar about four inches long, which crawls along the table exactly as if it were a living creature, showing at every movement a wonderful display of brilliant colors.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

It is settled that the canal across the Isthmus that joins North and South America, which has been so long a matter merely of talk, is really to be built, and that it is to take the short Panama route. Its length will be forty nine miles, and its depth thirty five feet. The President is to buy for the United States, at a cost not

dred and twenty seven and one-half times that of Connecticut.

VENEZUELA.

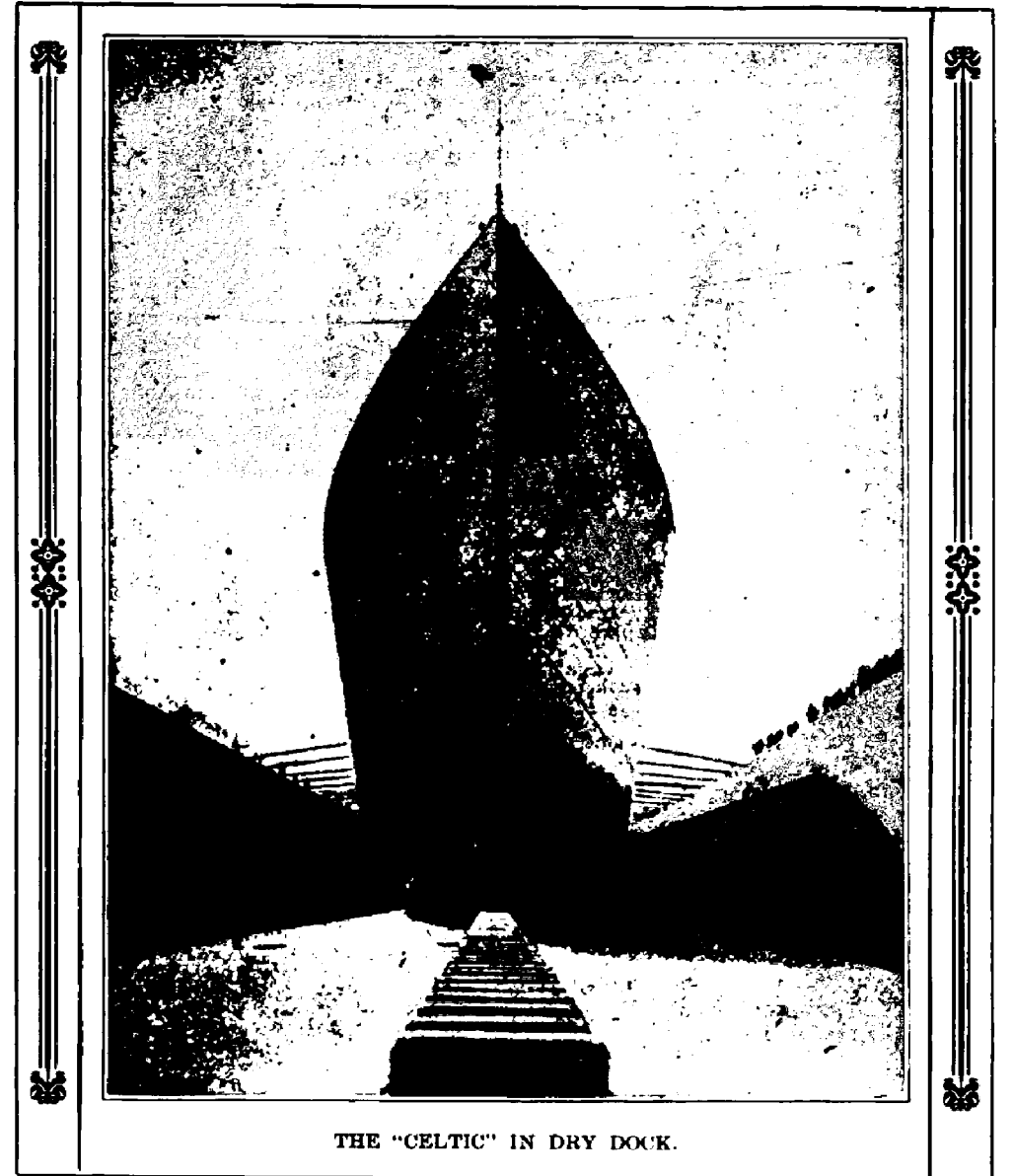
Venezuela, a country now figuring pretty largely on the stage of international affairs, was discovered by Columbus in 1498. It was a part of Spain's dominions until about 1821, when it became a member of the Columbian federation. The Republic of Venezuela was proclaimed in 1830. It is governed by a president chosen every two years and a congress of two houses. It has a standing army of 3,600 men. It covers 593,943 square miles divided into nineteen states, settlements and territories. The population is about two and one-half million. The largest city is the capital, Caracas, with about 75,000 population.

AUSTRALIA.

The commonwealth of Australia has nearly 4,000,000 people. It is made up of six states, whose combined debt is \$1,180,000,000. In area Australia is larger than the continent of Europe, including the British Isles.

APPLES.

New York State leads the Union in the quantity of apples grown. It takes Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and Arkansas to grow as many apples as New York, which raised a crop of over 52,000,000 bushels during the year just passed, and yet Missouri has over 20,000,000 trees to New York's 15,000,000.

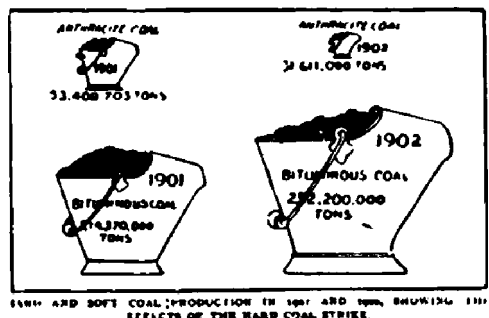
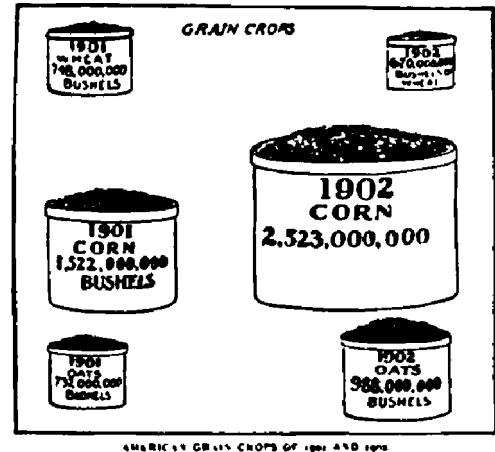
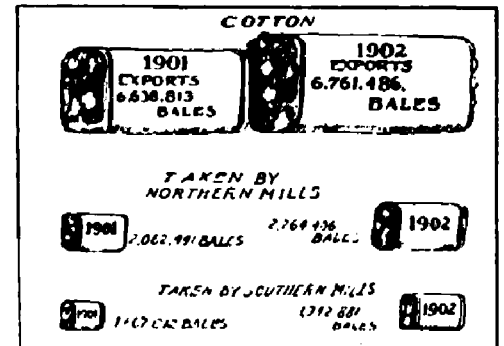


THE "CELTIC" IN DRY DOCK.

THE IMMENSITY OF SIBERIA.

Siberia possesses one-ninth of all the land surface of the globe. The United States and all Europe, excepting Russia, could be put into Siberia, with land enough left over to make thirty five states like Connecticut. It has 9,000,000 people. It is not all a cold, barren country such as we are accustomed to think of it. In great parts of it wheat, rye, vegetables, strawberries, raspberries and currants grow, and sheep and horses graze unsheltered the year round.

before Christmas, for the steamship "Etruria" followed with 1,805 sacks, the "Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse" with 660 sacks, and the "St. Louis" with 350 sacks. Fourteen hundred and twelve sacks of the "Cymric's" mail were for New York City alone, requiring fourteen large mail vans to carry them to the postoffice. Three hundred and sixty six sacks of New York's share of the mail were from London, 252 from Liverpool, 122 from France, 275 from Germany, seventy three from Spain, sixty-two from Austria, while other countries furnished the remainder. Of the whole number of sacks carried by the "Cymric," 1,538 contained letters and 1,063 merchandise and papers. The letters for New York City alone were over 800,000 in number, with half a million individual pieces of merchandise and papers. It required 400 men in the New York City office to sort the New York mail, in addition to 150 in the registry division, these working from seven o'clock in the evening until three the next morning and then being relieved by another equally large corps of employes, who worked until noon of the following day, for as soon as this tremendous mail was out of the way that from other steamships arriving later had to be handled.



NEW AND SOFT COAL PRODUCTION IN 1901 AND 1902, SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF THE HARD COAL STRIKE. - The New York Herald



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 cannot reply personally to letters.

T. R. Beyer, 118 Maplewood avenue, Germantown, Pa., wins the prize for best list of answers to January Tangles.

Honorable mention is accorded the lists of Louis A. Steinitz, Lawrence E. Stevens, John H. Seamans, J. Eustace Guest and Burton F. Jennings.

Sherman Spurrier, Readstown, Vernon County, Wis., wins the prize for best lot of original puzzles. Splendid new contributions were also received from Howard L. Seaford, Frank C. McMillan, Charles C. Curtis and Joseph M. Heinen.

The following also sent in answers or new puzzles or both: Neal R. Clark, Frank Miller, Lowdermilk brothers, J. Terrell Hoyt, Edwin Henry Corbin, F. L. Hall, Vernon Lovett, George Kump, Raymond F. Hill, Walter Perry Allen, Benjamin Lazarus, Frank Holloway, O. C. Camp, Jr., Meredith Knappenberger, T. S. Englar, Sarah Gilles, Roman E. Hammes, Ross Richtmyer, Ralph Clark, Noel Negley, George H. Stanbery, Fred Schultz, Ernest Albert, Albert Donorc, Harold R. Norris, Mary B. Owen, Harry Pfaff, Lillian Muncaster, W. B. Morton,

Jr., Alex Hug, Robert E. Platt, Clyde Nickum, J. Klenzie, Howard S. Currier, Fred Bortow, Wyman brothers, Chester H. Pierce, Nels W. Kindgren, Rudy Snyder, Harold V. Beach, Harold H. Vannatta, Addison G. Kerr, Charles Krauss and William Pygh (without answers to his puzzles).

Population Puzzle No. 10 was the sure-enough tangle of the month. The answer, published in February, will show you, who worked so hard and faithfully over it, where the trouble lay. The population of Lisbon used was that of 1890, and should have been so stated. Quincy, and not Springfield, is the "third city in the third state," the latter being third only when Chicago is left out of consideration, which was not the intention. The author of the puzzle was right with Battle Creek and Muscatine as the ninth and tenth cities respectively in the ninth and tenth states, and not those who insisted on Lansing and Keokuk. In making the prize award due allowance was made for your method in reaching the correct answer.

We prefer not to print puzzles having THE AMERICAN BOY or Uncle Tangler for answer. A good many such are received, some of them very good otherwise, but we are modest, and advise you to choose other subjects if you desire your contributions to appear in this department.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best original geographical puzzle of any kind received by March 20.

An interesting book will be given for the best list of answers to this month's Tangles received by March 20.

Preliminary Announcement: The May issue will contain a Grand Prize Offer of a Stevens' Favorite Rifle to be given for the best original Fourth of July puzzle of any kind (illustrated puzzle preferred) received by May 20, to be published in the July number. This is fair warning to get on your thinking caps. Do not send in contributions for this contest until after you receive the May AMERICAN BOY.

Answers to February Tangles.

11. Actor, Artist, Author, Baker, Banker, Brewer, Broker, Butcher, Editor, Grocer, Hatter, Hunter, Lawyer, Mason, Merchant, Miller, Milliner, Miner, Nurse, Plumber, Porter, Potter, Preacher, Printer, Soldier, Stationer, Surgeon, Teacher, Walter.

12. (1) VACATE (5, A, 100, eight), (2) MOLTEN (1000, O, 50, ten), (3) CROSS-EXAMINED (cross, x, A, 1001, NE, 500), (4) VACCINATE (5, A, 201, N, eight), (5) EXCULPATED (E, 90, U, 50, P, eight, E, 500), (6) VICE-ADMIRAL (6, 100, E, A, 500, 1001, RA, 50), (7) FIGURATIVE-LY (figure 3, 4, 50, Y), (8) MIMIC (1001, 1001, 100), (9), VIVIFICATIVE (6, 6, F, 99, eight, 4).

13. (1) Oliver Optic, (2) Horatio Alger, (3) Edward S. Ellis, (4) Tudor Jenks, (5) James Otis, (6) Frank H. Converse, (7) A. A. Henty, (8) Harry Castlemon, (9) William P. Chipman, (10) Harry Prentice, (11) Capt. Mayne Reid.

14. CLASP, ANILE, TRACE, ETHEL, BOLOS

(Read vertically as well as horizontally.) Primals, cates; finals, peels.

15. My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. (Mice on IFS) (inn) (nurse) (cent) (ice) (T he) (100=C on cent) (THOU) (knot.)

16. (1) Catnip, (2) Cattle, (3) Catafalque, (4) Catacomb, (5) Catabaptist, (6) Catastrophe, (7) Catechu, (8) Cataalpa, (9) Caterer, (10) Catarrh, (11) Catapult, (12) Catechism, catechist, (13) Category, (14) Catalogue, (15) Catabolism, (16) Catskills, (17) Catamaran, (18) Catenate or Catenated, (19) Caterpillar, (20) Catiline, (21) Catalepsy, (22) Catnap.

17. 1 S p b A, 2 A h a B, 3 I z a R, 4 N e v A, 5 T o a H, 6 V e r A, 7 A d a M, 8 L o l I, 9 E a l I, 10 N a i N, 11 T a l C, 12 I d d O, 13 N o e L, 14 E n o N

Saint Valentine—Abraham Lincoln. 18. (1) Hag—hog, (2) Moose—mouse, (3) Pansy—Patsy, (4) Nut—net, (5) Petal—pedal, (6) Leech—leach, (7) House—horse, (8) Map—mop, (9) Tramp—trump, (10) Trice—truce.

19. Era, general, rally, ally, generally. 20. Th, e, C, r, i, s, i, s, "The Crisis."

21. REVOLUTIONIST, UNIPERSONAL, PREMATURE, PRONOUN, ONSET, ICE, ONE, RUDDY, BEREAVE, RECONCILE, PREDECESSOR, REVERBERATION, Perpendicular centrals, Transcendence.

NEW TANGLES.

22. BIBLE PEOPLE. Here are the names of nine well-known people mentioned in scripture.

Grid puzzle with numbers and letters. Includes clues like '+ a 1000' and '1440 MINUTES 6500'.

—Sherman Spurrier.

23. TWENTY ONE CENTS. Example: A gorgeous cent. Ans.: Magnificent.

1. A taciturn cent. 2. A cent not guilty. 3. A kind cent. 4. A passively assenting cent. 5. A foaming cent. 6. A recovering cent. 7. A satisfied cent. 8. A neighboring cent. 9. A bright-hued cent. 10. A new cent. 11. A proper cent. 12. A rising cent. 13. A cent growing to manhood. 14. A vanishing cent. 15. A cent that calls to mind. 16. A silent cent. 17. A rotting cent. 18. A cent like a tree. 19. A cent going out of use. 20. A cent turning to stone. 21. A cent that lies under. —Nels Kindgren and Frank C. McMillan.

24. HIDDEN WORD SQUARES. Sixteen words, forming four word squares, are concealed in the following, the words being hidden without regard to the order in which they are used in the squares. "It was eminently a difficult task, I tell you," said Will Santos, sadly, "As we were almost afraid to stir on the roof; and by some ill luck I lost my balance, venturing to advance to mend some places on Lynn's side, and fell off near the biggest Jumbo skunk nitroglycerine ever blew up." —Howard L. Seaford.

25. MARCH ACROSTIC. Each word contains the same number of letters. The initials spell the Irishman's holiday. 1. A county in Wyoming, named after a famous Irishman. 2. The seat of a famous negro college. 3. A Virginia county named after an Indian. 4. A county in a corner of Missouri. 5. A county in Nebraska named for a former U. S. Senator. 6. A corner county of North Dakota. 7. An Illinois county named after an Indian tribe. 8. A county of Iowa named after an Indian tribe. 9. The river up which Colonel Benedict Arnold led his troops in his march on Quebec, in 1775. 10. A New Hampshire county with an Irish name. 11. The county in which is the capital



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Form with fields for Name, St. & No., City, State.

of Tennessee. 12. The county, named after an Indian tribe, in which Denver is located. 13. A county at one end of Nova Scotia.

—Ragnar Lunell.

26. DROPPED CONSONANTS.

Complete the four words with the same four consonants used in the same order:

— E — — E —
— A — — E —
— I — — E —
— U — — E —

—Kenneth Trainer.

27. SHOPPING TOUR ANAGRAMS.

I went along the business streets intent upon the errands for my mother. The first place I came to bore the sign, "ROMEO LAMPS," and I hurried by in disgust. Next to it stood the "GORED RUST," which some say is at times almost as bad. Two places I was to stop at were the "DOGS DORY" and the "RIMLY LINE" shops. I next lay in a supply of "RICE GORES," and paid the "FRONT ICE CONE" a visit. I had no need to stop at the "RIALTO," nor, happily, the "COTROD" or the "STINTED." I stopped at the "CRUBETH," but skipped the "HOT RAG HOPPER," the "GREAT HELP" office, the "ONE HALF RIAS" dressmaker's shop and the "SLY WARE" office, ending my tour at the "COFFIEPOTS," where I found THE AMERICAN BOY awaiting me.

—The Gopher.

28. LETTER REBUS.

EEEEEEEEEE
E E E
E t h e e E d a e r I a w
E E E
EEEEEEEEEE

—Frank C. McMillan.

29. PHONETIC CHARADES.

Example: A consonant and a head-land form to flee from danger. Ans.: S—cape, escape. 1. A consonant and an organ of a fish form pertaining to elves. 2. A vowel and tardy form to raise the spirits. 3. A consonant and a funeral pile form imperial power. 4. A vowel and a Turkish governor form to yield submission. 5. A consonant and confidence form to commit to the care of. 6. A vowel and profit form once more. 7. A consonant and shyform to ensnare. 8. A vowel and yeast form a number found in the multiplication table. The phonetic letters taken separately in order spell a drink that is good for American boys. —Queen Zero.

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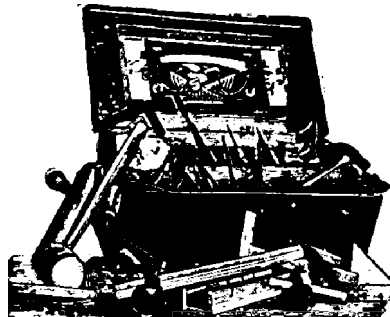
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THE AMERICAN BOY

MONTHLY
Vol. 4, No. 6

Detroit, Michigan, April, 1903

PRICE, \$1.00 a Year
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The Syndicated Foot—Joseph Blethen

PUGET SOUND in summer is a campers' paradise. Broad expanses of salt water, thousands of bays and inlets, islands that are bits of dense wilderness, beaches that are peopled with shellfish, and small ranches where wonderfully fruitful orchards grow; all these make a land which once visited is always to be loved.

The "Johnnies" had been camping at Pole's Pass for two summers and their plans for the next outing contemplated the purchase of a sailboat in which they should make a cruise completely around Orcas Island, with a two or three days' stop at the Pass. Dr. Runner had offered the "Johnnies" his sailboat for two hundred dollars and the "Johnnies" had accepted. They intended to save twenty five dollars each that winter, and the resulting three hundred dollars would have been enough to purchase boat and supplies.

Now, a sailboat big enough to take twelve boys cruising must be quite roomy, even though a journey around Orcas Island in July, when undertaken by boys of nineteen years of age, makes but little baggage necessary. A tent, blankets, a Klondike stove, tin dishes, canned goods and potatoes are enough. The ranches, the Sound and the beaches will supply the remainder abundantly. But to obtain such a boat for two hundred dollars, even though it be at second-hand, was a rare opportunity and the "Johnnies" talked of little else that fall. Indeed, their plans became a subject of general comment in the little town, which held but twenty five hundred people, and before Christmas Dr. Runner's boat, as she lay moored behind Commercial Dock, came to be called "the Johnnies' boat."

There were three sets of boys in the town that winter; the Chappies, the Johnnies and the Brownies. The Chappies were the unmarried men of local society and were so called because the still younger sets thought them effeminate, and chaps who wouldn't go camping unless the young ladies accompanied them. The Johnnies got their name from the fact that seven out of the twelve boys in that set were named John. And the Brownies were so dubbed because they were little.

A little town of twenty five hundred residents is, the world over, a small democracy for its boys; in the new West it is also a fair field for the elders. A man is judged by his efforts. There is an indifference to family position, and society is formulative. And so the Johnnies were well to do or poor with utter indifference, the former going to school, the latter earning their living in various unskilled callings.

More than one attraction at the theatre that winter was passed by, that the Johnnies' fund might increase. Various parties were given for them at the homes of their girl friends, and the Johnnies piled all their obligations in a heap and to meet them gave a big Valentine party in the town hall. The winter before they had given four parties in that hall; but during that time, said the forgiving girls, they were not planning to buy a big sailboat. And the Johnnies promised to take them all sailing many, many times when they should own the boat.

April first came, finding the fund with an average of fifteen dollars credited to each of the twelve. But

on that same day John Hemmingway, one of the Johnnies, who worked in the big sawmill, played an All Fools' Day joke on a big Swede, who flew angry and pursued his tormentor. John sprang over a bench, slipped and fell, and a whizzing trimming saw cut off his right foot. And that night eleven Johnnies sat on the hospital steps and waited, while the twelfth lay inside under the sympathetic hands of Dr. Runner.

For the first time in their boyish years they felt an irresistible blow; the kind with which Fate makes men out of Johnnies. Their first feeling was of disappointment in disarranged plans. But as the days went by they began to imagine how John Hemmingway would look on crutches, and then they planned a cot for the sailboat on which he could lie during the cruise. But when John could sit up and they were allowed to visit him, they received another blow.

"I can't go camping," said the crippled John, sadly. "I'll be deep in debt when I get over this. And I've no trade. I must study bookkeeping or shorthand while I'm getting well."
"Debts! Obliga-

ridicule his comrades, his true colors were never doubted. Looking back over those happy months they saw John Hemmingway always in the midst of the fun, and never shirking the responsibilities. Moreover, he had earned his own way ever since coming to that new town on Puget Sound, for he had no kin west of the Mississippi.

And so, talking it over, one said that if Johnny couldn't go cruising, he shouldn't go. Another said that, if Johnny needed money, they ought to help him. Then, without knowing just how it started, they found themselves planning John Hemmingway's future. The first definite step was taken when they sent a committee to ask Dr. Runner to free them from their promise to buy his boat.

Dr. Runner received them in his office, which he maintained in a vine-covered addition to his house.

"H'm," said the doctor, smiling at their announcement, when they had expected a frown, "going to buy John a foot?"

The Johnnies had not thought of a foot. They had pictured their comrade as of necessity on crutches.

"Do you mean a wooden foot?" asked one of the committee, rather in doubt.

"Not necessarily so," replied the doctor. "They make artificial limbs very light nowadays. When John is thoroughly well he can wear a foot in a way that will puzzle you to tell which is his own and which the bogus member."

"Well, it's this way with us. Johnny is alone in the world. He says he must learn bookkeeping or shorthand, or some such indoor trade, and he wants to begin studying as soon as he can. We thought we might help him instead of buying your boat. We hadn't thought of a foot. But if he needs a foot, why, we might buy that."

"What will a good foot cost?" asked another member of the committee.

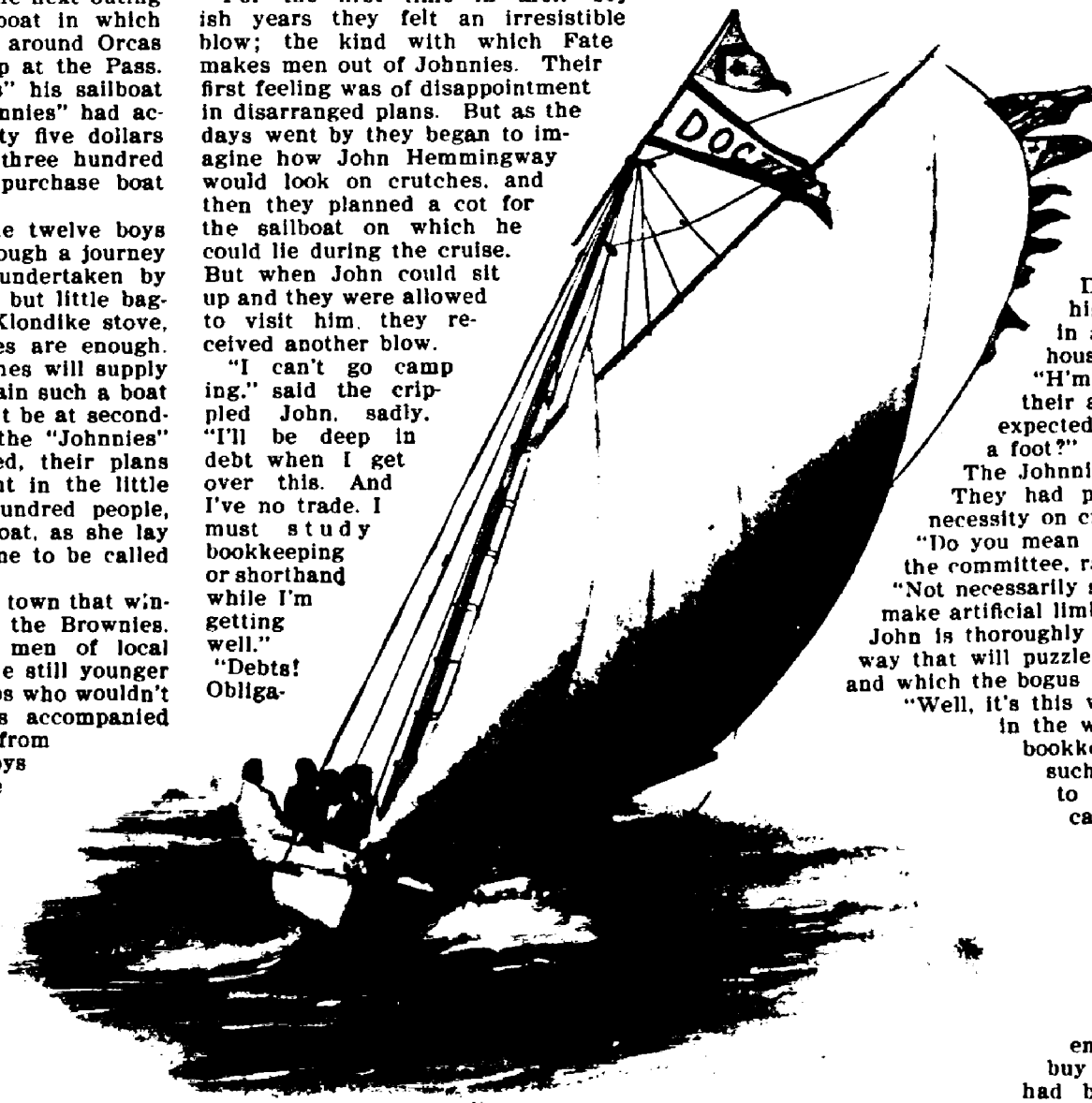
The doctor knew the plans entertained by the Johnnies to buy his boat; he knew what hopes had been built upon those plans.

He appreciated, even as those frank-hearted boys did not, what a praiseworthy sacrifice their action would mean. He was himself that manner of physician who values tact as one of his greatest aids. He saw in the present suggestion more than did the Johnnies, and he proceeded to act upon it.

"If you boys," said the doctor, "will allow your three hundred dollars to go to pay John's hospital expenses and get him a foot, I'll throw in my bill. More than that, I will take him into my home, where he can stump around and grow strong, during the time he is studying his shorthand. Now, call your crowd together and let me know your decision."

The delighted committee tore around the town hunting out their comrades, and, when the eleven

(Continued on Page 187.)



From photo by Walter P. Miller, Seattle.

tions! Plans for the future! These were new troubles to the Johnnies. They went away thinking, and the sailboat rocked at her buoy unvisited for a week.

In that week the Johnnies discovered many things about their friend which appealed strongly to them. They had always been a lively crowd, with plenty of fun on hand, rainy season or summer. They never hesitated to wear each other's coats or ties, or to get between a fellow-Johnny and his best girl. But their love of mischief was no stronger than their sense of loyalty, and while each was ready to

Napoleon

A History Written for

CHAPTER XIV.

CONQUEST OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL—WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

THE Treaty of Tilsit was ratified July 7, 1807. With this treaty the sun of Napoleon reached its meridian splendor; from that time on its glory waned till its final setting forever in Waterloo. Up to this time the sympathies of every unbiased student of history must go to the man and the people who among the nations of Europe alone sought to maintain the equality of all men before the law, to abolish caste and special privilege, and to promote popular liberty and equal justice as between man and man. From now on the friend and admirer of Napoleon must excuse and palliate and defend, and oftentimes must hide his head in confusion. Eaten up by an ambition born of success unprecedented in the history of the world, Napoleon forgot France, forgot liberty, forgot all but himself, until going from blunder to blunder he fell—never to rise again.

For a few brief months after Napoleon's return to Paris tranquility reigned throughout Europe, but the fires of hatred were smoldering and required but a little breeze to fan them into flame. Nominally, at least, the continent was now united with Napoleon against England, and the Decrees of Berlin promulgated by him by which English goods were to be kept out of France, were made operative throughout the continent, excepting Spain and Portugal. England retorted with a declaration that she would search all merchant vessels, and that neutrals should not be allowed to trade unless they had touched at a British port and paid duties there. Napoleon then declared that any ship submitting to England's demands should be treated as an English ship.

England could not be expected to remain quiet under such provocation. About the middle of August an English fleet, with a force under Sir Arthur Wellesley, appeared before Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, bombarded the city for three days and three nights, destroying public buildings, churches, libraries, and eight hundred of the homes of the citizens as well as hundreds of men, women and children, and received its surrender with that of the Danish fleet. Napoleon was enraged. Alexander of Russia dismissed the British Ambassador from St. Petersburg, and Russia, Austria, Prussia and Denmark declared war on the commerce of England. This would have been greatly to the advantage of Napoleon had he not thrown away the good fortune, thus fallen in his lap, by a blunder almost unexplainable.

English goods were finding their way into Europe by way of Portugal. By a series of intrigues it was agreed between Napoleon and the imbecile King Charles IV. of Spain, in the Treaty of Fontainebleau, that Spain was to furnish 27,000 troops and France 28,000 for the invasion of Portugal, while France was to assemble 40,000 troops as a reserve at Bayonne ready to take the field if England interfered. In November, 1807, the allied armies under Junot poured into Portugal; it surrendered almost without the shedding of a drop of blood, the Prince-Regent fleeing in an English ship to the Brazils. Napoleon's eye was now, if not from the very first, on Spain itself, where a weak king, a profligate queen and her paramour (Godoy), and Prince Ferdinand, the heir-apparent, were intriguing against one another, each at the head of a party of corrupt nobles. Napoleon thought the fruit ripe for the plucking and marched his army of reserves, under Murat, into Spain, and another army of 12,000 through the eastern Pyrenees, and gained by treachery or in the guise of friendship one after another of the Spanish strongholds in the north of Spain.

Each of the Spanish parties supplicated aid from Napoleon in his quarrel against the others. Charles IV. asked protection against his son, and Ferdinand asked the hand in marriage of a Bonaparte princess. Napoleon listened and put off answering, meanwhile pushing his armies slowly but surely into the heart of the country. At last a panic seized the Spanish capital, Charles IV. abdicated the throne, and Ferdinand was proclaimed king. Murat, now in command of the French armies in Spain, surrounded the Spanish capital with 30,000 troops, and on March 23, 1808, with 10,000 men entered Madrid. Charles IV. and Ferdinand now each appealed to Napoleon for recognition. Each was led to believe that something might be had by appearing before Napoleon in person; so in April at about the same time each appeared at Bayonne and had audience with the Emperor. The result was that Charles IV. resigned his crown for himself and his heirs, accepting in return a pension, as did also Ferdinand. Godoy was exiled to Italy and pensioned. Thus Spain and Portugal were added as gems to the crown of the victor, but by means which though comparatively bloodless will not bear



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I. IN HIS CORONATION ROBES.

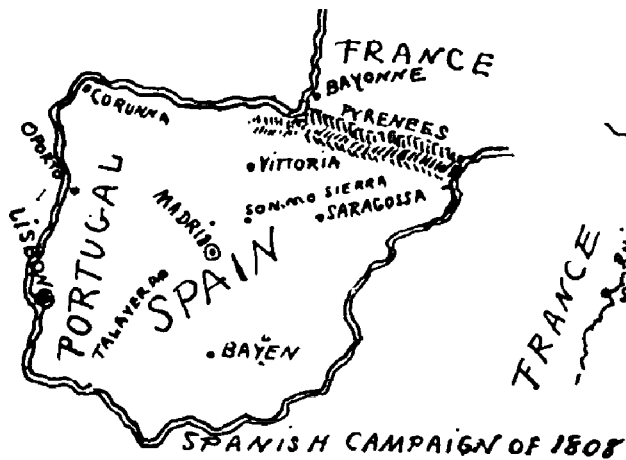
the light of enquiry. But, after all, he was but following the precedent of his times as set by Russia, England and Prussia, whose empires were built after the same method. Napoleon himself seems to have apprehended the danger of the step he was taking in usurping the throne of an old and proud people, for in cautioning Murat against going too fast he says, "Remember, if war breaks out, all is lost."

Soon all Spain was in insurrection. Messages were flying to England invoking aid she was eager to lend, and in every court of Europe there was ill-concealed satisfaction over the fatal step that had thus been taken by the hitherto shrewd conqueror.

With 80,000 troops in Spain Napoleon soon re-established tranquillity in Madrid and summoning the Council of Castile commanded them to elect a new sovereign, which they did by naming Napoleon's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, then King of Naples. Joseph, protected by Napoleon's army, reached Madrid in safety and was crowned King July 24, 1808. Murat, who it is said was disappointed in not being selected by Napoleon, was made King of Naples.

Portugal burst into insurrection and allying herself with the loyal part of Spain concluded a treaty of offense and defense with England. The forces now opposed were gigantic. Napoleon could summon one half a million men commanded by the best generals of Europe, accustomed only to victory. The name of Napoleon was worth an army in itself. Great Britain had a standing army of 200,000, and the largest and best fighting navy in the world. France, with 80,000 troops, held one-half of the fortresses of Spain. The credit of each nation was unlimited and each believed in the justice of its cause.

The first great battle between the French and Spaniards was at Riosseco, July 14, 1808, where 20,000 Spaniards fell. Elsewhere the Spaniards were more successful; in a series of combats divisions of the French army were repulsed or driven back by loyal Spaniards—men and women, who fought together in the ranks headed often by their priests. At Baylen, 20,000 French troops surrendered after a long and desperate battle. Within a few days Joseph Bonaparte fled from Madrid to Vittoria. Then occurred



Bonaparte

Boys by the Editor

the famous siege of Saragossa by the French, in which the Spaniards displayed wonderful bravery and almost unparalleled heroism, resulting in the retreat of the French after a vain effort to overcome the town continuing through two months.

On August 8, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed in Portugal with 10,000 English troops and immediately set out for Lisbon. Junot, commander of the French army in Portugal, had 24,000 troops. On August 21, the two armies met, and the result was a defeat for the French with a loss of thirteen cannon and 2,000 men. In a few days the French withdrew from Portugal under the terms of an armistice by which they surrendered their magazines, stores and armed vessels, on condition that the French soldiers be carried to a French port and be permitted to take with them their private property.

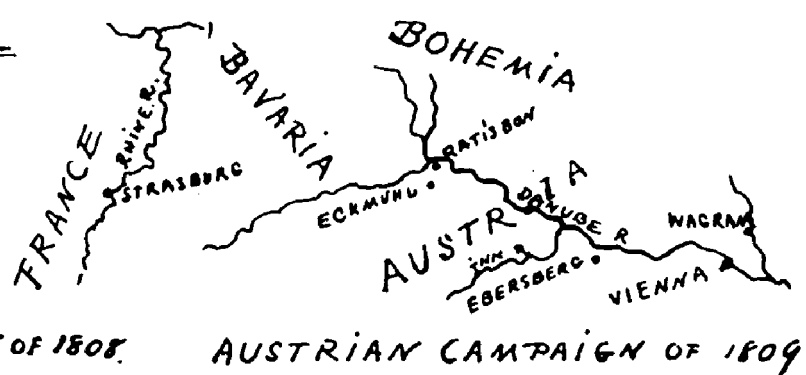
Napoleon now saw that he himself was needed in the field to retrieve the losses of his generals, and determined to cross the Pyrenees with an army that would carry everything before it. There were at this time 60,000 French troops in Spain, opposed by three independent Spanish armies of a total strength of about 125,000. Napoleon, with 200,000 fresh troops, marched through France to the Pyrenees. "Comrades," he said, "let us bear our triumphant eagles to the Pillars of Hercules! * * * What you have done, and what you are about to do, for the happiness of the French people and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart!"

Leaving his army for the moment, Napoleon met Alexander of Russia in a conference at Erfurt, where the two sent a message to the King of England proposing peace. His reply was in the negative. Then giving orders to strengthen his armies in Germany and Italy for fear of Austria, Napoleon hastened to Paris, then to Bayonne, and then to Vittoria, where in an inn he called for a map and in two hours had planned his campaign and put the forces in motion. In an incredibly short time he opened the way to Madrid. On November 30, 1808, Napoleon with his guards reached the defile of the Sommosierra, ten miles from Madrid, and found 12,000 men defending the pass. Sixteen pieces of artillery completely swept the road. Napoleon rode to the mouth of the pass, and surveying the scene, ordered his Polish lancers to charge up the road in face of the battery. The brave fellows, led by General Krazinski, fearlessly obeyed, with the result that the Spaniards fled, leaving their cannon and their dead on the field. Napoleon now encamped about Madrid, which was in a terrible state of confusion, bells ringing, ferocious bands parading the streets, and scenes of violence occurring everywhere. On December 4 the city surrendered and the French army marched in.

After issuing edicts abolishing the Inquisition and feudal rights, and proclaiming an almost general amnesty, Napoleon set out for Portugal, where there existed a feeble Spanish army in scattering detachments and an English army of 33,000 men under Sir John Moore which was advancing into Spain. Napoleon put himself at the head of 50,000 men and started for Lisbon. The English heard of it and at once turned about and began a disastrous retreat, reaching the seacoast at Corunna just in time to embark and set sail—but without their commander, who fell gallantly fighting.

Napoleon did not return to Madrid, as would seem natural, there to complete the work of conquest, but to Paris, where there was urgent need of his presence. For Austria had again declared war. Riding on post-horses, a part of the time as fast as thirteen miles an hour, he reached Paris January 22, 1809. Francis of Austria had never recognized Joseph as King of Spain, and had never forgotten his losses through the battle of Austerlitz. A bribe of \$20,000,000 paid him by England helped him to forget his treaties with Napoleon. Napoleon's keen eye had noted before he left for Spain the warlike preparations of his old enemy and was not unprepared when on April 6, Austria declared war.

A half million men were now under the banners of Francis of Austria, commanded by the Archduke Charles, of whom we have before heard. In a few days the Archduke Charles crossed the Inn with



300,000 men, the Archduke John with two divisions started for Italy, and the Archduke Ferdinand stationed himself with a division where he could repel Russia in case Alexander took up the French cause. Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, at once went to Strasburg, where on April 13 he formed his plan of campaign. He ordered the two widely separated wings of his army, under Massena and Davoust, to march forward and converge to a centre; he himself advanced between them; in doing so the French met in two divisions of the Austrians, which on the 21st surrendered 9,000 men, thirty cannons, and all their stores. By splendid generalship Napoleon now by different routes led the divisions of his army to a point where at the same moment they converged on the divisions of Archduke Charles and after a hard battle (at Eckmuhl) the Austrians left in Napoleon's hands 20,000 prisoners, fifteen colors, and nearly all their artillery. The Archduke made another stand at Ratisbon, but was again routed and fled into Bohemia, leaving Vienna at Napoleon's mercy. On May 10th the conqueror, after a short bombardment of the city, received its surrender and again took up his residence in the palace of Francis.

The Archduke Charles, having recruited his army in Bohemia, posted himself strongly on the left bank of the Danube. Napoleon, coming up on the right bank, found the river swollen and well-nigh impassable. On May 20th, however, by means of a bridge of boats, he succeeded in crossing at Ebersdorff. On the 21st the two armies met, the Austrians being splendidly posted on rising ground and protected by 200 pieces of artillery. The first day's fighting brought partial success to the Austrian arms after terrible carnage. The following morning victory for the French seemed secure, when it was found that fire ships had been sent down the river and that a part of the bridge between the island of Lobau and the right bank was destroyed and Napoleon's army was cut off from the reserve which still remained across the river. Napoleon at once retreated across that part of the bridge that remained on to Lobau and adjacent islands. Here he was cooped up, separated by a raging flood from his reserves, until, on July 4, 1809, he established communications with the right bank and arranged for crossing to the left bank again at a point where the enemy did not expect him. When the Austrians perceived this move they took up their position with the town of Wagram as their center. Here on July 6, a great battle took place. Napoleon poured the whole strength of his army upon the Austrian center, which had been weakened by being extended too far, and after a sanguinary contest Napoleon took 20,000 prisoners, and all the enemy's baggage and artillery. At this battle fell Lannes, a general of magnificent courage, both of his



JOACHIM MURAT,
NAPOLEON'S FAMOUS CAVALRY COMMANDER.

Joachim Murat was born in France March 25, 1771. He was the son of an innkeeper and entered the army as a volunteer, serving in Napoleon's campaign in Italy in 1796-7, and in his campaign in Egypt in 1798-9. He married Caroline, sister of Napoleon, January 20, 1800. In 1804 he was made Governor of Paris and a marshal, and in 1805, prince and high admiral. He commanded the cavalry at Marengo in 1800, at Austerlitz in 1805, at Jena in 1806, and at Eylau and Friedland in 1807. He commanded in Spain in 1808, and became King of Naples as Joachim I. in 1808. He commanded the French cavalry in 1812, and was defeated by the Austrians at Tolentino in May, 1815. He was captured by the Austrians in October, 1815, which was followed by his execution on the thirteenth of that month at Pizzo, Italy.

legs shot away by a cannon ball. Napoleon knelt by his side, his clothing stained by the blood of the hero, and cried, "You will live, my friend, you will live";

but it was not to be so. Thus ended the war with Austria.

To return for a moment to Spain: Saragossa, again besieged, had surrendered to the French. The French under Soult had been defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley at Oporto, as had been Marshal Victor by this same able English general at Talavera. Elsewhere in Spain battles had raged with varied results. Portugal was again in the hands of the English under command of Wellesley (after the battle of Talavera created Lord Wellington).

Napoleon remained in the palace at Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, till October of this year, 1809. Here an assassin attempted to take his life, but was caught just as his dagger was about to enter the Emperor's body. Napoleon asked of the assassin, "What injury have I done you?"

"To me, personally, none," he answered, "but you are the oppressor of my country, the tyrant of the world, and to have put you to death would have been the highest glory of a man of honor."

That Napoleon should quarrel with the Pope of Rome seemed inevitable, seeing that in Spain the Catholic clergy were leading in the insurrections and the Pope had refused to join with him in his war with England. The quarrel culminated in a decree by Napoleon stripping his Holiness of nearly all of his Italian territory and annexing it to the kingdom of Naples. In February, 1809, a French division of the army took possession of Rome itself; the Pope, however, was permitted to remain in the Vatican, attended by his guards. On May 17th the Emperor issued a decree that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was wholly at an end, incorporating Rome with the French empire, settling a pension on the Pope, and appointing a committee for the civil government of Rome. The Pope thereupon excommunicated Napoleon. Then, under pretext that the Pope's life was in danger, the French general in command in Rome arrested the Pope and for over three years he remained a prisoner at Fontainebleau, though treated with great courtesy.

The treaty of peace with Austria brought many changes, chief of which was the giving up by Austria of territory to the amount of 45,000 square miles and a population of nearly four million people, the losing of every one of her seaports, and the payment of \$20,000,000. Napoleon's demands are generally conceded to have been moderate, and a reason for his moderation may be found in the following chapter.

Napoleon left Vienna October 16th, and on the 14th of the following month the public bodies of Paris addressed him as "the greatest of heroes, who never achieved victories but for the happiness of the world."

(To be continued.)

From Street to Store—E. E. Youmans

"Shine, sir?"

The gentleman looked around and beheld a bright-looking boy standing a little behind him.

"Shine, sir," he repeated, and began adjusting his box with such a business-like manner that the merchant became interested. He consented to have his boots repaired upon, and the young bootblack was soon down upon his knees, working with such energy that the gentleman smiled and asked:

"Why do you work so fast?"

"Because this is my busiest time, and I want to get through with you so I can get more shines."

"Well, don't hurry on this occasion. I wish to talk to you, and you'll get through before I can tell you what I want to say."

By this time one boot was polished so bright that you could see your face in it, and as the man placed his other foot upon the box the youth said:

"It won't pay me, sir, to talk now. If I lose so much time I won't get so many shines, and every shine I miss is five cents gone."

"I will pay you for all the time you lose," said the gentleman; "and perhaps you will not care to black boots when I tell you what I have to say."

He paused a moment, then continued: "I am looking for a smart boy in my store to take charge of the blank book counter. If you care to take the place, I think it will pay you better than blacking boots."

"I don't know about that, sir. I make a good deal some days."

"What is your name?"

"Ned Harris, but the boys all call me 'Lightning' because they say I'm so fast."

"Well, Ned, how would you like to come to my store to work?"

"What would I have to do?"

"You could learn to be a salesman, and I think you would make a good one. At any rate if you should persevere in it with as much energy as you display in blacking that boot, your chances would be very good."

"What pay would I get?"

Mr. Carter smiled at this question, and asked:

"How much do you make on an average at boot blacking?"

"From five to six dollars a week."

"What do you do with so much money?"

asked the merchant in surprise. "It doesn't cost that to keep you?"

"Oh, no, sir. I support my mother and little sister with it. My father is dead."

"Ah, is that so? Well, I think all the more of you for that. Where do you live?"

"In Broome street."

By this time Ned had polished the other boot, and as he rose to his feet Mr. Carter said:

"I have taken quite an interest in you, and if you want to come into my store and learn the business I will give you six dollars a week to start with, and advance you as fast as you learn."

This offer at once aroused Ned's ambition. He had always had a desire for a mercantile life, and here was a chance for him to get it, and his eyes beamed with pleasure as he said:

"I accept, sir, gladly; when shall I come?"

"You can call and see me at three o'clock this afternoon. Here's my card, and here's twenty five cents for your labor; and now, good morning."

Mr. Carter walked briskly away, and after looking at the card Ned placed it and the quarter in his pocket, then turned his attention to getting more shines.

Promptly at three o'clock he presented himself at the merchant's store. As he entered he was accosted by one of the clerks, who said:

"Well, Bub, what can I do for you?"

"You can tell Mr. Carter that Ned Harris is here."

"He's engaged now, and can't see you, so you may as well leave," was the rough reply.

The clerk turned away, but he had hardly done so when Mr. Carter appeared from his private office near by, and said severely:

"The young man is my friend, Ford, and you'll do well to treat him with respect." The merchant then ushered Ned into the office, and they remained there for some time much to the surprise of the clerk outside.

The next day Ned went to work in the store. He resolved to do all in his power to gain the confidence of his employer, and to make himself reliable and useful.

He was quick to learn, and soon discovered that two important qualities were essential to his new business—patience and politeness. He therefore took as much

pains to display goods to customers whom he thought would only buy a little as he did to those who would give a larger order.

One day a plain but neatly dressed woman entered the store, and going up to Ford's counter asked to be shown some books. Ford got out a few, and then leaned back against the shelves. He concluded that she would not buy many, and took no further interest in her. His manner, was so offensive that she looked at him in wonder.

She turned away, and Ford began putting up the books with the remark that "some people don't know what they want, nor care how much trouble they give one."

The woman walked on toward the door with the intention of going to some other store, but in passing Ned's counter her attention was attracted by certain books, and she paused, saying:

"Will it be too much trouble to show me those books?"

"Certainly not," said the youth, and in a moment he had the counter littered with books.

Ford watched him intently, concluding that he was a fool to take so much trouble; but Ned continued to show one kind of books after another with untiring patience.

The woman proved to be from a nearby country village, where she kept a store, and she was so well pleased with the attention Ned gave her that before she left he had the satisfaction of selling her a bill of goods to the amount of fifty dollars.

It so happened that Mr. Carter was in his office at the time and had seen the whole proceeding, and while he was disgusted and angry at Ford's behavior, he was more than ever pleased with his new clerk.

"I don't think I made a mistake," he said to himself.

Ned continued to devote himself to business. He was accommodating to all, and soon became known to the customers, many of whom bought of him whenever they came to the store.

This aroused a jealous feeling in the other clerks toward him, but he knew he was right, and decided to pay no attention to it.

Ford, however, determined to do all he could to annoy him, and he took a very mean way of doing it. He contrived to

reach the store ahead of Ned in the morning, and at once littered up the boy's counter with books and papers. To put them back in their proper places gave Ned a good deal of extra work, but he bore it patiently for some time, hoping it would soon cease. In this he was disappointed, however, and he was finally forced to refer the matter to Mr. Carter. He did so, and the merchant was very angry. Calling the clerks together he said:

"I find that you are trying to annoy Harris all you can. I want this stopped at once. If I hear anything more of it I will discharge you. Return to your work now, and let Harris alone in the future."

This had the desired effect. At the same time the feelings of the other clerks toward Ned were anything but friendly, and Ford did all he could to prejudice them against him.

But Ned worked on and improved so rapidly that Mr. Carter decided to advance him at the first opportunity. The promotion came in a few days, and in a way that surprised Ned and the other clerks considerably.

Of late the merchant had noticed that Ford's face was unduly flushed every morning when he came to the store, giving evidence of dissipation. He became more negligent each day, and finally Mr. Carter concluded to speak to him about it.

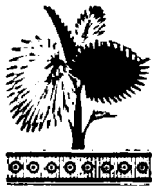
He called Ford into his office one morning and told him what he had to say. A lively discussion followed, in which Ford became very angry, and the interview ended in his being paid his salary and discharged on the spot.

After some deliberation the merchant decided to put Ned in Ford's place, so he summoned him into the office and informed him of his intentions.

"Keep right on in the way you are going, my lad," he said, "and you will yet reach the top."

And Ned kept on. When he took Ford's place the jealous feeling toward him increased for a time, but he treated his fellow clerks as friendly as he could, was polite and accommodating to all, and after a while they became ashamed of their behavior and began to be more civil, and finally became his best friends.

Thus by his own energy Ned Harris worked his way up, as every boy who tries can do, from a lowly position to one of confidence and trust.

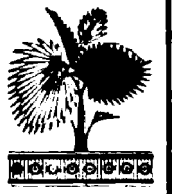


Nita—A Tomboy Soldier

—THE LAST STORY WRITTEN BY THE LATE G. A. HENTY—

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By THE AMERICAN BOY



Synopsis of Chapters I. and II.: Fort Darlinger, on the northwest frontier of India is occupied by three companies of a Punjaubi regiment under command of Major Ackworth. To punish some of the marauding tribes which had recently made an incursion upon the natives under British rule, the major sets out from the fort with two companies, leaving his daughter Nita, and the remaining company under the command of Lieutenant Carter. Nita has been brought up in the army and her education consists mostly in being a first-class shot and a good boxer and fencer, while the usual accomplishments of a young lady have been, in her case, wholly neglected. To remedy her deficiencies her father announces that on his return she is to go to England to attend school. The actions of the natives make Nita uneasy regarding the safety of the fort, and on telling her fears to Lieutenant Carter he agrees that matters look suspicious and proceeds to make everything as secure as possible, including the planting of two barrels of gunpowder underneath a mosque situated near the gateway of the fort. During the night a strong force of natives make an attack upon the fort but are bravely repulsed by the little band of defenders. Nita takes her place in the hospital and attends the wounded. At daylight the natives give up their attack and Carter and Nita discuss the situation, which they agree is a very grave one.

CHAPTER III.

TOWARDS daylight next morning a tremendous fire opened suddenly, and Nita dressed hastily and ran out. Running up to the walls, she saw that a large number of men were approaching the gate, covered by a rain of bullets from the mosque and village, and that, as it seemed to her, an equally strong attack was being made from the other side. The Punjaubis were hard at work, and from the number of dead that covered the ground behind them, she felt how accurate their fire had been. This time the Afridis seemed to have worked themselves up to a pitch of fanatical bravery. Two or three times they halted for a minute, but their leaders came to the front, and, waving their flag, led them forward again. At last, in spite of the fire of the twenty-five men on that side, they reached the gate, at which they began to hack with their heavy knives.

Half a dozen men now ran down from the wall, and, climbing up the barricade, opened fire through the loopholes on the mass below, causing terrible destruction among them. The men who could not get at the gate opened fire at these loopholes, and it was not long before two of the defenders fell, shot through the head. Nita at once went up and took the place of one of them. The two men who had been killed were lying together. Taking careful aim from one loophole she fired—a man dropped; then she shifted her place to the next vacant loophole, and fired from that. Sometimes she lay still for two or three minutes, and then fired several shots in rapid succession from the loopholes; sometimes using one and sometimes the other, and thus avoiding the storm of bullets that followed each shot. She had no sense of fear now. She was proud of doing her share of the work. That she was doing a share she knew, for scarcely one of her shots missed its mark.

Presently the men before the gate began to sneak off, and in five minutes all was over, the Afridis suffering heavily as they retreated across the open. Then Nita went down into the courtyard. As she did so, she saw Carter run across the court to the other side, where the combat was still raging. She mounted the wall a short distance away from it. The enemy had each brought a great faggot, and throwing these down against the foot of the wall, gave a slope almost to the top. On this they had again and again rushed, only to be beaten back each time by the Punjaubis. Fortunately the faggots were insufficient to reach quite to the top of the wall, and the Afridis had to help their comrades up the eight feet between the crest and the top of the parapet, only to fall back shot or bayoneted. The arrival of ten men from the gate turned the tables. With thirty rifles playing upon them the Afridis felt that no more could be done, and retired sullenly, taking advantage of every bit of rising ground or bush to lie down and fire.

"Well, Miss Ackworth, that affair is over. I saw you standing at a distance and was thankful that you did not come up to join us."

"I did my fighting on the other side," she said, with a smile, "you know you said that I might."

"You did," he said angrily. "I shall have to put you under arrest, Miss Ackworth, for disobeying orders."

"Thank you," she said, "but it happens that I did not disobey orders. You particularly said that I might fire through the loopholes of the gate when it was seriously attacked, and I took advantage of the permission to get possession of two holes where the defenders had been killed, and I flatter myself I did some good. I fired thirty shots and know enough of my shooting to be sure that there were not many of them thrown away. The circumstances were exactly what you pointed out. The gate was very seriously attacked, and it was therefore open to me to do a little shooting on my own account."

"It was really wrong of you, Miss Ackworth. The attack was serious, but I never thought for a moment that they would take the gate, and it certainly never entered my mind that you would expose yourself to being killed in this way."

"I took every precaution," she said, "and fired sometimes from one loophole and sometimes from another, and as I must have accounted for twenty-five men at least, I honestly believe that I did as much as any of your soldiers, and probably a good deal more."

"That is all very well," he said; "I don't say that you did not do good service, and I admit that my orders did give you some sort of license; however, this must not occur again, or I shall consider it my duty to order you to keep your place in the hospital and put a sentry at the door to prevent you from coming out under any pretense while fighting is going on. You must remember that I shall have to account for your safety to the major when he returns, and that were anything to happen to you the blame would fall upon my shoulders and would not be put down to your wilfulness. However, should the time ever come when we are driven to our last corner, I shall then authorize you to use your pistol."

Glad to have got off so easily, Nita went down to the hospital. There were but few wounded, and these, as before, had been hit principally on the head and shoulder. Lieutenant Carter came in shortly afterwards. "Let me have a look at your patients, Miss Ackworth; I have gone through the St. John Ambulance course and am pretty good at bandaging. I see that you have taken great pains with the men, but I think that I can possibly make a little improvement here and there. Besides, in some cases, I may be able to get the balls out. It will be more than a week before the surgeon is back with your father, and getting a ball out might make all the difference between life and death. I have brought in a case of instruments the doctor left behind him. Do you think that you could help me?"

"Certainly I could," she said; "I think my first attack of weakness will be my last."

"Well, then, let us set to work."

In two or three of the cases the ball had penetrated the brain, but in the cases where the men had been shot in the neck or arm, Carter managed to find the position with a probe, and in four cases he succeeded in getting the ball out. In each case the patients behaved with heroic fortitude, and although the operation was necessarily painful, bore it without a murmur. When the work was done and the wounds bandaged again, he said: "Now, Nita, a little fresh air would do you good; come with me up to the ramparts. I am going to try the effects of an explosion. It is certain that the enemy are all gathered now in the mosque and village, and possibly after their defeat of this morning a blow will disconcert them altogether, and send them to the right-about."

"I should think it would," Nita agreed. "What loss did they suffer this morning, do you think?"

"I should say at least a hundred and fifty of their bravest men."

They went together to the spot where the train ended. "You go on to the walls," he said, "and watch. I will run up as soon as I have lit the fuse. We calculated that it would last five minutes to the spot where we laid the train of gunpowder."

Nita ran up to the wall and a minute later was joined by the officer. He took out his watch and counted the minutes as they went past. "Now, Miss Ackworth," he said, putting his watch into his pocket again, "the fuse ought to be up in forty seconds, but we must allow a minute or two for miscalculation in the length of the fuse."

Two minutes passed, then there was a deep roar; the mosque came down like a house of cards, and many of the houses collapsed from the shock of the explosion. Timbers and stones flew high into the air.

There was a moment's pause, and then an outburst of wild yells, and screams. "I think that ought to frighten them a bit," the Lieutenant said; "unless their leader has great power among them, and is a man of iron nerves, they would be off. The worst of it is they won't like to return home after the disasters that they have suffered to face their women. The men scarcely know what nerves mean, and they may very well make up their minds to make one last attempt. You may be sure it will be a formidable one, if they do, and they will probably adopt some entirely new scheme. We shall have to be doubly cautious for the next two nights."

Although a sharp lookout was kept, there were no signs of the enemy retreating. At night a scattered fire was opened from the village against the gate, but otherwise the night passed quietly.

"I don't like it," Carter said, the next morning; "the enemy have not gone yet and they have not renewed the attack. I have no doubt that the beggars are up to something. I wish I knew what it was. It worries me."

"It does seem strange," Nita said, "but perhaps they have been burying their dead, which would keep them pretty well occupied all day. However, as we have beaten them off twice with the loss to ourselves of only six killed and eight wounded, I suppose that we shall be able to resist them again."

"I am sure we shall if they attack us openly. It is only the unknown that I am afraid of. I was on the wall the whole night, but except for a continued random fire from the village they were quiet. I wish we had a moon. In that case we could make them out comfortably at a hundred yards, whereas on these dark nights one can't see twenty."

The officer's provision of danger told upon Nita, and when she reached the bungalow that night she dressed herself in Carter's uniform, cut her hair right close to her head, and lay down in readiness to leap up at the first alarm.

Had anyone been keeping special watch in the



They were met with a stream of musketry.

courtyard they would have seen a number of dark figures clustering between the wall and the hospital. During that and the preceding night eighty Afridis had gathered at the foot of the wall, crawling forward, one by one, on their stomachs. They were armed only with spear and knife, and with these had attacked the wall noiselessly, working the stones out one by one, unobserved and undreamt of by the watch on the wall above. The first night they had almost completed their work, and by three in the morning of the second had made an opening through which two men could pass abreast; then one had gone back to the village, and presently a stream of men were passing into the wall.

When all was ready they burst out with triumphant yells. They were, however, ignorant of the position of the various buildings and scattered in different directions. A moment later the bugle sounded, and twenty men in reserve at once made a rush to the mess house. The defenders of the wall came running down the various steps leading from the battlements. Many of these were cut down on the way, but twelve of them managed to join their comrades at the mess house.

Nita had just sprung up when the first yell broke out, seized her revolver and a box of cartridges, and had reached the mess house just as the party in the yard came in. The door was kept open until the last fugitive entered, desperately wounded and followed by a mob of the exulting Afridis.

Each man had been instructed as to the place he should take up in case they were driven from the wall, and the pioneers took their places in stern silence.

"Where is Lieutenant Carter?" Nita asked, "has anyone seen him?"

"I am here, Miss Ackworth, and, thank God, you are, too. I was one of the last to come in, for I hung round your bungalow to be sure that you got in."

Someone struck a light; candles and lanterns had been placed on the table, and Nita took a match-box from her pocket and lit several of them.

"Hullo, Miss Ackworth, is that really you?" said the astonished lieutenant as soon as a light was struck.

"Really and truly," she said; "you rather scared me yesterday by your talk, so I made myself up in your uniform before I lay down."

"You did very well," he said, "and I should certainly take you for a lad who had just joined the regiment. Well, I must not stay here. The first thing is to go round and rearrange the posts, for we have little more than half our original number here. I shall only leave three or four men on this floor at present, and shall at once open fire from the upper window. I shall be much obliged if you will stay down here."

"Certainly I will do so. I will place myself near the main door and let you know when there is any attack upon it."

"You are a brave girl," he said, "and I wish I had two or three dozen like you."

The Afridis soon pulled down the barricade from the front gate, and the tribesmen swarmed in. Very soon, however, they were obliged to take shelter in the various buildings, for the galling fire from the windows of the mess house rendered it impossible for them to stay in the open.

At daylight firing ceased altogether and refreshments were served out to the troops, and the officer and Nita sat down to breakfast in the mess room.

"There is no disguising it," he said, "that our position is a very critical one. In the first place, have you any idea how these rascals got into the fort?"

"I have no certain idea at all, Charlie," she said, "but I think that in the dark they must have cut out some part of the wall and bored a way in with their knives."

"I should think that it was something of that sort; they certainly did not get over the walls, they could not have done so without being seen by the sentry. That they should have got in has certainly changed our position greatly for the worse. They have shown themselves amazingly determined and enterprising. I have no doubt they will fill every house whose windows bear on ours, and keep up such a fire that we shall not be able to show ourselves. Under cover of that fire they will attack us. We may kill a great many of them, but I fear that in the long run it will come to the same thing. Our only hope, I think, lies in the chance that the major has received news of the attack upon us, and has abandoned the purpose of the expedition and is hurrying back to our relief. God grant that he may arrive to-day, or at latest, to-morrow. It is no use our shutting our eyes to the fact that our position is a very grave one."

Nita herself had already seen this, and yet she turned a little pale at her companion's words. "Well," she said, "I am glad indeed that I put on your uniform. One can but be killed once, and if they fail to kill me I shall do it myself. The only thing that troubles me is the thought of father coming and finding that I had been killed," and her eyes filled with tears.

"It is awful; I can say nothing to comfort you," he said, sadly, "but we must keep up each other's courage to the last. There will be no great occasion to keep up yours, though, for you are the pluckiest

girl that I ever saw. As for my own, I am in command here, and must keep up a brave face no matter what I may think."

"I am afraid that I am not so brave as I seem to be. It is as much as I can do really to keep myself from breaking down and crying."

"That is only natural," he said, "and if you would like to have a good cry I will leave you to yourself for half an hour."

"Oh, no," she said, "I don't mean that I am going to, for if I began to cry I don't know when I should stop; and," she added, with an attempt at a smile, "that would shake my hand and I shall want it to be as steady as possible. I think that I can promise that every shot shall tell this time. I dare say it seems horrid to you that I should be so bloodthirsty, but I hate them so for coming in and attacking us like this that I would kill them all with one blow if I could."

"I wish you could, very heartily," he said with a smile. "You have been a great friend to me," he went on, taking her hand; "your high spirits have kept me up and I don't know what I should have done without you. It was your idea of getting up the explosion, which I should say must have accounted for a great number of them, not counting those you brought down with your pistol. You have forgiven my speaking sharply to you, I hope?"

"I have never thought of it since," she said simply. "You were quite right to blow me up, and I felt that at the time. Yes, we have been great friends, and I have told myself scores and scores of times what a little fool I was to have thought that you were rather stupid because you talked so little and didn't seem to care much for entering into the amusements of others."

"No I know that I was not what you call a good comrade, but I could not help it. I fancy I was shy and I did not care much for any of their sports; besides, I knew that they regarded me rather as a killjoy, and that kept me from mixing with them much."

"Well, you have had your turn now, Charlie, and no one could have come out of it more splendidly. You will be a great soldier some day, if——" and she stopped.

"If I live, yes. I hoped some day to have got a chance of distinguishing myself, and the chance has come, but, as you say, it is unlikely that it will ever come again. But, as you also said, one can but die once, and at least I hope that I shall die with credit, and a soldier can wish no more. I would, however, give all the few hours that I might have left to me to have known that you had got out."

"That is all nonsense," she said; "I am only a girl, and a girl's life is not worth anything. If it wasn't for my father I should be fairly content."

"Well," he said, "it is no use talking. We shall have to do as best we can till the time comes. I must go round and see after the men."

CHAPTER IV.

There was but a short cessation of hostilities, and then from every building round a blaze of musketry burst out. The men were at once called down from the upper rooms, where there were no shutters, and planted at the loopholes of those on the ground floor. "Don't throw away a shot," was the order given to them: "keep well out of the line of the shutters, and when you do fire take care that you bring down your man."

So the fight went on all day. The losses of the enemy were far greater than those of the garrison, but the men lost to the latter could be ill spared.

"It is awful to think of the fate of those in the hospital," Nita said, when she took a hasty meal in the middle of the day with Lieutenant Carter. "Four or five of them managed to get in here alive; the rest must have been massacred in cold blood."

"Do not fret over that, Nita; it may be the fate of all of us in a few hours. We shall sell our lives dearly, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the enemy are not far off. A big rush, then the doors will give way, for we have no means of strengthening them; and as there are but two headpieces at the back as well as in front, nothing but the return of the major can save us. There is no doubt that in spite of their losses the enemy are determined to capture the place. We have now only eighteen men left capable of firing a rifle, and they are fifty to one against us. It is of no use disguising it from ourselves. Tonight will see the end of the fight."

"If it must be so, it must," Nita said, quietly. "You don't think that any one is likely to see that I am a girl?"

"Certainly not; your disguise in that way is complete. There is more chance for you and me than for the men, for it is just possible that they may take us and carry us off, as hostages. That means that they will keep us as slaves till they are attacked in such force that they may think it prudent to make terms. The chances are against it, but there is a possibility that that is the course they will take."

"I would rather die than that," Nita said. "I might keep up my disguise for a time, but they would be sure to detect it sooner or later. I dare not think of it."

"I don't think that you would be detected, Nita. I should not detect your disguise myself, and if I who know you could not do so you may well pass with these ruffians. You have plenty of spirit and may very well sustain your character."

"I shall take my own life before I am captured," she said, passionately; "I have quite made up my mind to that."

"That must be your own choice," he said, gravely. "While there is life there is hope, and sooner or later you may be restored to your friends. Sooner than later, I should guess, for you may be sure that when the news of this massacre reaches the authorities they will lose no time in getting together a strong punitive expedition against the tribes, and as soon as they find that resistance is hopeless they will try to make terms on the strength of any hostages that they may have in their hands."

Nita shook her head. "It is all very well for you to give me hope, Charlie, but you know as well as I do that the chances are tremendously against us."

At night, as soon as it became dark, there was a tremendous rush against all three doors. "It is of no use, men," Carter said, in firm tones which rose above the din, "the doors will not hold out five minutes. We will assemble here and fight till the last. We have done all that men can do, and I thank you for the way that you have stood by me, but the odds are too great for us and we have nothing to do now except die like men. They will find that, handful as we are, we can account for a good many of them yet."

The men gathered in a ring with Carter and Nita in the centre. Three minutes later two crashes were heard and the natives burst in. They paused a moment on seeing the compact little body waiting their attack, then with yells of triumph rushed at them. They were met with a stream of musketry, every shot of which took effect, and the crack of the revolvers of Carter and Nita added to the din. In vain the natives endeavored to get possession. Then they betook themselves to the muskets. The ground was speedily piled with dead, but numbers gradually prevailed. The little ring of defenders grew less and less, and at last, when but six men were standing, they burst into them. There was wild fighting for a minute; the men with bayonets did their work, but gradually the din ceased.

Carter was one of the last to fall. Nita had one shot left in her revolver and directed this to her forehead. But at the moment when she was about to draw the trigger she was felled to the ground by a blow from the butt of a musket. Then the Afridis, seeing that all was over, scattered for plunder, leaving the bodies of the slain where they lay. Daybreak had dawned when Nita opened her eyes. She saw that Carter, herself and two others had been removed from a heap of slain and placed by themselves. She closed her eyes again with a shudder and yet with a feeling of relief. The removal of the three men as well as herself must have been the result of an examination of the slain, and like herself the other three must have been found breathing. Her head ached as if it would split and she lay for a long time without moving. Then two men who were evidently chiefs came up and examined them.

There was some discussion between them and then Carter and another were carried out, and she and the remaining man, who was one of the native officers, were also carried out. The wounds of the four were all roughly bandaged and then Carter and his companion were lifted up by four natives and carried off. Nita remained for another hour. By this time the court had been completely ransacked. Then she and her companion were also placed on stretchers and carried out of the fort, which was at once set on fire in a dozen places. Some water was given them and the tribe then started off. Nita lay with her eyes closed all day, scarcely able even to think, for her head throbbed as if it would burst. They traveled fast and did not halt till nightfall. Then she was given a piece of dry bread and a little water. She made an effort to eat, but it was useless; she drank most of the water, however, and soaked her handkerchief in the rest, and placed it up to her head, and managed at last to doze off to sleep. In the morning she felt better. The chief then came up to her and spoke. She shook her head and he went away and presently returned with one of the tribesmen who had served in a Punjauhi regiment.

"Who are you?" he asked, and in that language which Nita could speak fairly well.

"I am an officer in the regiment," she said, "and am a relation of the major." The man translated it to his leader; he looked pleased.

"Tell him that he will be my servant," he said, "and will be well treated if he gives no trouble, but if he attempts to escape he will be shot at once."

This was translated to Nita. Then he went on: "You are very young to be an officer; you are no more than a boy."

"I am young," Nita replied, "but when one has a major for a relation one can get a commission at a much younger age than he otherwise would."

(To be continued.)

A Boy's Garden in the North

Dr. Hugo Erichsen



LUTHER BURBANK.

Creator of New Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits.

IN NORTHERN latitudes, where the gardening season is short, boys will derive much more satisfaction, as a rule, from hardy plants than from annuals. The former increase in size and beauty from year to year, and many of them multiply so rapidly that a whole garden may be stocked with the prolific varieties in a comparatively short time, at an insignificant outlay of money. Take Rudbeckia Golden Glow, for instance. Less than three years ago I procured two small specimens of this plant at an expenditure of twenty cents. It spread so rapidly, in my backyard garden, that I was compelled to take up most of it, subdivide it and give it away in order to keep it in check. In this way I must have distributed at least one hundred plants of this perennial, which, in turn, as time goes by, will become the parents of hundreds of others and stimulate the generosity of their owners, until whole sections of my native town are radiant with golden bloom. Left to itself, the rudbeckia grows like a weed and soon takes possession of a garden.

One great advantage of hardy plants is that, when once established, they practically take care of themselves and require very little attention, outside of sprinkling and pruning. It is safe enough to lop off dead branches, wherever and whenever found, but otherwise the pruning knife should be used sparingly, unless directed by intelligence. A book on pruning may be found in almost every public library and from it directions may be readily gleaned to trim the limited number of shrubs that adorn the average home grounds. In the absence of these directions, it would be preferable not to interfere with the shrubs at all and to let nature take her course. Unintelligent pruning will only result in the mutilation of a specimen, instead of stimulating its growth by confining the nourishing processes to healthy parts.

Some plants, like some persons, are peculiar. It will not do to prune the lilac in the fall or early spring, for instance, as it carries its buds for the coming season throughout the winter. People who do not know this sometimes commit the mistake of trimming their lilacs in autumn, and then wonder why they fail to bloom. You might as well cut a dog's head off and then expect him to bark. Knowing the peculiarities of the plant, it is plain that the proper time to trim it is shortly after it is through blooming, that is to say, before the new buds are formed.

The modern garden might be termed an index of civilization. Every part of the world has been laid under tribute to supply it with new forms of plant-life. The aster was derived from China, the rose and azalea from India, and the lilac from Persia. But no country has done as much in this respect as Japan. The Yankees of the East are great plant lovers. They fairly worship the cherry trees, when in bloom. By careful selection they have evolved some types of flowers that can scarcely be improved upon, which is particularly true of some of their chrysanthemums.

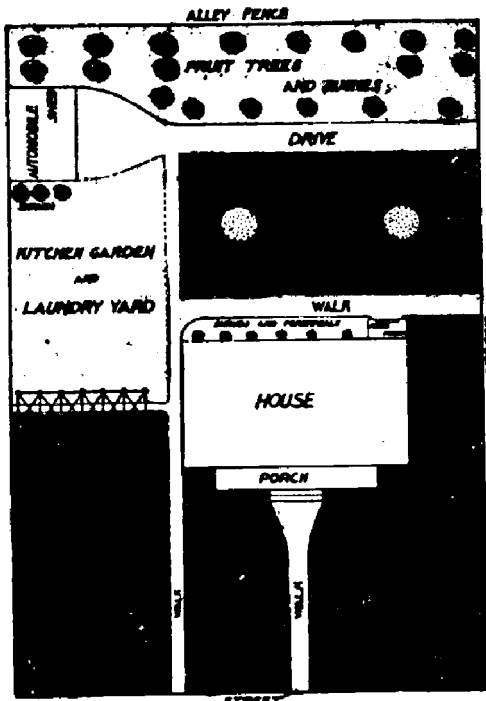
In the person of Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, Cal., America possesses a wizard of the first order in the floricultural and horticultural world. He has created many new flowers, vegetables and fruits, by what is called cross-breeding, and will always be regarded as one of the great benefactors of his race. Among the new fruits that he originated is a prune that bears neither seed nor stone and is propagated by grafting. In grafting the budding shoot of one plant is inserted into the stem or branch of another. Curiously enough, the characteristics of one plant are transmitted to another in this manner. Burbank has also produced a cross between an apricot and a Japanese plum, under the name of "Plumcot." This combination is as distinctly a new fruit, as though it had been handed down from another planet and possesses the desirable qualities of both of its parents. His new rose "Coquito" is a continual bloomer, but not hardy much further north than Philadelphia. Burbank's latest floral wonder is the "Shasta Daisy." It is hardy, in his

own words, "wherever it is not cold enough to kill oak trees." Being a perennial, it blooms better and more abundantly each season and multiplies rapidly. The flowers are extremely large and graceful, averaging about a foot in circumference, with three or more rows of petals of the purest glistening whiteness, on single, strong, stiff, wiry stems, nearly two feet in length. Shasta daisies were originated by combining the weedy, but free flowering, American species with the rather large, but coarse, European species and the Japanese species, after which rigid selection through a series of years produced the present wonderfully useful and beautiful strain. Many new and graceful forms have lately appeared among the Shasta daisies and well-marked colors are now appearing in a flower which was never before seen except in white.

Mr. Burbank's portrait is reproduced from a photograph he recently had the kindness of sending me. It well shows the studious nature of the man, which contributed so greatly to his success.

The list of hardy shrubs and plants is so very extensive that I must refer my boy friends to the catalogues of reliable nurserymen for a comprehensive consideration of them. I will only mention a few that have proved particularly useful in my own garden. Among the shrubs I would especially commend the "Bridal Wreath" and "Van Houtte's" spires, the pink and white flowering almonds, the common snowball, the mock orange, Thunberg's Berberis, Deutzia Gracilis, the Japanese rose (Rosa Rugosa), weigelas, the hardy hydrangea, the Japanese quince, the snow-berry, the golden-leaved elder, and the High Bush Cranberry.

As regards hardy plants, I will also have to confine myself to a few, with which I am personally familiar. Peonies are always of great decorative value, particularly the white and pink varieties. Nor should columbines, larkspurs and foxgloves be omitted from any enumeration of our most useful perennials. And who, once having cultivated them, would



SUGGESTION FOR GARDEN IN THE NORTH

care to miss the modest buttercup and showy bleeding heart from his garden? Lilies-of-the-valley spread rapidly when given partial shade. The day-lily, hardy Phlox, Iceland poppy, and lobelia, are also noteworthy in this respect. But for cut flowers, that is to say, flowers to make a bouquet with, nothing surpasses the galliardia, coreopsis, helianthus multiflorus (a variety of sunflower) and the giant daisy.

Of course, every boy will want to have roses in his garden. But if he does not want to court disappointment, he had better avoid all but the most common varieties, such as Gen. Jacqueminot, Harrison's Yellow, Clotilde Soupert, etc., and prepare the spot in which the queen of flowers is to be located by thoroughly enriching and mellowing the soil.

It is quite possible that, somewhere in this great country of ours, among the hundred thousand readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, one or two poor lads may peruse this article with a heavy heart, under the impression that they are debarred from the pleasures of gardening, on the score of expense. But for them nature has provided a great storehouse of floral treasures in the woods and fields. Most farmers will readily give them permission to help themselves to any useful plants they may discover, and the search for new acquisitions will in itself afford pleasure and provide an incentive for frequent open air excursions. Gradually the boys will acquire a knowledge of the habits of wild flowers that will enable them to transplant the trillium safely from the woods, take the flowering dogwood from the swamp, cull the wild lilies from the roadside, and select the most perfect daisies

and goldenrods from the fields. All of these flowers, and many more from the same source, thrive under cultivation.

The seeds of annuals may also be procured quite cheaply and offer an almost unlimited variety of floral splendor. What a multitude of shades, for instance, may be found among the sweet peas. And then there is the aster, in its variety of form and color, both dwarf and tall.

How many of my boy friends, I wonder, are familiar with the snowdrop that heralds the coming of spring. Sometimes this beautiful white flower puts in an appearance before the snow is quite gone, while Jack Frost still hovers about ready to punish any plant that dares to defy his authority. It is quickly followed by the many-hued crocuses that have been planted on the grass plot the preceding fall and now look like blossoms plucked by some wilful child and scattered at random over the lawn. Before the grass is long enough for mowing this pretty flower is out of bloom. Curiously enough crocuses are not injured in the least by successive croppings with the lawn mower, but come up season after season, as though nothing had happened.

In my garden the spring bulbs and forsythias bloom at about the same time—in April. The forsythia is also known as the golden bell and possesses the peculiarity of blooming before its foliage appears. As the bare branches are studded, however, with dense masses of small yellow flowers, these shrubs produce a very pretty effect. In most gardens Fortune's forsythia will give better satisfaction than the variety known as the Viridissima. The Dutch bulbs, that is to say tulips, hyacinths and narcissi, should be planted in October for spring blooming, preferably in beds, as isolated specimens do not attract much attention. Color effects of perfect harmony may be secured by proper arrangement.

Among the bulbs that bloom in the summer and early fall gladioli, tuberoses and dahlias are most noteworthy. For cultural directions of the plants mentioned in this article my boy friends are kindly referred to the catalogues of florists and nurserymen. Moreover they will find that every package of seeds bears directions and that no class of men is as eager to impart information as the propagators of flowers, fruits and vegetables.

During the early months of the year much may be done in hastening the maturity of vegetable plants by sowing the seeds in shallow boxes in the house. When the second leaf appears the little plants are shifted to small flowerpots and ultimately transferred to the garden. But in large cities it hardly pays to do this, as plants of tomatoes, cabbages, etc., may be purchased at a very low price. Grown by professionals, who have made a study of the business, these are generally more satisfactory than the seedlings of the amateur gardener.

I shall take it for granted that that part of the lot selected for a kitchen garden has been thoroughly dug over and fertilized. If well-rotted cow manure is not obtainable for this purpose, artificial fertilizers will answer.

At the close of April, garden work begins in earnest. Cabbage, cauliflower, radish and lettuce seeds may now be sown in the open ground. Parsley may also be sown out of doors, as soon as the ground can be worked. Time may be gained with peas by sprouting them indoors, before planting them in the open air. The same method applied to potatoes yields early tubers. Spinach should be sown early and every two weeks after the first sowing, if a succession is desired.

In the early part of May, it is well to start Lima beans in pots, as they require a long time to mature. During this month bush beans, started in the house, may also be planted in the open ground as soon as the weather becomes settled, and beets sown for succession. At the end of May cucumbers may be sown out of doors. I find it a good plan to put half a dozen cucumber seeds in a wooden berry box (the kind strawberries are marketed in), about the middle of April. In transplanting these seedlings to the open ground, it is only necessary to prepare a small hill, with a plentiful supply of well-rotted manure in it (about two shovelfuls to the hill will be enough), break up the box and insert the plants. If they are thoroughly watered before this is done, they can easily be transferred in this manner, with the earth intact. When the plants have become fully established, better results are ensured by removing all but three. Care should be taken, however, not to set out the plants until no danger from frost need be apprehended, as the cucumber is very tender.

It has been found that lettuce seed does not germinate well in warm weather. For this reason it should be sown in a shady spot, after the beginning of June. As fast as the bush beans are removed, their place may be taken by sweet corn, cabbages and cauliflower, for a late crop, may still be planted during the month of roses, but as they are comparatively cheap and take up a great deal of space, it is questionable whether it would not be better to exclude them. Wax beans and radishes may still be sown in June and July for succession.

With me, the vegetable gardening season closes with the harvesting of Brussels Sprouts. In the past year I removed the last crop of this delicious vegetable from my garden in the middle of November. The edible part of the plant consists of sprouts that grow in the leaf-axils.

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Joe Jolly Boy

I was born in the land of Siam, in the southern portion, which is French possession. My father was a French soldier and my mother a native woman, and I was the second child born to them. The first was also a boy, and being three years older than I he had the care of me to a great extent.

My name may strike you as queer, and I will explain how I got it. Our family name is Bart, and my given name is Paul, but I was so full of mirth, even as an infant, that I made everybody smile with me. As a youngster I was laughing from morning till night, and nothing ever put me out of temper. One day, when I was about ten years old, father brought a comrade home with him, and when this man heard me singing and laughing he said to my parents:

"Your boy is so jolly that you ought to change his name. If I were you I'd call him Joe Jolly Boy."

My parents smiled at the idea, but in a little time they began to call me Joe and Joe Jolly Boy, and by the time I was ten years old everybody used the name in speaking to me. The same soldier who gave me the name also put queer ideas into my head. When he came a second time he sat down with me on a bench at the door and said:

"Joe—Jolly Boy, when you get to be a young man you should pay a visit to the island of Jolly Land. It is situated half way across the China Sea in the direction of Borneo, and a soldier who was there once has told me some rare tales about the people. It is Jolly Land, indeed, as everybody laughs from dawn till dark."

My comrade was there for four weeks, and he did not see any one weep or even put on a serious face. The people are not like us in color or build, and there are very strange animals on the island. What is right-side up to us is upside-down to them. They live in strange houses, eat strange food, and are altogether unlike any people you ever heard of before. Hasten to grow up, and some day you may pay a visit to the people who can laugh as loud and long as you can."

The soldier talked simply to be friendly with me, and I don't think he believed half he said, but my interest was at once aroused. I wanted to set out and find that island and see what was to be seen. Indeed, I was on my way down to the sea shore to find a boat and put to sea when my brother Anak met me and took me back home. I told him what the soldier had said, and he replied:

"Brother, it is all nonsense. I never heard of such an island, and I'm sure father and mother never did. Even if there was, how are you to get to it? It is hundreds of miles away over the water, and if you put to sea in a boat you would perish miserably within four days. Do not think of such a thing."

But I did think of it. It was in my mind day and night, and though I was as jolly as ever I was planning to do a very foolish thing. A week after the soldier had told his story I had determined to set out on a voyage. Had my brother suspected what I was planning he would have told my father, and then I should have been severely talked to and perhaps whipped, but I was very careful in my movements.

Down on the shore beyond our house all the fishing boats were always drawn up at night. I had been out in boats many times, and young as I was I knew something about sailing them. I also realized that I must have food and water in plenty if I was to go to sea.

The soldier had said the island was far away, and I might be two weeks reaching it. The water I could get by filling one of the boat kegs at the spring, but most of the food I must get at home. It took me a week to secrete the quantity I wanted, and then I gathered bananas, oranges, lemons and other fruit to add to it, and one night I crept out of bed, made up a bundle and slipped out of the house without any one being the wiser.

There were no fishermen on the beach, and having filled my keg and stowed away my food I shoved the boat into the water and set out on the strangest voyage a boy ever undertook.

I was going to brave perils and dangers I did not dream of, and to have adventures that might bring fear to the heart of a strong man. I did not realize this, however, and had anyone been about when I sailed out upon the dark waters he would have heard Joe Jolly Boy laughing as he set out for the unknown Jolly Land.

As the wind was off shore and I had selected a fast sailing boat I was soon at sea, and had I been missed and pursuit made, the darkness was too great for any one to have espied me. I was not at all afraid, for I was used to the sea, and not at all lonesome, because I was setting out on a wonderful voyage.

I truly and honestly believed every word the soldier had said about Jolly Land and its queer people, and of course I expected to meet with many adventures and have things to tell upon my return. If any one had been with me that night he would have heard me laugh more than once as I thought of the island where everything was upside-down.

I did not sleep at all during the night, as I wanted to give the boat all my care and be as far away as I could when morning came. Daylight came before I expected it, and as I stood up and looked around I could not see a sail except at



FOOLED THE HOSPITAL

Was Pronounced Incurable But Got Well on Pure Food.

Sometimes in a case of disease resulting from the use of improper food the symptoms are so complex that medical science cannot find the seat of trouble, and even the most careful hospital treatment fails to benefit. A gentleman of Lee, Mass., says: "On April 1, 1900, I was sent home by one of our Massachusetts hospitals, saying nothing more could be done for me. I have been a great sufferer from nervous diseases and rheumatism and nervous prostration and had previously been treated at Sharon Springs and by a number of doctors without getting much assistance."

"One day I was feeling worse than usual when I read an article about your Grape-Nuts that impressed me so that I went out for a package. I commenced using it at breakfast the next day."

"For fifteen months I never missed one day. If you ever saw anyone grow strong and improve it was I. I gained from 125 pounds to my old weight 165. I will always be a cripple from rheumatism but otherwise I am so much improved that I now feel as well as any man in this country." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts that will interest the housekeeper.

Wonderful Boys.

Mozart was a composer at five. Gassendi was a preacher at five.

Lalande composed dramas and novels at ten.

Kotzebue wrote his first composition at three.

John Stuart Mill was a profound thinker at twelve.

Darwin had made a study of plants and animals before he was eight.

Galileo at eighteen invented an instrument that would measure the pulse.

Thomas Young could read at the age of two. At five he had learned a large number of English and Latin poems.

A wonderful twelve year old boy violinist has been discovered in Brooklyn, N. Y. He bears the name of Herman Brede. Professor Hahn, of Columbia College, has recently undertaken the instruction of the boy. The little fellow is quite methodical. He has posted in his room a code of rules which he follows with the utmost care. At 6:30 he rises, has breakfast, practices one hour, studies one hour, and at 9 o'clock is in school. At 12 he has dinner and returns to school and is home again at 3. He plays for half an hour, practices for two hours, then has supper, after which he gives himself a half hour's recreation, practices an hour more, studies for an hour, and at 9 o'clock is in bed. He is a vivacious, buoyant and happy-spirited boy.



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ADVERTISING INSTRUCTION

a great distance. This was well for me, for had any ship come close to me the captain would have insisted on my coming aboard.

I ate my breakfast and whistled and sang and laughed, and the boat sailed on at a good pace for four or five hours. Then the wind died away and I was left becalmed.

Thinking I might catch a nap before the breeze came again I lay down in the bottom of the boat and closed my eyes. I did sleep for a couple of hours, and my awakening was anything but pleasant. The first thing I knew the boat was being lifted out of the water and jostled about in the strangest manner, and when I leaped to my feet it was to find that a whale had come under my craft and bounced her about until it was almost a miracle she was not upset.

The boat and the whale rested on the water side by side, and although I had had a narrow escape from being thrown into the sea and drowned, and was still in peril, I had to indulge in a hearty laugh.

By and by the whale began lashing the water with his tail, and the waves he kicked up were likely to swamp my boat, but I could do nothing but hang on and hope for the best. When I was about ready to give up in despair the monster suddenly sank out of sight, and in a little time the sea grew quiet again. I was very thankful, as you must understand, and had some of you been in my place I think you would have turned back and made the best of your way home.

The calm continued, and when the sun went down he was like a great ball of gold. I had finished my supper, and was softly singing to myself as darkness came down, when all of a sudden another voice reached my ears. It was that of a woman, and she seemed to be humming a tune. There was no ship in sight, and the shore was at least fifty miles away, and I was both puzzled and alarmed. I had been looking about me for fully five minutes when I made out the head and shoulders of a woman who was climbing to the stern of my boat. She had a fair face, long hair and a string of pearls around her neck, and I took notice how white her teeth were.

I was a bit afraid for a moment, but then I remembered hearing the fishermen talk of mermaids, and I felt sure that this must be one. I beckoned to her and called her my dear and said that I was lonesome for company, but she shook her head and smiled. Then I began softly creeping aft, thinking to make a sudden grab and capture her, but she suspected my intentions and swam away from the boat and hummed a merry air and smiled archly.

"I have heard of mermaids," I said to her. "You live in a coral cave at the bottom of the sea, and must meet with many wonderful sights. Won't you come and talk with me? Do not fear that I will hurt you. When I go home I should like to tell the fishermen and others that I have not only seen, but talked with a real mermaid."

It was no use, however. Boy that I was, she was afraid of me, and while I was speaking to her she suddenly sank away into the sea and I did not get another sight of her, although it was a long two hours more before the wind came and I resumed my voyage. This mermaid lived so far from the shore that probably she had never seen a human being before, and she was therefore afraid of me.

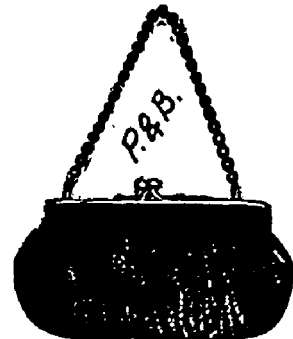
These were two pretty fair adventures for one day, but I was to have a still more stirring one on the morrow, and if you read the next chapter I think you will be interested in what came to me and how I got out of it.

(To be Continued.)

A Big Telephone Exchange.

Only the girls in the telephone exchange in New York City and the officials of the telephone company, know what a vast amount of business is transacted in the American metropolis by telephone. In New York and its suburbs, about 120,000 telephones are in use, more than in all France. These 120,000 telephones are used in ringing up the central stations about 426,000 times a day.

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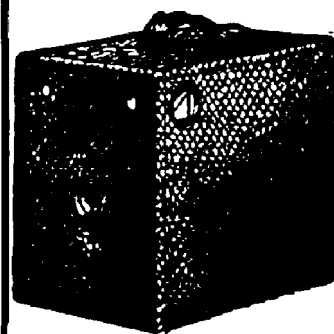
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The Young Man's Administration—Waldon Fawcett

NEVER before in the history of the United States government have so many young men held high positions in Uncle Sam's service as at present. President Roosevelt is the youngest man who has ever held the highest office in the gift of the nation, and it is manifestly his policy to surround himself with keen energetic young men. Inspiration for American boys may be found in the fact that practically every one of the young men who have lately been elevated to high places have risen from humble beginnings solely by their own efforts. Indeed many of them have come up "from the ranks" in the very branches of the government service in which they now hold positions of responsibility and trust.

Perhaps, most prominent among these notable young men is Hon. George B. Cortelyou, who has been made Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, a new branch of the government which has just come into existence. Mr. Cortelyou is the third youngest man who ever held a position in a President's Cabinet. Mr. Cortelyou was born in New York and although he prepared to go to Harvard College circumstances prevented and he contented himself with a common school education. For a time he taught school in New York and then did newspaper work, but his real career began when after studying stenography he secured a position where rapid shorthand work was required.

In 1891 Mr. Cortelyou removed to Washington and secured a position as private secretary to one of the officials in the Post Office Department. When President Cleveland needed another assistant he heard of the bright young man and had him transferred to the White House. There he has been ever since acting as private secretary to three different Presidents—Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt—and earning a salary of \$5,000 a year, which in his new position is increased to \$8,000 a year. One of the secrets of Mr. Cortelyou's great success is found in the fact that he is not afraid of hard work, toiling at his desk until after midnight almost every day. Another manner in which he made himself invaluable was by his carefulness never to make mention to any person of matters which came to his knowledge in the course of his work and which his employers might not wish to have known. Mr. Cortelyou is a musician and gains as much enjoyment from his music as many men do from hunting or fishing or yachting.

The second most important position in the new Department of Commerce and Labor, a post to which is attached a salary of \$100 a week, has been given to another young man—James R. Garfield, son of the late President Garfield, who was assassinated in Washington after serving as Chief Executive for only a few months. Mr. Garfield was born in Ohio and received his education in the schools of his native state and at Williams College, which his father had attended before him. Later he studied law and formed a partnership with his older brother. Mr. Garfield is a firm believer in young men going into politics. He has been in politics—at first in a very small way,—ever since he was old enough to vote and although he has sometimes been defeated he has kept right ahead fighting for cleanliness and honesty in public affairs. It was only a few months ago that the President asked Mr. Garfield to come to Washington to take the place on the Civil Service Commission which Mr. Roosevelt once held himself, and in a short time the young man from Ohio had made so favorable an impression on the President that the latter asked him to take the highly important position of Commissioner of Corporations.

William Loeb, Jr., who succeeds Mr. Cortelyou as Secretary to the President, has gained his present position solely as a result of his own exertions. He is a native of Albany, New York, and he left high school when he had only half completed the course in order that he might strike out for himself. Like Secretary Cortelyou he chose shorthand reporting as a profession and steadily advanced, until he was elected official stenographer of the New York state legislature. When Mr. Roosevelt became governor of New York in 1899 Mr. Loeb was appointed one of the four executive stenographers and his ability soon attracted the notice of Governor Roosevelt who made him his private and confidential secretary. When the Governor was nominated for the Vice Presidency and made his memorable tour of the country Mr. Loeb accompanied him, and when Mr. Roosevelt was elected Vice President the young man was made his secretary. When later Mr. Roosevelt became President he kept his "right hand man" with him as Assistant Secretary, and when Mr. Cortelyou left the White House to assume the direction of the new Department of Commerce Mr. Loeb was promoted to his present position.

Mr. B. F. Barnes, who has just been advanced to the position of First Assistant Secretary to the President and who preferred this position rather than a post as Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce, although the latter would have paid a much higher salary, is another one of the administration's "strong young men." A few years ago he was merely a government clerk



(Continued on Page 196.)

A Page of Fun and Brain Gymnastics

Red and Gray Make White.

Red and gray make white. If you don't believe it, pour a weak solution of caustic soda, colored red with cochineal, into a gray solution of sulphuric acid. The result is a pure white liquid.

To Tell Age.

Tell the person whose age you are endeavoring to learn to put down on a piece of paper (and he does not show you the figures) the day of the month of his birth. Ask him to double it, add seven, multiply by fifty, add his age, subtract 365, multiply by 100, add the number of the month of his birth, and then add 1,500, and give you the resulting figures. You will find in their order the day of birth, the age, and the number of the month of birth. For instance, if one is born on the 25th day of February, and is forty two years of age, the resulting figures would be 254,202. If he is thirty eight years old on the 5th day of September, the resulting number would be 53,809.

To Make an Aeolian Harp.

This instrument can be made by almost any ingenious boy. It consists of a long, narrow box of very thin deal, about five or six inches deep, with a circle in the middle of the upper side an inch and a half in diameter. In which are to be drilled small holes. In this side, seven, ten or more strings, of very fine gut, are stretched over bridges at each end, like the bridges of a fiddle, and screwed up or relaxed with screw pins.

The strings should all be tuned to the same note, and the instrument be placed in some current of air, where the wind can pass over its strings with freedom. A window, the width of which is equal to the length of the harp, with the sash just raised to give the air admission, is a proper situation. When the air blows upon the strings of the harp, with different degrees of force, it will excite different degrees of sound; sometimes the blast brings out all the tones in full concert, and sometimes it sinks to the softest murmurs.—New York American

A Mathematical Rhyme—G. M. L. Brown.

In the following verses you must supply numbers where the dashes occur. In one case, you will find, a Roman numeral is needed. Be sure not to place a figure that will injure either the rhyme or the meter. When you have finished add your numbers; they should amount to 156. This includes the numbers twelve and fifty.

When Jimmie —d was twelve years old
He showed no —dency — work;
His father, kind, —bore — scold,
Till Jim, he saw, would be a shirk.

"See here, my boy," said he — day,
As Jim a hearty breakfast —,
I —der who the bills would pay,
If no — worked from morn till I —."

Your —tune will not come unless
You strive, and I — told you once,
I've told you fifty times, success
Will ne'er at —d the lazy dunce."

"So quicken up your g—, my lad;
He — they pass you in the race;
—hibit character; be glad
It's not — I — take your place."

FAT BABIES

Are Famous Sleepers

The saying: "Sleepy as a fat baby," expresses a good deal, for fat babies are famous little fellows to sleep. What a contrast is their refreshing rest to the pitching and tossing of a sleepless coffee drinker. A good elder of Springfield, Ill., found a way to bring refreshing sleep in place of insomnia. "Until three years ago," he says, "for 15 years I was troubled with a throbbing in my stomach, was very nervous, kidneys out of order, troubled with severe headaches and dreadful insomnia.

"After trying all sorts of remedies I came to the conclusion that my troubles were the result of drinking coffee, and seeing an article in the paper about Postum I determined to try it. So I quit coffee and took on Postum. It agreed with me from the first cup. At first I drank it diluted, then pure. I relaxed it, too, and to my great joy I was soon free from stomach trouble, nervousness all gone and head clear, and instead of being wakeful for half the night I sleep like a fat baby and get up in the morning refreshed. This I owe to having quit coffee and taken to drinking Postum." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

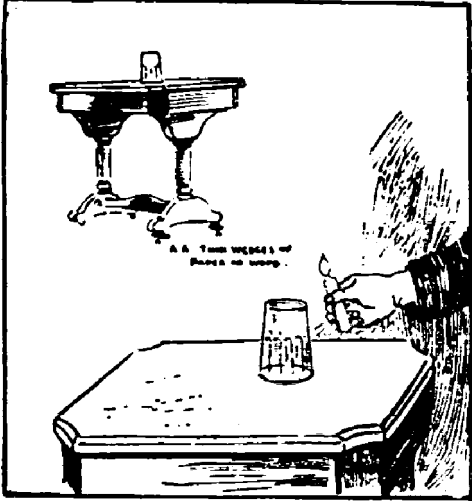
Nothing marvelous about it, but there is a reason. If healthy sound sleep is worth anything to you, drop coffee and give Postum a short trial—say ten days. That will tell the tale.

The Mysterious Tumbler.

Here is a little experiment that is mysterious enough to those that witness it to seem like magic, and yet it simply is an illustration of a well-known principle of natural philosophy. All you need to make the experiment is a marble-top table, such as may be found in any parlor or sitting room, a glass tumbler, and a piece of candle.

You first put under the two legs at one end of the table thin wedges of wood or paper, to give the table a very slight incline in the direction of the other end. If you wish to make the feat all the more mysterious, you should put the wedges under the legs when the company is not looking.

Now take a plain glass tumbler and moisten the rim carefully, so that the water will stick to it, or at least enough



of it to make a thin coating of moisture. Place the tumbler, rim down, on the end of the table where the wedges are, and it will not move, for the incline, if you have not made the wedges too thick, will not be great enough to make the tumbler move by gravity.

But you are going to make the tumbler move of itself, so that it will seem to do so by some magical power. To do this light the piece of candle and hold it near the tumbler for a few moments. The heat from the candle will cause the air in the tumbler to expand, and this expansion will have the effect of raising the tumbler just a little from the smooth marble. The air cannot escape, however, because the water around the rim of the tumbler keeps it in.

Then the tumbler will begin to move slowly along the marble top, for the slight elevation that the expanded air has given it makes it now rest on a thin layer of moisture, and it glides down the incline by the force of gravity.

How to Draw an Oval.

Of course, you all know how to make a circle. That's easy, and there are numberless ways of doing it—with a pair of compasses, or a string, or a piece of paper with two holes punched in at the requisite distance apart, or in any other way that fancy may suggest.

But how many of you know how to draw a perfect oval? That's a very different matter. It does not require any elaborate instruments to do it, however, and if you will follow the directions given below, you will find yourself able to do it without any difficulty.

Take two stout pins and stick them firmly into the table, through the sheet of paper on which you wish to draw the oval, about two inches apart. Then tie together the ends of a bit of string, about eight inches long, so as to form a loop, leaving two loose ends, each about an inch long. When you have done this, tie the loose ends into a smaller loop, which need not be larger than sufficient to admit the point of a pencil.

Now, place the larger loop over the two pins and, putting the point of your pencil through the smaller loop, stretch the string as far as it will go and circle all around the pins. You will find that in moving from one pin to the other the string forms an ever varying triangle, and that the figure described in passing all around the pins is as perfect an oval as the most delicate instrument can produce.—New York American.

The Game of Contrary.

Two players hold out a light walking stick or umbrella between them. A third player traces mystic circles in the air with his forefinger, saying solemnly, "Here we go round by the rule of contrary. When I say 'hold fast,' let go; when I say 'let go,' hold fast." He then suddenly and sharply cries out, "let go." In nine cases out of ten the players will drop the stick instead of holding fast. They will be anxious for another trial, but the chances are they will be caught napping the second time as easily as they were the first.

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The Boys' Brain "Gym."

Walton Griffiths, Chicago, Ill., sends the following brain puzzlers:

U 0 a 0 but I 0 U,
O 0 no 0 but O 0 me;
O let not my 0 a 0 go;
But give 0 0 I 0 U so!

The answer is:
You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;
Oh sigh for no cipher, but Oh, sigh for me;
Oh let not my sigh for a cipher go;
But give sigh for sigh for I sigh for you so!
(2) What sea would make the best bedroom? Ans.—Adriatic.—(A dry attic.)
(3) What goes all the way to New York without stopping? Ans.—The railroad.
(4) What could you fill a barrel full of to make it weigh less? Ans.—Holes.
(5) What is the heaviest horse on the road? Ans.—A led (lead) horse.
(6) What relation is the doormat to the scraper? Ans.—A step farther (father.)
(7) What word in the English language is longer when it is shorter and longest when it is shortest? Ans.—Short.

Charles C. Curtis, Amesville, O., sends the following:

What ship has two mates but no captain?
Answer: Courtship.
Why is a jeweler like a jailer?
Answer: One sells watches and the other watches cells.
The first boy mentioned in the Bible is Chap. 1.
When does a dog become larger and when does it become smaller?
Answer: When it is let out at night and when it is taken in in the morning.
Why is the letter O like the equator?
Answer: Because it is a circle dividing the globe into two parts.
Do you know who were the first three persons to come out of the ark? The Bible says Noah came forth.

A Handkerchief Trick.

To fold a handkerchief lengthwise, and taking hold of both ends to make a knot in the handkerchief without letting go the ends, is an easy trick to perform, though it looks difficult. Place the handkerchief before you, fold your arms, letting the right hand rest on the left arm and the left hand rest under the right arm. Take hold of the right end of the handkerchief with the left hand, and the left end of the handkerchief with the right hand. By unfolding the arms you make a knot in the handkerchief.

Curious Mathematics.

Take the number of your living brothers.

Double that number.
Add to it three.
Multiply the result by five.
Add to it the number of living sisters.
Multiply the result by ten.
Add number of deaths of brothers and sisters.

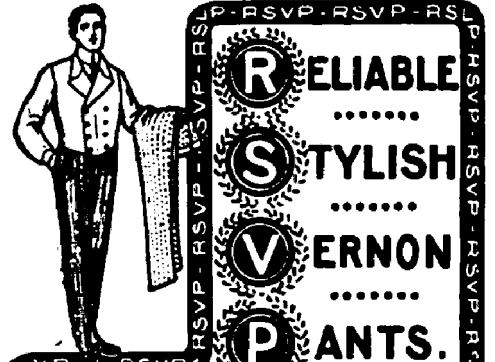
Subtract 150 from the result.
The right hand figure will be the number of deaths, middle figure will be the number of living sisters, and the left figures will show the number of living brothers.

Frank Fluck, Springfield, Mass., shows us how he multiplies. As an example, multiply 6,598,702 by 9. The ordinary way is to multiply 2 by 9 and put down the 8 and carry the 1; multiply 0 by 9 and add 1, and so on. He suggests that we multiply 6 by 9, then the 5 by 9, then 9 by 9, and so on, beginning at the other end. Then add the resultant figures, as:

9 multiplied by 6 equals 54
9 multiplied by 5 equals 45
9 multiplied by 9 equals 81
9 multiplied by 8 equals 72
9 multiplied by 7 equals 63
9 multiplied by 0 equals 0
9 multiplied by 2 equals 18

Then place the figures as follows:

54
45
81
72
63
0
18
59,388,318



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Pluck and a Stone Fence

WILL LISENBBE

Begun in January Number

CHAPTER V.

MR. QUIGLEY MAKES AN OFFER.

It was with a feeling of disappointment that Tom Benton returned home and reported the result of his search for the treasure.

"It is just as I expected," declared Mr. Benton, and with this the subject was dismissed.

As soon as Tom had finished his dinner, he started for the field to finish cutting a strip of late corn that was intended for fodder. He was just crossing the yard when hearing a voice calling him, he looked up and saw Minnie Jones, one of the neighbor's little girls coming up the path.

"What is it, Minnie?" Tom asked, as she approached.

"Pap's wuss agin, an' sent me to ask you to go to Joplin for the doctor," she answered, almost out of breath.

"Yes, I'll go as soon as I can get ready," Tom replied. "Won't you come to the house and rest?"

"Noop—they said I must hurry," and turning around, the little girl walked rapidly away.

Tom went back to the house, and after acquainting his parents with his intended errand, he repaired to the stable where he hastily saddled and bridled one of the mules. A few moments later, he was riding down the Joplin road at a brisk trot.

The Joneses were a poor family, living a half mile north of the Benton place, on a flint ridge farm, and for over two weeks the head of the family had been confined to his bed by an attack of malarial fever, and once before Tom had gone to Joplin for a doctor for him.

"Mr. Jones is havin' a hard time of it," said Mrs. Benton. "Reckon I'll run over and see how he's gettin' on. I'll be back as soon as I can."

Sitting in his "splint" rocker by the open door, Mr. Benton soon fell into a dreamless sleep. It was late in the afternoon when he awoke. The sound of horses' feet and the roll of wheels came from without, and the next moment a buggy, containing no less a personage than Zeb Quigley, stopped before the door.

"Howdy, Mr. Quigley, won't ye git out?" greeted Mr. Benton.

"I haven't the time to stay but a few minutes," answered the visitor in a careless tone; "thought I'd just drop in and see how you were feeling."

"Some better, thank ye," replied Mr. Benton.

In spite of his hurry, Quigley dismounted from the buggy, and hitching the horse to an oak tree near the door, he entered the house.

"Jist take a chair thar—bring the other rocker hyar, Bessie," said Mr. Benton.

Bessie obeyed, and Mr. Quigley seated himself in the rocker, and for some moments sat silently gazing out across the field.

"Your crop of corn seems to have been almost a failure this year," he remarked, after a long pause.

"Jist about," replied Mr. Benton.

"I presume you will have some difficulty in raising the money due me?"

"It looks that way at present," replied Mr. Benton. "I had jist been thinkin' that I might git the money on the place by placin' another mortgage on it, but I don't know who ter go to fer it."

"I fancy you would have some difficulty in procuring a loan during the present financial depression," observed Mr. Quigley, carefully studying the weight of his words with his auditor; "and I am only too sorry that circumstances render it impossible for me to grant you the necessary extension of time."

"I hain't been expectin' much of ye," responded Mr. Benton, speaking in a rather impatient tone.

"That is where you do me a great injustice," observed Quigley in an oily tone. "No one is more ready and willing to do a neighbor a favor than I; but there are circumstances which sometimes preclude our adhering to the generous and philanthropic principles of our nature, and it is such circumstances that frequently subject you to uncharitable criticism."

"I reckon yo mean by all that talk that ye're goin' ter demand immediate payment of the three hundred dollars I owe ye?" said Mr. Benton.

"It is not my wish to do so, and I had hoped to be able to extend the time indefinitely, but having met with some disappointment in another business matter, I am forced—and very unwillingly on my part—to ask for an early settlement."

"That's what I lowed; but I can't see jist yit whar I'm goin' ter git the money, unless I could git a loan on the place—"

"There is a serious difficulty," spoke up Quigley; "your place is a poor one—to say the least, and owing to the great stress in money matters all over the country, it would be next to impossible to negotiate a loan on any terms with such indifferent security at your command."

"Then I suppose ye'll foreclose the mortgage," responded Mr. Benton, "seem' as I won't be able ter git the money?"

"There is where you misjudge me again," answered Quigley. "It is not my purpose

to foreclose the mortgage, but to offer you a way out of the difficulty."

"Then ye're goin' ter extend the time?" "No; for I hardly think that would be of much advantage to you. It would only succeed in putting off the evil day which must come sooner or later. What I have in mind is better still than that, and would free you at once from all obligations and worry in the matter. I have just thought that it would be the best to buy the place outright. That, it seems to me, is the only solution of the difficulty. Of course, I couldn't afford to give much, but I'm willing to do the best I can by you, being that you are a neighbor."

Mr. Benton shook his head. "I don't want ter sell out if I can help it," he said; "I have calculated to rent my house hyar, an' sellin' out an' movin' round never pays, an' is about the same as bein' broke up at onced."

"Certainly; you are right in a certain sense, but how are you to manage it, taking it for granted that you will not be able to procure the money?"

"I can't tell yit; but how are you ter buy the place if you air pressed so fer money?"

"Ahem! well, the fact is—the money I thought of using in this case could hardly be called my own. It is a fund I have laid by for my son Paul and I thought it might be a safe plan to invest it for him in real estate."

"Of course I'll sell the place if I haf ter—I reckon thar ain't no other way out, but

Quigley returned the greeting, and after making a few common place remarks about the weather, said:

"I have just been speaking to Mr. Benton about purchasing the farm, but we couldn't come to any agreement until he had consulted with you—which is perfectly right and proper—but now that you are here, I dare say we will soon come to an understanding."

"I ain't for sellin' the place at all," answered Mrs. Benton; "I reckon we can get the money to pay off the mortgage some how."

"We have just been discussing that part of the subject," remarked Quigley, "and I feel safe in saying—as I said to Mr. Benton—that you will find it almost impossible to get money under any conditions at present. I have offered nine hundred for the place—six hundred clear of the mortgage—but if you are not disposed to sell—of course it is not my place to urge the matter."

With this he rose from his chair and walked into the yard, where he stood drawing on his kid gloves as if preparing to leave.

Mr. and Mrs. Benton conversed with each other in low tones for a few moments, and then the latter said:

"We can't take less than a thousand—its cheap enough at that."

"Very well," said Quigley; "I will take it at that, and if you have no objection we'll have the deed made out at once."



"Say nine hundred, and call the matter settled," said Quigley.

I've made some improvements an' orter have more an' I gave fer it."

"That's reasonable; I expect you to have a fair price for your improvements, but the value of the land itself has not increased, as you must know."

"It may be as ye say—I hain't bought no land lately," replied Mr. Benton.

"What then, would you consider a fair price?" queried Quigley.

"The place cost me seven hundred dollars includin' the mortgage—an' I war thinkin' I orter have one thousand."

"Say nine hundred, and call the matter settled," said Quigley. "That will be allowing you a fair profit on your improvements."

Mr. Benton shook his head.

"Tain't enough," he said slowly; "an' I'd haf ter see the ole woman before makin' any contract. She ain't in fer sellin' the place, and I reckon she's about right."

"Isn't Mrs. Benton at home?" asked Quigley, glancing about the room.

"No; she's gone over to Jones's—though she orter come back any minute."

"I should like to settle the matter at once," said the other, moving uneasily in his chair. "The fact is I'm expecting to go away to-morrow and may be absent for a month."

At that moment Mrs. Benton entered the doorway, having just returned from her visit to Jones's cabin.

"Good evenin' Mr. Quigley," she said, bowing to the visitor.

CHAPTER VI.

WHERE THE REAL TREASURE WAS.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when Tom Benton arrived in Joplin. Hitching his animal to a convenient rack he repaired at once to the doctor's office.

He found no one there but the office boy.

"Where is the doctor?" Tom asked.

"Gone down into the Kansas City bottoms to see a patient," replied the boy.

"Will he be back soon?"

"I can't tell. He may and he may not."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Only a few minutes."

"Perhaps I can find him; can you give me directions for reaching the place?"

"Yes, sir; ask for the Taylor residence just on the hill beyond the bottom. You will either find him there or on the road somewhere."

"Thank you," said Tom and withdrew from the office.

Mounting his mule, he rode northward through Main street and descended the hill into the bottoms where hundreds of men were busily at work in the scores of mines that were scattered over the valley.

He saw a buggy hitched in front of a large white house on the side of the hill, and recognized it as belonging to the doctor.

"I will wait here till he comes out," thought Tom, drawing rein near a mining shaft, where several men were at work.

"Want something?" asked one of the miners, glancing at the youth.

"No, sir," was the reply. "I'm only waiting for the doctor," and he pointed to the buggy hitched in front of the house.

"Thought mebbe you was one uv them new silicate buyers," explained the miner with a grin. "They're thicker 'an rabbits about the mines since the new zinc works started up at Weir City."

"What's silicate?" asked Tom.

"It's a kind uv zinc ore—looks just like rocks; thar's some uv it," and the man pointed to where a pile of what appeared to be reddish looking stones were being loaded into a wagon.

"How much is it worth?" asked Tom.

"Well, that depends on the quality," answered the miner, "but about twelve dollars a ton is the usual price. The fact uv the matter is, though, it hain't been worth anything till lately."

"How is that?"

"Thar warn't any one buyin' it, and fer about three years after these mines were discovered nobody thought of savin' the black Jack an' silicate, an' it war jist throwed in the waste dumps. A good many miners didn't even know that them rusty lookin' rocks was ore at all; but now thar's some new zinc works started up out in Kansas, about twenty five miles from hyar, an' the company's buyin' all the zinc ores it can git. More 'an that, thar's been some speculators' agents all over the country lookin' fer mineral land, an' they are buyin' up a good many no 'count farms among the flint hills, an' some uv 'em I hear has got good zinc mines on 'em."

As the miner was speaking strange thoughts were passing through Tom's mind, and he could hardly control the excited feeling that these thoughts occasioned. Hastily dismounting, he began to examine the pile of silicate at the dump. It only required a moment to convince him that the pieces of rusty looking ore were of the same material that composed the red stone fence on his father's farm. This discovery was indeed a most important one, and Tom realized at once that the poor ridge farm of his father's was worth a small fortune. And there was the fence built of pure silicate—he made a rapid calculation—it must be worth \$2,000 at least!

He could hardly wait to reach home to tell the good news to his parents. So excited had he grown over the discovery that for a moment he almost forgot the errand on which he had come, but just as he mounted into the saddle, the doctor for whom he had been waiting, came driving down the hill in his buggy.

"If you please," said Tom, approaching the doctor, "Mr. Jones would like to have you come out to see him again—right away if possible."

"Is he feeling worse again?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will start immediately," responded the doctor, and giving his spirited horse a cut with the whip, he sped down the road at a rapid pace.

Turning and thanking the miner for his information, Tom urged his mule into a fast canter toward home. He continued his course through the town without stopping, only too anxious now to acquaint his parents with the great discovery he had made.

As he left the town behind, his thoughts ran rapidly over the events of the past few days, and as he did so, his mind reverted to the mysterious letter that had been sent to his father. Then it came to him like a revelation—it was about the existence of mineral on the place that the letter had been written, and the reference to the red stone fence was fully explained. Link by link the chain of strange circumstances was put together till Tom had solved to his own satisfaction the whole mystery that surrounded the matter.

He also recalled the words of the miner in regard to speculators having sent agents through the country to buy up all the mineral land through that section. This, then would explain the visit of the stranger to his father's place some weeks before, Tom reasoned, and he was satisfied that it was the stranger who had written the letter to his father. He had doubtless discovered the mineral on the farm and the fence made of silicate, and for some reason had written to his father divulging the secret.

Instead of there being a treasure hidden in the stone fence as Tom had been led to suppose, it was now evident that the fence itself was the treasure referred to. Tom felt satisfied that could he have found the other part of the torn letter the whole matter would have been explained.

For the benefit of those of my readers who are not familiar with the different kind of zinc ores, I will give a brief explanation. The zinc bearing ores of the mining region referred to in this story are of three varieties, black Jack, Iron Jack and silicate. The first named yields about fifty percent of pure zinc, and in appearance resembles a piece of common rosin. The Iron Jack takes its name from its strong resemblance to iron ore, and its yield of zinc is smaller by some three or four per cent than that of black Jack. Silicate, sometimes erroneously called "dry bone," has the appearance of rusty red stone, and might readily be taken for such. When broken a brown rust is found to per-

meate the whole mass. The percentage of zinc yield from this substance is quite large, though not so large as from black Jack.

I might add that the writer spent eight years in the Joplin lead and zinc mining district, and the events related in this story are taken from actual occurrences.

Tom had not proceeded more than three miles, when he overtook Nathan Kirby, who was also returning from town. He was mounted on a shabby gray pony which seemed perfectly satisfied to move at a small trot, without ever aspiring to the dignity of a gallop.

"How'dy, Tom," greeted Kirby as our hero came up. "Bin over ter the city I reckon?"

"Yes, sir," responded Tom, returning the greeting. "I've been for the doctor for Mr. Jones, again."

"Seems ter be havin' a hard spell."

"Yes, indeed."

"I must go over an' see him ter night," answered Mr. Kirby. "But what was that about a robber attacking ye? Did ye find out who it was?"

"No, sir—not yet," replied Tom, "but I reported the matter to the constable, and hope he'll get track of him."

"Did he get any money from ye?"

"No, though he came very near getting away with all I had, but the only damage he did was to tear a letter in two which I was bringing to father—a very important letter, too, and I have not been able to find the half that remained in the robber's hands," and Tom gave a brief account of his adventure with the scamp.

"That was last night, was it?"

"Yes, sir—as I was coming from Joplin."

"Was it in the road just whar it runs through the deep ravine that the robber tackled ye?" asked Kirby.

"Yes, sir."

"Did ye search for the piece of the torn letter this mornin'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Early?"

"About nine o'clock."

"Not before that?"

"No, sir."

"Then it's no wonder ye didn't find it."

"What! did ye find it?" asked Tom.

"No; but Paul Quigley did, or I'm mistaken."

"Did you see him find it?" asked Tom, a troubled look crossing his face.

"I think I did. Ye see I started fer town early this mornin', an' as I was comin' along the road about whar ye had the fracas with the robber, I suddenly discovered Paul Quigley ridin' jist ahead of me. Perty soon he stopped and got off his hoss. I saw him pick up a piece of paper by the side of the road, an' then as I came up, I could see that it was part of a letter. As soon as he see'd me he slips it in his pocket all quick enough, an' gits on his pony, and gits without sayin' a word. When I seed the constable in town this evenin' he was tellin' me about yer havin' the bout with the robber, an' I war wonderin' if ye hadn't dropped somethin' thar an' that young scapegrace had found it."

"You are right," Tom replied, "he must have found it, and if he did, there is no telling what use he may put it to." Briefly then he related to Mr. Kirby the important discovery he had made while talking to the miner—of the presence of zinc ore on his father's farm—the fence composed of sillicate and the mysterious letter and its reference to the matter.

When he had finished, Kirby gave vent to his surprise by a prolonged whistle.

"It sounds jist like a story in a book," he declared; "but don't lose a minute in gettin' home, my boy. You can't tell what that Quigley 'll be up to if he gets a scent of the matter. He would stoop to any intrigue ter beat ye out of the place if he finds out its value."

"That's what I'm afraid of," replied Tom with a troubled countenance. "He's been trying to buy the place of father for some time, and I half suspect that he had some idea of its value."

"Tain't more an' likely. If I war you I'd ride on as fast as possible, fer he's a sly ole coon an' will head ye off if he can. Go on an' don't wait for me."

Tom now realized the necessity of reaching home as soon as possible, and applying the switch to the lazy mule, he galloped away, soon leaving Kirby far behind.

He had fully five miles to travel yet, and the sun was already low in the horizon.

He knew that if the piece of the letter should reveal the secret of the mineral upon his father's farm that Quigley would take advantage of it at once, and that the torn letter was now in Quigley's possession, Tom was fully convinced.

"I ought to reach home soon," he mused as he urged his refractory animal forward at a lumbering gallop. "Every moment may be of the greatest value just now."

But could he have looked into his home at that moment, he would have seen the crafty Quigley draw forth a roll of bills from his pocket with the words: "I'll just pay you the money now, and here is the deed—already drawn up—sign it and the matter will be settled."

CHAPTER VII.

ALL OF THE LETTER.

"Mr. Benton, you and Mrs. Benton will please sign this," repeated Quigley, as he drew the deed from his pocket and placed it upon the table. "I had the deed drawn up and everything arranged so as to give you as little trouble as possible in case we made a bargain. I have the money here, and am ready to pay you in full as soon as your signatures are placed on the deed."

But in taking the deed from his pocket, another piece of paper fell to the floor. Mr. Benton stooped and picked it up, and as he did so he saw his own name written thereon. In an instant, the truth flashed

upon him—it was the missing half of the mysterious letter which the robber had torn from Tom's hand.

Taking the other piece from his pocket he compared the two and found that they fitted together perfectly.

An exclamation of surprise escaped Mr. Benton's lips as he read the strange message. It only required a moment's reflection to convince him that the statements made in the letter were the truth. This, then, would account for Quigley's great haste to gain possession of the farm, since there was enough in the piece of letter which he had lost to give him a clue to its value as mineral land.

Quigley was not aware of having dropped the important letter, and now turned to

reading the strange words written thereon she exclaimed:

"It jist beats all—jist like a story in the books. Do you reckon it's the truth, and that there are zinc mines on the place?"

"Thar ain't no doubts in my mind about it. If thar had been, ole Quigley, tryin' to git the farm would have removed it."

"So he had found the paper an' read it an' come here to buy the place fore we learned its value," exclaimed Mrs. Benton.

"That's it exactly. It's lucky though that he dropped it from his pocket, er he might 'a' beat us after all."

"So he might; he's a sly 'un an' would take all the advantage he could."

A few minutes later Tom arrived from town and entered the cabin in a hurried and excited manner.

"You haven't sold the place, have you?" he asked in an agitated voice. "I saw Quigley coming from this way and I feared—"

"No—we hain't sold it—though the ole fox tried ter git it in every way he could," answered Mr. Benton.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom joyfully. "We have got a fortune! I just found it out while I was in Joplin," and hurriedly he told of the important discovery he made while talking to the miners. "But how did Quigley find out about the mines?" he continued. "Did he really get hold of the paper as I feared he had?"

"Yes; but as luck would have it he dropped it on the floor hyar, an' I got hold of it before we signed the deed," answered Mr. Benton.

"Good!—good! it served him right. Mr. Kirby told me he saw Paul pick up the letter in the road early this morning, and I feared they'd find out the secret and try to buy the place before I could get back to tell the good news; but he failed, thank goodness."

"It is the hand of Providence," said Mrs. Benton reverently.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

Early on the following morning Tom Benton repaired to the stone fence at the back of the field, where he compared the sample of sillicate brought from Joplin with the material in the fence. To his satisfaction the two were found to be identically the same.

"That fence isn't worth less than two thousand dollars," he mused, as he walked towards home. "I guess we'll be able to pay off the mortgage now, and Paul Quigley won't get the place after all."

A little farther on he met Paul Quigley in the road, but that youth dropped his head and rode by without once glancing at Tom. It was evident that he knew the turn affairs had taken, and did not feel proud of the part he had taken in the little plot to get possession of the Benton farm.

"All things come out right in the end," Tom reflected; "and it's always best to be on the right side, whatever happens."

On reaching home he said: "Father, I have just been thinking of taking a sample load of the sillicate to Joplin today. By so doing I can find out from the different sillicate buyers there just what they will

"I reckon not."

"I might be induced to offer more—rather than spoil a trade," ventured Quigley.

"Taint no use. The farm ain't fer sale jist now. I'm goin' ter wait till I investigate the matter spoken of in this letter."

"I'll give you fifteen hundred!" said Quigley, growing desperate.

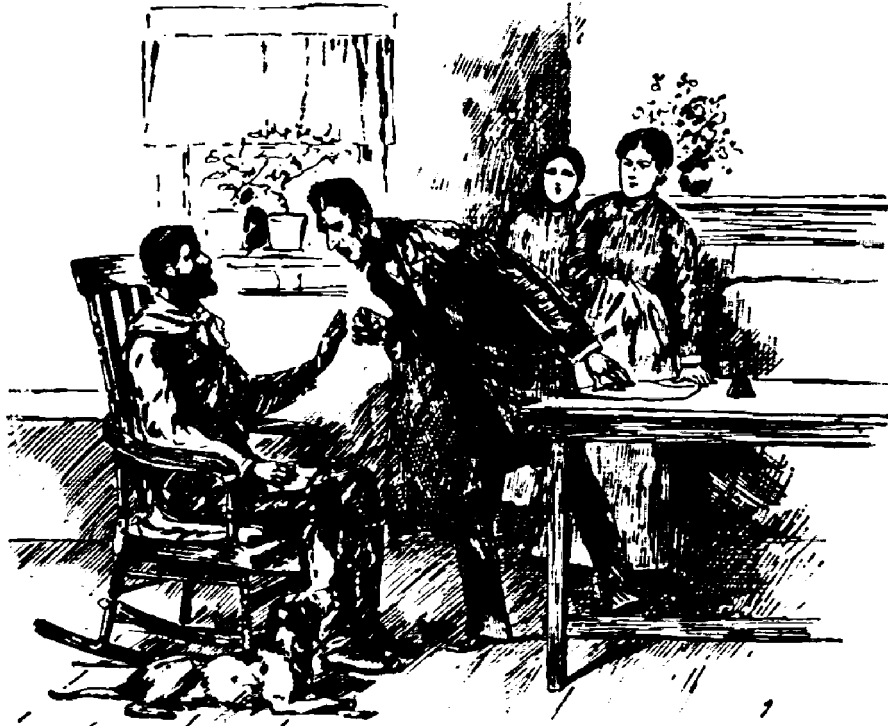
"I can't take it."

"Then it is no use for me to make you an offer."

"No."

"You may regret your decision."

"I'll take the risk."



"May I ask what ye wor doin' with this letter of mine?"

"Very well."

Picking up the deed from the table Quigley walked from the room. But he paused just outside the door and said:

"If I should offer you two thousand dollars—"

"I wouldn't take it," replied Mr. Benton firmly.

"Then you may keep it," replied Quigley, and turning around he entered his buggy and drove away.

"Why, what's all this about, Abe?" asked Mrs. Benton in astonishment. "Why didn't you take his offer—it's more 'an we'll ever get."

"Read this letter," answered Mr. Benton. "That'll tell ye the secret."

She took the scraps of paper, and after

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(Continued on page 190.)

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Boys as Money Makers

Technical Education the Best Asset—George Ethelbert Walsh.

The greater part of the world's work today is performed by men who have not received a college education; but the directors and captains of industries are those who have either received a good education in some institution or acquired it outside in odd moments. But the education which the world demands today more than anything else is a technical, or at least a practical, education, which enables the student to master the problems of engineering, manufacturing, invention, transportation and general industrial achievement. The opportunities for securing a technical education are today far superior to anything ever offered in the past. The ambitious youth, if he cannot afford to attend a technical college, has placed within his means the chances of learning all that is taught at any institution. The correspondence schools, of which there are many, issue written instruction papers, with text books and diagrams, which any ordinarily bright youth can master at night time after his day's work is finished. There are published technical books which are also graded to meet the requirements of any student. These books make home study far more pleasant and satisfactory than any which the famous men of the past depended upon.

The great industrial world is calling for trained men more emphatically every year, and the requirements to meet the demands are naturally becoming more comprehensive. Quite lately several of the large railroads intimated that in certain of their departments preference in advancement would be given to those employees who had a technical training. It was intimated further that this rule would in time apply to all departments, excepting those where the work was merely clerical, and even here a knowledge of technical terms and meanings would prove of great advantage. The reason for this new rule, which will eventually be adopted by all the railroads, is that men with a good technical training have less to be taught from one position to another. It has become almost an accepted maxim today that a railroad president should be perfectly familiar with all the technical details of engineering and railroading; indeed, most of our famous railroad presidents are men of this stamp. Every part of an engine is well known to them, and they are such practical engineers that they could lay out a road and superintend its construction from beginning to end.

But it is not only in railroading that technical education is demanded. Every manufacturing concern is in search of young men who have been trained for practical work so that with ambition and push they can become valuable members of the company's staff. From their employes frequently come the greatest inventions of the day. Many industrial concerns encourage invention by offering prizes for any labor-saving device invented by an employe, and giving the promise to patent it and pay royalties as well. The technical worker thus feels that a reward is held out to him, and he bends all his energies toward making a reputation for his concern. The steel and iron manufacturing industry's history is full of examples of young mechanics forging wealth and fame by means of their steady application to technical studies and experiments.

The youth of today need to understand the great fundamental principles of mechanics and engineering, and when they select their avocation they can specialize any particular branch. Considered from the purely money-making point of view, the technical education is far more valuable than the professional or classical. The professional life has been crowded many years with incompetents, and every year thousands of new students are turned out to make poor doctors, lawyers and ministers, who might have made excellent mechanics and engineers. The professional life appears to offer to most of us an easier and more self-respecting vocation, but it hardly pays unless we are cut out by nature to fit it. Some are gifted by nature with abilities which make them eminently adapted to success in this direction, but one should be pretty certain of the gift before choosing one of the professions in preference to an industrial life on the higher plane of modern achievement.

The clerk who aspires to office work as a life business, or as the shortest way to enter the firm, is more frequently disappointed in his ambition than the modest student of technical science who equips his mind with all that will make him valuable to his employers, and then steadily follows out his chosen pursuit. Experience shows that office clerks generally remain the same all their life, and they acquire a pretty poor idea of the actual workings of the business of which they are a part. Unless they have a special pull they have only one chance in a thousand of rising much above the average.

While the supply of office clerks is abundant, and far greater than the demand, the technical workers of a high order are scarce and difficult to secure.

BOYS WANTED!

Any Boy who is willing to work a few hours after school on Fridays and on Saturdays can earn many dollars by selling

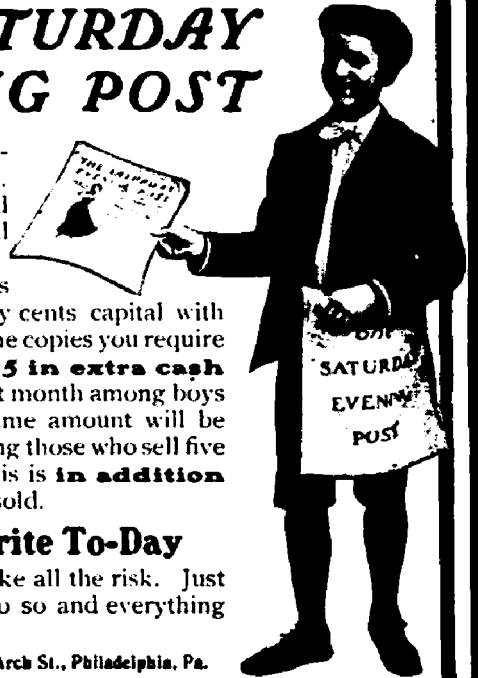
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

among his neighbors and relatives. You can begin at once. Absolutely no money needed to start. Write us to-day and we will send you the first week's supply of ten copies free. This will provide fifty cents capital with which to start; after that all the copies you require at the wholesale price. **\$225 in extra cash prizes** were distributed last month among boys who did good work; the same amount will be distributed next month among those who sell five or more copies a week. This is in addition to the profit on every copy sold.

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If you will try it we will take all the risk. Just write saying that you will do so and everything necessary will be sent.

The Curtis Publishing Company, 415 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Improved machinery is constantly revolutionizing industrial conditions, and to keep pace with the changes manufacturers require trained men to help them to grasp the new situations. More and more are the technical students becoming the right-hand men of the captains and leaders of industry. There are few needed to reorganize companies, and to form trusts and combinations of labor, but many are demanded to bring the industry up to the highest point of efficiency. These men must come from the technical schools, or from that large class of home students who are bending all their energies to the acquirement of a technical education. In the near future the successes which the world will hear about will be largely from this increasing class of young men who have selected their life work because of love for it, and not from any false notions of what others may think of their profession. All work is honest, and technical labor in the world's great laboratory is about the noblest of all.

Boys, Be Honest.

A Millionaire's Advice.

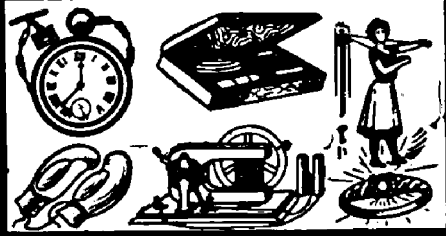
The following was printed on one thousand rulers and given away to school children in Central New York recently, the advice being that of George W. Perkins, a millionaire. The words come with force from one who began life in a humble position—that of an office boy in a New York office: "Too many young men in this country don't want to work hard. They prefer to take things easy, stay up late at night and lie abed too long in the morning. They never can get ahead that way. Time and conditions may change, but the old rule remains the same, that there is no success without keeping everlastingly at it."

When you are in the right, stick to it. Don't be afraid of your employer. Don't do anything wrong, even if he asks you to do so. He will respect you all the more if you stick to the right, and when you get a chance to beat your employer in a discussion upon any matter of policy, fight it out with him. He won't say anything to you at the time, but he will remember you for it. Make yourself indispensable, and your employer will keep on thinking about you until he raises your salary, and thus your advancement will come.—Andrew Carnegie.

It Pays To Do Right.

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A Young Mineralogist.

Karl M. S. Bickel, a boy mineralogist of Kansas City, Mo., was born in Omaha, Neb., October 22, 1888. He removed to Kansas City, Mo., in 1898, and in the same year entered a ward school. Some three years ago he became interested in mineralogy and geology, especially the former. Since then he has been an in-



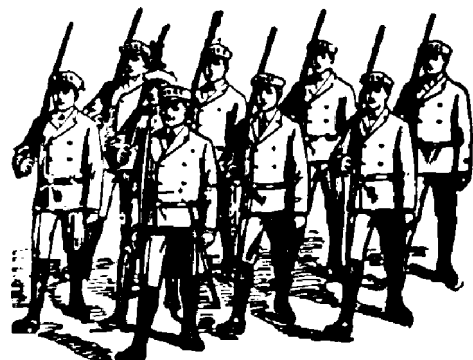
KARL BICKEL.

dustrious and enthusiastic collector of specimens and data pertaining to these subjects, having about 1,500 specimens, many of which are rare. He has a small laboratory in which he spends much of his time. His friends expect him to become an able scientist, as so far his work has been highly creditable.

One day little Elmer's mamma caught him in the pantry helping himself to some cake and jam. "Why, Elmer," she exclaimed, "don't you know it is wrong to take things without asking for them?" "It isn't wrong, mamma," replied Elmer. "Our Sunday school teacher says the Lord helps those who help themselves."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Fred as he caught sight of a zebra at a menagerie. "Come here quick and see the poor little convict pony!"

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Boys in the Home, Church and School

Young Inventors.

John Ericsson, who built the "Monitor" and the great iron bridge at Sunderland, England, at the age of twelve invented a new kind of sawmill. The saw blade he made of an old watch spring moved by a crank constructed of a broken teaspoon, and his only tools were a knife, a file, and a gimlet.

C. F. Brush, who was the inventor of the Brush electric light, before he was fourteen constructed a new form of electric motor and invented an electric apparatus for turning on the gas in street lamps, lighting it, and turning it off again. The next year he made a microscope, grinding the lens himself.

Thomas A. Edison was at fourteen a night telegraph clerk. Every half hour he had to report to the head office by telegraphing the word "six." This was to prove that he was not asleep. To save the necessity of doing this monotonous work, he cut notches on a wheel and attached this to the works of a cheap clock. This apparatus transmitted the signal automatically every half hour.

It was a boy by the name of Argand who invented the lamp chimney.

A boy invented cast iron cement.

Young Men to the Front.

The chief examiner of the Civil Service Commission of the United States says the rapidity with which gray-haired men are turning over the reins of government to the youngsters is amazing. We have now the youngest of our Presidents in the White House, some minor boys in Congress, unbearded youths in the service in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. It is so in nearly every department of the Government. The boys destined to become public men are those who are educating themselves. Such boys have four chances out of every five. Secretaryships are the best apprenticeships for those ambitious to become public men. Boys ambitious in this direction should cultivate diplomatic and courteous ways, and equip themselves in law as well as stenography. Literary ability is becoming day by day more essential to the public man, so there are splendid chances for young Journalists. Representative Feeley, who goes to Congress from Chicago, was barely twenty five when elected. Frank A. Vanderlip was but thirty two when made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, having been before that private secretary to Secretary Gage. He began on a farm, worked in a machine shop, studied in the universities, and became a reporter and financial editor. John E. Wilkie, chief of the Secret Service, was in his thirties when he was appointed. He began newspaper work when he was seventeen. O. P. Austin, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, is another young man in the service who came up from the ranks of a reporter. James H. Eckels was appointed Comptroller of the Currency when but thirty five. Charles G. Dawes was appointed to the same position at the age of thirty two. Both Eckels and Dawes were law school graduates. Mr. Ridgeley, the present Comptroller, is also a young man. James A. Wetmore, chief of the Law and Record Division of the Treasury, is still in his thirties. Commissioner of Navigation Chamberlain was but thirty seven when appointed. Dean C. Worcester was but thirty two when he became one of the Philippine commissioners. The new Secretary of State for the Philippines, Arthur W. Ferguson, cannot be much older. W. F. Willoughby, who was recently made treasurer of Porto Rico, is but thirty five. Felix Brangan, treasurer of the Philippines, and W. Martin Schuster, collector of customs for the islands, are both young men.

The Boyhood of John D. Rockefeller.

The Rockefeller family in 1838 lived on a small farm near Richford, N. Y., and was poor. The cottage in which the family lived was dilapidated. The roof was full of holes, so that when the richest man in the United States, and perhaps in the world, was a baby lying in his trundle-bed, he could look up through the roof at the stars and the moon. John D. Rockefeller, when very young, learned to take care of himself. He was not thought to be very bright, and certainly no one anticipated any great career for him. He early had to do the chores about the place, and when old enough was sent to the district school, several miles away from home. In the summer time he was sent out to work on a near-by farm, for the father was able to attend to the Rockefeller place alone. Later on the family moved to Cleveland, and in that city the boy grew to manhood. A reporter, who recently visited Mr. Rockefeller in his New York home, says:

Mr. Rockefeller seems to have a most vivid recollection of his boyhood days. He remembers many incidents, not particularly striking, which would have been forgotten by most men; but to Mr. Rockefeller, they are dear remembrances of days gone by, and he cherishes them with care. "They are priceless possessions," he said to me, "and I would take nothing as a purchase price for them. It is these which have made me what I am. My boyhood days were training days."

"It is true, then, that you worked upon a farm?" I asked.

"Yes, it is true," was the reply. "I worked for many months as a farmer's lad, and the work was good for me. I would have continued working at it had I not removed to Cleveland."

He worked usually, as he informed me, for 25 cents a day, from 5 or 4:30 in the morning until darkness fell in the evening. He was grumbled at by the farmers because he worked slowly. It was his custom to spend some time in laying out a piece of work before beginning it. "In this way," he said, "I was always able to do it in the very best way." The farmers, however, did not appreciate this forethought, and Johnnie Rockefeller was considered "a leetle lazy." They did not consider that while other boys worked faster, they did not work as well. The boy was not fond of the work, but the man of today considers that it was a splendid training for him. "It taught me patience," he says.

In winter the child attended a district school, which is yet standing near Owego, N. Y., and which has been made famous by the story of the millionaire's youthful determination, and the way in which it was exhibited at school. The children always gathered at noon-time and at recess to play games, and in deciding what the game should be Johnnie Rockefeller had usually a strong voice. If the others would not agree to play his game, he would not play at all, but stood by and watched the others with an air of offended dignity. This story is typical, in a way, of Mr. Rockefeller's after life. Those who have been associated with him in business know that he is accustomed to being the head, and that unless he leads in any matter he declines to take any part whatever. Thus is the boy father to the man.

At school Mr. Rockefeller is said to have been known to his chums as "Rocky," and when I questioned him on the subject he admitted that he rather enjoyed the nickname. "It made me feel like one of them," he said, "and even now when I hear it, I feel like a boy at school once more."

Boyhood of a Great Showman.

Every boy has heard of James A. Bailey, the great circus man. Perhaps no showman is better known by name to American boys than Mr. Bailey, leaving out of account P. T. Barnum. We are sure that boys would like to know something about Mr. Bailey's boyhood.

Mr. Bailey was born in Detroit, Mich.,



JAMES A. BAILEY.

fifty three years ago. At the age of nine he was left an orphan, and from that time on, for several years was taken care of by a brother-in-law, who was not the very best kind of a guardian. The boy, therefore, did what is usually a very foolish thing for a boy to do—ran away from home. He did not go to sea, however, as so many boys do, but started out along a country road with twenty five cents and a knife in his pocket, and a single idea in his head—to get away from home. When he became weary and footsore he sought the house of a prosperous farmer, and as it was harvest time the farmer engaged him for three dollars a month, with board. For two years he continued to work on the farm, then set out again to seek his fortune. After walking half a day he reached Pontiac, Mich., went straight to a hotel and asked the landlord for employment. The landlord recognized the pluck in the little fellow and immediately engaged him as a bell-boy. He made many friends, among them being Fred Bailey, general agent of the Robinson & Lake Circus. This friend induced him to leave his position and accept one with the show. This was on the 17th of June, 1850. The circus that he joined was a small tent show, but was then one of the most important in the country. From that time on, Mr. Bailey rose in the ranks of showmen, until he became one of the greatest the world has produced.

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NELSON and Farragut are the two most celebrated sailors the world has ever seen. Both became naval officers when they were little boys and distinguished themselves while yet in their teens.

David Glasgow Farragut was appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy when he was nine years old. He entered on active service as officer of the frigate Essex when he was ten.

The Essex was lying in the harbor of Norfolk, Va., when David joined her, and he did not have to wait long for an adventure. He was sent ashore in charge of one of the ship's boats to bring off some officers who were to visit the frigate. The little fellow wore his cocked hat, his brand new uniform resplendent with brass buttons, and had his little sword by his side.

As he was waiting in his boat off the end of the pier for the expected officers, a crowd of rowdies gathered on the dock and began to make fun of the "baby officer," as they called him. David said never a word in reply, but finally one of the gang got a watering pot and, leaning over, began to sprinkle the young middy "to see if it would make him grow," he said.

This was too much and David and his men springing ashore went at the rowdies "hammer and tongs," putting them to flight and chasing them up the street until the police interfered.

Young Farragut weighed only seventy-three pounds at that time and Captain Porter, of the Essex, remarked, when he heard the story, that "Young Farragut is three pounds of uniform and seventy pounds of fight."

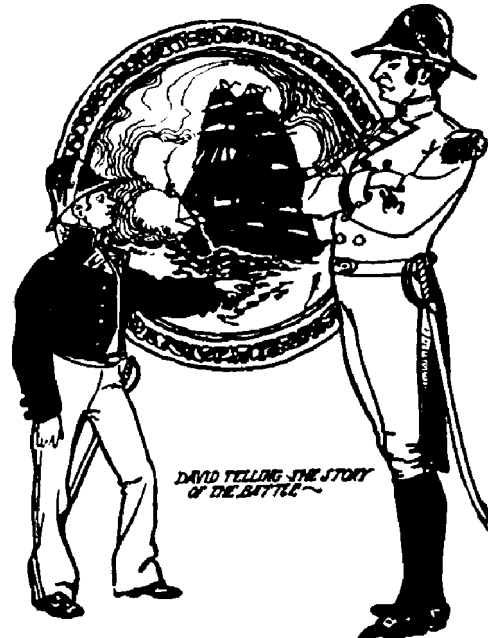
Upon the outbreak of the second war with England, known as the War of 1812, the Essex was sent on a cruise off the coast and Farragut, now a seasoned sailor of eleven, went out as one of her officers.

While on this cruise he saved the ship from capture. The Essex had taken several British ships and the prisoners on board outnumbered her crew. One night, as he lay in his hammock, David was awakened by a feeling that some one was standing near him. Peeping out under his eyelids he saw one of the British prisoners bending over him with a pistol in his hand.

He realized that the prisoners had obtained possession of the weapons and were about to rise and take the ship while most of the crew were asleep. He lay perfectly still until the man, after looking closely at him and concluding that he was still asleep, had passed on.

Then he sprang from his hammock and rushed into Captain Porter's cabin where he told his story. The Captain told David to sound the fire-alarm, and he himself rushed to the quarter deck and shouted "Fire!"

This brought the crew on deck at once and confused the prisoners, who were



just starting for the deck to begin their work. The crew drove the Britishers below where they were disarmed and secured.

Captain Porter publicly thanked David for the promptness and intelligence with which he had acted.

The Essex then went on a cruise to the coast of Brazil and from there around Cape Horn into the Pacific where she took many prizes.

Of one of these prizes, the ship Barclay, David was made prize-officer—that is, he was sent on board of her to take command. With a few men from the Essex David went aboard the Barclay and thus found himself a commanding officer at the age of twelve. He is probably the only boy of that age who ever was placed in full command of a big ship.

Captain Randall, who had commanded the ship before she had been captured, and who had been left on board, was a cross old fellow and he made up his mind he would take no orders from a little boy in uniform.

But David had orders from Captain Porter to command the ship and he determined to do it. The Essex and her prizes were at anchor off the coast of Chile when David took charge of the Barclay and soon after he went on board a sailor came into the cabin and told him that the other vessels were in motion and that the Essex was flying a signal for the Barclay to get under way and follow the fleet.

Going on deck, David said to Captain Randall, who was supposed to do duty as sailing master, "Order all sail to be made and follow the fleet."

"Listen to the little monkey," sneered Randall, who was more than six feet tall, looking down on the little officer. "Listen to the little monkey!"

"My orders are from Captain Porter," replied David. "We must set sail and follow the fleet to Valparaiso."

"To New Zealand more likely," answered Randall. "This is my vessel and she goes where I say."

"I order you to make sail on this vessel!" shouted David, his voice rising into a shrill treble in his excitement.

The men had begun to come aft and were listening to this strange conversation between the giant and the midget. Turning to the men, David cried out, "Get up the anchor and be lively!"

There was a moment's hesitation on the part of some of the sailors, but the men whom David had brought with him from the Essex sprang to the capstan and the others followed.

"I won't be bossed around by a baby who ought to be in long clothes," cried Randall. "I'll shoot the first man who touches a rope. I'll get my pistols and we'll see who commands this vessel!"—and he rushed into the cabin.

Calling to a quartermaster whom he knew he could trust, a big fellow, David said, "If that man comes on deck, I order you to throw him overboard."

Then calling down to Randall he said, "You are under arrest. If you come on deck you do so at your peril."

He kept Randall a prisoner until he came up with the fleet when, it falling quite calm, he took him on board the Essex and reported him.

Randall declared to the officer who heard the report that he had only tried to frighten the boy.

"And you saw how well you succeeded," replied David.

While the Essex was lying in the neutral port of Valparaiso she was attacked and destroyed by two British vessels. Each one of them alone was far more powerful than the American ship, and, therefore, against both of them the Essex had no chance.

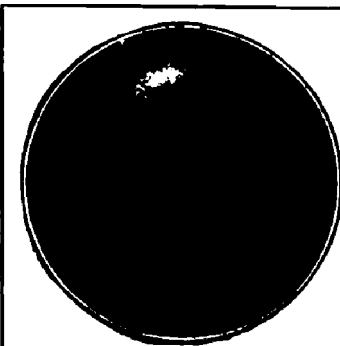
This attack was against all the laws of war, for vessels are not supposed to fight in the waters of a neutral nation. The Essex made a good fight of it before she surrendered and David as aid to Captain Porter, was in the thick of it and distinguished himself so greatly as to win the admiration of the British.

The British captain, in order to show his appreciation of the young hero's bravery, invited him to breakfast the next morning in his cabin.

David was then thirteen years old. The war was over before he got a chance at another battle; but it was reserved for him to grow up to be a great admiral and in another war to make his name immortal in after years.

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LESSON VIII.—W and Y Series of Diphthongs.

Though the principle that we have to treat of in this lesson does not admit of such extended application as that principle which formed the chief subject of our last study, it is yet of such importance as to call for your earnest and undivided attention. Before discussing the W and Y series at length, it may be necessary to offer a few remarks on the course which you should pursue with regard to the principles of abbreviation set forth in the last lesson and in the present one. It is almost impossible for the novice to adopt and apply, in the course of one lesson, more than two or three of the more important principles of the art, notwithstanding the numerous examples that are interspersed in the text (for we hold with Dr. Johnson that "an art is best taught by examples").

We advise you therefore to confine your practice in Phonography—apart, of course, from a set study therein—in the first instance, to the simpler principles of the art, and to cultivate at the outset what may be termed a long or full style of Phonography, rather than a highly abbreviated one. Let the principles have time to settle in your mind and mature.

You must expect at first to find your progress so slow as to seem merely creeping. That progress, however, is real.

These remarks obviously are not intended to check you in your study of the art, which should be persisted in without any shirking. Keep up your enthusiasm: The reward is worth the labor; for it means a cultivated intellect and a refined mind. We have known many whose experience tallies on this point. Your interest is little likely to flag, or your mind to weary, so long as you keep up the practice of reading printed shorthand works, in which a constant succession of forms new and strange leads to the pleasant expedient of making experiments in outlines, and keeps the mind in a state of perpetual activity and expectation. No matter how inelegant or inaccurate what you produce may be; elegance and accuracy, being the natural outgrowth of experience, can come but by degrees. Of one thing you may be certain; that the more time you devote to Phonography, the shorter will be your period of probation, and the speedier your success. The two

things that you have to bear in mind are: (1) that you read as much as you write; and (2) that while your practice should be limited to first principles, you should, nevertheless, work hard at each untried application of any given rule, in order that your knowledge of it may be perfected.

A series of diphthongs whose first element is *i* or *y* may be heard in the words *India*, *alien*, *idiot*, *folio*, *value*. Another series is formed with *oo* or *w*. Systematic signs for these diphthongs are shown on page 35 of the "Teacher."

These signs, like those for simple vowels, are written heavy for long vowels and light for short ones. Self-taught students of Phonography usually find much difficulty in clearly understanding and accurately employing this series of diphthongs. The part they play in the representation of words is by no means unimportant, as will be seen upon examination of the illustrative words given. A thorough mastery of the principle is indispensable to success.

Read page 35 of the "Teacher," and you will see that the second of the two *w* signs (*o*) may be employed before *k*, *g*, *w*, instead of the full alphabetical sign *w*: thus, *w* *week*. Compare *w* *awake*, with *w* *wake*. The long and short *waw* and *wo* may be joined to *k*, *g*, *w*, upward *r*, and a few other letters when the joining is convenient, to represent *w* and the vowel in connection with it: thus, *w* *Walker*, *w* *war*, *w* *water*. A slightly varied form of *o* added to *w* makes the double consonant *w*.

It should be remembered that the shorthand signs for the double letters of the *w* and *y* series are always written in the same direction; that is, they do not accommodate themselves to the consonant to which they may be written, as do the signs for the simple vowels *aw*, *oh*, *oo*.

Work for this month to end of Exercise 60.

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, 31 Union Square, New York, to any address on receipt of one dollar.

WITH THE BOYS

ALBERT BIERFREUND, Camden, N. J., sends a pencil sketch that is interesting. If nothing else, a boy sits with his feet on the mantel-piece intently reading THE AMERICAN BOY. A parrot perched on his toes is calling "Wake up." His mother behind him is calling, "Come here this minute, Will Jones." Another copy of THE AMERICAN BOY is spread out on the floor and the cat is intently reading it.—WILLIE POLK, Indianapolis, Ind., belongs to the Baptist Boys' Brigade and is first sergeant. The brigade consists of twenty boys. They are about to have uniforms.—AMELE KING, Moncton, N. B., writes a long letter telling what he and his boy friends do, which shows that boys in New Brunswick are not without their pleasures. Among their games are football, boxing, punching bag, hunting, skating, printing, baseball and hockey.—L. WALKER LAYNE, Ventura, Cal., pictures with his pencil an American boy sitting on a soap box reading the great boys' paper. Behind him his father, who is a farmer but not a "way back," is saying, "Jack, that's the best boys' paper ever manufactured."—HARRY Y. ISZARD, Germantown, Pa., has 150 books in his library, of which he has read about one half. Edward Stratemeyer is his favorite writer, with Horatio Alger next.—HOWARD RITTER, Kendallville, Ind., sends a description of some tricks, but as we have all the "trick" matter that we can find space for we are unable to use it. Howard wants us to write him a personal letter. Many such

man who has used tobacco all his life and quit the habit through the influence of the article, "Top or Bottom—Which?" that has been running in THE AMERICAN BOY.—D. C. MARTIN, Santa Cruz, Cal., age ten, sends us a piece of sea moss. It is very beautiful, indeed, being as fine as the finest lace. We wish every boy could see it. He says it never snows in Santa Cruz. The only snow he has seen is that on the mountains eight miles away.—HAROLD B. PRATT, Brooklyn, N. Y., age eighteen, writes a long letter about his Sunday school, which he seems to enjoy very much. He says he knows no boy ever got any harm from Sunday schools and many have got good from it. He thinks we ought to dwell on the advantage of the Sunday School more than we do. Harold attends the Church of the Good Shepherd, the rector of which is Rev. Robert Rodgers, who he says is a friend of every boy in his school and whose good advice and good stories every Sunday after the lesson do a great deal of good.—SAMUEL COLE, Lebanon, Ind., describes to us his collection of curios, of which he is very proud.—RAYMOND A. ALLEN, Monticello, Utah, age eleven, lives one hundred miles from a railroad. Mountain lions are found in his vicinity, and on January 17 he shot a coyote. He has a Marlin 22 repeater. There are many Indians near his home—Navajo and Utes. As soon as school is out he is going with his father into the mountains to prospect for gold.—ST. JOHN MCCARTHY, Brasher Falls, N. Y., has an old cannon ball found on the battlefield of Fort Ticonderoga; also sea shells from the Bermudas.—EDWARD WILLIAMS, age seventeen, Bonville, Ark., cannot say enough for THE AMERICAN BOY. He lives in the country. He says: "I have red hair and freckled face, a large appetite, and weigh about 135."—FRED M. BEATY, New Castle, Pa., is president of the literary society of his school. He is saving money with which to go to the St. Louis Exposition. He says THE AMERICAN BOY keeps him off the street.—CHARLES A. COOLIDGE, West Pullman, Ill., writes a very interesting letter, telling about his brother, who is only twelve years old but a great musician. On the fourth of January Charley found a red-cockaded woodpecker. He wants to know if it isn't unusual to find a bird in this latitude at this time of the year. He has taken an interest in our little Ducca (Inua) boy and has written him a long letter. At the "auditorium" a few days ago he met four American Boy subscribers and became friends with them right away through talking over its many interesting features.—RAYMOND W. PARRAMORE, Somerville, N. J., thinks we ought to have a page of jokes and riddles. He sends one for a starter. Here it is: "An old Irish lady gave her husband some of those natural wool underclothes for Christmas and they tickled him to death." Raymond must be something of a joker, for in enumerating the animals that he has he puts down four dozen cats.—ALEXANDER MARTIN, 3rd., Klamath Falls, Ore., is secretary of his Sunday school though only ten years old.—WASCE YEAGER, Wichita Falls, Tex., took the highest grade in his school for the month ending December 5, 1902. This does not entitle him to THE AMERICAN BOY Legion of Honor ribbon, as the work done must be in the year 1903.—HARRY T. BLANCHARD, Ticonderoga, N. Y., wants to hear from Canadian boys.—DENTON BURDICK, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., says THE AMERICAN BOY has helped him and that he is now trying to do better in school. Harry Castleman is his favorite author.—ORLAND W. JOHNSON, Richland, Tex., age sixteen, is studying journalism under The Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism, Detroit, Mich., having earned the money to pay for the first term by hoeing corn in the spring of 1902. He has written several stories which have been published.—CHARLES E. WELLS, Yale, Mich., is writing a history of his town, obtaining information from the old pioneers and from old papers. The settlement of Yale dates from July 4, 1851. The town has now a population of 1,300.—ROBERT N. GIBSON, Clintonville, Wis., sends a joke: First boy: "I have nothing but praise for THE AMERICAN BOY." Second boy: "I have more than that; I have a dollar."—JOHN HOLMES, a Great Falls (Mont.) boy, has his little joke, too. He says: "I take THE AMERICAN BOY, and THE AMERICAN BOY takes the cake." John is fourteen years old and sends some pen and ink drawings.

A Boy to Be Proud Of.

Gurnee Millard, the eleven-year-old son of Frank Millard, Corunna, Mich., deserves to go on our AMERICAN BOY Legion of Honor Roll. Gurnee has attended school for nearly six years and during that time has not been absent or



GURNEE MILLARD.

tardy. He has sacrificed a good many days when he might have had a good time out of school. His parents have let him make his own choice and he has always chosen to go to school. He, of course, stands well in his studies.


requests come from boys, and it is hard to refuse them; but when the fact is considered that the editor is receiving thousands of letters from boys, the impossibility of his attempting to answer, except in a general way through the columns of THE AMERICAN BOY, should be understood.—HUMPHREY SMITH, Princeton, N. J., has received a subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY from an officer in his Sunday school for good behavior.—HAROLD C. LESLIE, Yarmouthville, Me., has books by Henty and by Munroe, and is very fond of them. He is no doubt looking forward with great interest to our Henty and Munroe stories.—PAUL BURROUGHS, Towanda, Pa., sends some scissors clippings of figures of animals made by a little girl and thinks they beat those by Elmer Ewing Stokes, a sample of whose work was shown on page 89 of our January number. Those by the little girl are very good, but the work of young Stokes, many samples of which were before us, was really more remarkable.—RAY SCOTT, Dutton, Mich., is handy with a pencil and sends us pencil sketches of Napoleon, Washington and others, copied from pictures in THE AMERICAN BOY. Ray aspires to be an artist and have a studio of his own.—ADELBERT CAMPBELL, Lebanon, N. H., sends a funny picture of his own making in pen and ink, showing what Willie does when THE AMERICAN BOY comes. Willie is intently reading THE AMERICAN BOY. His gun, bicycle, baseball bat, etc., lie scattered about him unused. His sister is saying, "Willie won't play with me now." There are birds and squirrels in a tree near by, all of whom are talking. One says, "Willie ain't got his gun." Another asks, "Where's Willie?" Then another, "What's the matter with Willie?"—F. P. WOODS, Calais, Me., is a member of a literary club that meets every Friday night. Its name is secret. Each member has something to look up and tell about for each meeting, and once a month the club issues a paper.—ROBERT KILPATRICK, Memphis, Tenn., is endeavoring to earn money to go to the St. Louis Exposition and wants to know if the editor will be there, and when, as he wants to meet him. The editor will certainly be at the Exposition. Just when he does not know. He is endeavoring to plan a way by which he can meet a large number of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY.—CHESTER H. COOK, Rockville, Mo., is one of three boys in his neighborhood who are enthusiastic over THE AMERICAN BOY and are endeavoring to interest enough boys to form a company of the O. A. B.—GLENN DARGWELL, Jackson, Mich., wants to tell the boys that under a little clump of old oaks near the West Union High School of Jackson, Mich., was where the Republican party was organized.—VAN SHERMAN, Chillicothe, Mo., wants to tell the boys that THE AMERICAN BOY inspires him to better living. He was what was known as a "rounder," being thrown into all kinds of bad company. Now he is going to school, and he says "THE AMERICAN BOY caused it."—ROY T. RISLEY, Mount Carmel, Ill., says he knows a

A Young Violinist.

Charles Hayes, of Vienna, So. Dak., is a young violinist of some local fame. His love for the violin began at a very early age, when his sole possession in that line consisted of a shingle, with sounding-board, and threads for strings. He obtained his first violin when he was ten years old, and from that time on has made rapid progress. His services as a musician are in much demand in his home town.



CHARLES HAYES.



What the I. C. S. Does for Schoolboys.

When I enrolled in the Mechanical Drawing Course of the I. C. S., Feb. 26, 1901, I was a student of the High School, at Hop Bottom, Pa., and had no previous training in drafting. Through the efforts of the Students' Aid Department, I secured a position as mechanical draftsman with the Diamond Drill and Machine Co., at Birdsboro. There are in the employ of this company, three other draftsmen and four stenographers, who are students of the I. C. S. I believe that an education gained through the I. C. S. is as efficient and thorough as can be obtained.

—LYMAN W. KELLUM,
Birdsboro, Pa.

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According to our artist a unique football match took place recently in the North. The Sportville Club issued a challenge to a neighboring township to play a match on the Sportville frozen lake, the conditions being that each side numbered fifteen and all players were to wear blunt wooden skates. The game was very fast and furious, ending in favor of Sportville by 31 goals to 7. The visitors unfortunately ran out of goalkeepers, chiefly due to the presence of an uninviting hole two yards from the goal posts, through which several disappeared at exciting moments. At close of play the casualties included five cases of concussion of the brain, two broken arms, four knee caps put out, eleven sprained and ricked backs, five bad cases of semi-drowning, and all the combatants had contusions and fractures more or less severe. The local doctor has since been enabled to purchase a very nice pony and is busy promoting a similar match while the ice lasts. A committee of the spectators are prepared to offer 5s. each as gate money to view another such game, but the performance is not likely to be repeated.—From "Chums," London, England.

Eskimos Have Good Games

H. IRVING KING

The Eskimos who live away up in Northern Alaska, on the shores of Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean, where the nights and days are six months long and snow and ice abound, are extremely fond of games.

The little Eskimo boys have toy-hunting outfits with models of sleds and canoes, or kalaks, as they are called, and the girls play with dolls of ivory made from the tusks of the walrus. They have little toy dishes and other household utensils made of baked clay, with which they play at housekeeping, just the same as civilized children do.

There is one game of which the children are particularly fond, and which is also enjoyed by their fathers and mothers.

A round block of wood about six inches long is whittled into the shape of a spool, excepting that one end, instead of flaring out, is sharply pointed so that it can be stuck in the ground which forms the floor of the native hut.

A hole is drilled through the block the same as through a spool and the contrivance is stuck in the center of the floor, with the flaring end uppermost.

Then the family and their friends, children and old people together, seat themselves cross-legged in a circle and try to throw small darts so that they shall go into the hole in the center of the spool-like block.

Each player has beside him a little pile of sticks with which to keep count and when he succeeds in sending the dart into the hole he takes one of these sticks and lays it to one side.

Each player has the same number of these counting-sticks. When a player misses sending the dart into the hole he passes it to the next player, and so it goes around the circle until one player has made as many successful throws of the dart as he has counting sticks, when he drops out and the others continue until all the sticks have been used up, the last player out losing the game.

They also play "cat's-cradle" with a cord made of the sinew of some animal, and are so expert that, besides making the ordinary combinations such as are made among civilized children, they will form the outlines of birds and various northern animals with the string.

Another game consists in placing on the back of the right hand a number of small wooden sticks, like jackstraws. The player withdraws his hand swiftly and tries to catch the falling sticks between his thumb and forefinger, still keeping the palm of the hand downward. If one of the sticks falls to the ground it is a miss and the next player tries.

When a player succeeds in catching all the sticks he takes one from the number and lays it aside. This is continued until all the sticks are used up, when the one having the largest number is declared the winner.

The Eskimo children are great top spinners. A boy sets his top spinning on

the earth floor of the hut which serves him for a home, and then, dashing out of the door, tries to run around the building and get back inside before the top stops going. If he does so he scores one, and the boy who can do this the greatest number of times consecutively wins.

Another game they play is this. A stick is driven into the center of the floor and the players gather around in a circle about four yards away from it. Then one of the players places an article of some kind in the center of the circle and the others take turns in trying to throw a ring of twisted grass so that it will fall over the stake.

If a player succeeds he takes the prize as his own and replaces it by another article of like value, but of a different kind.

As each player puts up something of which he has a surplus, the game amounts to a sort of trading of articles, and, though it is very much like "playing for keeps," the poor Eskimos of the frozen shores see no harm in it.

There are a number of games, the success in which depends upon skill in throwing darts and in which the children become expert.

Football is played among the Eskimos by both men and boys. They play it in two different ways. In one the ball is thrown into the center of the field and the two sides make a rush for it and try to drive it to the goal of the other side. The goals are marks made in the snow.



This game is much like the football played among civilized boys, only that it has no set of rules to govern it. Anything, apparently, is fair which will bring success.

In the other game the players stand in two long rows close together, the ball is rolled between the lines and the players try to kick it through the line of the opposing team. As soon as this is accomplished there is a rush to drive it to one or the other of the goals.

They use a leather ball about six inches in diameter, stuffed with moss or deer

hair. This game is played on the hard, frozen snow in the spring when the long night of the winter is beginning to give place to the long day of the summer.

In a game of handball which they play the boys are on one side and the girls on the other. The ball is a rectangular leather bag filled with sand or earth, and the boys throw it from one to the other, while the girls seek to catch it and keep it going on their side.

When one of the boys has not had the ball in his hands for a long time his companions call out to him that he is "hungry," and try to throw the ball to him. The girls try to prevent the "hungry" one from getting it, and if they succeed, they chase him and rub his head with the ball, saying "we will oil your head so that you will not starve," while the rest of the players look on and laugh uproariously.

Two Savage Looking Trophies.

The American Museum of Natural History in New York has the famous scalp-lock shirt owned and worn in battle by "War Eagle," the fierce old Sioux warrior. Nearly four hundred human locks of hair dangle from it, all from the heads of victims. One bright lock has been identified as that of the gallant Custer, cut from his head on the field of battle by "Rain in the Face," after his memorable fight of the Big Horn. This shirt was worn by "War Eagle" when he lost his life in one of the last uprisings of the Sioux tribe, and came into possession of "Rain in the Face" and of "Sitting Bull."

One of the dueling pistols belonging to John Rowan is now in possession of his granddaughter, Miss Julia Rowan, of Bardstown, Ky. It measures sixteen inches in length and weighs about two pounds. This pistol figured in two notable duels, the first between Judge Rowan and Dr. Chambers, in which Chambers was killed. The next was between John Rowan, Jr., the son of Judge Rowan, and the renowned Kentucky statesman, Tom Marshall. In this duel Marshall was crippled for life.

The elder Rowan was a United States Senator at the time of his duel and the younger a Minister to Italy. In his will the elder Rowan disposed of this weapon and another similar to it as follows: "My dueling pistols I bequeath to my son John, and at his death to his eldest son. They are never to be used by either, but when their honor imperatively demands it, and in that case I know they will be held steadily."

The Rowan homestead is also famous as the birthplace of the celebrated song, "My Old Kentucky Home."

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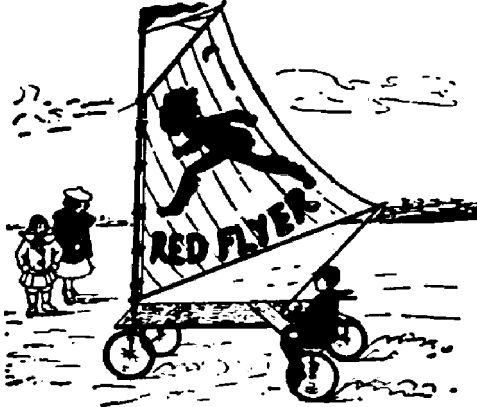
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A Land Outrigger Sail Craft—How to Make It

J. C. BEARD

There can be as much difference in land boats as there is in water boats. There may be land sloops and schooners and square rigs; wide hulls and narrow hulls; some shaped like a rectangle, some like a diamond, some like a square; some are bungling and slow; some are clean cut and swift as a greyhound.

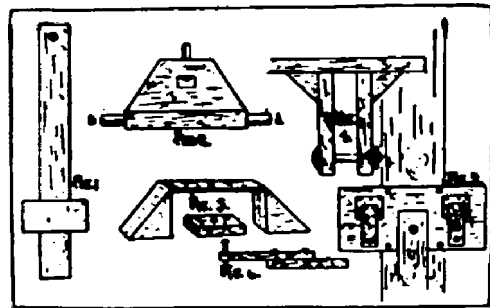
Progress in this branch of sport has, in fact, been very rapid, and boys are no longer satisfied with an ordinary wagon to which a sail has been attached. The "hand-gear," a sort of old-fashioned velocipede arrangement made to eke out the power of the sail, has been entirely abandoned, and racing land boats, like racing water boats, now depend on wind and sail alone. As upsets seldom occur,



The ship under way

and are not at all serious when they do, the boys crowd on a prodigious amount of sail and make very creditable time. A good land boat will go very much faster than any boy can run.

The outrigger, described in this article, although one of the fastest designs yet built, is a very simple affair to construct. Figure 1 shows the wagon bed. It is made of two pieces of board, one five or six feet long, and about six inches wide, the other perhaps two feet long and eight inches wide. The boards should be at least one inch thick, but not more than one and one-half inches thick. If the available boards are thin, use two boards, one on top of the other. The shorter of the two boards is fastened at right angles across the other, as indicated in the diagram. Figure 2 shows the forward truck of the outrigger. The two front wheels are fitted on the truck at A and B. The bolt shown at the top of Figure 2 is passed through the hole shown in the end of Figure 1. The upper part of the truck should be a little wider than half the diameter of one of the wheels. This is to allow the wheels to swing under the bed of the wagon when the truck is turned. The outrigger may be swung to either side of the wagon as desired. The object of the outrigger is, of course, to allow the wagon to carry an immense sail without tipping over. As the wind changes or the direction of the wagon changes, of course the direction in which the wagon tends to tip changes. The outrigger must always be kept to windward, or toward the wind. Figure 3 shows the arrangement by means of which the outrigger is adjusted. The piece C is the end of the outrigger. It is bolted loosely to the wagon bed so that it can swing from side to side. D (Figure 3) is a sort of pocket into which C fits when it is to the right. Figure 4 shows a side view of D (Figure 3). When C has been slipped into the pocket, a bolt is pushed through the hole indicated in the end of D. This will hold C in place. The piece to which C, D and the pocket at the left similar to D, are attached, is the cross-piece shown in Figure 1. Figure 4 shows the method of attaching the wheel to the rear of the wagon bed. Two straight pieces of board, a little longer than half the diameter of the wheels, are fastened to the wagon bed by means of braces. A bolt is run between these two pieces. The wheel at the end of the outrigger is fastened on in the same manner. The bolt serves as an axle for the wheel. It



Parts of the land craft.

may be well here to say a word about the wheels themselves. Four wheels are needed. Two on the front truck, one at the rear of the wagon bed and one at the end of the outrigger. The wheels are best if they are all of the same size, although it is only essential that the two wheels on the forward truck be of the same size. It will do no harm if the other two are a different size, because

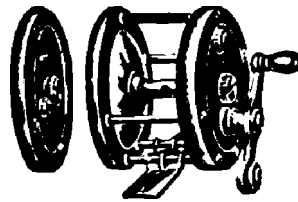
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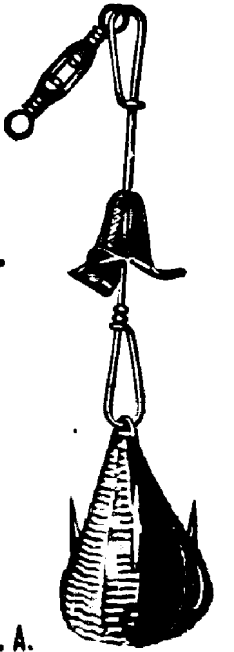
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the length of the two vertical pieces, shown in Figure 4, can be arranged so that the wagon bed will be level. Bicycle wheels are the best sort to use, but any kind of light, strong wheels do very well. Figure 5 shows the step for the mast. This must be fastened to the wagon bed near the forward end. A small square block is screwed down first and then a sort of bridge is built over it, as shown. Make the step very strong, for the strain on the mast will be severe. Any sort of strong cloth will answer for the sail. Do not be afraid to make it large.

If this design is carefully carried out, the maker will possess a flyer that, on a smooth road in a high wind, will leave everything, save an automobile, far in the rear.

Something About Rowing.

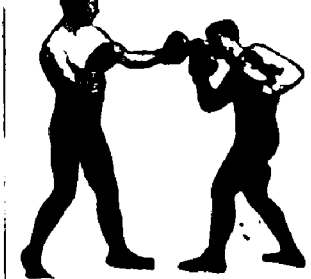
We will suppose that there are enough of you to constitute the crew of a row-boat—a captain, a coxswain and several oarsmen. The coxswain sits in the stern of the boat and steers. He ought to be the lightest boy in the crew. The captain sits in the bow. The oarsmen will, of course, face the coxswain and have their backs to the captain. The stroke oarsman is an important individual. He sits in the stern of the boat facing the coxswain. He sets the pace. The other boys must all row just as he rows, fast or slow. The heaviest boys should sit in the middle of the boat. The captain directs the coxswain, who, in turn, directs the crew. When ready to start, the captain says to the coxswain, "Go ahead." The coxswain calls out "Ready, all," on which the crew places their oars in the water ready to begin a stroke. Then the coxswain calls "Row," and the stroke is begun. When the captain wants the boys to stop rowing he gives directions to the coxswain, who calls out, "Way, all." When he wants the boat stopped he orders "Hold, all," on which the crew put their oars deep into the water and hold them in that position. If he wishes to turn to port he orders "Port, hold; starboard, pull." When he wants the boat to go backward the order is "Stern, all," and the crew backwater with their oars.

There are a good many kinds of strokes. A common stroke is this: Hold your oars with a good breadth between your hands. Reach forward toward the stern of the boat with both the body and the arms, swinging forward from the hips without bending the middle of the back. Drop the oars into the water, the lower part of the blade turned slightly toward the bow of the boat—not straight up and down. Drop the blades when you are at "full reach," that is, when your arms are extended and your body bent forward. Don't let the blade dip deep. Now swing back just a little past the perpendicular, bringing in the hands until they just touch the body, keeping the body erect. Pull firmly and strongly and don't jerk. When the hands are close to the body, drop them to raise the blade from the water, and do not turn your hands to feather the oar until they are dropped. Start your hands and your body together as you swing toward the stern of the boat, but shoot your hands away from your body very quickly until your arms are straight. Let the blade clear the water by three or four inches and at a uniform distance from it, and not in a circular movement. To feather the oar (that is, to turn it when it leaves the water so that the blade will be horizontal and offer the least resistance to air when reaching for another stroke), use the hand nearest the rowlock, allowing the oar to turn loosely in your other hand. Sit in the middle of the seat and do not lean to the right or left. Practice first on stationary seats and then on sliding seats. Do not start your slides toward the bow of the boat until you begin to pull on your oars. Do not push your stretcher before your oar is under water and you are pulling on it.

Recently Lord Curzon, in speaking of the young people of India, declared that to be without education in the twentieth century would be as if a knight of the feudal ages had been stripped of helmet, spear and coat of mail.

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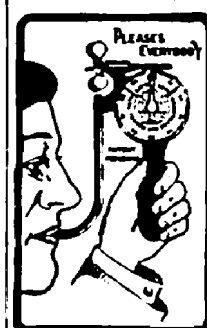


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A Noble Rescue

William Murray Graydon

ANG! A loud report echoed across the Juniata, and as the white wreaths of smoke curled up from the hickory trees on the bank, a duck skimming swiftly toward the farther shore dropped limp and lifeless into the water.

Two boys intently fishing from an old boat that lay half on the pebbles, half in the water, jumped to their feet in surprise.

"It's a duck, Tom," cried Jim Hackett, "Look, there he goes floatin' down toward the falls. I wonder who fired?"

"It was that sportin' feller from the city," replied Tom Carrol, "here he comes now. He must have been up there in the bushes," and Tom nodded his head toward a young man in velveteens and shooting-cap, who was hurriedly making his way through the reeds and long grass.

"My boys," he began, as soon as he reached hailing distance, "you have a boat here; get that duck for me, will you, before it goes down the falls."

Jim shook his head. "It's too late, mister; by the time a feller'd get the duck he'd be over the falls."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "If you are smart you have plenty of time. Quick, what do you say? Will this tempt you?" and he held out a bright quarter of a dollar.

"You're a fool," whispered Tom angrily; "you can do it easy, Jim; I'll go with you."

Jim looked once at the floating duck, now perilously close to the falls, and then replied decidedly: "No, it's too risky. I won't do it."

"Here, give me your old boat, Jim, and I'll get it quick enough," cried Tom suddenly, and shoving the boat into the current he snatched the oars and was pulling away from shore before Jim had a chance to say a word. Forty yards below, the river waded and foamed over a jagged line of rocks, and straight toward the worst spot in the falls the duck was drifting.

Tom pulled hard and fast, every movement eagerly watched by Jim and the stranger.

He was close onto the perilous line of foam now, and the duck was still a yard distant. One more fierce pull and then reaching out quickly Tom victoriously jerked the duck into the boat, and bending with all his might to the oars, hauled the boat's head up the stream.

It was a fearful tug, for he was fairly caught in the furious current, and the rapids were hissing and roaring just below him. For a moment he seemed to be stationary, then inch by inch, the boat moved up stream, and at last Tom ventured to head for shore. "You're a brave lad," cried the man, as Tom handed him the duck; "here, take this, you have fairly earned it," and he pressed a half-dollar into Tom's perspiring hand.

"I say, Jim, what was wrong with you today?" said Tom a minute later, when the man had gone off with his duck. "I never knew you were a coward before." Jim clinched his hand and his face flushed.

"Don't you call me a coward, Tom Carrol," he cried angrily. "I wasn't afraid to go out there. It wasn't for that reason. It was—"

"What was it then?" demanded Tom rudely. "You weren't afraid? Oh no, not at all."

"No, I wasn't afraid, and you know it," said Jim. "I don't believe it's right for a fellow to risk his life for nothing at all."

Tom laughed derisively, and holding up the silver coin so Jim could see it he ran off up the bank.

When Jim went through the village half an hour later, the city sportsman was sitting on the tavern porch relating some amusing story to an audience composed of Abram Heck, the tavern keeper; Jefferson Jones, the postmaster; the old German shoemaker from over the way, and half a dozen barefooted boys. They laughed loudly as Jim went by, and presently some one called after him "coward." Jim thought he recognized Tom Carrol's voice, and was half tempted to turn back, but he thought better of it and continued on home.

His heart was bursting with indignation. It was the first time he had ever been called a coward, and boy-like he was terribly distressed about it. Yet he knew that he had done right, and this made it seem all the more severe.

For several days following his companions treated him with evident coolness. Old Hans Diedrich, the cobbler, alone pitied him. He called Jim into his shop and said: "Nefer mind, my boy, pay no attention to dose pad boys. Some day you vill show dem who bees de coward, ain't dot so?"

Jim found but cold comfort in this well-meant consolation. He went off to the river and stayed there by himself until evening. That night it stormed and the rain poured down fiercely and steadily.

In the morning it was still raining, and pulling on an old gum blanket, Jim started for the river to see that his boat was out of harm's way.

Down the gloomy straggling street he saw a man running swiftly, and as he drew near the tavern, out came half a dozen more and dashed off down the street at the top of their speed, utterly regardless

of the pouring rain. Women rushed to their doors and small boys shouted wildly. Jim began to run, too, and presently caught up with the postmaster, who was hobbling along with the aid of a cane.

"What's the matter, Mr. Jones?" he cried breathlessly.

"Why, it's that city feller, Luke Walton, an' young Carrol, they do say that they air drowned in the falls," groaned the postmaster, "ef this rheumatism wasn't so bad, I'd soon—" but Jim was already twenty yards away and going at a rate of speed that caused Mr. Jones to groan with envy.

He swept through the rain-soaked bushes, and plunged down the grassy slope in three jumps.

Half the population of the village were running up and down the pebbly beach, crying and shouting, and pointing with trembling hands out toward the falls.

The Juniata, swollen to madness by the heavy rains, was rushing past turbid and yellow with mud, and the falls were roaring in sullen rage, and tossing up great spiral columns of tawny foam and spray as the heavy waves thundered against the half-submerged rocks.

With a sickening heart Jim saw a dark object tossing up and down in the troubled waters just below the falls, and

hind him, and then he looked at his boat which lay untouched upon the shore. Suddenly a woman broke from the crowd and, wringing her hands in agony, ran weeping along the sand.

It was Tom Carrol's mother, and this sad sight steeled Jim's heart to a sudden and desperate resolve.

Before the eyes of the amazed people he pushed the boat into the river, grasped the oars and pulled firmly up stream at an angle.

"Come back, Jim, come back. You're crazy, lad, you'll be drowned," the people shouted at him, but paying no heed whatever, the youth pulled into the center of the river. He stood up once and with a critical eye measured his distance. Then sitting calmly down he let the boat sweep at will straight toward the angry falls.

He was directly above the upturned craft, and just below him between two jagged rocks a great wave shot madly into the air. If his boat could shoot that wave, and if he could jerk it to one side far enough to pierce the eddy where the hapless victims were tossing up and down, he might get them into the boat, and it was barely possible that the passage of the rapids below might be made in safety. The lives of all three hung by



a slender thread indeed. On shore the people, stupefied into silence, watched in breathless suspense this daring exploit.

The boat, caught in the swirl, shot madly forward, heading straight for the great hissing wave. Two inches to either side and the pointed rocks would shatter it to fragments.

Jim's face was white as a sheet, but he remained calmly seated, clutching the oars with a firm grasp. Ten

seconds more and straight out on the crest of the wave rode the frail craft. Then the foam and spray shot up in columns around it, and a low murmur burst from the people on the shore, which turned to a shout of triumph as the boat appeared a moment later battling fiercely with the turbulent waters. The struggle was desperate, but brief. With a mighty effort Jim cut through the edge of the current and the craft rode into the tossing eddy. He waited a moment to ball out some of the water with a wooden scoop, and then with two or three strokes reached the upturned craft. Leaning over the edge he held out his hands to Walton and with a brief struggle dragged him into the boat. A moment later and Tom Carrol was seen to crawl over the side; and as the rescuing boat with its three occupants darted out into the swirling waters again a mighty cheer rose from the spectators that was heard even above the furious roar of the falls. The whole village was on the spot now, and as the boat began its perilous journey down the rapids the crowd followed in wild excitement along the shore. Twice the craft struck hidden rocks and bounded into the air, twice the dashing

instantly he realized what had happened. Walton and Tom Carrol had been carried over the falls. They retained their hold of the capized boat and drifted into a little eddy.

"Is no one trying to help them?" he cried.

"It's no use," groaned the tavern keeper, wringing his hands, "no boat can get near them from above nor below; they're doomed men;" dropping his voice to a whisper, he added, "It's a pity,—a terrible pity, and that man Walton owes me for two months' board; it's terrible, terrible."

Jim ran down to the very edge of the water, where he could see everything plainly. The upturned boat was bobbing up and down among the waves, and Walton and Tom, who were clinging feebly to the sides, were almost hidden at times by the splashing foam.

They appeared to be shouting, but all sound was smothered by the angry roar of the rapids. In a moment or two, at the latest, they would be carried into the current again, and in that mad half-mile stretch of rapids below they would be swallowed up forever.

Jim looked wistfully at the village peeping out from the green foliage be-

(Continued on Page 189.)

THE SYNDICATED FOOT



(Continued from front page.)

had been thus hastily gathered, laid the doctor's proposition before the meeting. It sent their spirits skyward, and, putting their planned cruise firmly out of their minds, they declared that every Johnny was entitled to two feet, and that John Hemmingway should have the same number as the others.

As soon as Dr. Runner could trust the crippled Johnny to hear so much good news, he allowed the whole eleven to call upon their comrade in the hospital and themselves tell him their plans. The Johnny who was selected to make the announcement got only a little way in his speech and broke down.

"Johnny," said he to the cripple, "we—the fellows—are mighty sorry you lost your foot. We know it's going to be hard to walk on crutches—and so—we—"

"We're going to buy you a new one," nervously said another.

"And not go cruising," said a third.

"And Doc Runner is going to take you home while you learn a trade," said another.

Then they all smiled bashfully and said:

"Yes! That's right, Johnny."

But the poor, worn, nervous boy on the bed looked from face to face in speechless surprise, finally resting his eyes on the doctor.

"You must get well fast, my boy," said he. "You see what good friends are waiting to help you on your feet. Yes, I said feet!"

There was a nervous laugh in which even the boy on the bed joined. But in the awkward silence which followed he drew the sheet over his face and his pain-racked form shook with sobs. Then, holding the sheet to his eyes, with his left hand, he extended his right into the air and touched the nearest Johnny. One by one they filed by and shook that thin, white hand, and then filed out of the room, silently, humbly; touched to the very core of their manly hearts.

The doctor made a good bargain for them, and on the night when the new foot arrived at his office he had them in to see the package opened. Gradually the wound healed, and one day the lame boy limped down from the hospital to the room which had been prepared for him in the doctor's house. Then came the days when the new foot was tried on, with no one present but the doctor and the patient, and later the first limping steps were taken. Finally, when he could walk quite firmly with the aid of a cane, the doctor called in the Johnnies.

"Go hire the hall for next Wednesday night," said he. "Tell your friends that they may sit in the galleries for twenty five cents a seat. Tell the band that they are to play, and tell the hotelkeeper to spread a supper for fourteen. Tell them we will divide the receipts into three parts—one-third each for the band, the hall and the supper. If you go at it right they will accept those terms. One thing more. You will want a name for the event. Have tickets printed like this," and the doctor held up a sample, which read:

THE SYNDICATED FOOT

Town Hall—Wednesday Night—Next.

Under the Auspices of the Johnnies.

The Johnnies did not wait to hear the doctor's promise that John Hemmingway should walk into the hall on his own feet; they promptly upset his office in their efforts to apportion the necessary preparations among themselves.

The town took to the suggestion splendidly. There was to be a Johnny banquet and a dance afterward, said the girls in the Chapple set, and, of course, every Chapple forthwith bought tickets. There was to be a Johnny minstrel show, or something or other, said the Brownies, and forthwith several family purses were raided for the necessary "two bits." The girls in the Johnny set volunteered to the doctor as table waitresses, and the doctor at once arranged the matter with the hotelkeeper. And then the business men said to their wives, in the easy rhetoric of the West: "What kind of a game is Doc Runner and those Johnnies up to?" with the result that they, also, bought tickets.

People came early that night because they were curious; and several of the Johnny girls were found on duty, some as door tenders and ticket takers, and some as ushers. The band occupied the stage, and in the center of the hall was the banquet table spread for fourteen, around which hovered other Johnny girls, daintily dressed, with tiny lace aprons and caps, adding the delicate finishing touches. The people kept coming

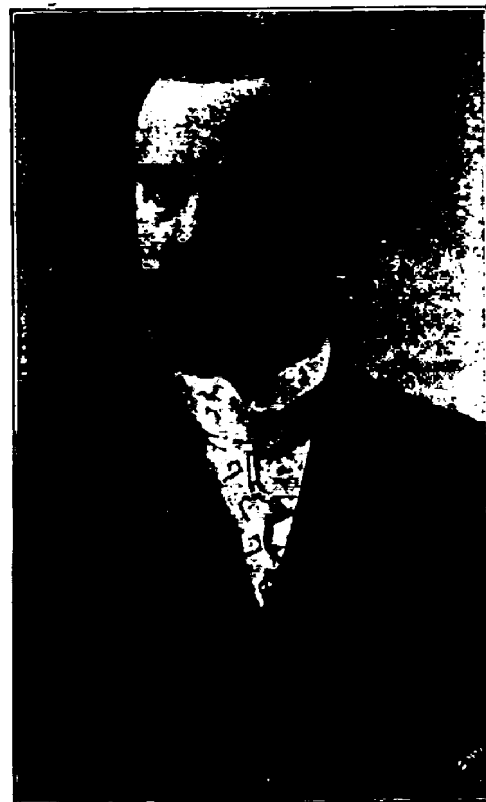
till the balconies were packed, and a row of chairs was placed around the walls on the floor of the hall. Then the doorkeepers closed the entrances, the ushers scurried down to the floor and with the waitresses retired from the hall.

The people glowed and tingled in that moment of excitement, and when the band broke out strongly with the opening notes of "Whistling Rufus," they applauded nervously from the fullness of their hearts.

Out of the anteroom came the procession. First the girl ushers, two abreast; behind them the waitresses single file; and then Dr. Runner, with a Johnny on either side of him. Then there was a slight break in the order, but only for a moment, for there came the crippled Johnny walking without crutches and with two feet! How the guests in the gallery and on the floor did cheer the smiling boy!

Behind him came the remaining Johnnies, the hospital doctor in the last file.

They went around the tables twice, Dr. Runner showing his confidence in the new foot by not once looking back at the boy. Then they drew back the chair at the end of the table for the guest of honor, Dr. Runner taking the opposite end, with six on each side of the table.



J. L. HARBOUR.

Lecturer and well-known writer for boys whose stories are appearing in THE AMERICAN BOY.

Knowing the temper of the townspeople, Dr. Runner had cautioned the boniface not to make the dinner too long. In keeping with these directions the affair moved quickly, the onlookers finding ample amusement in the band, the animated scene on the floor, in the menu cards, a quantity of which had been printed for distribution among them. Besides, there was to be dancing later.

These cards breathed the spirit of the occasion. A line across the top declared:

The habit of walking on two feet is expensive, but all of ours are paid for.

The menu cards read as follows:

- Olympia Oysters on One Foot
- Little Toe Pickles
- Olives from the Foothills
- Soup on Crutches
- (Very weak)
- Water Cress, Ankle Deep
- Fried Sole, Shoepeg Sauce
- ROAST TURKEY WITH DETACHABLE LIMBS
- Cranberries from Lame Cow Marsh
- Ladies' Slippers Stuffed with Onions
- Hobnail Punch
- (With a Kick in It)
- Cork Leg Salad
- Cutlet of Knotholes
- Rubber Boot Pudding
- (Neat's Foot Oil Sauce)

- Cold Foot Ice Cream
- Moccasin Cake
- Strong Coffee
- (Patent Leather Top)
- Copper Toed Nuts
- Full Dress Raisins
- Fruit
- (Of Experience)

When the last course had been served the waitresses dropped back from the table, for it was known that Dr. Runner was to formally invite the ticketholders to remain and dance. The doctor waited until the last cracking of nuts had died away and the faces about the table bore expressions of utter contentment. Then he rose in his place and rapped for order.

"It is my pleasure," said he, "to invite all within this hall to remain until this table is removed, and join the Johnnies in their dancing. Of all the parties given by this set, this occasion is in some respects the most unique. It is typical only of the West; but it is generous in its inception and generous in its results. I admire the spirit which animated these boys when they voluntarily gave up their cherished plans and turned their syndicated funds to the aid of this unfortunate member of their councils. I have been happy to become a co-worker in their deed; and I thank you for them for so generously responding with your presence tonight at this Johnny reception."

The doctor paused and as this sounded like the end of a speech, everybody applauded. But he again rapped for order. "One thing more before we break up," continued Dr. Runner. "I hold in my hand a deed of gift of my sailboat, 'Doctor.' It is my purpose to give it to a young man who deserves a little financial aid just now. If the good people of this town will remember him and employ his boat when they arrange for sailing parties this summer, he ought to earn enough therefrom to pay his way through a commercial college next winter. I have the pleasure of presenting this bit of paper with my best wishes to Mr. John Hemmingway, the most deserving Johnny who wears two feet."

Eleven Johnnies and the hospital doctor rose to their feet to cheer, for the doctor's gift was a genuine surprise. The pale boy at the end of the table reached down and grasping his knees, held on tight, tight! It seemed to him that the world was tipping over and that he must slip off into space.

When quiet was restored, there was a general directing of attention toward the recipient of the gift, as though expecting him to acknowledge it. But a shuffling of feet, and murmuring of voices on the stage drew many eyes to the band to see heads nodding and hands waving over some point of discussion. Then the leader arose and, very red and smiling in the face, motioned Dr. Runner to approach. The crowd in the hall saw the band leader whisper something to him, which evidently pleased him, for he reached up and shook hands with the leader and waved his hand in a salute to the band.

Turning to the hall, Dr. Runner said, with a decided note of happy surprise in his voice:

"The band authorize me to say that they desire their one-third of tonight's receipts to be applied to that course in the commercial college."

The Johnnies fairly danced about in glee, but were silenced by a man who rose from his seat and waved for silence. He was the owner of the hall.

"Doc, you can put mine in, too," said he. There was the next thing to pandemonium for a minute, which ended in a great shriek of delight as the crowd recognized the fat hotelkeeper waddling out on the floor. As soon as he could be heard he waved his hand grandiloquently at the table and said:

"Boys, I'm a sport. Make it three straight."

The citizens of that town have seen it grow till now there are ten times twenty five hundred people, and four times that number there. But they will never forget one night when they were younger, and that was the night when the Johnnies, headed by the band and followed by half the population, marched out of the hall, down the main street, out on the long dock, carrying a boy with an artificial limb on their shoulders, and after seating him in the stern of a sailboat, christened him:

"Captain Johnny of the good ship 'Doctor.'"

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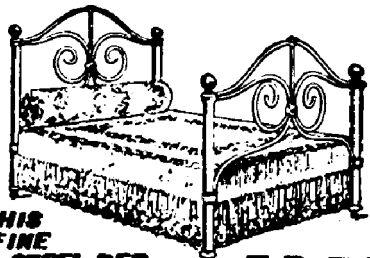
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A Famous Pony and a Famous Ride

General Charles

King, U. S. V.



P TO the year 1898 the American soldier had fought no battle save on North American soil. Within two years thereafter American soldiers had followed their flag through brake, swamp and jungle in four different lands—Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and China. It fell to the lot of one American officer, and only one that I know of, to fight in all four, to be most highly commended by his commanding general in all four, to be recommended for brevets or other recognition, and to achieve a most unique distinction. When the fighting was all over, the recommendations of the generals at the front were overhauled by a board of officers at the rear. To many a good soldier who had served in, possibly, only one land, they awarded the Medal of Honor or a brevet. To the one man who had fought in all four they awarded—nothing.

There was something so odd about it that other officers took to comparing notes and writing letters. The soldier in question had been wounded at San Juan Hill, his horse falling, pierced by three bullets. He had won the official praise of Generals Young and Wood before his transfer to Porto Rico, where Generals Garretson and Guy Henry added their praise for his courage at Yanco, and his conduct of an expedition to capture Spanish arms. He was promoted lieutenant colonel and sent to Manila; spent six weeks in a smallpox camp at Angel Island and six more on a tub of a transport that nearly swamped with all hands. He rendered brilliant service in Luzon and Mindanao and later in China, but the thing of all others that set "soldiers, sailors and marines" to talking about him was the affair of Vigan.

Officially, we might never have heard of it but for the navy. This was odd, too, for the officer in question was Lieutenant Colonel Webb C. Hayes, son of a gallant soldier of the great Civil War, better known as Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States.

A little force of our Thirty-third Infantry Volunteers, early in December, 1899, was occupying the town of Vigan, Luzon, near the northwest coast of Luzon, Province of Ilocos Sur. It had a fine cathedral, "city hall," bishop's palace and other public buildings and a native population of nineteen thousand. Parker had perhaps one hundred men fit for duty and as many more sick and wounded sent in from the field columns scouring the mountains after Aguinaldo. All on a sudden he found himself surrounded by an overwhelming number of insurgents, with Mauser and Remington rifles, but fortunately without artillery. He was cut off completely from the outside world, for the Tagalogs seized all boats on the Abra estuary, and held even the water roadways to the open sea, three miles away.

What the insurgents wanted most was the great store of rations and ammunition under Parker's charge. The capture or destruction of the little garrison, and probably a wholesale massacre of the sick and wounded would, however, have been an incident. Parker was sheer grit. He stationed his men in the stone buildings on the plaza. He armed such of the sick as could stand, and when, urged on by their officers, the Tagals charged, they were met by a hot and furious fire that drove them back dismayed. Then they crawled into the surrounding "shacks" of stone or bamboo and began a siege, with the chances ten to one in their favor unless Parker could get help from outside.

And this was the condition of things when, on the afternoon of December 4th the United States warship Vicksburg, Captain Harry Knox commanding, steamed into Vigan roads, off the mouth of the Abra, dropped anchor and sent a little boat ashore containing a solitary soldier, with his field kit and a chest of medicines for Parker's sick and wounded. The solitary soldier was Lieutenant Colonel Hayes, who had come up from Manila, a passenger, under orders to report to General Young, commanding in the field somewhere north or east of Vigan. That was all they could tell him at Manila; but, like Rowan and his "message to Garcia," it was all Webb needed to be told. The ship's pilot came ashore with him to interpret in case they met anybody; but, barring a few silent and suspicious native fishermen, they found at first only one man, the Spanish agent of the tobacco company, who threw up his hands in dismay at sight of the colonel and begged him at once to go back to the ship. "Porque?" said the pilot. "Because," said the Spaniard, "the Tagalogs by thousands have surrounded Vigan and massacred the Americans to a man." But

any price. Hayes calmly grabbed the reins, straddled the pony, bade the owner come on and claim pay and property in Vigan. The truth was Hayes needed both mount and guide, and saw no other way of getting them. The native borrowed another pony and came ahead. A mile from the beach they reached the wicker bridge over the Abra and here they came in sight of the swarming insurgents, and here the native balked. Livid with fear, he protested he dare go no farther, until he felt the muzzle of Hayes's revolver at his cheek. It was then dusk. Hayes was in loose khaki, the native in flapping, dirty white "ropas." Both were bestriding native ponies. The insurgents were doing their best to finish the "Yankoes" within the town and hadn't brains enough to watch for any without. Once more, at sight of a big party of armed Tagalogs by the roadside, the guide bolted, but Hayes was too quick for him, and, nabbing his rein, whirled the pony about, then set his pistol between the shrinking shoulder-blades and savagely bade him go on. Marvellous as it may seem, they went that mile of dusky road past dozens of Aguinaldo's soldiery, past dead and wounded as they neared the suburb, then through shadowy, deserted streets straight to the plaza and the dark, frowning walls of the cathedral and city hall, looking every instant for shot or challenge and hearing not a sound until, almost at the iron gateway of the Casa Real, came the lusty hall of "Halt! Who is there?" And up went the answering shout, "Americans! Friends!"

Two minutes more and the lieutenant colonel of the Thirty-first stood in the presence of the lieutenant colonel commanding the little garrison, Parker, with his few officers, to answer their wondering questions and to hear them, with one voice, say, "Impossible!" when told he had come through from the shore. It was what the Vicksburg's captain called "the coolest and nerviest bit of work" he knew of, "hazardous, but not foolhardy," and something he would allow no one under his control to attempt, yet declared it admirably carried out. But that wasn't all.

That night the insurgents pitched in with all their might. Perhaps they knew that help was coming by sea and General Young by land, but the besieged did not know it. Twice Colonel Hayes strove to signal from the cathedral tower to the ship, but the sight of the lantern brought a storm of buzzing bullets from the surrounding foe. All night they kept up the attack, but Hayes had managed to bribe a Spaniard to push through with a note to the Vicksburg, and, though captured and maltreated by the Tagalogs, the messenger did his work and morning brought relief. The Newark and Wheeling joined the Vicksburg, and Captain Bowman McCalla landed his sailors and marines and pushed in from the sea-side, meeting Hayes and a small detachment near the bridge, while General Young, with three troops of cavalry, trotted in from the mountains, raising the siege after Parker had lost eight killed and several wounded.

To him, the brave young commander, was awarded the Medal of Honor for "most distinguished gallantry in the defense of Vigan, where, with small numbers, he repulsed a savage night attack by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, fighting at close quarters in the dark for several hours." To Hayes, for his daring and devotion, was given, for a whole year at least, not so much as a word. Just how it happened that no mention was made of it in the official reports is one of those strange things time alone can explain. Hayes joined the staff of General Young and served him so well that the general wrote of him enthusiastically. But Hayes, while praising Parker's pluck, of course, said nothing of his own. A long year after, through a letter from Captain Harry Knox, of the Vicksburg, the matter was brought to General Young; then, at once, the latter wrote the War Department, calling attention to "The chivalrous and daring action of Colonel Webb Hayes," but Young was then only a brigadier, and the report, perhaps, was "blanketed" somewhere. Now as senior major general of the line the gallant veteran has the ear of the President, and the Medal of Honor, so long withheld, hangs where it should on the breast of Colonel Hayes.

A year later there came to Ohio, after having borne his tall rider through the severe campaign in northern Luzon, a mite of a Filipino pony, sent by Col. Hayes, to be the wonderment of many a Buckeye boy, and, for long months, the joy of one, his proud owner, the colonel's nephew and namesake. The asperities of the American climate proved fatal to little "Piddig" (for the pony brought

Hayes said, "Listen!" and listen they did, and through the soft, summerlike air came the smothered sound of crackle and sputter. "Burning bamboo," said the pilot. "Musketry," said Hayes, who had heard it before. "Take the medicine back to the ship and tell the captain the news, and I'll wait here."

Away went the boat, and the farther it went the closer came a swarm of curious fisher folk, increasing in numbers with every minute, jabbering excitedly and pointing to the lone American's fine field glass and revolver. Presently he, too, was surrounded and saw that it was time to break through, so break he did, shouldering a path through the crowd until he got to the surf line, then faced about, with his hand at the pistol butt. They couldn't speak American, but they could understand. Every few minutes the louder sound of distant firing would set them to still more excited jabber and gesticulation, and their eyes on Hayes were very greedy. But the sight of the snowy hand at the revolver and of the Vicksburg, now steaming closer to shore, was too much for their nerve. Presently another small boat shoved off and an ensign came ashore, with armed Jackies to protect him. "The captain thinks you'd better return to the ship, sir," said he. "My orders are to go to Vigan," said Hayes, "and—I'm going." Natives opposed and Navy expostulated, but it was



PIDDIG IN WAR. COL. WEBB C. HAYES IN THE SADDLE.

From Kodak picture taken during the Luzon campaign.

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with him his Tagalog name), and in the fall of 1901 he died and was buried under a boulder monument at Fremont, Ohio, side by side with "Old Whitey," the big charger ridden by General Rutherford B. Hayes through the later battles of the great Civil War.



PIDDIG IN PEACE.

On his back are mounted five grandsons of President Hayes. Photo taken at the Hayes farm in Ohio.

The Youngest Member of the Pennsylvania Assembly.

Representative Andrew Anderson Thompson, of Uniontown, has the distinction of being the youngest member of the Pennsylvania assembly. He celebrated his twenty second birthday on February 13, while seated in the speaker's chair. Speaker Walton invited him to take the chair immediately after the house was called to order, a compliment never before extended a "baby" member, as young members of that austere body are styled. He won the admiration of all the members present and after the house had adjourned, his name was agitated as a prospective candidate for the position, as the term of office of the present incumbent, Representative Walton, expires soon.

Representative Thompson is a member of a rich and powerful family, his father, Hon. J. V. Thompson, and his father before him, being president of the First National Bank of Uniontown, which is rated as sixth in the Union in ratio of surplus and individual profits to the capital stock. His father is the wealthiest man in southwestern Pennsylvania. By working in his father's bank during



ANDREW A. THOMPSON.

vacations, young Thompson paid his way through Washington and Jefferson college, graduating at the head of the class of '02.

Last fall his name was casually mentioned as a candidate for member of the assembly with those of a number of other prominent men. Contrary to all expectations and the wishes of the "machine," he won the nomination and was later elected by a majority of over 4,000 having polled the largest vote of any candidate on his, the Republican, ticket.

Before leaving his native town for the capital at Harrisburg, he announced his intention of abandoning the banking business and taking up politics as a profession.

In the few months that he has been in the assembly, he has demonstrated his legislative ability to a marked degree. In the past history of that body, it has been customary for "baby" assemblymen to make themselves more ornamental than useful, but he upset all the time-worn traditions by taking an active interest in every measure that came up. He has won quite a reputation as a speaker and a debater.

He has secured the passage of a bill calling for an additional appropriation of \$30,000 for the maintenance of the Uniontown State Hospital, while twenty nine other bills asking appropriations for similar institutions have been laid on the table. He has also been largely responsible for the repeal of Sunday laws that have been in force in Pennsylvania since colonial days, and known as "blue laws," now contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

Boys Books Reviewed

HIS MOTHER'S LETTER or The Boy Wolf's Search by J. M. Merrill. After reading this book we have to find fault with the title. "His Mother's Letter" is too tame to convey any idea of the many exciting adventures and hairbreadth escap's which Fred Burton experienced in his search for his unknown father away up in the lumber regions of Northern Michigan. The story is pleasingly told, and there are sufficient "thrills" to satisfy the reader. 300 pages, nicely illustrated by W. H. Fry. Ornamental cloth cover. Price, \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co., publishers.

PITMAN'S SHORTHAND DICTIONARY—Twentieth Century Edition. The first edition of Isaac Pitman's dictionary, printed in 1846, contained the shorthand outlines of 12,000 words. The edition before us—the eighth—contains the Shorthand Reporting Outlines of 65,000 words, proper names, grammalogues and contracted words with key in ordinary type. The busy, up-to-date writers of Pitman's system of shorthand will find this book of vast assistance in their work. As a reference work for teachers, students and writers it stands unrivaled. 320 pages. Half leather binding, \$1.50 postpaid, or Library Edition, Full roan, \$1.75. Isaac Pitman & Sons, publishers.

CRUISING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, by Everett T. Tomlinson. This is the third volume of the St. Lawrence Series, by Dr. Tomlinson, and there is no sign of any diminution in those exciting and pleasurable incidents and adventures so beloved of healthy boyhood. To those who have not read Dr. Tomlinson's previous books in this series, "Camping on the St. Lawrence," and "The House-boat on the St. Lawrence," we will say that the present volume tells of a summer vacation spent by four college students cruising in their sleep yacht, the Truant, on the famous, historical St. Lawrence. Combined with the delights of sailing, shooting, fishing and other sports, the story gives plenty of useful information as to the historical places along the river as well as the history of the Indians and their manners and customs. The book is interesting and entertaining from cover to cover. Illustrations by A. E. Shute. 442 pps. Handsome cover. Price, \$1.20 net. Lee & Shepard, publishers.

PETERKIN, by Mrs. Moleworth. The name of Mrs. Moleworth is so well known as a writer of stories for young people that anything from her pen is sure to be delightful reading and no one will be disappointed in this story. Peterkin was, indeed, a queer child, full of strange fancies regarding fairies and witches and their doings, and sometimes he was considered a bit of a nuisance by his elder brothers and sisters. He fancied that people could be changed into animals and birds and that all good people became fairies. There are many amusing things told in the book and also a few that are pathetic. The young readers are sure to be interested in the parrot, in little Margaret who was called Princess by Peterkin, and in the journey Peterkin and his brother Giles (who is supposed to write the story) took with her to escape from the witch as they called good old Miss Bogie, who looked after Margaret. The story is a pretty one and will be greatly enjoyed. Illustrations by H. B. Millar. 200 pps. of large, clear type, ornamental cover. Price, \$1.25. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

THE NEW PUPIL, a school story by Raymond Jacobus. The boy who thinks that because this is a story about girls it is not worth reading, will be very much mistaken, and we are sure that the boy's sister will say so with considerable emphasis. Pollie Quebec, a little, motherless girl, has been living with her father and two young brothers in sunny Italy. The father has been so absorbed in the great Italian dictionary that he is writing that his children's education and upbringing are neglected. His attention is called to his shortcomings and he resolves to send Pollie to a school in England. Her undisciplined nature, her boyish actions and the green parrot, Jacko, are rather a trial to Fraulein Friederichs, the kind hearted, motherly principal of the school, but her patience and kindness are finally rewarded. It gives a good picture of school life with its friendships and its enmities. The character of Pollie, troublesome because of her thoughtless pranks and follies, yet honest and truthful, preferring silence rather than expose her school fellows' wrongdoing, and the others girls and teachers are all finely portrayed. Altogether it is a thoroughly good, wholesome book. Illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond. 260 pps. good paper, large type. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

THE YOUNG VOLCANO EXPLORERS or American Boys in the West Indies (Pan-American Series), by Edward Stratemeyer. In conveying sound information and instruction in an interesting and pleasing form Mr. Stratemeyer is a past-master. His former works for boys have placed him high in their regard. The location of the story before us is in the West Indies. Sailing from Venezuela, upon which the eyes of all European nations are fixed at present, Professor Strong and his boys arrive at Jamaica; from thence to Cuba, landing at Havana and visiting different places made memorable by the Spanish-American war. They then visit Porto Rico and travel across the island. Afterward they sail for Martinique and arrive at St. Pierre just in time to view the Mont Pelee eruption with all its attendant disaster and loss of life. Mr. Stratemeyer has spared no pains in ensuring accuracy, having not only consulted the best Spanish and American authorities, but read the reports of eye-witnesses and those who suffered and escaped from the conflagration. Every boy who wishes to learn something of the Americas outside of the United States should get this book. 332 pps. Nicely bound in ornamental cover. Illustrations by A. E. Shute. Price \$1.00 net. Lee & Shepard, publishers.

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\$10.00 for Boys. THE AMERICAN BOY wants to find out the original ways which boys have found of making money without leaving their homes, so it offers the following prizes: \$5.00 for the best description of the best idea; \$3.00 for the best description of the NEXT BEST idea; \$2.00 for the best description of the NEXT BEST idea. No more than 300 words should be used; fewer if possible. Write only on one side of the paper. What you must tell is: The idea by which you made money; how you did it, and the amount of money it netted you. It must be an idea that can be put into practice in the summer time, and it must be a personal experience; something tried, and the exact methods plainly told, and money results must be given. Send as many different experiences as you like, but no single one should exceed 300 words. Send before May 1, to the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY. MEMBER 0025 WORLD'S FAIR POSTER CLUB. JOIN THE WORLD'S FAIR POSTER CLUB and keep in touch with the greatest Exposition ever held. Send 25 cents in coin for membership in the World's Fair Poster Club and 10 beautiful World's Fair Posters, posed from life by Jas. J. Hannerty, an official World's Fair idea man. Pictures are 7 1/2 x 9 1/2 and equal to finished photographs. With each set of pictures we send you a richly colored emblem badge and a membership button bearing the official World's Fair colors and your membership number. Preserve your membership button, as some of the numbers will become valuable in the near future. WORLD'S FAIR POSTER CLUB Century Building, St. Louis.

Captain Nolan's Boy

JULIA K. HILDRETH

JUSTIN CRAIN lay on the grimy deck of the small steam-tug, Lucy M., his face turned toward the sky, across which heavy white clouds were sailing. There was no sound to be heard but the lapping of water against the timbers of the wharf and the creaking and straining of the hawser, as the boat rocked backward and forward on the heaving water.

On the left of the little tug lay a large working schooner, its dingy sails flapping idly to and fro and its deck piled high with dark-colored barrels and boxes. Between the schooner and the tug, looking almost like a toy by contrast, danced a tiny yacht, its snowy sail and brightly painted hull gleaming like a jewel against the dusky background of the large vessel.

A strong puff of wind, blowing across his face, caused Justin to glance toward the schooner. "I wonder if she will want us today," thought he, half aloud, "we are going to have a squall before long and Mr. Nolan said she would not start in a storm."

Mr. Nolan was the owner of the tug and Justin was his boy. A year ago Justin's father died suddenly and as his mother was left with three children to provide for, Justin, being the oldest, determined to support himself. Mr. Nolan kindly overlooked his want of experience and offered to teach him to manage the Lucy M., if, in the meanwhile, he would do what he could to assist him. Justin, being intelligent and studious, learned all Mr. Nolan could teach in a very short time, and now the management of the engine was left almost entirely to him. And it sometimes seemed to the boy as though this black, unsightly engine was one of the dragons of which he had read in his childhood, it required so much feeding, coaxing and watching to keep it good natured—and that he was its slave. At any time, night or day, Justin must be ready to start up and set to work.

Backward and forward steamed the strong ugly, little craft, tugging by its side the stately sailing vessels, like a small black gnome who had captured a delicate water fairy and was leading her away to his cave.

This morning Justin was very weary, for he had been at work since daybreak, and now, as he lay thinking of his mother and home, his eyes closed and he fell into a light doze. Presently, however, before his doze had time to change into a sound sleep, he was aroused by the noise of pattering feet on the boards of the wharf and a childish voice close to him said: "Have you seen Tom?"

Justin opened his eyes and saw, peeping down on him, a pretty little girl in a very seaman-like costume. A blue worsted cap was placed jauntily on her thick yellow curls, and large blue anchors were embroidered on the deep collar of her loose white blouse.

"Who's Tom?" asked Justin, springing to his feet.

"Tom is the sailor who always goes with us," replied the little girl. "Frank told me to run down and see if he was in the yacht. But he is not there and I thought perhaps you might know where he is."

"Has he a large red beard and a very dark skin?" enquired Justin.

"Oh, yes," replied the little girl eagerly, "where is he?"

"About an hour ago, Mr. Nolan went off with a man whom he called Tom, and I heard him say something about breakfast," said Justin.

"Then I suppose he will be back soon," replied the little girl, as she seated herself upon a small box on the wharf and began to examine the Lucy M. with great interest. Presently she glanced at the sky and said earnestly:

"Do you think it is going to rain?"

"Yes," replied Justin, smiling. "I am quite sure we are going to have a storm of some kind."

"There, that's just what I said!" cried the little girl, nodding her head wisely. "But they all laughed at me. Now I don't want to go out sailing if it rains and blows, because the boat tips up so and frightens me dreadfully. I would not be afraid in your boat," continued the little girl, with a look of admiration at the ugly Lucy M. "She never tips, and she must be very strong too, because I have seen her pull big ships along with her as easy as anything."

"Yes," replied Justin, gravely, "she is very strong for her size."

"Frank named his boat, Hattie, after me," said the little girl. Pointing to the letters on the tug: "Is that your sister's name?"

Before Justin could answer, a boy's voice cried impatiently. "Hattie, Hattie! Come here this minute."

"Good-bye, and thank you very much for telling me about Tom," said Hattie, rising and turning leisurely toward a party of young people who had just appeared at the other end of the wharf.

As Justin watched them approach, he was startled to hear the largest boy say in a tone quite loud enough to reach him:

"Don't you know any better than to stop and talk to such a ragged, dirty fellow as that? Why he is only Mr. Nolan's boy."

"Old clothes don't make people bad," cried Hattie indignantly. "He was very polite and spoke as nicely as you do. He said it was going to storm. So I think we had better give up our sail."

"Do you suppose a common, ignorant fellow knows more about the weather than I do?" said her brother sharply.

Justin waited to hear no more. For one moment he had clenched his fist angrily, the next, however, he bit his lip and turned away, while a choking feeling arose in his throat.

"After all he is right," he muttered. "I am only Mr. Nolan's boy. And I am dirty and ragged too, and what is more" he added sorrowfully, "I don't believe I shall be anything better all my life."

Presently he heard the children enter the yacht, then he heard Hattie's brother exclaim rather boastfully, "Of course I know how to manage her, and I am not going to wait any longer. Come, Hattie."

Justin looked toward the little vessel and saw that there were three boys and one girl already seated, but that Hattie still lingered on the shore.

"Please don't go, Frank," cried the little girl earnestly. "You know we ought to wait for Tom. I am sure it is going to storm; and besides I don't believe you know enough to keep her from turning over."

"I tell you what I think," replied Frank, crossly, as he began to haul up the sail. "You are a little coward."

"Come, Hattie," said the little girl in the yacht. "Don't let any one call you a coward. I do so want a sail and you know I won't go without you."

"And besides Frank only means to go out a little way," said one of the boys reassuringly.

After glancing up at the sky and then back over the wharf as if in hopes of seeing Tom, Hattie stepped slowly and reluctantly into the frail vessel.

Justin watched the pleasure party rather enviously as the yacht slowly moved from the shore. A sharp, sudden gust of wind tossed a quantity of gravel from the wharf into Justin's eyes and made the sail of the small vessel quiver.

"Why," thought Justin, as he watched Frank's movements, "I don't believe he knows how to manage her at all. If there is a storm she will surely capsize." He was looking into the dainty little boat as she passed close to him and Hattie, catching sight of his face, smiled and nodded. This determined Justin. "I suppose if I speak that boy will say something hateful, or else take no notice," thought he, uneasily, "but still it is only right to warn him."

Going to the side of the tug, Justin called out:

"You had better take a reef in your sail, there's a storm coming."

Frank turned toward him with a glance of anger and impatience as he replied:

"When we want your advice we will ask for it."

"Oh, Frank!" remonstrated his sister "how can you be so cross? And I really think you ought to take in the sail!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed the two girls, in concert, for at that moment the yacht bent so far over that the water sprinkled their pretty dresses.

The boys laughed and all sprang nimbly to the other side, while the vessel flew swiftly and lightly before the rapidly increasing wind.

Justin, with a bitter, resentful feeling in his heart, turned his back upon the water and after throwing a little coal upon the fire under the boiler, once more resumed his place upon the deck of the Lucy M. his face somewhat blacker than before.

"Serves him right if she does go over," muttered Justin, as he watched the clouds roll by. Presently two great tears crept

from his eyes and made deep channels through the coal dust on his cheeks before they splashed upon the deck.

"What a baby I am!" he muttered impatiently. "Why should I mind what a mean fellow like that says? He must be mean or he never would have spoken so, only because I am poor. I won't think any more about it," he added resolutely, and taking a small book from his breast, he fixed his eyes upon the pages and tried to read.

But the boy was really very tired, and presently the little volume slipped from his grasp and his eyes closed. Justin had forgotten his troubles in sleep.

Meanwhile the clouds grew thicker and blacker and covered the heavens with a somber gray mantle. Then a murmuring sound arose among the distant trees and the little tug, Lucy M. struggled and pulled at the cable which held her to the dock. At last, with a wild shriek, the wind struck the water, lashing it into great waves. One of these, larger than the rest, carried the tug so high upon it that the hawser slipped from its place and she began to float away toward the sea. Justin was wide-awake and on his feet in an instant. He sprang to the engine and started it, then running to the helm he did his best to keep her from being crushed, between the various objects that lay in her path. He heard, with a feeling of relief, the regular throb of the screw, as the stanch little boat cut bravely through the stormy water.

"I think I can manage her," said Justin, as he glanced anxiously toward the shore, in hopes of seeing Captain Nolan, or one of the two men who composed the crew of the Lucy M. No one was in sight and the boat moved quickly from the land. Suddenly Justin remembered the little yacht and the merry party aboard her.

"I wonder what has become of her," thought he, as he looked before him. Some distance out in the bay, a small white sail was flitting like a wind-tossed butterfly. She was bending so far over that Justin thought the boat would capsize at once. But the next moment it was upright again; a quiver passed through it as the boat appeared to stand still. Then over she went again.

"Let your sail fly," shouted Justin, but the storm drowned his voice and the only answer was a scream in a girl's voice which came faintly to his ear. "There! he's done it!" cried the boy excitedly. He looked about him a moment hesitatingly, then he directed the course of the tug toward the scene of disaster.

"I suppose they won't object to being pulled out of the water by any one, even Captain Nolan's boy," thought Justin, as he rapidly approached the yacht. Soon he was so near that he could discern dark forms clinging desperately to the side and hear the boys calling, "Help! help!"

"I'll be there in a moment," shouted Justin encouragingly, as the Lucy M. steamed swiftly over the water. He stopped the engine and the tug sailed slowly up and lay heaving, close to the overturned boat.

It was the work of a short time to help the terrified children into the Lucy M. As the last shivering form scrambled upon the narrow deck, Justin cried hastily:

"Where's the other?"

"Hattie!" cried Frank, in a tone of horror, as he sprang to the side of the tug.

"Hattie, little Hattie!" shrieked the girl wringing her hands, "where are you? She was close by me when your boat came up," she said, turning to Justin. "Oh! where is she?"

"There she is," shouted Frank, wildly pointing to a small white face that suddenly appeared upon the surface.

"Are you a good swimmer?" asked Justin, catching Frank by the arm as he rushed to the side of the tug.

"No," replied Frank, trying to free himself, "but let me go."

Justin thrust him on one side, then without a pause plunged into the bay. With a few strong, swift strokes he reached the spot where Hattie's face had last been seen. Only a few ripples marked the place. With a beating heart Justin dove beneath the black water. Something solid brushed against him. He snatched at it eagerly—it was the motionless form of the little girl. Then rising to the surface, he shouted to the horror-stricken children watching him:

"Throw me a line, quick. I've got her."

Before he could be obeyed and while he was endeavoring to keep little Hattie's face above the water, Justin heard the sound of oars. Looking up he saw a large rowboat, pulled by Captain Nolan and his two men. As it appeared and disappeared, with the rise and fall of the water, Justin perceived that they were accompanied by a stranger who pointed excitedly toward him. This stranger bent forward as the boat reached Justin and cried in a trembling voice:

"My little Hattie! Is she injured? Give her to me."

In another moment Captain Nolan pulled Justin into the boat and Hattie was in her father's arms. Then, before Justin could speak, they were all on board the Lucy M.

When little Hattie recovered, which she did in a very short time, Captain Nolan and his crew having righted the overturned yacht and secured it to the tug, turned their course back to land. The storm had blown itself out and glimpses of blue sky could now be seen between the clouds.

Justin had rubbed his face dry and stood steaming and shivering close to the engine, when the little party of children whom he had rescued came toward him.

"Here he is!" cried Hattie, who was wrapped in her father's coat, out of which her little round face peeped comically. "Here is the nice, big boy who saved us all! Thank him, papa, do thank him."

"Indeed, I will," replied her father, heartily. Justin would much rather have been spared this ordeal, but he saw no way of avoiding it.

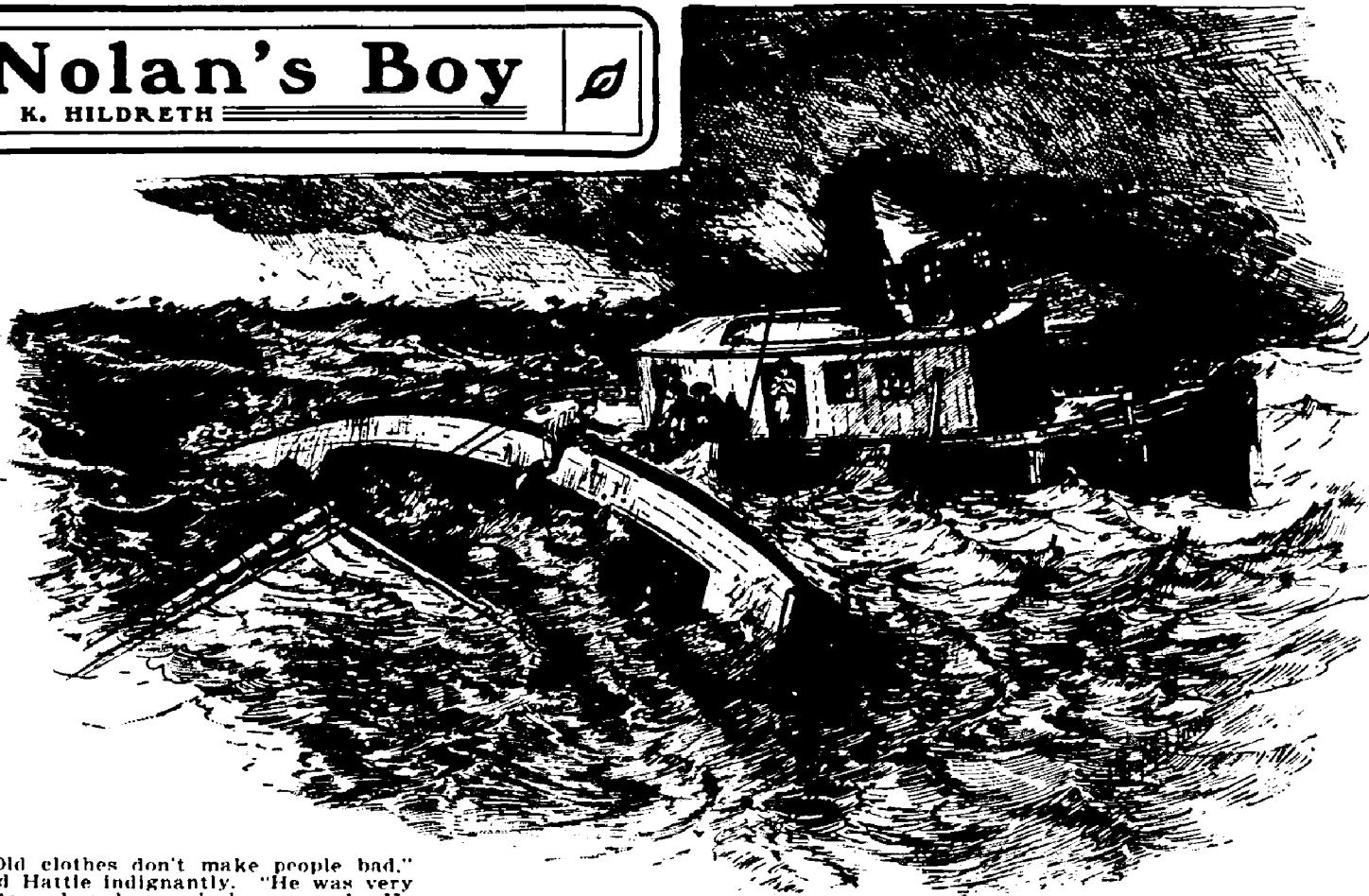
"My boy," said Hattie's father, in a low voice as he placed his hand on Justin's shoulder, "you have this day rendered me a service for which I shall consider myself in your debt the remainder of my life. Now tell me, is there not something for which you have been wishing? I never knew a boy who had not some pet want. Don't be afraid to name it. I am rich; but without my children my wealth would have been valueless."

"Thank you," replied Justin, flushing and turning away. "I was not thinking of being repaid when I picked up your children. I would have done the same for any one."

"I know that," replied Hattie's father, "but now I want you to think less of yourself and more of me—"

Justin looked up in surprise.

"If you owed a boy some money," continued the gentleman gravely, "would you not wish to return it as soon as possible?"



"Of course," replied Justin quickly. "Well, then, how do you suppose I feel?" said Hattie's father; "I owe you much more than money could buy."

Justin was silent; presently he said, "I thank you very much, but there is only one thing that would be of any real use to me, and I don't think you could give me that."

"Well?" demanded Hattie's father as Justin paused.

"An education," replied Justin smiling.

"Nothing easier," replied Hattie's father coolly. "I am glad to hear you express such a sensible wish. It shows you are a boy worth helping. You shall go to college and take up any branch of study you desire."

Justin was so astonished that he could not speak, and besides, Frank and the other two boys pressed up to him in their turn.

Frank extended his hand timidly, as he said: "Will you forgive me for being such a cad as to speak as I did?"

Justin had forgiven him long before, so he grasped Frank's hand readily.

Justin in due time entered college and is now studying hard to become a civil engineer. He never forgets in vacation to pay a short visit to Captain Nolan and Lucy M.

The Captain each time he sees Justin declares that the tug has never been the same since he left her, and that no one will be able to manage her as he did.

As for little Hattie, she still regards Justin as a hero. And she has often been heard to say that he is the bravest, best and strongest boy in the world, and now that his face and clothes are clean, he is also the handsomest.

For a Boys' "Circus"

J. C. BEARD

BEGUN LAST MONTH—MORE TRICKS NEXT MONTH

TRICK DOGS.

When, either for the sake of amusement or profit, one undertakes to teach an animal tricks, dogs are by far the most satisfactory pets with which to work.

They are more easily taught than any other kind of animal, and they can learn more complicated and difficult feats.

Another item in the dog's favor is that, when he is properly handled he will enjoy both his lessons and his performances and he will make it evident that he enjoys them. Any sort of dog can be taught tricks and not infrequently some yellow, short-haired plebeian from the street has more capacity for tricks than a blue blooded poodle.

dom do any good. If the pupil is in momentary expectation of being struck he gives but a small part of his attention to the lesson, and he falls into a cringing, sneaking carriage which spoils even the best of tricks.

The trick of firing a pistol is very popular with both boys and older people, and it is a very easy feat to teach a dog.

Rig up a stand such as that shown in Figure 1, and tie a small cap pistol to the upright bar. Cock the pistol but do not cap it. Tie a string to the trigger of the pistol, as shown in the diagram. Fasten a bit of food to the string and let your dog have the tid-bit.

When he pulls away the food, he will, of course, pull the string and so let down the hammer of the pistol.

After this has been done several times, tie a rag instead of food to the string and reward the dog from your hand every time you induce him to pull at the rag.

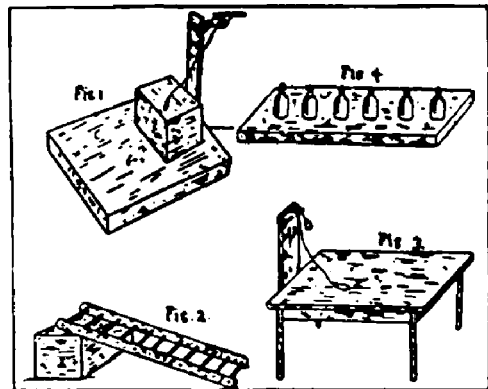
After the dog thoroughly understands what is wanted of him a cap may be placed on the pistol.

A dog may be taught to ring a dinner bell (see Figure 2) by exactly the same process.

Climbing a ladder (see Figure 3) is more difficult to teach than pulling on a string. Yet many pet dogs learn to climb ladders without any training.

Hold a piece of meat just out of the dog's reach and encourage him to reach it by climbing. Reward him at short intervals even if his attempts are far from successful. It will only be a matter of a few days before the dog will climb to the top of any ladder.

The dog that can walk along a row of bottles is fit to perform in public. Fasten the bottles to a plank, as shown in Figure 4. Ordinary fish glue will attach them securely.



Preparations for learned dogs.

The young trainer must not fall into the mistaken notion that the ability to learn a trick quickly is the most desirable quality in an animal. Some pupils learn their lesson far too rapidly and forget them within the next half hour.

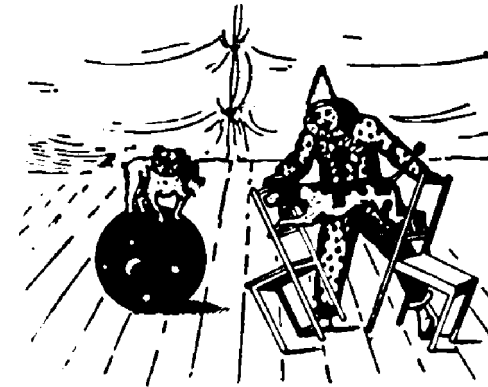
Do not expect too much from one pet. Public exhibitors are able to show a large number of tricks because they have so many animals to call on.

Each pupil, as a rule, knows only a few of these tricks. A dog ought, however, with a proper amount of training, to learn enough tricks to satisfy a reasonable trainer.

Good management by a trainer can often make one good trick appear to be several tricks by working some slight variations.

It is surprising that so few pets—dogs, cats, white rats, parrots, etc.—are able to perform, for it is really not at all difficult to teach these animals. Often only one or two lessons are needed to teach a dog some amusing feat.

When a master, after constant trials, fails to teach his pet the trick he desires, it is almost always the fault of the master. Either he has lost his temper too frequently and frightened the animal, or



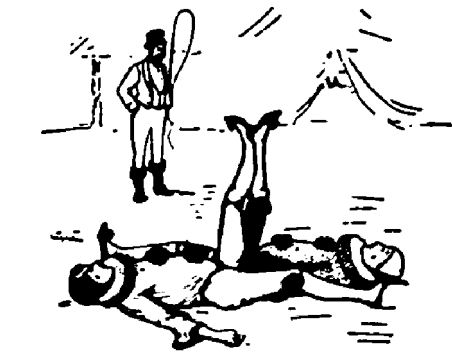
Graduates in the profession.

he has not held to one system of teaching and, as a consequence, he has confused his pupil.

It is impossible to explain to an animal what is desired of him. The animal can only learn to associate certain signs or words with some action, and he learns this only by constant repetition.

If the words or signs which are meant to direct an animal are constantly changed the pet will never be able to understand what is wanted of him.

Whippings confuse animals and sel-



Circus wrestling position.

Pick your dog up and place each of his four feet upon one of the bottles. Help him to balance himself while in this position. After this has been repeated a number of times the dog will be able to stand alone.

Then induce him to lift one of his feet. Tapping it lightly with a lead pencil will usually achieve this result.

When the dog wishes to replace his foot, guide it to the bottle just ahead.

In this way the animal will soon learn that a tap on the foot means to walk ahead.

It is great fun to train a dog and the ability to perform a few tricks multiplies his value twenty times over.

CLOWN WRESTLING.

In the illustration the reader will see that two clowns are lying on their backs. Their left legs are raised and locked together. The object of each clown is to make his adversary raise his right leg from the ground without raising his own right leg.

The diagram shows two heavy black lines crossing each other. The shorter of these is known as the scratch and the longer of the lines is known as the belt line.

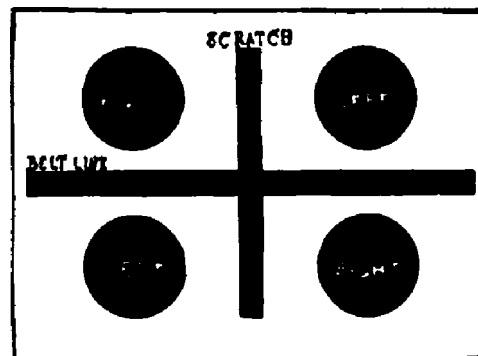
The four black circles in the diagram, two of which are marked "right" and two of which are marked "left," are intended to indicate the position which the shoulders of the wrestlers should occupy relative to the belt line and the scratch.

When the shoulders of a wrestler are in one of the circles marked "left" he will raise his left leg. When the

shoulders of a wrestler are in one of the circles marked "right" he will raise his right leg.

A match consists of six bouts, three in "right," three in "left." The wrestler obtaining the greatest number of "falls" will, of course, win the match.

It is agreed sometimes that a "fall" shall not be counted until both legs of one or the other of the combatants are thrown across the belt line. In other words, until one of the men is made to turn the beginning of a back somersault.



(Diagram)

If the reader will experiment a little with some companions he will soon learn what is meant by the beginning of a back somersault, particularly if he appears to yield somewhat and then pushes down with his engaged leg.

The hands of the wrestler must be kept on the floor and cannot be used in any way.

"Buffalo Bill" Gives Good Advice.

In a recent interview "Buffalo Bill" (Col. William F. Cody) gives advice to boys. He advises them to learn all they can about the great country in the central west. He wants them to become first of all good Americans, and in order that they may do so they must learn all about their own country and fill themselves with pride for it, and grow up to do their duty as citizens of it. Speaking of the opportunities for young men, he says: "It is easier now for boys to get an education than formerly. The country's needs in every field of usefulness were never greater than they are today. The country is larger; the population is greater; people have more wants; and if the boy is of the right sort of stuff, he has the chance to fill them. Too many boys in the east are educated in the belief that there is no wealth or industry west of Wall street. The great center of our wealth, political influence in national life, is moving west. Already our brightest business men and our best statesmen come from there. The average educated Englishman knows more about the resources of the central west than the average educated American. Some of our eastern men are more insulated than the Englishmen."

An Honest Trade Well Mastered.

There is an unfortunate tendency among young men to absolutely disregard places of employment where shirt cuffs and pressed trousers would be out of place, yet many brilliant successes and large fortunes have been founded on an honest trade, well mastered. During the course of a strike in Philadelphia recently it came out that many of the skilled workmen earned as much as \$1.08 an hour, and could earn as much as fifty dollars a week without over-exerting themselves. A young man who has a trade at his fingers' end may feel secure. His trade is always a valuable asset. Such a man will not lose his position for a trifle, or through the whim of an employer, nor does he have to enter into competition with all the riffraff of the labor market.

Where Gold Is Thick

The gold is so thick on a Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Watch Case that it takes the same depth of engraving as a solid gold case, without impairing its wearing quality. A Boss Case never wears thin.

JAS. BOSS

Stiffened GOLD Watch Cases

Are guaranteed for 25 years. For 50 years they have been recognized as the most serviceable of all cases. Don't accept any case said to be "just as good" as the Boss. Ask your jeweler. Write us for booklet.

By This Mark You Know Them.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY, Philadelphia.

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THE POCKET MANICURE

TRIMS, files, shapes, and cleans, and keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child.

Silver steel, nickel plated. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it. **25c**

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Two Million Premiums given away during the last 5 years.

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for colleges, schools, societies, etc. No middleman's profit—the goods come straight from factory to wearer.

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76 Chamber of Commerce,
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Nickel-plated 5 inches long Pat'd

Guaranteed. Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Fires and recharges by pulling trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 20 shots in one loading. Valuable to bicyclists, unescorted ladies, cashiers, homes, etc. All dealers, or by mail, 50c.

Parker, Stearns & Sutton, 229 South St., New York, U. S. A.

This Splendid Key Cutter & Blade Knife Given any Boy or Girl for selling 6 boxes Hawley's Corn Salve at 25c a box, or a fine watch for selling 1 dozen. Simply send your name! I mail mine. When sold send me the money and I mail you knife or watch. Address

CHARLES HAWLEY, Chemist, Berlin, Wis.

IT WORKS LIKE A KODAK.



The Boy with a BROWNIE

doubles his fun by taking pictures of his other sports. But there's more than just fun in photography—there's instruction, too.

No dark-room needed—all by daylight.

Brownie Cameras, . . . \$1.00 and \$2.00
Brownie Developing Machines, . . . 2.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogue of Kodaks and Brownies free at the dealers or by mail.

The Boy Photographer

A Royal Photographer.

Amateur photographers are in good company, anyway. Not long ago, when the Shah of Persia was in England, he posed before one of the royal princesses for his picture, which turned out quite a success. The Shah himself is an adept in the use of the camera, and possesses one of the most expensive of instruments. It is magnificently inlaid with gold and silver, and of course the lenses are of the very best. The Shah likes to take his own picture, which can be easily done by sitting before the camera and with a string manipulating the shutter.

A Great Chance for Amateurs.

The great wave of "animal books" which is sweeping over the country is a famous chance for the amateur photographer. There is no magazine of any prominence that will not take and pay well for photographs of wild animals. The text accompanying them may be very meager, if only the pictures are clear enough for reproduction. So the coming season let all amateurs resolve to wander afield and patiently watch the actions of wild animals, become acquainted with their habits, and make snaps in which there is both money and glory.



"WE'VE DE TERRIBLE TIGERS."

A Clinton, Ia., Baseball Team.
First prize photo: Arthur Baumgart, Wheatland, Ia.

Liquid Lenses.

THE AMERICAN BOY has made mention of the fact that a famous rapid lens has been invented by an Englishman. This lens has now been patented in both the United States and Europe, and it is probable that it will be upon the market the coming season. While it is not quite such a wonderful affair as was first heralded, it is of a sufficiently advanced nature to make its possession desirable—providing the price does not soar so high as to be within the reach of only the rich.

The lens is composed of thin pieces of glass between which is a liquid of practically no dispersive power, but as temperature has much to do with its availability, it must be kept at a temperature of between 46 and 72 degrees F. Dr. von Hoegh, of the firm of Goerz, says that a change of temperature of only two degrees will cause a decided change in the optical constants, but this extreme sensitiveness to heat and cold is denied by the makers. It covers a field of about 60 degrees, and Dr. Grun, the inventor, says that he can sit in the stalls of a theater and take perfect pictures of the performance with an exposure of a hundredth of a second.

Thus far the largest size of instruments made for sale just nicely covers a 4x5-inch plate—the size commonly used by amateurs. With such a lens it will be possible to get bright views of conventions in session; of noted men making evening speeches, where the illumination is only the ordinary gas or electric light; and of those social occasions which now can only be preserved photographically by the use of flashlight powder, with its objectionable smoke and dust.

Copying Portraits.

In copying portraits with regular folding hand camera I have constructed a board the width of my camera and about three feet long, having at one end a short piece of board nailed upright about the height of my camera. This I use to tack the pictures to be copied upon. I then rack my camera out to the hundred-foot mark and open the shutter and slide the camera backward and forward until the focus is reached for the size of the picture desired. I mark the board at the end of the camera for the size of the picture I am making, and then I don't have to bother focusing at night, but simply clamp down my camera on the board at the mark desired. One needs but simply to change the pictures and make as many exposures as desired, never paying any attention to the focus, as when a copying board is used, with the camera clamped thereon.—Camera and Dark Room.

Pyro Stain.

Yellow fog appears frequently if pyro-gallic acid is used as a developer; particularly with under-exposed, or forced development. To avoid the same, says the Professional Pointer, put the negative, after development, but before fixing, in a bath consisting of six grams citric acid, twelve grams chrome alum to one liter of water; wash well, and fix as usual. If the yellow fog is not observed until after fixing, wet the negative, and pour some sulpho-hydrate of ammonium over it, until the yellow fog has disappeared. The only disagreeable part of the latter manipulation is the bad odor of the liquid.

A Simple Plate Lifter.

Some people's skins are very tender, and the developer makes the hands sore. In such cases it is wisdom to keep the hands out of the developer as much as possible. A bit of string in the tray before the negative is placed in the developer will enable the amateur to lift the plate if a few inches of the string is left sticking over the sides. The string can even be used to rock the plate.

An Acid Clearing Bath.

A correspondent asks for a formula for a "good" acid clearing bath. During the winter months acid clearing baths are not at all necessary, but in the summer it is an advantage to be able to place a negative in a solution that will harden the film previous to the necessary washing to eliminate the hypo of the fixing bath. Here is a good formula, but it must be kept in mind that acid fixing baths work slower than the plain bath composed of 16 ounces of hypo to 32 ounces of water.

Hypo 16 ounces
Sulphite of soda 2 ounces
Sulphuric acid 1 dram
Chrome alum ½ ounce
Warm water 64 ounces

Dissolve the sulphite in eight ounces of the water; then mix the sulphuric acid with two ounces of the water, and slowly add the sulphite solution. Dissolve the chrome alum in eight ounces of the water, and the hypo in the balance. Then add the sulphite solution, and finally the chrome alum.

A Good Varnish.

The so-called water-varnish, which in collodion times was used a great deal, is also very useful for dry plates, as it prevents the formation of silver spots in the negative during printing. It is also very suitable for retouching purposes. It is applied to the plate after washing, and before it has become thoroughly dry. The varnish is prepared as follows: 100 g. shellac, in thin flakes, is added to 500 c.c.m. of water, and the mixture is heated to a boiling point. To this hot liquid a saturated borax solution (1 part borax to 12 parts of water) is added by drops under constant stirring, until the shellac has dissolved. Any excess of borax must be avoided. After cooling and filtering, the varnish is ready for use. Bleached shellac is preferred for the above purpose.—The Professional Pointer.



A SQUAD FROM THE BOYS' BRIGADE
Of the First Presbyterian Church, McKeesport, Pa.

An Aid in Mounting Prints.

The proper time to mount prints is immediately after they have been toned and washed. Do the trimming before the toning, keeping the fingers off the face of the prints. After the paste has been applied to the back of the print, lay it carefully and straight on the mount; then place over it a piece of wet cotton cloth, well wrung out. Then when the squeegee is run over the cloth, in which there should be no wrinkles, the cloth will take up any excess of paste that may squeeze out from the edges. A writer in a photographic magazine says that when mounting bromide prints he first gives them an alum bath for five minutes, washes them for four or five minutes, and then, in mounting, places over them his wet handkerchief. The amateur will have little success and less satisfaction in trying to mount prints dry. The one exception is platinum prints, which are only stuck to the mount by the two upper corners.

Drunken Buildings.

Perhaps the one defect which is most common in the early work of beginners is that of representing such staid buildings as churches and venerable cathedrals in a state of intoxication. When the blushing amateur shows the productions in which that type of flaw is manifest, he explains that it is owing to his not having been able to get far enough back from the building. In a sense, that is true, but what he needs to learn is, that a camera without a rising front and a swing-back can never be relied upon to depict buildings in a sober manner. If a camera of the rigid type has to be used in photographing buildings, then the amateur must remember to hold his instrument perfectly level, and be guided by the image as it is seen in the viewfinder. In taking buildings at close quarters, a great improvement in the picture will result if the exposure can be made from the first or second floor of another building opposite.—The Traveller.

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A choice of names—no difference in merit.

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The "King" or "Prince" Single Shot Air Rifle \$1.00
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This is the finest Air Rifle made. Comes packed in fancy boxes, 4 inches wide, 24 inches long.

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25 Cents a Bottle by all Druggists.

The American Boy Lyceum



qualities which make for good citizenship.—courtesy, courage, fairness, self-control.

The subjects given above are from one section of the country, but all sections and all ages are represented in this movement. We wish especially to hear from the ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, scattered over the whole land, that we may report what they are doing in this line of work. We hope in this way to gather into this department material that will be of great value to all members.

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTESTS.

These contests rival debates in interest and value in many schools and clubs. They may well go side by side. To thoroughly learn and to recite in an effective manner, a selection from a virile oration is the best kind of preparation for the work of debating. But there is a value in the work for its own sake. With the stimulus of the contest before him and a selection appealing to his imagination and sympathy, the boy will lose himself in his earnestness, and will develop in voice, bearing, action, poise, power. If thoroughly trained upon one good selection he will never afterward speak in a perfunctory manner.

Propose such a contest in your school or lyceum, train thoroughly upon live, valuable selections, get up a good musical feature for the meeting, and see if you do not have the best and most profitable entertainment of the season. After a time there will be traditions in the school or the club, of the excellent work of the past, and there will be standards to be maintained. You will breathe it in the air and all the future boys of the community will do better, because it will be a part of their life. John Fiske calls attention to this spontaneous quality of action in life by referring to the record "that in the year 1619 a house of burgesses broke out in Virginia, as if it had been the mumps, or original sin, or any of those things that people cannot help having." In the same way success or a certain standard of excellence is contagious.

There will appear on this page of THE AMERICAN BOY each month a selection suitable for such a contest as I have proposed. If you want further help or suggestions, write to the editor of this department, care of THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Michigan, and be sure to report your contests after they occur, giving program, winners, and other features of interest.

Too much attention cannot be given to the outline of the debate, to arranging a plan so as to give the greatest effect to the argument as a whole. A general wins a battle not because he has more men or better men; it is a question of arrangement, of bringing up the reserves at the right time. Below I give an outline from a Modern Rhetoric, on the affirmative of one of the questions suggested for debate in the March number of THE AMERICAN BOY. It will illustrate what I mean by the value of arrangement.

OUTLINE OF AN ARGUMENT.

Resolved, That a system of compulsory education is advisable.

INTRODUCTION.

1. The meaning of compulsory education.
2. What can be said in favor of education in general can be said in favor of compulsory education.
3. It advances the standard of intelligence (a) among the people as a whole, but (b) especially among the humbler classes.
4. If we can prove that it (a) lessens crime, (b) promotes individual and national prosperity, and conduces to human happiness, we shall prove our proposition.

PROOF.

- A system of compulsory education is advisable; for
- A It lessens crime, since 1. It raises the standard of intelligence, and crime is less prevalent among the intelligent. 2. An intelligent people are a law abiding people.
 - B It promotes individual and national prosperity; for 1. It increases the productivity of labor; 2. It lessens political corruption, since educated men are less likely to be dominated by bosses; 3. It conduces to peace. "Education is the cheap defense of nations."
 - C Nations and states with a system of compulsory education are more prosperous than those that do not have such a system.
- C It conduces to human happiness; for 1. It promotes morality; 2. It affords intellectual pleasures; 3. It teaches men to respect the rights of others; 4. It promotes the sanitary condition of a people; 5. It takes children from sweat shops and places them in the more wholesome atmosphere of the modern schoolroom.

CONCLUSION.

If a system of compulsory education lessens vice, promotes individual and national prosperity, and conduces to human happiness, it must be desirable. It may be well to note at this point that after the structure is completed it must have suitable flesh and clothing to cover the skeleton. The greater the clearness of the image in the mind of the speaker and the less it is revealed by any "firstly" or "fifthly," the more favorable will be the impression of those who listen.

VARIOUS DEBATES.

In all parts of the country, there is a great deal of interest in debating in schools, colleges, and clubs of various kinds. The Dartmouth-Brown debate in February was on the subject, "That trade unions ought to incorporate." The Bowdoin-Amherst debate in March was on the resolution, "That it is for the public interest that employers recognize trade unions in the arrangement of wage schedules." This month Bates and Boston University have their annual debate on the subject, "That trusts are likely to promote the welfare of society." In May the question for the Dartmouth-Williams contest is that of "admitting free of duty, raw materials, and rough products of iron and steel."

The Progressive Debating Club of the Bangor, Maine, Y. M. C. A. has recently had for discussion the question of "government ownership of the coal mines," of "gifts to schools and colleges by men who have obtained their money by questionable practices," and "that the standards of true womanhood are lowered by women entering the business world."

It will thus be seen that the questions of most importance are those which concern the vital thought of the year in which we live. It is a good sign to have so many young men studying such questions. There are doubtless boys who are beginning their career with trembling this very month, in High School class debate or Lyceum Club, who will in the years to come take their places in the highest "Lyceum" in the land, the Congress at Washington.

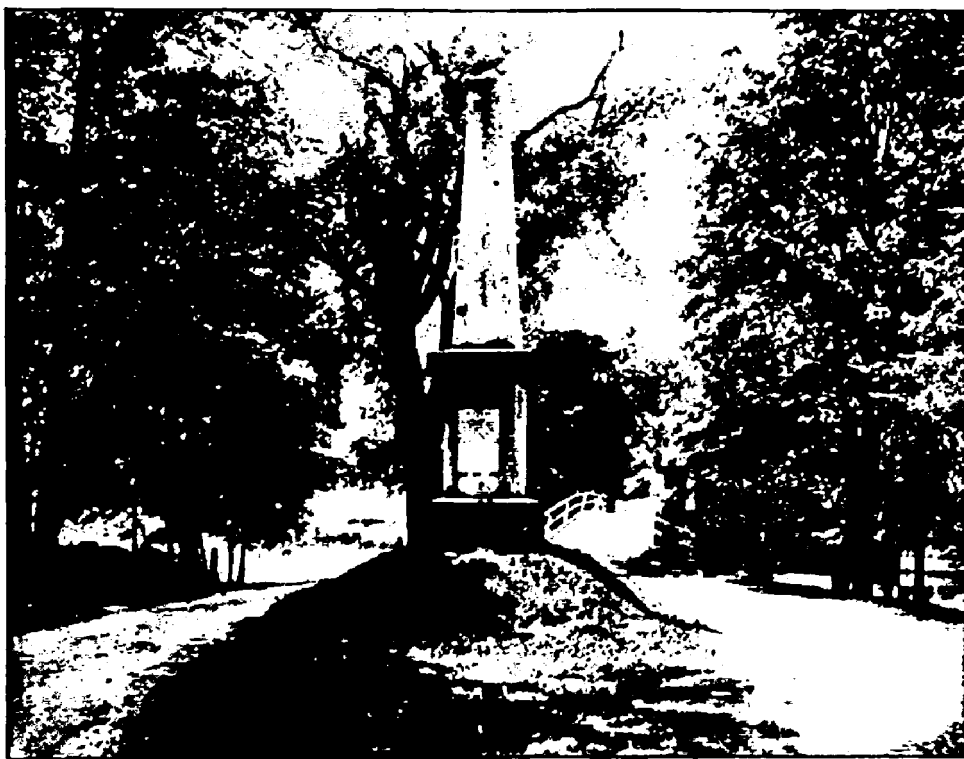
Every boy ought to belong to some Club, to obey its rules, to work for its success; for it will develop the very

Aaron of that Great Deliverance, were both at Lexington; they also had "obstructed an officer" with brave words. British soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them and carry them over sea for trial, and so nip the bud of Freedom auspiciously opening in that early spring. The town militia came together before daylight, "for training." A great, tall man, with a large head and a high, wide brow, their captain,—one who had "seen service,"—marshaled them into line, numbering but seventy, and bade "every man load his piece with powder and ball. I will order the first man shot that runs away," said he, when some faltered. "Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they want to have a war, let it begin here."

Gentlemen, you know what followed; those farmers and mechanics "fired the shot heard round the world." A little monument covers the bones of such as before had pledged their fortune and their sacred honor to the Freedom of America, and that day gave it also their lives. I was born in that little town, and bred up amid the memories of that day. When a boy, my mother lifted me up, one Sunday, in her religious, patriotic arms, and held me while I read the first monumental line I ever saw—"Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind."

Since then I have studied the memorial marbles of Greece and Rome, in many an ancient town; nay, on Egyptian obelisks, have read what was written before the Eternal roused up Moses to lead Israel out of Egypt; but no chiseled stone has ever stirred me to such emotions as those rustic names of men who fell "in the Sacred Cause of God and their Country."

Gentlemen, the spirit of Liberty, the love of Justice, was early fanned into a flame in my boyish heart. That monument covers the bones of my own kinsfolk; it was their blood which reddened the long, green grass at Lexington. It was my own name which stands chiseled on that stone; the tall Captain who marshaled his fellow farmers into stern array and spoke such brave and dangerous words as opened the war of American Independence—the last to leave the field—was my father's father. I learned to read out of his Bible, and with a musket he that day captured from the foe, I learned also another religious lesson, that "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." I keep them both "Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind," to use them both "in the Sacred Cause of God and my Country."



MONUMENT AT CONCORD TO THOSE WHO FIRED THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

By Theodore Parker, Clergyman, Author, Lecturer, Reformer.

This extract is the conclusion of the speech prepared for his own defense at his trial in the Circuit Court of the United States at Boston, Mass., April 3, 1855. The offence of Mr. Parker was the "Misdemeanor" of making a speech in Faneuil Hall against kidnapping. I was neither born nor bred to suffer the Liberty of America to be trod under the hoof of slaveholders. I drew my first breath in a little town where farmers and mechanics first unsheathed that Revolutionary sword which, after eight years of hewing, clove asunder the Gordian knot that bound America to the British yoke.

One raw morning in spring—it will be eighty years the 19th day of this month—Hancock and Adams, the Moses and

THE ORATOR.

Col. Higginson says: "The works of public speaking begin with the audience. They imply contact, they are electric, they represent a circuit, established between man and man. From the face of his audience the speaker draws partly what he says. One of the most accomplished women I ever knew used to say that she really did not know which taught us most about a person—to know everything that he had ever done, to read everything he had ever written, or the first glance at his face. There was a wonderful amount of truth in that statement. There is something in the personal contact which gives the power and the advantage to public speaking."



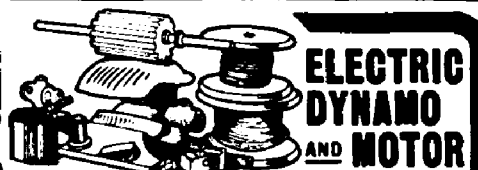
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season is here. How are you fixed for Balls, Bats, Mitts, Masks, Etc.? You can't half enjoy the game without a first-class outfit. This is going to be a

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All ready to be wound and put together. Has 6-section commutation; carbon brushes; 1/4 inch steel shaft; brass bearings; shunt-wound; speed 23,000 revolutions, 50 volts; 1/4-horse power. May also be used as Motor. Price \$14.00.

Send for complete catalogue, Dynamos, Motors, Castings and Finished Parts for Dynamos, Gas Engines, Etc.

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\$1000 In Cash Prizes MONTHLY

for solutions of the most startling and fascinating puzzle ever invented; well calculated to set the world talking. Sells like hot cakes at 50c, but to start the craze in all parts of the country at once, every reader of this paper sending 10c for a 6 mo. trial subscription to "THIS FOR THAT" the gigantic paper that prints thousands of exchange ads, will immediately receive one of the first puzzles free. Your money back cheerfully if you are not delighted. The eyes of your whole neighborhood will be turned toward you for being the first to learn of the puzzle. You can make his money out of it too if you are quick. Address: "THIS FOR THAT," 945 Star Bldg., Chicago.



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Used by rooters at Ball Games, Races, etc. Will fold to carry in pocket or can be used as a fan. Boys send 10 cents for sample and prices to agents.

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A Boy's Presence of Mind.

Carl Gluck, Westfield, N. J., age thirteen, one day in January last exhibited wonderful presence of mind that prevented great loss of life. There was a dinner party at his home. Carl, sitting near a window, heard a shrill whistle. Looking out, he saw the train known as the Philadelphia flyer, run into another train that was standing on the track near the house. Three cars of the standing train were tossed high into the air, while the engine of the express train rammed its way under them. Flames immediately broke out. The boy ran at once to the telephone, called the police headquarters and asked that they send all the policemen they could get. He then called up fire headquarters, and the hospital, and all the doctors in Westfield as well as two at Plainfield. It is needless to say that Carl Gluck was the principal personage in Westfield that day.



Officer's Badge

The Great American Boy Army

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS

Every Energetic American Boy should be a Member of "The Order of The American Boy."

Company News.

GOLDEN STATE COMPANY, No. 12, Fullerton, Cal., held its first meeting December 15, 1902. It has had its charter framed. Dues ten cents per month. The company is working to get fifteen dollars in its treasury, when it will purchase the G. A. Henty Library.—**GENERAL BRADDOCK COMPANY, No. 18, Braddock, Pa.,** held its first meeting the evening of January 30, at which time the captain presented the charter to the company. The librarian of the company is the son of the librarian of the Carnegie Free Library at Braddock.—**FLICKERTAIL COMPANY, No. 6, Devils Lake, N. D.,** was organized October 17, 1902, with a membership of five. Two new members have since been admitted making a total membership of seven at the present time. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: Harlan R. Fancher, Captain; Joseph Glerum, Vice Captain; John B. James, Secretary; Robert C. Cairns, Treasurer; Orville Duell, Librarian; Sherman McClory, Sergeant-at-Arms. Meetings are held at the homes of the members every other Friday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock. A library of boys' books by such authors as Eggleston, Henty, Jerome, Sprague, Optic and C. A. Stephens has been started and is well patronized. As yet the company has no club room of its own but hopes to have one next spring. Company dues, five cents per month.—**SETH LOW COMPANY, No. 16, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y.,** has a very comfortably furnished club room overlooking New York Bay. It is having a pennant made which will cost \$1.00. The secretary promises us a picture of the company soon.—**PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM COMPANY, No. 3, Bridgeport, Conn.,** is named in honor of the great showman, P. T. Barnum, whose home still stands in Bridgeport.—**ROBERT E. LEE COMPANY, No. 4, Gadsden, Ala.,** holds its meetings on Friday afternoons. At its first regular meeting Springs Montgomery was chosen Captain and Willie Adams Secretary.—**WILLIAM T. SHERMAN COMPANY, No. 24, Lancaster, O.,** is without a club room, just at present but hopes soon to have one. Dues have been changed from 25 to 15 cents per month.—**SHERIDAN COMPANY, No. 21, Chicago, Ill.,** has at this writing \$1.50 in its treasury. It has had its charter framed and has a new crokinole board, dumb-bells, a Whately exerciser, boxing gloves and punching bag, and expects to get a ping-pong set. Meetings are held every Wednesday evening. Company dues, five cents per week.—**TIMOTHY MURPHY COMPANY, No. 1, Cobleskill, N. Y.,** went for a sleigh ride on the evening of January 17 to a village about six miles distant and reports a fine time. This company will hold its AMERICAN BOY Town Meeting program on Tuesday, January 27.—**BENJAMIN HARRISON COMPANY, No. 20, Canton, O.,** holds its meetings every two weeks at the homes of the various members. The following officers were recently elected: Captain, Norville B. Griffin; Vice Captain, Robert Cordray; Secretary, Harrison Lutenhauer; Treasurer, Charles Flala; Librarian, Ernest Flala.—**WOLVERINE COMPANY, No. 8, Addison, Mich.,** has the use of a room supplied with a reading table and plenty of good literature and is getting along nicely.—**RICHMOND P. HOBSON COMPANY, No. 14, Paradise Valley, Pa.,** holds its meetings on Tuesday evenings from 8 to 10 o'clock. This company has the free use of a hall, where meetings are held. Company dues, ten cents per month, and a fine of two cents has been imposed for disorderly conduct during meetings. A debate is held every two weeks. The company expects to have a sleigh ride party some time this winter.—**LEWIS AND CLARKE COMPANY, No. 5, Baker City, Ore.,** has at this writing \$1.25 in its treasury and has a library of forty-one books. The company has a room at the home of Eugene Crosby, one of its members, where meetings are held weekly. Mrs. Stuller, a friend of the boys, has loaned them a flag.—**JACOB RIIS COMPANY, No. 40, Big Rapids, Mich.,** has fixed its dues at four cents a week, with a fine of five cents for the use of profane language. Meetings are held every Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. This company will have a pennant four feet long and one and one-half feet wide at its widest point. Up to this time two meetings have been held and the company has forty six cents in its treasury.—**JOHN McLOUGHLIN COMPANY, No. 8, Oregon City, Ore.,** has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. Meetings are held on Thursday evenings at the school house. Company dues, five cents per month. It will have a small library. John McLoughlin, for whom the company is named, was the founder of Oregon City.—**OHIO VALLEY COMPANY, No. 28, Bellair, O.,** will carry out THE AMERICAN BOY Liberty Day program as laid down in the February number. It has secured the parish room in one of the local churches in which to hold its exercises, which will consist of readings, declamations, etc.—**GOLDEN STATE COMPANY, No. 12, Fullerton, Cal.,** holds its meetings at the home of Ford Overton, one of its members. A fine of one cent a word has been imposed for the use of profane language. All premiums for new subscriptions received by the members go to the company.—**WILL CARLETON COMPANY, No. 37, Mason, Mich.,** recently organized, held its first meeting in the High School furnace room. Until a club room can be secured meetings will be held at the homes of the various members.—**GENERAL BRADDOCK COMPANY, No. 18, Braddock, Pa.,** has fixed its dues and dues at twenty cents per month. This company has one dollar in its treasury and as soon as it has the required amount will purchase an American flag.—**WILLIAM J. SAMFORD COMPANY, No. 3, Opelika, Ala.,** sends the following report: Number of members at organization, six; number of members expelled, one; new members added since date of organization, six; present membership, eleven.—**RED STAR COMPANY, No. 12, Nappanee, Ind.,** held THE AMERICAN

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.



GEORGE W. STEELE COMPANY, No. 6, SWAZEE, IND.

BOY Town Meeting exercises on Friday evening, January 23, at which time it received two liberal donations.—**BUFFALO BILL COMPANY, No. 6, Stockville, Neb.,** on Friday evening, January 2, elected the following officers: Captain, Joel Ward; Vice Captain, Miss Fink; Secretary, Leslie Dobson; Treasurer, James West; Librarian, Ray Smith; Sergeant-at-Arms and Corporal, Walter Lynch. The boys feel very grateful to Mrs. Clara L. Dobson, who, the secretary writes us, has opened her home once a week for a year and a half for their meetings and has helped them in many ways.—**WILL CARLETON COMPANY, No. 37, Mason, Mich.,** has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws with one slight change, namely: Article V., Section 1, reads as follows: "It shall be the duty of the Captain to assign members to duties on programs," etc., and this has been changed so as to read, "The Captain, and a member of the company appointed by him, shall assign members to duties on programs," etc. Meetings are held at the homes of the various members, and the programs as laid down in THE AMERICAN BOY are carried out as nearly as possible. At every regular meeting some member is called upon for an extemporaneous speech. Monthly dues, five cents.—**TIMOTHY MURPHY COMPANY, No. 1, Cobleskill, N. Y.,** carried out THE AMERICAN BOY Town Meeting program and reports it a great success. The captain says the visitors made some great speeches.—**WILLIAM J. SAMFORD COMPANY, No. 3, Opelika, Ala.,** is one of the flourishing companies of the Order. It has a fine library and new books are being added almost daily.—**HAMLIN GARLAND COMPANY, No. 21, Osage, Iowa,** holds its meetings on Saturday afternoons at the homes of the various members. Dues five cents per month, with a fine of two cents for using profane language or using tobacco in any form.—**PERE MARQUETTE COMPANY, No. 21, St. Ignace, Mich.,** held THE AMERICAN BOY Town Meeting exercises on January 21. Speeches were made by several of the members, and altogether the meeting was a grand success. At this meeting it was decided that all members pay their dues up to June 1, 1903. On January 27 a special meeting was held for the purpose of selecting a dozen new books to be purchased by the company. Mr. Kynock, the father of one of the members, has given the boys the use of a small house that stands in his yard and furnished it with a box stove, lamps, etc., and here meetings are held. No member is allowed to take a book from the company library excepting at regular meetings. Dues have been changed from ten to five cents per month.

LITTLE RHODY COMPANY, No. 1, Westerly, R. I., held its installation of officers the evening of February 7, after which a banquet was served.—**BENGAL TIGER COMPANY, No. 10, Lisbon, Ia.,** held its AMERICAN BOY Liberty Day program on February 20.—**BAY RIDGE COMPANY, No. 19, Brooklyn, N. Y.,** recently held a social and entertainment at the home of the captain and report a fine time. The following program was rendered: Violin solo, Herman Meyer; recitation, Albert Drew; cornet solo, Emil Meyer; recitation, Charles Von Drewsche. Then followed a magic lantern entertainment of over fifty pictures. Later refreshments were served by the mothers of the members.—**OHIO FALLS COMPANY, No. 3, Louisville, Ky.,** will hold its meetings in a stable, which has been fitted up as a club room. The first floor is used for a gymnasium, which is furnished with punching bag, trapaz, dumb-bells, etc. The second floor is occupied as a library and meeting room. Several pictures have been hung upon the walls, and altogether the club room presents quite a cheery appearance. Meetings are held regularly. Company dues, five cents per month, which goes toward a library fund.—**NEMAHA VALLEY COMPANY, No. 11, South Auburn, Neb.,** has fitted up a club room under the Carson National Bank, the room having been donated free of charge. It is furnished with a nice table, with plenty of good literature, a clock, pictures, etc., these things having been donated by Messrs. E. M. and R. C. Boyd, friends of the boys who are anxious to help them make a success of their company.—**JAMES LANE COMPANY, No. 5, Yates Center, Kas.,** held its election of officers on January 31, with the following result: Captain, Roy Ward; Vice Captain, Allen Beck; Secretary, Harry Landis; Treasurer, Russell Wainwright. This company is progressing finely. At its meeting held on February 7, three new members were taken into the club.—**LEWIS AND CLARKE COMPANY, No. 5, Baker City, Ore.,** is one of the prosperous companies of the Order. It has five games, forty-one books and a number of magazines. A fine of three cents has been imposed for disorderly conduct, and a fine of five cents for the use of profane language. Company colors are red and black. Tuesday evenings have been set apart for reading. The company has at this time \$1.20 in its treasury, having paid out 50 cents for things for the club room. Picture is shown on this page.—**LAKE SHORE COMPANY, No. 5, Madison, Wis.,** at a recent meeting elected the following officers: Bert Baker, Captain and Librarian; Copeland Harvey, Secretary and Treasurer; Bert Cramton, Vice Captain; Roy Bradford, Sergeant-at-Arms. At this meeting refreshments were served. This is

quite a musical company, two of the boys playing the piano, three the mandolin, one the fife and one the clarinet. The boys are trying to organize a football team, but up to this time have not been successful. We are promised a picture of the company in the near future.—**E. F. ACHESON COMPANY, No. 19, Washington, Pa.,** recently organized, will hold its meetings every Friday evening at the homes of the members until a club room is secured, after which time meetings will be held every other Friday evening. The officers are: Captain, George Aiken; Vice Captain, Thomas Harter; Secretary, Guy Lytle; Treasurer, William Drieherst; Librarian, Ravinond Bryant.—**FORT CONCHO COMPANY, No. 6, San Angelo, Tex.,** was unable to hold THE AMERICAN BOY Town Meeting exercises, but will carry out the program laid down for the February meeting.—**RICHARD P. BLAND COMPANY, No. 8, Kansas City, Mo.,** at a meeting held on Friday evening, February 6, elected Harley Wheeler Secretary and Treasurer and Robert McBride Librarian.—**GENERAL LAWTON COMPANY, No. 4, Emporia, Kas.,** holds its meetings weekly at the homes of the members. It has a fine baseball team and last year played thirteen games and won every game.—**JACOB RIIS COMPANY, No. 40, Big Rapids, Mich.,** will hold THE AMERICAN BOY Liberty Day exercises on February 21. This company has \$1.60 in its treasury and expects soon to have its charter framed.—**YOUNG AMERICAN COMPANY, No. 25, Plainwell, Mich.,** held its election of officers February 6, at which time the following officers were elected: Captain, Wilbur Knapp; Vice Captain, Clarence Chandler; Secretary, Carl Chandler; Treasurer, Jobe Estes; Librarian, Hart Bellinger; Athletic Captain, Fred Estes. Meetings are held on Friday evenings at the home of the Captain. Company dues, ten cents per month, with a fine of five cents for being absent from meetings without good excuse. The company will hold a social on the evening of February 10, each boy furnishing something and bringing a girl. There is a large hill near by, and on moonlight nights the boys go casting after meetings.—**ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE COMPANY, No. 5, Bicknell, Ind.,** holds its meetings at the home of Vice Captain and Librarian Freeman. On February 12, 1903, it celebrated its first anniversary, when the following officers were sworn in: Captain, Dewlynn B. Harmon; Vice Captain, Marc B. Freeman; Secretary, Bruce C. Kixmoller; Treasurer, William Lemen, Jr.; Librarian, Verne Freeman; Flag Bearer, Frank Barr. This company has Indian clubs, dumb-bells, punching bag, a football and basket ball.—**RIVER VIEW COMPANY, No. 1, Rio Vista, Cal.,** organized February 8, 1901, sends its second annual report, which shows that a decided interest is being taken by the members. During the past year many new books have been added to the library and altogether the company is a flourishing and prosperous one.—**WILLIAM J. SAMFORD COMPANY, No. 3, Opelika, Ala.,** will hold a public meeting on Friday, February 20, at which time Mr. T. D. Samford, son of the late Governor W. J. Samford, for whom the company is named, has promised to deliver an address. The company has twenty-one new volumes in its library.—**HONEST ABE COMPANY, No. 6, Springfield, Mo.,** held its semi-annual election of officers on Friday evening, February 13, at the home of Treasurer Harry Squibb, when the following officers were chosen: Hayden L. Gehrett, Captain; Will Young, Vice Captain; Harry Squibb, Secretary and Treasurer; Harry Palmer, Librarian. The company is progressing finely.—**FIGHTING LOB COMPANY, No. 16, Osceola, Ia.,** is a literary company. At every meeting a program is rendered, consisting of debates, essays and speeches by the members. Up to this time five meetings have been held and the company is getting along nicely.—**BOXER COMPANY, No. 41, Mason, Mich.,** recently organized, has fixed its dues at five cents per month.—**G. A. HENTY COMPANY, No. 1, Ebbell, Okla.,** holds its meetings at the home of Vice Captain Edwin Fleming. It has had its charter framed and has started a library. Company dues, ten cents per month.—**OLD COMFORT COMPANY, No. 33, Jackson, Mich.,** will honor the "Twelve Great Days" in this year.—**GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN COMPANY, No. 3, Newberg, Ore.,** has had its charter framed and has a punching bag.

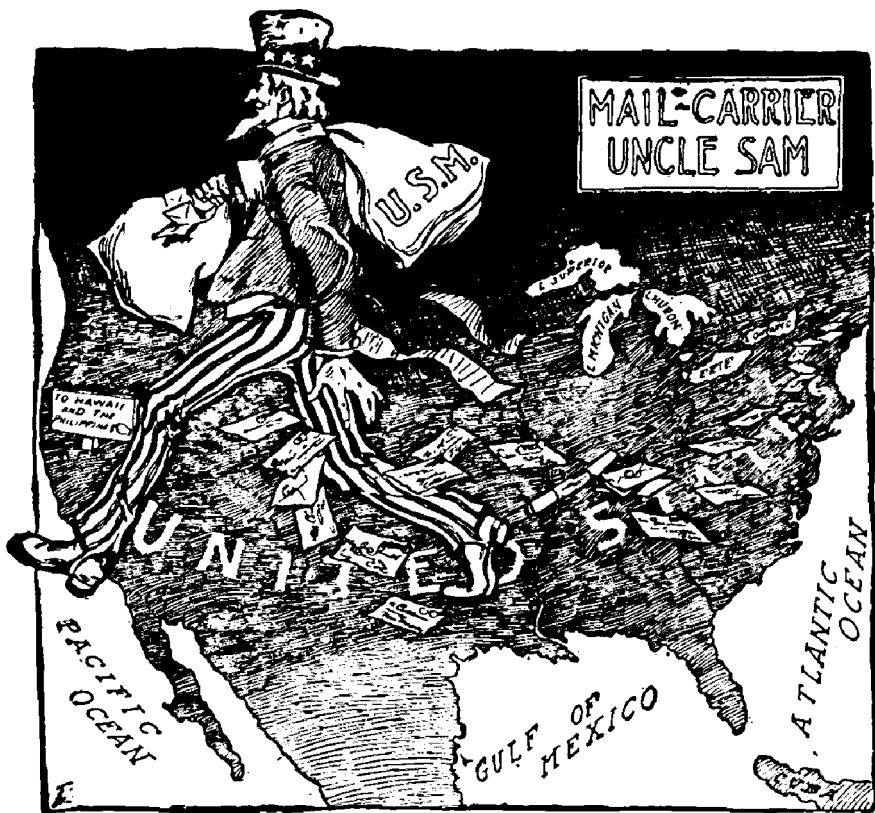
(To be continued.)



LEWIS & CLARKE CO., No. 5, BAKER CITY, ORE.

Uncle Sam, the Bearer of Tidings

J. W. M.



If you could take a voyage around the earth with the flying night, so that, whenever you gazed down at the globe you would find it in darkness, you would see darting lines of light going criss-cross over it in every direction.

Where the United States lies you would see more of them than anywhere else. You would see them gliding restlessly from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific, from the great lakes of fresh water to the Gulf of Mexico's strong brine. Glimmering lines would be visible to you where they go threading among the Rocky mountains.

North of the United States you would see some black patches where there would be no such bewildering maze of them. But even there, even in the wilderness of Alaska, you would see some.

In fact, you would see some lights flashing and hurrying along everywhere on the globe. You would see them rushing across Siberia. You would see them in Africa, some flitting along the shores of the Indian ocean, some speeding down toward the noble Cape of Good Hope, others going along the northern coast on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. You would see them in China and the Philippines, in India, and in Turkestan. As for Europe, that continent would look to you like a great loom of flaming threads, all busily weaving.

Those lights are the railroad trains of all the world carrying the fast mail. If you will recollect your history lessons, you will remember that even in England of the old days the fast mail was the great feature of swift transportation. The old-fashioned folk who viewed a journey of one hundred miles with as much anxiety as your parents would view a trip of a thousand today, always tried to get a seat in the Mail Coach. The best roads in Europe were the great Mail Roads. And so it is today. The fastest trains, the fastest ships, the fastest horses, the fastest runners of the world are used day and night, everywhere, from Point Barrow, Alaska, to the Cape of Good Hope, to carry the mails.

Your Uncle Sam was not one of the first in the field of carrying mails. Some of the smaller countries in Europe were far ahead of him for a time. But now he is the leader of them all.

He has more postoffices and employes than any other country. He carries more mail matter. More mail is delivered to each of his sons and daughters than is the case anywhere else.

He has thirty three thousand more post-offices than Germany and fifty-five thousand more than Great Britain. He has eight thousand more employes than Germany, and Great Britain is thirty nine thousand behind him.

He has nearly three hundred and sixteen thousand more miles of mail routes than the next nearest country, Russia. He spends ten millions of dollars more a year on his mails than any other country.

But he is behind in some things still. Germany, for instance, has eight thousand more letter boxes than Uncle Sam. He ranks second in this. In the number of postoffices as compared with population, he is seventh in the list. The countries that lead him are New Zealand, Canada, South Australia, New South Wales, Victoria and Switzerland.

Uncle Sam has been making some comparisons between his postoffice business and that of other places, and he has found queer things. For instance, he has found that while the United States, Germany and Great Britain have the most postoffices in the world, the country that has the fourth place is far away in Asia. It is British India, and it ranks fourth in the number of its postoffices.

Another country that stands high in the list is Japan. It is eleventh in the list for

number of postoffices and leads such European countries as Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands, Denmark, Belgium and Greece.

The land that has the smallest number of postoffices is the independent republic of the Congo. It has thirty two. In these thirty two it employs seventy seven men. Every now and then a letter carrier of the Congo postoffices is eaten by a lion or a leopard. The path of these bearers of the mail is through forests and swamps. Sometimes they must camp at night in places where the wild beasts prowl around them in the darkness.

Uncle Sam has some peculiar mail routes himself. Even in the populous Middle Atlantic States scores of his carriers have to drive, ride or climb along roads that are old Indian trails. Some of his carriers have to ride armed. He has real western rough riders, who go through defiles of the Rocky mountains on bronchos. He has Indian runners and canoe men in Alaska.

All kinds of steamboats carry his mail. They range in size from great coast liners and tramp steamships to little puffing launches. They go to islands away out of sight of the mainland of the United States. The fishermen of Nantucket, that lies thirty five miles out at sea, like a ship, have their mail delivered to them as regularly as if they dwelt near or in a big city. Men dwelling on coral islands in the Gulf of Mexico are sure of one visitor at least, and that is the mail boat. Stern-wheelers go into the beautiful dreamy bayous of the South, with a mighty, splashing that frightens alligators and herons, and deliver the United States mail in lonely marsh settlements.

Even whaling ships are used by Uncle Sam. They go far north into Behring Sea. One mail route of Uncle Sam is attended to entirely by steam whalers that sail from Seattle in Washington. These ships take letters and packages from home to men hidden away in the frozen country north of Behring Straits. The whalers and sealers in the Arctic Circle are hunted for by Uncle Sam and he tries to deliver their mail to them, though they may have been cruising for a year or more. Sometimes he will send their mail from ship to ship, until at last one will find the vessel and send the letters aboard. They may be many months old by that time, but they are none the less welcome for that, you may be sure, and they are read over and over in the dim light from oil lamps in the laboring, tempest-beaten ships.

One of Uncle Sam's mail routes in Alaska uses ships and canoes and dog teams and sleds. It is a route more than four thousand miles long and carries the mails into the far interior, where the mighty Yukon river roars in the solitudes. Four round trips are made over this route each year and each trip costs Uncle Sam \$1,495.

The letter carriers who do this work do not wear the neat uniforms that you see on the letter carriers at home. They are great, gaunt athletes, ready to swim a river full of drift ice if need be, and thinking nothing of sleeping in a blanket and a rough tent by the side of the trail with the thermometer far below zero.

The postoffice that Uncle Sam has at Point Barrow, in Alaska, is the most northern postoffice of the world. Never before was mail delivered so near the North Pole.

To Catch the Ladies.

Say to the ladies, "A man can marry any woman he pleases." After the long and indignant protest, calmly reply, "A man may marry any woman he pleases, but the trouble is to find the woman that he does please."

Boy Journalists and Printers

Youngest Editor in Illinois.

Arthur B. Hinsdell, one of the editors and owners of the Daily Evening Press at Elgin, Ill., is the youngest newspaper editor in the state of Illinois, being but seventeen years of age. His attaining to a position of this prominence by his own merit, a position which most men of maturer years would eagerly take, is surely an evidence of the pushing and enterprising nature of this modern American boy.

The Press is one of three dailies in the city of Elgin, and is a bright and flourishing paper with a large list of subscribers and advertisers. Since February 1 Arthur has owned a half interest in the concern. The young editor devotes most of his time to the advertising department, but also does proof-reading and performs the duties of a city editor; his work is as successful as that of an experienced newspaper man.

Arthur is the son of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Hinsdell, prominent Elgin people. Beginning at an early age to sell papers on the street, he started a bank account of his own, saving enough in a few years to enable him to enter his chosen profession. He was on the staff of the High School "Mirror" for two years, and recently revived the publication of the Elgin Academy "Siftings." He has been athletic editor of the city journals for several years, as well as correspondent for Chicago dailies. Being a young man of unusual talent and ability, besides having an abundance of "git," he is bound to succeed.



ARTHUR B. HINSDSELL.

What to Write About.

In a recent article in the Atlantis, Anton F. Klinkner says: "The amateur journalist asks himself the question, 'What shall I write about?' and finds only too often that he is at a loss for a subject, and it is only necessary to read a few of his effusions to be convinced that he does not know what he is writing about."

There is an old adage that "he who writes must walk slowly." This does not mean that a writer must adopt a snail's pace, but by walking slowly enough to observe things he will soon find sufficient topics to keep his pen busy. Mr. Klinkner elsewhere says that in writing an article the author should have in mind one of three objects: To tell something, to show something, or to prove something. This is merely another way of saying that an article should have a purpose or it should not be written, and this should be kept in mind in selecting a topic to write upon.

A certain writer of note recently discussed this same subject in one of our leading magazines. In speaking of his own experience, especially in his early days when he found it sometimes difficult to select topics for articles that would sell, he said he was one day walking through the Jewish quarter of New York and became interested in noting what the people did and how they lived and conducted themselves. When he got back to his room he wrote an article which proved acceptable to one of the leading publications. This gave him the idea that whatever interested him would probably interest others, so he suggests to young writers that they train their powers of observation, and when moving around keep always on the alert.

A youngster, who was trying to tell a friend how extremely absent-minded his grandfather was, said:

"He walks about, thinking about nothing, and, when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

The friend understood.

The Young Man's Administration.

(Continued from page 176.)

with a small salary and no particular prospects for the future. However, he labored ceaselessly and was promoted until he reached his present position. He is now entrusted with the handling of much of the President's mail that the Chief Magistrate does not care to answer personally, and another of his duties is that of carrying to the Capitol the President's messages to Congress.

The career of Francis B. Loomis, the new Assistant Secretary of State, shows what can be accomplished by the young man who will keep his eyes open. Some years ago Mr. Loomis was a newspaper reporter and his work took him to Canton, Ohio, the home of the late President McKinley. During the campaign which preceded his first election to the Presidency, Mr. McKinley was so impressed by the young man's ability that when he became President he gave him an excellent post in the diplomatic and consular service. Mr. Loomis has filled the office of United States consul at St. Etienne, France, and acted as United States Minister to Portugal and Venezuela, being stationed in the latter country at a very trying time when the government of Venezuela was decidedly unfriendly to Uncle Sam.

The new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Robert B. Armstrong, is only thirty years of age—probably the youngest man who ever held so responsible a position. Nine years ago Mr. Armstrong having been obliged to leave college because he had no funds to continue his course, started at work doing odd jobs in a newspaper office for a salary of only eight dollars a month and board. Later he secured a better position on a paper in a larger town, and boys may be interested in knowing that he secured this better position at an increased salary because the editor discovered that he did not smoke cigarettes. Soon his ability was recognized by the editors of large city newspapers and he was offered several splendid positions in quick succession. While serving as the Chicago representative of a leading New York newspaper he became acquainted with and made a deep impression upon Mr. Shaw, now Secretary of the Treasury but at that time Governor of Iowa. When Mr. Shaw went to Washington to assume a position in President Roosevelt's Cabinet young Mr. Armstrong accompanied him as private secretary, and it was not long until he was promoted to the high position which he is now filling so acceptably.

Begin at the Bottom.

Business houses prefer, where they can, to promote their own men rather than to take in persons from the outside when they have responsible posts to be filled. The editor of "The Commercialist" asked of a few business houses and banking houses the question as to what was their practice in this regard. One of the largest banks in New York City answered: "The higher offices in this bank are filled, when vacated, by regular promotions. This is quite the general way here." The general superintendent of a great elevated railway system declared that promotions in his company were made under civil service rules. The president of a vast united railroad system said: "This company employs about 25,000 persons, and we apply civil service rules in the matter of promotion. We have no list of vacant positions for which applications from any outside source would be of slightest use. Our plan is to take young men at the bottom of the ladder, and if they are capable give them promotions as vacancies occur." A great manufacturing concern in the West replied: "As fast as vacancies occur the young men who have been with us for years, most of them having worked up from the bottom, are promoted. Our experience is that the best method is for the young men to start in at the bottom in some department, and if ability is shown it will be recognized."

It sometimes happens, however, that a man finds himself at his limit so far as advancement with his present employers is concerned. What is he then to do? A great opening for such men is in new lines of business, or new business houses in old lines, where positions must be filled from the outside if they are filled at all.

The complaints about the lack of opportunities for young men come generally from those who are not willing to begin at the bottom and work faithfully for a reasonable salary until they have demonstrated that they are capable of filling more important positions and until their employers can afford to do more for them. Those who work a few years in a place and become discouraged because they are not at the head of the business are making a serious mistake. It is better to enter a business at or near the bottom and climb all the rungs of the ladder. By this means only is thoroughness attained. Familiarity with details is what qualifies a man for the conduct of a business, and this can only be had by drudging through the details of the lower positions.

The first and best place to seek advancement is with present employers. If that way is closed through favoritism, prejudice, the small size of the business or its lack of success, then the ambitious employe should look for his future in the employ of some young and growing concern in the line of work in which his experience has made him capable.

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MEKEEL STAMP CO. (Dept. T) St. Louis, Mo

STAMPS FREE.—2 Guatemala Jubilee Bands, cat. 30c., for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 40 Japan postage and revenue stamps mounted, only 25 cents. 5 Guatemala 1902 unused 15c; 300 mixed Foreign 10c; 1000 mixed U. S. 25c; 100 all diff. Foreign 10c; 150 all diff. Foreign 10c; 200 all diff. Foreign 20c; 300 all diff. Foreign 30c; 400 all diff. Foreign 40c; 500 all diff. Foreign 50c; 1000 all diff. Foreign 100c; 1000 all diff. U. S. Revs. 5c; 10 all diff. U. S. Revs. 10c; 20 all diff. Sweden 10c; 20 all diff. Russia 10c; 100 all diff. Sweden official 10c; 100 mixed Italy 10c; 100 mixed Russia 10c. Dealers ask for wholesale list. Price lists free. **TOLEDO STAMP CO.**, Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

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75 Varieties Fine Stamps 10c
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The Boy Stamp, Coin & Curio Collector

Stamp Notes.

Three hundred dollars is the price a stamp firm fixes on a fine pair of 2c. Pan-American Inverts. The 1c variety is sold at \$17.00 to \$20.00 according to condition.

The beautiful commemorative stamp of Trinidad, issued on the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the island by Columbus, contains a picture of a stained glass window in a council chamber at Port of Spain, Trinidad.

The stamps of Abyssinia, uncanceled, can be purchased at a large discount from face value. A large number of the stamps of this issue were stolen, and to make them worthless for postal use, and for the protection of the remaining stamps, the government ordered the balance surcharged.

The inscription on the coupon stamps of Belgium reads: "Do not deliver on Sunday." The idea was that those who favored Sunday observance would leave the coupons attached, and their letters were not to be delivered on that day, while any one desiring immediate delivery, even if it should come on Sunday, could secure it by tearing off the coupon.

A variety of German stamps is that of the first issue, with the head of Germania, which occurs in the 25, 30, 40 and 50 pfennig. A few sheets were first printed showing the word "Reichspost" in the same size and thickness as the letters in the colored values, but this size of print turned out to be too large for the tablet accorded it, and was therefore reduced.

The Scott Stamp and Coin Co. have announced that the old international album is a thing of the past. For some time it has been apparent that at the rate new issues were coming in, the general collection, if kept up-to-date, would become unmanageably bulky. The difficulty is met by issuing the twentieth century album. The old international is closed with the nineteenth century, and for those collectors who do not add stamps of the twentieth century to their collections, the old international will fill all requirements.

In Switzerland mail is delivered free almost everywhere, and the most remote villages get their letters and papers at frequent intervals. In special cases of important resorts, the regular mail service proved insufficient, and the landlords organized a carrier service, charging a certain rate on each letter or paper either coming or going. For the convenience of the guests the regular Swiss stamps were kept on hand and sold, and consequently each letter mailed from these resorts had the regular postage, and the private postage affixed. The first of these locals was printed in 1864, and the design represents a corn flower, but the stamp contains no figure of value. In 1884 the Swiss postoffice established regular postoffices at some of the more prominent hotels, and carrier delivery for others. The use of private stamps was then prohibited.

The designs of the new 50c. \$1.00 and \$5.00 stamps of the "series of 1902" have been approved. The 50c stamp represents Jefferson looking front, slightly to the east. At the top is an ornamental scroll with the words, "Series of 1902." The upper corner portions between the form and the oval containing the picture are filled with large oak leaves, on each side, and the inscription "United States of America" is enclosed in an arch which follows the line of the oval. At the bottom of the design on either side are two large eagles standing looking outward, and their heads meet the architectural feature of the design about halfway. Directly below the bust appears the word Jefferson with the dates 1743-1825 the years of Jefferson's birth and death. In a panel below this appears the value of the stamp with the word fifty on either side in a shield. The \$1.00 stamp represents Farragut. Placed in the lower left-hand corner, holding a rifle in his hands, is a marine in full uniform, and in the opposite corner, facing the marine, is a soldier in full uniform, holding in his hands a pike-staff. The \$5.00 stamp is said to be the finest specimen in the entire series, and contains the picture of John Marshall, the great jurist. The portrait is in an oval, and the upper portion of the design is in the form of a block of stone resting on two great pillars. Into this stone at the extreme right is cut the profile of Justice, and at the extreme left the profile of Liberty, in the center of the stone on a scroll appears the inscription "1902." Both the \$1.00 and \$5.00 stamps give the date of birth and death of the subject appearing on the stamp. It is said that the entire new series will be issued to postmasters early in March. The 1, 2, 5, 8, and 13c and 10c special delivery were furnished to some of the postmasters as early as Feb. 1st.

Answers to Correspondents.

L. V. R., Chicago, Ill.: The King's head issue of Great Britain, consisting of the 1/2, 1 1/2, 2, 2 1/2, 4 and 5d and 1s, can be purchased for 10c or 12c. Any advertiser in THE AMERICAN BOY can supply you.—J. W. P., Cincinnati, Ohio: The 3c postage of 1831-55 has no additional value from being on the original cover. The stamp is catalogued at 2c and can be purchased for 1c.—V. F., Detroit, Mich.: The 1 and 2c Dominican Republic current issue can be purchased for 3c or 4c used.—L. R. D., Rusford, N. Y.: An inverted stamp is one in which the center or some other portion of the stamp is printed upside down in relation to the rest of the design. These errors occur only in stamps in which there are two printings, a portion of the design being printed at each impression. The stamp with locomotive described by you is a 2c of 1869. We do not know what the stamp is described by you as "having a picture of a potato that covers nearly all of the stamp."—R. D., Chicago, Ill.: None of the King's head issue of Great Britain have been withdrawn.—H. M., Elizabeth, N. J.: The 3c of 1858-60 and the 3c of 1869 are catalogued at 2 cents each. The 5c brown Garfield, unused, is catalogued at 50 cents unused.—R. B., Hazleton, Pa.: The stamps of the 1861-66 issue of the United States, without the grill, are catalogued as follows: 1 cent, 5 cents; 2 cent, 5 cents; 3 cent, 1 cent; 5 cent, \$3.50; 10 cent, 12 cents; 12 cent, 40 cents; 24 cent, 30 cents; 90 cent, \$3.50. These prices are for the cheapest varieties. Ten cent Confederate States of America catalogues 3 cents unused. The Carriers' stamp described catalogues \$1 unused and \$2 used. The large stamps of the Brussels Exposition, Belgium, 1 cent each for the 5 cent and 10 cent lilac brown, and the 10 cent orange brown catalogues 2 cents.—S. S., Philadelphia, Pa.: The \$20 revenue in blue and black, and the same value in orange and black are catalogued at \$15.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

P. T.: The 1829 and 1830 dimes are selling for a quarter each. 1830 half dollar, seventy five cents. There are no half dimes of 1812 or gold dollars of 1799, so you must be in error.—A quarter of 1834 sells for fifty cents. Spanish silver is very common and worth only what the banks will allow for it. 1857 111 cent silver, ten cents.—D. F. J.: (1) Silver penny of England. (2) Copper penny of Finland. (3) Columbian half dollar of 1892, seventy five cents.—C. McC.: Your coins are mostly common. You will find the prices on most of them quoted in the answers in this issue.—R. A.: (1) Ireland half penny, 1820. (2) Dutch East India Co. 1797 duit. (3) Half dollar 1835, worth seventy five cents. (4) English six-pence. (5) Half cent 1804, twenty five cents. (6) Chihuahua (Mexico) 1860, quarter real, twenty five cents.—The 1833 cent sells for ten cents at the dealers. This means, of course, a good specimen. In these columns we never quote prices on coins less than good. Your other coins are common.—G. L. B.: Your Nos. 1, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12 and 13 are the so-called "hard times" tokens or Jackson cents. They bring from ten to fifty cents each. No. 2 Nova Scotia, 1823 and 1832 half pennies, ten cents each. (4) Wood's half penny, 1723, fifty cents. (5) Connecticut cent of 1787, twenty five cents. (14) A common 10 centime of France.—1893 Columbian half dollar sells for sixty cents.—The half dollar of 1818 sells for eighty five cents.—The 1838 dime sells for twenty five cents at the dealers.—An 1841 O mint dime sells for twenty cents.—The quarter eagle of 1848 is worth only face value.—C. S.: Yours is a common Mexican dollar worth only face value.—A fine three dollar gold piece of 1860 sells for five dollars.—A fine 1833 dime sells for twenty five cents.—M. W.: The 8 reals Charles IV. of Spain, 1808, is worth only face value. Your other rubbing is from a common English six-pence of George III.—The 1817 half dollar sells for eighty five cents. D. C.: Your coin is one of Victor Emanuel II. of Italy (1861-1878), and is common.—W. G.: The 1818 cent sells for fifteen cents. Your Italian coin of King Humbert is common.—The 1892 Columbian half dollar sells for seventy five cents.—H. C.: Your 1870 "cinco centimos" is a common 5 centimes of Spain.—W. H.: Your coin is a common English half-penny. Your Canadian coin is also common.—1831 and 1833 half dollars sell for seventy five cents each.—Louis XVIII., 5 francs, 1819, \$1.50. Spain, Charles III., 1787, 8 reals, face value only.—B. W.: Your coin is a Spanish silver real or shilling. Though old (1789) it is very common.—The 1835 half cent is the most common of the series and brings only five cents.—We know of no one paying premiums on the 1833 V nickel.—F. B. T.: Your rubbing is from a silver Sol of Peru, and it is worth face value only.—All the gold dollars now bring a premium, selling from \$1.75 upwards.—L. R.: Your coin is a French Ecu of Louis XV., and is worth a dollar and a half.—H. H.: Your coins are all common and unless in fine condition will hardly bring a premium.—S. C. C.: Your three cent fractional currency, if in good condition, is worth a quarter.—G. B., E. T., H. R., and H. K. C.: There is no premium to speak of on your coins.—C. W. T.: Your coins of Spain and Mexico, 1781 and 1833, eight reals, are both very common.—The cent of 1890 is worth a half dollar.—H. W. B. and G. N. C.: The "flying eagle" cents of 1857 and 1858 are only worth face value.—A 1799 cent is worth \$15.00. The cents of 1838 and 1845 sell for ten cents each. All must be in good condition.—The Columbian half dollar of 1892, seventy five cents; 1893, sixty cents; Finland 1 and 5 penna, ten cents each.—No premium on the 1851 quarter eagles.—The 1829 and 1830 cents sell at ten cents each at the dealers.—A \$5.00 Confederate bill has no value now or never will in your life time. Keep it as a simple souvenir of a great epoch.

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VOL. XIII. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

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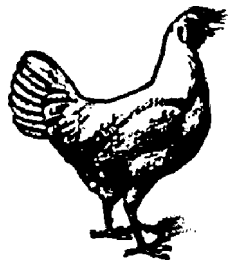
100 varieties foreign stamps for names and addresses of 2 collectors. Postage 2 cents, 100 hinges 2 cents. **READ STAMP CO.**, Toledo, O.

Boys and Animals

The Start With Poultry Import- ant.

No one should start with a stock of "scrubs." Thoroughbreds, though the first cost is a little greater, are vastly more economical. They always bring higher prices and the returns in every way greatly surpass those the "scrub" stock can give.

The first question that confronts the beginner is: "What breed shall I start with?" This depends wholly on what branch of the business he intends to follow—whether he is to raise for market or for eggs.



Single Comb White Leghorn.

I believe, as do many others, that "The breed that lays is the breed that pays." The Single Comb White Leghorns have long been acknowledged the greatest layers. They cannot be surpassed for egg production or beauty.

If one wishes to follow this branch of the business, he cannot do better than to invest in a foundation stock from this variety.

Then there are many things to be learned, and practically all must be learned from experience. Feeding, housing and breeding must be studied and the developments must be watched with the utmost care. Careful and accurate records must be kept, trap nests and the like playing an important part in their making. By referring to these records the novice will soon learn how to perfect his egg production.

On the other hand, if one wishes to raise for the market, there are a number of things to take into consideration.

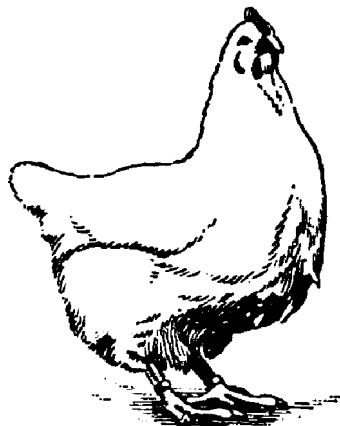
1. He must select a bird that will mature quickly in order to realize a profit, as, of course, the longer they are kept the more expensive they become.

2. The dressed fowl should have a bright yellow skin. This is desired in all high-class markets, and meat thus colored almost always has a fine flavor, much better than the white meat of some other breeds.

3. He must select a breed that does not show pin-feathers, as they mar the color and appearance of the fowl, no matter how well it may be dressed.

4. In raising for the market the raiser should endeavor to select the best all purpose fowl. That is, one capable of a good egg production, as well as the best market qualities.

Many people consider the Barred Plymouth Rock as the best all purpose fowl. Now, here are my objections to this breed. They lack in quick growth and they show dark pin-feathers, both very important objections in the all purpose



White Wyandotte.

fowl. In selecting this breed, why not select the one, if possible (and it is possible), that comprises all the foregoing points? The White Plymouth Rock is greatly superior to the Barred, inasmuch as it does not show the dark pin-feathers, but it lacks in the quick growth. There is another breed—the White Wyandotte—which comprises all the good points named, and it is this breed that I advise the market raiser to begin with. One thing in their favor is the remarkable growth in their breast. This part fills out very rapidly, adding much to their quick growth, and making them the best broilers procurable.

The poultry quarters should be kept in the best possible condition at all times. Whitewash should be applied at least twice a year and the roosts often painted with kerosene, or something equally effective, thus keeping off all vermin.

The feed should be varied. It should be as clean as that you yourself would eat; fresh water and grit are two of the essentials.

I advise the novice to take some good and reliable poultry paper, as in these papers everything practical known to poultry science is discussed.

In conclusion, let me offer a few suggestions. After you have decided whether you are going to raise for market or eggs and which breed you are going to keep, no matter what breed it may be, do not allow yourself to start with a foundation stock of anything but the best birds procurable. Thorough-



breeds, though they may cost you a little more than at first expected, will come out far ahead of your neighbor's "scrubs."

Another thing that is very important to the novice is his knowledge of the breed he keeps. He should study carefully the characteristics, scale of points, color and shape of the thoroughbred of his variety. In this way he will know how to select thoroughbreds of this breed and will not be imposed upon. Deal with well-known, reliable breeders. Always bear in mind that if one is sure of the breeder being reliable, it is better to pay him five dollars for one setting of eggs than to pay five dollars for two settings of eggs from some unreliable breeder.

Tom—A Wonderful Dog.

W. FRANK McCLURE.

Telepathic, or mind-reading, powers are accredited to a bull terrier owned by Jack Myers, of Alliance, O. This canine has performed before Senator Foraker, James R. Garfield, and other notables, to their great astonishment, and his fame has even reached London. A number of scientific experts have witnessed his performances. Charles Marmaduke Lumley, professor of the London Psychological Institute, came to Alliance to see this dog and offered the owner \$1,200 for him.

Mr. Myers says he discovered the dog's mind-reading powers at the close of a game of solitaire. When he had finished the game he slapped the dog on the nose with one of the cards. He then stacked the cards and laid them on the table. On returning a few minutes later he was greatly surprised to find that the dog had sorted the pack and held in his mouth the same card which had been carelessly passed over his nose a short time before. Mr. Myers again placed the card in the pack and shuffled the cards and again Tom found the right card. Attorney William Roach hearing of the dog's interesting doings came in one day and put him to another and most important test. He shuffled the cards, placed them face downward, and then thought of a certain card, but told no one which one he had in mind. To his surprise the dog picked out the right card. Many others have since tried the same experiment with Tom and have been simply dumbfounded at the result.

Mr. Myers refused the offer of Professor Lumley because he believes that the dog would not live long if parted from him. Some time before he had thought some of selling him. The dog heard the conversation with the possible purchaser, who was later to telegraph Mr. Myers whether he would buy Tom or not. The dog looked dejected for two or three days, then a telegram came. Tom grabbed it from the messenger and carried it to his master. His feelings were apparently changed and he danced about the room as soon as his master had finished reading the message. The telegram brought the news that the person had decided not to buy the dog.

Editor's Note: The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY has before him letters from H. F. Harris, of the Crisis Publishing Company, East Liverpool, O., and Senator J. B. Foraker, of Washington city, each with reference to "Tom." Mr. Harris says: "I do not hesitate to say that the wonderful stories of his performances are true. The dog appears to be endowed with telepathy or a sixth sense, and seems to be capable of reading human thought." Senator Foraker

says: "I do not wonder that the dog's performances should seem incredible. I could scarcely believe what I saw. Whether it is mental telepathy or what not, it is something most remarkable."

Notes.

"H. H. H.," City of Mexico, answers M. C. Latimer, who asked in a recent number of our paper what was good for his canary's inflamed feet, by saying, "Rub them every night with vas-line." We fear the answer will be too long delayed to do any good, but it may furnish a suggestion to other boys who are having trouble with canaries.—HERMAN KISTLER, Newton Falls, O., wants to know how to make a flying pen for pigeons.—G. I. GIBBS, Beatrice, Neb., writes an interesting letter telling of an experience he had with a bird. He wants to know what kind of a bird it is that sings after dark on stormy nights in winter.—EDWARD G. FISCHER, Wheaton, Ill., sends a plan for a squirrel trap, which he says he thinks ought to work, though he cannot say that it will, for he has not tried it.—NED MORMODY, Hartford, Mich., has two large Belgian hares and two little ones and wants to know where he can sell them. He made a box trap like the one described in THE AMERICAN BOY and caught a rabbit in it the first day. Ned has a cat named "Sinut" and a sheep named "Peter," also a lamb.—EMMETT L. FRITZ, East Aurora, N. Y., is the eldest of four brothers. They have thirty six chickens, nine Belgian hares, five guinea pigs, two goldfish, a chipmunk and a lizard. They keep the lizard in the dish with the fish. He says the lizard has not been fed, nor has it eaten anything to his knowledge in three months. He and his twelve-year-old brother took the first prize in a piano playing contest in East Aurora. Emmett's prize was a gold-filled watch chain and his brother's prize was a watch. Emmett sends us some of the Roycroft work for which East Aurora is famous.—JOHN T. WILLIAMSON, Cedar Bluff, Ala., wants to know how many chickens to start in the poultry business with. This all depends upon how much ground the chicken yard covers, how much money the boy has to invest in stock, how much time he has to attend to the work, and some other considerations. Our advice would be in general to start with not more than half a dozen.—ALBERT DORRENCE, Albion, N. Y., has eight bantams, three guinea pigs and two carrier pigeons. Next season he is going to start in and raise white Leghorns.—WILLIAM H. ERWIN, Kendallville, Ind., says that when a boy starts in the bee-keeping business he ought to get a good book such as the A. B. C. of Bee Culture and study it thoroughly. Then go to a beekeeper and procure a few hives, not more than two or three colonies; indeed, one is enough to start with.—SETH J. ARNOLD, Spencerport, N. Y., wants to know what kind of chickens are best for a boy to try to raise. Opinions widely differ. When the editor was a boy he preferred black Spanish or white Leghorns.—CHARLEY ALLIS, Jr., Mattapoisett, Mass., wants to know where he can buy canary birds.—AUGUST SKYBERG, Hills, Minn., together with his brother, on March 22, 1902, bought about forty five chickens. In April he began setting hens. He had poor luck at first, for he set his hens on too many eggs, giving them about two dozen each. After that he tried with fifteen eggs to a setting and nearly all hatched. He had much trouble from the rats, but he is now getting rid of them. They have now thirty chickens, having sold last fall a lot for fifteen dollars. Their chicken house is an old shed fixed up. August goes to school and is in the eighth grade. In the last examination in geography he had a standing of 96 per cent.—J. CLARENCE HARKLEY, Novinger, Mo., wants to know something about raising pigeons. He and another boy have made a start by purchasing three pigeons. We can sell him a book, "Pigeons and All About Them," for fifty cents.—JAY M. ARMSTRONG, Lapeer, Mich., age ten, is fond of animals, and particularly of a black pointer that he owns. He says the hunters in his town say it is the best dog they know of. It will round up game, hunt mink, rabbits, and most anything in the line of animals. The boy has made a study of tracks and can tell from the track what animal made it.—JOHN T. ROSS, Hoopston, Ill., age thirteen, when nine years old received from his father two ewes, and now he is the owner of sixteen head of sheep. He also raised pigs and received \$34 for them. His father gave him a mare and colt and his grandfather gave him a calf. He now has \$38, some of which he uses for buying THE AMERICAN BOY.—H. C. LIMBACH, Waco, O., has thirty fine Plymouth Rocks, which he thinks are the best fowls out of which to make money. He clears forty to fifty dollars a summer on them. He has what he thinks is the finest maltese cat in the country. It weighs sixteen pounds.—FIRMER HORNSHER, Indianapolis, Ind., has thirty five chickens. He thinks chicken raising is a good occupation for boys who have a little money to invest. He raises barred and white Plymouth Rocks and brown Leghorn bantams. Firmer won first prize at the fair last fall with his Plymouth Rocks. He tried pigeons last year but didn't like them. His chicken coop is fourteen feet by pine feet, and in addition there is a large scratching shed which he built himself during the last spring vacation. The roosting place for his chickens in winter can be closed up tight. He has sold many of his chickens and thinks he is quite successful.

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Second Prize Photo: Homer Detwiler, Columbiana, O.

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450000 - PREMIUM CATALOGUE



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.

De Witt Gilles, 1027 Twentieth avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn., wins the prize for best list of answers to February Tangles.

Honorable mention is justly accorded the contributions and answers received from the following: Joseph Phillip Smith, Gordon Andrews, Ross Richtmyer, George H. Stanbery, Walter H. Horton, H. Cordis Carter, Harold H. Vannatta, Burton F. Jennings, Harold R. Norris, G. M. Glasco, Jr., Damon E. Frutchey, John V. Cramer, Edward Langdon Fernald, Kenneth Trainor, Nels W. Kindgren, Henry G. Bushong, Roy Selfridge, Roy Gaskill, Adolph Brohaugh, George F. Pinkess, Neal R. Clark and Lee M. Hale.

Answers to March Tangles.

22. (1) Eve (eave). (2) Adam (add A, M). (3) Mark. (4) Enoch (E knock). (5) Noah (no A, H). (6) David (day, vi, D). (7) Paul (pawl). (8) Dives. (9) Ananias (an A nigh S).

23. (1) Reticent. (2) Innocent. (3) Beneficent. (4) Acquiescent. (5) Effervescent. (6) Convalescent. (7) Complacent. (8) Adjacent. (9) Iridescent. (10) Recent. (11) Decent. (12) Ascent. (13) Adolescent. (14) Evanescent. (15) Reminiscent. (16) Quiescent. (17) Putrescent. (18) Arborescent. (19) Obsolete. (20) Petrescent. (21) Subjacent.

24. K I T E H E R O B O S K S K I T I R O N E V E N O M E N K I L O T O A D R E A L S E M I I L L S E N D S O N L Y K N I T T O S S

25. 1 Sheridan 2 Tuskegee 3 Powhatan 4 Atchison 5 Thurston 6 Richland 7 Iroquois 8 Cherokee 9 Kennebec 10 Sullivan 11 Davidson 12 Arapahoe 13 Yarmouth

Initials are St. Patrick's Day.

26. Better, batter, bitter, butter.

27. Sample room, drug store, dry goods millinery, groceries, confectioner, tailor, doctor, dentist, butcher, photographer, telegraph, fashionable, lawyers, postoffice.

28. The Chinese read backward, also upward, as well as downward.

29. (1) L-fin, elfin. (2) E-late, elate. (3) M-pyre, empire. (4) O-bey, obey. (5) N-trust, entrust. (6) A-gain, again. (7) D-coy, decoy. (8) E-leaven, leaven. The phonetic letters spell Lemonade.

NEW TANGLES.

30. BROKEN WORDS.

Example: Separate a floor covering, and make a railway carriage and to fondle. Ans.: Carpet, car, pet. 1. Separate a small bird, and make a long, round beam and to impel with oars. 2. Separate a building for soldiers, and make to shut out and an engine of torture. 3. Separate a kind of fish, and make a possessive pronoun and an ornament. 4. Separate to conduct affairs, and make a member of the human race and a particular period of time. 5. Separate a wall for defence, and make a domestic animal and a portion. 6. Separate a division of the year, and make the ocean and a male descendant. 7. Separate a lessor of ground, and make a numeral and an emmet. 8. Separate a prison keeper, and make a conflict and a wild beast's home. 9. Separate a kind of sword, and make to carve and a young maid. 10. Separate the ending of a piece of music, and make an ichthyological organ, and a malt beverage. -Eugene M. Stewart.

31. CRYPTOGRAM.

The following patriotic motto for American boys can be read by substituting one letter of the alphabet for

Selgman, G. W. Hodgkins, Forest Burleigh, Harry Nellans, Charles Frandsen, I. Rose, Montford Chenoweth, David Stowell, Addison J. Kerr and sister, Howell Gordon, Marlon P. Stear, Ragnar Lunell, Stokeley Bloodworth, James Nelson, Myron S. Bruning and Charlie A. Hoag.

All others, whose names we refrain from publishing, will understand that their contributions fell short of our standard or that their answers were not correct, and are invited to try again.

Occupation Chess, number 11 of February, developed an extraordinary number of occupations besides those published in March, as the following list will attest: Archer, awl-maker, bat-maker, tatter, barterer, bore, borer, bulb-maker, cad, cadet, cater, caterer, cane-miller, chanter, club-maker, coach, coacher (?), colter, cube-maker, cue-maker, cure, director, dyer, embalmer, gager, hatcher, horse-walker, host, hub-maker, hut-maker, imitator, last-maker, limner, linen-merchant, lister, loiterer, lumber-er, lumber-maker, mast-maker, mat-maker, matron, mercer, osteopath, page, poacher, post, plume-maker, proctor, racer, raker, ranter, ranger, ratter, reader, rector, renter, re-seater, rider, sawyer, scater, solderer, songster, slaker, starcher, starter, staker, stoker, storer, stat-maker, talker, tamer, tenter, test-maker, tiller, timer, tither, Thatcher, tubemaker, tub-maker, tuner, usurer, wader, walker, walk-maker, watcher and waterer.

We were in error regarding the relative position of Muscatine and Keokuk in the "tenth state" as stated in March, Keokuk ranking tenth, as everyone seemed to know but your uncle.

A prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to this month's Tangles received by April 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best lot of new and original puzzles received by April 20.

Preliminary announcement: The May issue will contain a Grand Prize Offer of a Stevens' Favorite Rifle to be given for the best original Fourth of July puzzle of any kind (illustrated puzzle preferred) received by May 20, to be published in the July number. This is fair warning to get on your thinking caps. Do not send in contributions for this contest until after you receive the May AMERICAN BOY.

another throughout by a uniform and simple rule.

MPWF ZPVS DPVDSZ HCE PCFZ IFS MBXT. -Vernor Lovett.

32. KNIGHT'S MOVE.

Starting at a certain letter and continuously following the knight's move in chess, using each letter once only, find eleven states:

Grid for Knight's Move puzzle with letters O, M, N, I, A, N, A, A, A, H, W, O, S, G, O, T, R, I, N, C, D, O, N, S, C, K, A, W, N, S, U, H, K, E, O, I, H, I, N, T, S, I, R, N, I, S, I, T, V, I, A, Y, H, M, E, E, M, O, E, A, X, W, A, O

-George Carleton Lacy, Foo Chow, China.

33. ELIMINATED VOWELS.

Supply the missing vowels and obtain a quotation from Longfellow: Lfsrllfrnst, Ndhgrvsnlttagl, Dstthrttdstrtrnth, Wsntspknfthsl. -Frank Holloway.

34. EVERYBODY'S KIN.

Example: Kin for an actor's foot. Ans.: Buskin. 1. Kin for the dining table. 2. Kin for the Autumn cornfield. 3. Kin for holding butter. 4. A clownish kin. 5. Kin for the sheepfold. 6. Kin for the wardrobe. 7. Kin to a dwarf. 8. A crockery kin. 9. A flowering kin. 10. A sharp-pointed kin. 11. Kin of the dome of the sky. 12. Chinaman's kin. -Frank C. McMillan.

35. DICKENS ACROSTIC.

The answers to the following will be found in Charles Dickens' great story, David Copperfield. Either christian name or surname is used, indiscriminately, but not both. The initials spell David's birthplace. 1. Willin'. 2. The lady who succeeded Miss Shepherd in David's affections. 3. Limble. 4. Mr. Chillip's tippie at the Gray's Inn Coffee House. 5. David's first wife. 6. Mr. Peggotty's niece. 7. Miss Dartle's christian name. 8. David's "bad angel," as Agnes calls him. 9. The name bestowed upon David by his great-aunt. 10. "Draper, Tailor, Haberdasher and Funeral Furnisher." 11. Ham's relationship to Daniel Peggotty. 12. Mrs. Micawber's given name. -Queen Zero.

36. HALF SQUARE.

1. Wingless. 2. Planing machines. 3. Idle talk. 4. Ingress. 5. Depend upon. 6. Product of mines. 7. Abbreviation of a great nation. 8. A letter from Boston. -Chas. D. Vollers.

37. WORD SQUARE.

1. A drink made from potatoes. 2. The

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weight of twelve grains. 3. A kind of tea. 4. To make dim. 5. To long. -Clyde Nickum.

Pluck and a Stone Fence.

(Continued from page 179.)

pay for such ore as we have, and then some of them can come out and make a bid on the whole lot."

"That'll be a good idea," replied the father. "Ye'd better start as soon as ye can so as to git back before dark."

An hour later Tom was on his way to town with a load of silicate taken from the fence.

On reaching Joplin he sold the ore at the rate of twelve dollars per ton, two of the buyers promising to go out to the farm on the following day and make a bid on the entire lot.

Tom brought sixteen dollars back with him which was the proceeds of the sample load of ore.

"And they are coming out to-morrow to buy all we have got," he added; "and it won't bring less than two thousand dollars. Then there is plenty more in the mines where that came from."

"Thank Heaven, we have found a way out of our trouble at last," said Mrs. Benton, and Mr. Benton sat silently puffing at his pipe while the tears of joy ran down his bearded cheeks.

Little remains to be told.

The proceeds of the sale of the silicate proved to be as great as was anticipated. The yield from the mines, though not as large as was at first expected, brought sufficient to place the Benton family in easy circumstances; and a handsome two-story residence now adorns the spot where once the little cabin stood.

Mr. Jones, the man for whom Tom had ridden to Joplin for the doctor, recovered from his illness, and having later on discovered a good prospect of silicate on his farm, sold out for a good sum to a mining company and moved to Keosau.

Nearly a year subsequent to the events detailed in this story, a stranger made his appearance at the Benton farm house. He was soon recognized as the man who had visited the place and left in such a mysterious manner over a year before.

He was warmly welcomed by the family, for it was to him, as they fully believed, that they owed their good fortune and prosperity.

He confessed to having written the letter which had afterwards played such an important part in the history of our friends. He explained by saying that he was one of a company that were investing in mining land, and it was during his tour in search of such land that he had come to the Benton place. He discovered the silicate in the fence and in the old mines, but owing to the kindness shown him by the owners, he resolved not to take advantage of their ignorance of the value of the land. It was his intention to make the secret known to the family before leaving the neighborhood, but he had been called away unexpectedly, and there was no course left but to communicate the intelligence by letter.

Thus the mystery was solved at last, and now, having given a full explanation of all questions that might vex the mind of the reader, there is nothing for me to write but

THE END.

Ivan Thurloe, of Boston, Mass., nine years old, is an expert swimmer and diver. He was paid a handsome sum by the management of the Sportsmen's show, which was recently held in Boston, for exhibition swimming and diving.

A Noble Rescue.

(Continued from page 188.)

waves hid it from view, but Jim was at the oars, and with wonderful skill he steered through the angry waters and landed, safe and sound at last, in a little cove half a mile below the falls. The enthusiasm of the people was more trying to Jim than the passage of the falls.

He was nearly suffocated by the crowd that pressed around him, and he blushed more than ever when Luke Walton took him by the hand and said, "This lad has true courage. I owe him an apology and I am going to make it right here. We all owe him an apology for thinking him capable of cowardice."

Then they went back in triumph to the village. Tom Carrol was nowhere to be seen. He had slipped away, with a troubled conscience, no doubt. Before Mr. Walton went back to the city he remembered Jim with a handsome present, and as for the villagers, this incident that had happened among them gave them all a higher and nobler idea of what true courage really was.

A Caution to Advertisers.

Advertisements sent us for insertion in THE AMERICAN BOY will hereafter be censored with even greater care than has ever before been exercised by us. No advertisement will be accepted which is at all misleading in its phraseology. For instance, where agents are wanted and work is to be done in order to secure a premium, the word "Free" will not be permitted as descriptive of the way in which the premium is given. The word "Earn" can properly replace the word "Free" and this will not be misleading. Advertisements will not be accepted which are extravagant or misleading in their description of articles advertised. For instance, we will not take an advertisement which says or implies that \$4 will buy a \$40 watch. The goods advertised must be described accurately. THE AMERICAN BOY has not had a great deal of this class of advertising, and we believe that the advertisers to whom these objections can apply and who are now represented in this paper, are reliable, but with these, as with others, the above ruling will be strictly adhered to in future. There are many advertisers who purposely try to induce readers to write to them by wording their advertisements in a misleading manner, and this has been done to such an extent in many publications that perfectly honest dealers have felt almost forced to resort to the same means of attracting trade, but our observation is that the firms which have met with the greatest measure of success are those whose advertisements do not mislead in the slightest degree; those whose advertisements are plain and straightforward statement of facts. People are tired of being offered something for nothing and of being disappointed, and the advertiser who wants business as well as he who respects his reputation will best attain his object by honest business-like methods. We desire that every man or woman who admits THE AMERICAN BOY into their home, and every boy or girl who receives it, may feel that at the hands of every advertiser in this one magazine at least they will have fair treatment. We want the reputation of the magazine to back up the advertiser, and we want the advertiser always to live up to the reputation of the magazine.

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, Editor.
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Assistant Editor.

Our Next Number.

THE AMERICAN BOY for May will have as a front cover a reproduction of the photograph of "The Young Rough Rider" from among a band of boy rough riders organized in Pittsburg, Pa., and one of the interesting articles in this number will be an illustrated description of this unique organization composed of boys, each of whom owns a pony and a regular rough rider outfit. There will be a continuation in the May number of the Napoleon story, the Henty story, Fine Deeds of Brave Boys, The Jolly Boy, For a Boys' "Circus," THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, and the various departments.

Among other interesting items will be: Simple Tricks on the Wheel; A Sand Fort and How It Was Captured and Retaken; A Night Adventure With Wolves; University of Pennsylvania Athletes; The Children of the Diplomatic Corps; How Tommy Brought His Treasure Home (an Indian story); Pure Gold, and a hundred shorter items of intense interest to boys. As usual, the paper will be illustrated with nearly one hundred pictures.

We have just bought stories from the pens of Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joel Chandler Harris, Caroline K. Herrick, Waldon Fawcett, General Charles King, and other noted story writers. These stories, with those purchased from other leading story writers for boys, such as Henty, Graydon, Lisenbee, Harbour, Ellis, Munroe, and others, warrants us in saying that THE AMERICAN BOY will maintain its place at the head of all publications for boys.

Don't miss a number. Those who allow their subscriptions to expire without renewing, expecting later to make remittance run the risk of missing something, for we print only enough copies to fill actual needs as they appear at the time we go to press.

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More About Henty.



George Alfred Henty, whose last story is being published in THE AMERICAN BOY, died, as our readers know, on the morning of November 16, on board his sail yacht "Egret," in Weymouth Harbor, England. His health had not been very good for some time and he had decided to winter on board his yacht. For some years past Mr. Henty has spent at least six of the twelve months of the year on his yacht. At the time of his death he was seventy years old. Mr. Henty was educated at Westminster School and Galus College. Early in life he went to the Crimea with a department of the British army. Afterwards he was sent to Italy to arrange the hospitals of the Italian legion. Then he tried mining at home and abroad, and later attached himself to the staff of the "Standard," for which paper he wrote for some years. Then he volunteered as special correspondent for the Austro-Italian War, accompanied Garibaldi in his Tyrolean campaign, followed Lord Napier through the mountain gorges of Magdala, and Lord Wolseley through

Dear Mr. Henty,

I only returned last night from abroad. Having to my mind about your proof could not do out to me. I have at once gone through, and now return it to you.

Yours very truly
G. Allen

brush and swamp to Kumassi. Next he reported the Franco-German War, starved in Paris through the siege of the Commune, then roughed it for a time in the Pyrenees through the Carlist insurrection, and then in Asiatic Russia during the Khiva expedition. Subsequently he traveled through the mining districts in the western part of the United States, accompanied the then Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) on his Indian tour, and with the Turkish soldiers in the Servian War, he looked on at some desperate hand-to-hand fighting.

As a man, Mr. Henty was manly, honest and sincere, with a natural and genuine sympathy for boys, whom he understood thoroughly. His works be-



"THE EGRET."
Mr. Henty's yacht, on board of which he died.

came classics in the school libraries. His personality was exceedingly attractive; big and burly, with a patriarchal white beard and a great voice, he attracted attention wherever he went. Mr. Henty has a son, Captain Henty, in the volunteer company Royal Irish Rifles, which served in the Boer War in South Africa. We reproduce a picture of Mr. Henty taken from a photograph presented to the editor of "The Boy's Own" paper in England, together with a picture of his yacht and a facsimile letter from Mr. Henty to the editor of "The Boy's Own" paper.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To every boy who sends us the subscription of a New Subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY during the month of April, we will give, free of charge, a picture of the late G. A. HENTY, the great story writer for boys, who died November 16 last, the picture measuring 6 x 9 inches, and printed on paper suitable for framing. This is in addition to usual premiums.

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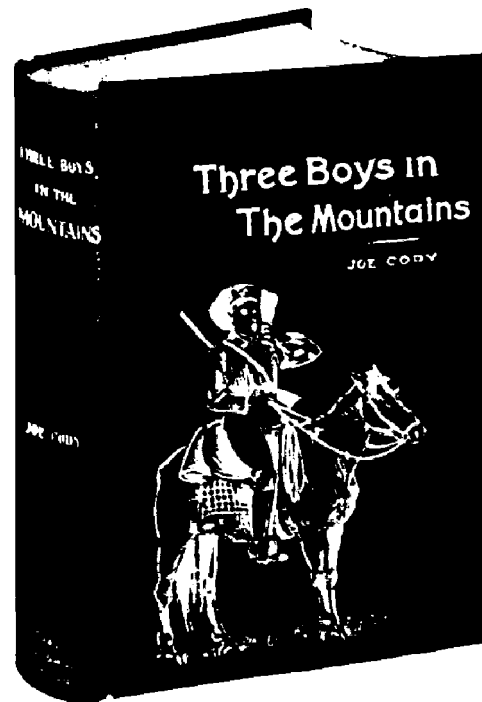
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MONTHLY
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Detroit, Michigan, May, 1903

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A YOUNG ROUGH RIDER

-See Page 219

Napoleon Bonaparte

A History Written for Boys by the Editor

CHAPTER XV.

JOSEPHINE DIVORCED—NAPOLEON MARRIES
MARIA LOUISA OF AUSTRIA—WAR WITH
RUSSIA—THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

NAPOLEON was now at the head of a magnificent empire of eighty million people. But what if he should die? Josephine had borne no children to Napoleon, and the matter of an heir to the Imperial title had for some time given great concern to the Emperor. Hortense, Josephine's daughter by her first husband, had borne to her husband a son, Louis Bonaparte, who was for a time regarded as the heir to France, but the boy died of croup in infancy. It was thought, too, by some that Napoleon would adopt Eugene, Hortense's brother, but it was not to be.

There is no doubt but that, desiring a son and heir, Napoleon had for some time contemplated divorcing Josephine and marrying a princess from some one of the royal families of Europe. There is evidence that he made overtures at the Peace of Tilsit, and afterwards at the conference at Erfurt, to the Czar of Russia for the hand of the Czar's sister, and that his overtures were received coldly. There is ample proof that Napoleon loved Josephine; his letters to her were full of ardent devotion. She was easily the most brilliant woman in Europe and lent a splendor to the court of France that added immensely to its influence and renown. Napoleon was not insensible to her queenly qualities. There are historians who seek to detract from the character of Josephine and represent her as untrue to her husband, but the world has been slow to believe the stories, many of which were no doubt inspired by her enemies.

This chapter in the life of Napoleon is an exceedingly sad one. How sincere Napoleon was in his declarations that he set Josephine aside for reasons of state, we shall never know. The claim made by him, and for him by his friends, was that his love for France and his interest in her welfare was so great that he would break the dearest ties and sacrifice his own happiness to serve her interests. Josephine, while presenting to the world an appearance of unalloyed happiness as the mistress of the most splendid court in Europe, trembled at heart as she saw the dazzling heights to which her Imperial master had risen. Hints more or less full of meaning had reached her from various sources that the interests of the state demanded that Napoleon should have an heir, so that when Fouché, with studied diplomacy, presented the subject to her and asked her, for the good of France, that she allow herself to be divorced, she was not unprepared for the blow. Still, unable to believe that her loving spouse had taken this means of gaining her consent, she hurried to Napoleon and demanded whether he had authorized the proceeding of his minister. Napoleon denied it, but on her demanding that Fouché be dismissed he refused, and thus practically admitted that Fouché's procedure had not been contrary to his wishes.

After several tearful interviews Josephine accepted the inevitable. On December 15, 1809, Napoleon announced the dissolution of his marriage to his Council, and Josephine, appearing before them, consented thereto. The title of Empress was to continue with her for life, and she was to receive a pension of two million francs, to which Napoleon added a third million. The heartbroken Queen left the Tuilleries for her villa of Malmaison. It has been said that when Napoleon repudiated Josephine he repudiated Europe.

In a few weeks it was announced that Napoleon had demanded and received the hand in marriage of Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis of Austria. On March 11th, 1810, they were married by proxy in Vienna. On March 28, Napoleon met the young Archduchess, as in her carriage she was proceeding toward Paris, and, brushing aside all ceremony, pushed aside the curtains of her carriage and introduced himself to his bride. On April 2, the wedding

was repeated with great splendor in Paris. Then followed a tour of the provinces. The royal bridegroom for a time devoted himself to his bride with every mark of affection. "He made love," says one, "like a Hussar," but letters at intervals passed between him and Josephine and his visits to Malmaison were not infrequent.

While Napoleon was thus engaged in affairs of the heart, he did not forget that he still had a stupendous task before him in subduing Spain and Portugal, where the war, of which we read in the preceding chapter, was still in progress. To be sure, Joseph was on the throne propped up by 300,000 soldiers, but the greater part of the country was still in the possession of the enemy, the French holding but a few districts, and in these being shut up in their fortresses. Massena, second only to Napoleon as a general, was in command of 100,000 Frenchmen known as the Army of Portugal. With these he sought to drive the English, under the command of him who afterwards was known as the Duke of Wellington, out of the Peninsula. Opposed to Massena were 20,000 British troops and 30,000 Portuguese. Massena pushed them little by little toward Lisbon and the sea. At last Wellington halted in a strong position protecting the port of Lisbon. Massena found it impossible to advance, and for many months lay exposed on every side to the attack of the Portuguese peasants, threatened with famine from having his communications in the rear cut off and finding the country about him laid waste by the inhabitants.

At last Massena was forced to retreat. Lord Wellington started in hot pursuit until the French, crossing the Portuguese boundary, were emboldened, by the receiving of reinforcements, to return. A battle

were her own. Never had a child been ushered into the world with such a magnificent welcome nor been born to so magnificent a heritage.

Many things now conspired to unsettle France and dim the lustre of the great name of Napoleon. The alliance with Austria on his marriage to Maria Louisa was unpopular with many of the republicans who saw in it the last step toward a ruling dynasty. The putting aside of Josephine had been far from popular with another faction. The ill-success of the French armies in Spain and Portugal had brought about the suspicion that the tide of military success had turned. Fouché, who had dared, without authority from his master, to send a delegation to London to ask on what terms the English would make peace was banished. Napoleon's quarrel with the Pope had made him bitter enemies among the papal party. New prisons were built throughout France and filled with political prisoners. The press had become enslaved. Russia had taken offense at the Austrian alliance, for, should Spain and Portugal be conquered, this alliance would leave Russia as the only prize worth fighting for that still remained on the continent to whet the insatiable ambition of the French Emperor. Everywhere could be heard rumblings of an approaching storm that boded ill to the "Man of Destiny."

Napoleon at this time had at his disposal over two million men. Eight hundred thousand of them were at his immediate command ready for the field. Not counting the 300,000 that were in the Spanish Peninsula, he could bring an army of 650,000 against Alexander, should war break out. Napoleon might have come to honorable terms with him, but intoxicated by his successes he helped to widen the breach

and precipitate war. Talleyrand argued and Fouché earnestly urged the Emperor against marching upon Russia, but both felt at once of what little effect were their words. Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, appealed to him on the ground that the war would be a Heaven-provoking crusade. The Emperor led the Cardinal to a window, and pointing upwards, said: "Do you see yonder star?" "No, sire," replied the Cardinal.

"But I see it," Napoleon answered, and the interview was at an end.

On May 16, 1812, Napoleon met the Emperor of Austria and the Kings of Prussia, Naples and other inferior countries, at Dresden, and here, amid extravagant pomp, he laid down the policy which they were to adopt in case war should break out. On June 22, negotiations between Napoleon and Alexander were brought to a close in an address by the former to the army in which he declared that they should now put an end forever to that haughty influence which Russia had exercised for fifty years over the affairs of Europe. Alexander followed with an address to his troops in which he said: "Soldiers, you fight for your religion, your liberty, and your native

land. Your Emperor is among you; and God is the enemy of the aggressor."

The right wing of Napoleon's army consisted of 30,000 Austrians commanded by Schwartzberg; the left wing of 30,000 by Macdonald. Between these was a great army of 250,000 under the command of Napoleon himself, with such lieutenants as Davoust, Ney, Junot and Victor. The cavalry was under command of Murat, King of Naples. Augereau was to remain in the rear and protect communications with France. This magnificent army occupied a base of operations fully 300 miles in extent.

The greater part of the French army, before taking its position, had been reviewed at Friedland. The Russians had 260,000 men in the field with their center at Wilna under the command of Barclay de Tolly. The plan of Alexander was to draw Napoleon on, retreating slowly toward Moscow, and thus subjecting the multitudinous army of the enemy to the infinite difficulties of a campaign far from its base of supplies and in a strange country where the rigors of winter might accomplish that which arms could not. On June 24, 1812, Napoleon crossed the Niemen, near Kowno, and the die was cast. Alexander moved back slowly as Napoleon advanced. The French reached Wilna on June 28 and found it deserted and



Napoleon Displaying to His Army a Portrait of His Son.

was fought on the fifth of May, 1811, and the French once more defeated. Massena was recalled and Marmont sent to take his place.

Wellington now had full possession of Portugal. In rapid succession he took three important fortresses. On the 21st of July, 1812, the armies of Wellington and Marmont lay facing each other near Salamanca. The following day a great battle ensued in which the French lost 7,000 men and were sent flying toward Madrid. Wellington then pushed on and soon entered the capital of Spain, King Joseph fleeing on his approach.

To go back a few months: A son was born to Napoleon and the Empress on the twentieth of March, 1811, and Napoleon taking him in his arms cried to his courtiers, "Gentlemen the king of Rome." The announcement of the birth of the child in the Royal palace was made by signal rockets, and when immediately thereafter one hundred and one guns proclaimed that the child was a boy, all Paris went into a frenzy of enthusiasm, the people rushing into the streets and squares, filling the air with shouts of "Long live the Emperor," and many shedding tears of joy. Napoleon was delirious with joy. Secretly he hastened, a little later, to show the child to Josephine, who caressed it and cried over it as if it

everything that could be of use to such a vast host destroyed; but with the foresight for which he was always distinguished, Napoleon had brought along great quantities of provisions so that his soldiers were, for the time being, at least, independent of the country around them. The moving of such an unwieldy force of men, baggage and provisions soon proved to be a matter of immense difficulty, and at the very beginning, while yet the French were at Wilna, the question of putting off the invasion for another year or pursuing it amidst the most trying conditions presented itself. At this time Alexander effected treaties with England, Spain, Sweden and Turkey, with which last named country he had been at war, and from every quarter the Russians found reinforcements and supplies of money and provisions. The enthusiasm of the Russians was tremendous. A million Russians offered themselves to their Emperor. Moscow alone offered to raise and equip 80,000 men; a Grand Duchess of Russia (whom Napoleon desired to marry) raised a regiment on her own estate; a Cossack chief promised his only daughter and 200,000 rubles to the man who should kill Napoleon.

After remaining three weeks at Wilna the French advanced with St. Petersburg as their objective point, but on meeting with effective resistance they turned toward Moscow. Engagement after engagement followed with temporary advantages to the French, the Russians retreating, burning their fields and their villages as they went, and leaving nothing to the pursuing hosts but smoking ashes. On the demand of his troops for a general engagement the Russian Commander-in-chief took up a position between Borodino and Moscow, and on September 7 the two armies stood face to face, each having ready for battle about 100,000 men, with 500 guns. Napoleon addressed his troops in his characteristic fashion, calling upon them to behave themselves so that posterity might say of each of them, "He was in that great battle beneath the walls of Moscow." The battle was a succession of charges and slaughters. It was butchery on both sides of the most horrible description. The result of that awful day was the loss on each side of nearly 50,000 men. "Death," says one historian, "was the only victor." The Russians withdrew and Napoleon pressed on. On September 14 the cry of "Moscow!" "Moscow!" arose from the ranks and Napoleon looked down from "the Hill of Salvation" on the splendid city. Murat, with his cavalry, had pushed on to the very gates, where he had received word from the Russian general that unless two hours were granted for the safe withdrawal of the Russian troops he would set fire to the city. The two hours having expired, the French entered and found the streets and buildings deserted save for the rabble. On the following midnight flames broke out, but were soon extinguished. The next night the sky was again lurid with flames bursting from every quarter. During four days the conflagration raged till but one-fifth of the ancient city remained. By the light of the flames Napoleon dictated a letter to Alexander proposing peace, but an answer never came. Instead, rumors reached him

that all Russia was gathering about him. What should he do? To remain shut up in Moscow during the approaching winter was to run the risk of his allies in middle and western Europe disregarding their pledges and throwing off their allegiance. To attempt to return at this late hour, with winter fast closing in, was to subject his heroic army to incomparable dangers. News had reached him that two divisions of his army that were advancing into Russia by other routes had suffered defeat and that his army in Spain had lost the great battle of Salamanca. Following this, Murat was defeated in an encounter under the very walls of Moscow. Napoleon, then,

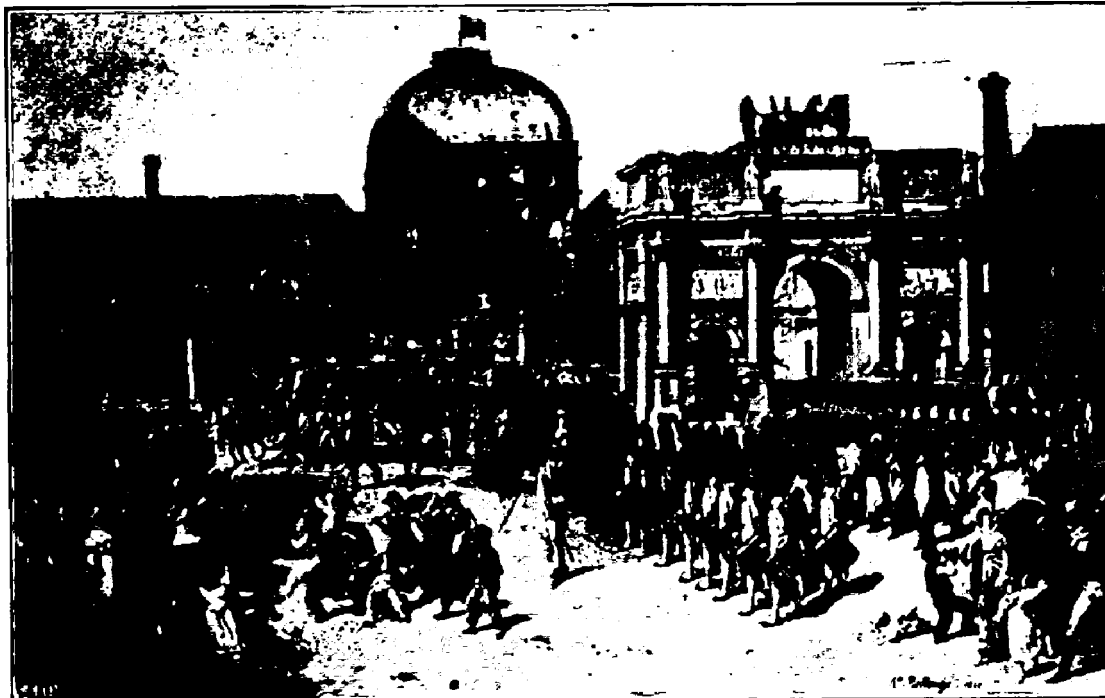
with continued misfortune, and Napoleon, hearing of it, despaired of ever seeing them again, but on November 20 his despair was changed into joy by their coming up with him at Orca, where Napoleon hailed Marshal Ney as the bravest of the brave, and declared that he would have given all his treasure to be assured of his safety. Napoleon was now at the head of the whole army, which consisted of only 12,000 men, including 150 cavalry. Five hundred officers still had possession of their horses and these formed themselves into a bodyguard to the Emperor.

In the forests along the River Beresina the little army came suddenly upon 50,000 of their countrymen, who under Victor and Oudinot had entered Russia by another route. At Mololodeczno Napoleon heard news from Paris that caused him to quit the army and push on ahead; so giving the chief command to Murat, he, with five companions, set off on the long journey to Paris. On December 10 he reached Warsaw. Here, on being congratulated on his escape from dangers, he cried, "Dangers, there were none—I have beat the Russians in every battle—I live but in dangers—it is for kings of Cockaigne to sit at home at ease. My army is in a superb condition still—it will be recruited at leisure at Wilna, and I go to bring up 300,000 men more from France. I quit my army with regret, but I must watch Austria and Prussia, and I have more weight on my throne than at headquarters. The Russians will be rendered foolhardy by their successes. I shall beat them in a battle or two on the Oder and be on the Niemen again within a month."

On December 14, Napoleon and his few companions reached Dresden, and on the 18th, Paris. The retreating French, by the addition of scattering bands, numbered 40,000 when they reached Wilna. Murat had left them and Eugene Beauharnais was in command. On arriving at Wilna the broken columns found rest and enough to eat. Strong men wept with joy at the sight of a loaf of bread. But even here they were attacked by the terrible Cossacks and driven on toward the Niemen. Crossing at Kowno they were on Prussian soil, where the Russians ceased their pursuit. The grand army of nearly one-half a million men that in August assembled on the confines of Russia was now reduced to scarcely 1,000 in arms, and not over 20,000 more, broken and disabled. It is pleasing to learn that the Prussian people received these poor, travel-stained, starved veterans with compassion and allowed them to remain unmolested for a time near Konigsberg.

Thus briefly told is the story of Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia. The hitherto invincible conqueror had lost in it 125,000 men slain in battle, 130,000 by fatigue, hunger and cold, 200,000 taken prisoners, including forty eight generals and 3,000 regimental officers—a total loss of 450,000 men. One thousand pieces of cannon and seventy five proud eagles and standards of France remained in the enemy's hands.

(To be continued.)



A Review Day under the Empire.

quitting the ancient capital, with his whole army went to the support of Murat. No sooner had they left the city than the Russians again took possession and sent forth bodies of troops to harass the French rear. From this time calamity followed calamity. A Russian winter was on and there was lack of food. The Cossacks hung about them day and night, advancing and retreating, burning bridges and towns before them and killing the stragglers. The annals of war fail to show a more fearful chapter than that which narrates the retreat from Moscow. We can not attempt to describe it. There was no effective discipline; except in case of scattering bands and small detachments the men pursued their own way. Thousands sank by the wayside starved and frozen. It was a chain of corpses for a thousand miles. Men killed their horses, wrapped themselves in the reeking skins of these animals and drank their warm blood. The army which, when it left Moscow, mustered 300,000 men, was soon reduced to a paltry 40,000 who could be brought together. These Napoleon divided into four columns that were to follow one another at intervals of a day, Napoleon himself having command of the first division. When the two leading divisions met at Krasnoi, not much over three hundred miles in a straight line west of Moscow, they mustered a total of scarcely 15,000. Here Napoleon is reputed to have drawn his sword and declared, "I have long enough played the Emperor—I must be the General once more."

In the meantime the rear divisions were meeting

A Boy's Tool-Chest—James Buckham

EVERY boy ought to own a few tools and know how to use them. Such knowledge will be useful to him, not only while he is a boy, but increasingly so as he grows older. Many an expensive visit from the carpenter may be avoided. If a boy or man in the house has learned the use of the most common tools. And in this connection let me suggest that there is no better way for a boy to earn a little spending money than to become so handy with tools that he can make the ordinary repairs, or supply the simpler devices in a house, which would otherwise require a carpenter. And if he is not too modest to let the neighbors know of his humble skill and moderate charges, he may find plenty of profitable "tinkering" for his leisure hours.

The tools which are really necessary for every-day carpentering are neither many nor expensive. A medium-sized saw, a plane, a carpenter's square, two hammers, one large and one small, a screw-driver, a couple of gimlets, a file, a pair of compasses, a pair of pincers and of wire-nippers, a chisel, a bradawl, a bit-stock and case of bits, a drawshave, a carpenter's lead pencil, and a small iron or wooden vise that will screw on to an ordinary table, will be found sufficient for ordinary uses. All the edge tools should be of good hard steel, and, in-

stead, it will pay to buy the best of everything at the outset, as the cost will not be great, and good tools will wear and endure strains much better than cheaper ones.

In addition to his tools, a boy should purchase at the outset a small stock of the most necessary hardware supplies—nails of different sizes, screws, tacks, a spool of small brass wire, some hooks, brackets and drawer-knobs, a pot of glue, and an oil can and bottle of oil. The last-named will come in very handy when treating squeaky hinges or sticking doors.

The tool-chest itself must not be overlooked. Tools should never be left straggling about a house, or tucked at random into housekeepers' drawers. They should be kept together, with as little waste of room as possible. Nothing is so well adapted for this purpose as the old-fashioned tool-chest or tool-box. Tool-boxes, well and strongly put together, can be bought about as cheaply as they can be made, and it would save time and confusion to buy one with one's tools and supplies, and have all these latter put in their proper compartments. The whole outfit should cost less than ten dollars; and it will pay for itself in six months, if a boy is quick to learn and industrious.

The best way to learn how to do things with tools is to do them—experimentally at first, of course, and afterwards practically. Let the beginner buy a small load of half-inch boards to practice on—to saw and plane, and bore with bit and gimlet, and join with nails and screws, and mortise with the chisel, etc. He may pound his fingers to begin with, and even get a cut or two, while his work will half make him believe that he is cross-eyed. But after a few days' practice real and steady progress will be noted; and it will not be long before the young carpenter will feel ready to undertake simple jobs about the house or barn. Perhaps there will be a decayed board in the back steps that needs replacing, or mother would like a new knob on a drawer, or a weather-strip fastened to the outside door. There is usually plenty to be done about any house in the carpentering and tinkering line, and the only reason why such small jobs are neglected is because it will cost so much to get a skilled carpenter to come and do them. The boy of the household will be proud and glad to earn a fifth of what a carpenter would charge for the same service; and there is no reason why, if he has any aptitude for tools whatever, he should not be ready for practical work after he has been in training for two or three weeks.

There is generally some small room, either in the house or an outbuilding, that can be set aside as the boy's workshop. The attic of an old-fashioned house does nicely—a corner of the attic

where there is plenty of light, is enough, and may be partitioned off from the rest by a curtain of cheap material strung on a wire. It is always better to have some fixed place for keeping one's tools and materials and doing movable work. The young carpenter needs, of course, some kind of a table. The cheapest kind of a kitchen table will do, or he can make himself a bench, which would be better still. If he uses a light table, it will be necessary to clamp the legs to the floor, which any hardware dealer can tell him how to do.

The fascination of using real, serviceable tools is very great, for most boys. The fact that they can make things, and make them well, is a real revelation to them. Eye and hand rapidly become educated and trained to carefulness; the inventive faculty is stimulated; the natural desire of youth to do something useful and helpful is gratified and strengthened. It would often be the best possible investment for a parent to advance the money necessary to provide the boy with a box of tools, or make him a Christmas or birthday present of them. Besides educating the boy in one of the most permanently useful of mechanical accomplishments, it would keep him off the street and out of mischief—he ten dollars worth of moral as well as practical value. And when the boy reaches the point where he can give lessons in mechanical efficiency to his father, it makes him realize as nothing else could the value of earnestness and application in whatsoever employment of life.



Nita—A Tomboy Soldier

—THE LAST STORY WRITTEN BY THE LATE G. A. HENTY—

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By THE AMERICAN BOY



Synopsis of Chapters I-IV.: Fort Darlinger, on the northwest frontier of India is occupied by three companies of a Punjabi regiment under command of Major Ackworth. To punish some of the marauding tribes which had recently made an incursion upon the natives under British rule, the major sets out from the fort with two companies, leaving his daughter Nita, and the remaining company under the command of Lieutenant Carter. Nita has been brought up in the army and her education consists mostly in being a first-class shot and a good boxer and fencer, while the usual accomplishments of a young lady have been, in her case, wholly neglected. To remedy her deficiencies her father announces that on his return she is to go to England to attend school. The actions of the natives make Nita uneasy regarding the safety of the fort, and on telling her fears to Lieutenant Carter he agrees that matters look suspicious and proceeds to make everything as secure as possible, including the planting of two barrels of gunpowder underneath a mosque situated near the gateway of the fort. During the night a strong force of natives make an attack upon the fort but are bravely repulsed by the little band of defenders. Nita takes her place in the hospital and attends the wounded. At daylight the natives give up their attack and Carter and Nita discuss the situation, which they agree is a very grave one.

The following morning the Afridi are repulsed. Nita aiding in the defense. During the day Carter explodes the barrels of gunpowder under the mosque. Nita now dresses as an officer in one of Carter's uniforms. The enemy dig under the walls and pour into the fort, and the defenders are forced to make a final stand in one of the buildings. Carter, wounded, and two others besides Nita are the only survivors of the attack and are captured. Carter is carried away in one direction and Nita in another, the latter being taken as the servant of the chief of the captors.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"**H**ERE are some peaches," he said; "you will find them better than bread."
 "Thank you very much," Nita replied.
 "You have nothing the matter with you," the chief went on, "except that you have a big swelling at the back of your head. I suppose you were knocked down by a musket. It is fortunate for you that you were supposed to be dead at the time, for the men would not have spared you after the loss you have inflicted upon us. But when we found that you were alive their passion had died down, and I was able to show them that you might be much more useful alive than dead, you and the other three."

"Is my friend, the other officer, badly hurt?" Nita asked.

"Yes, he's badly wounded, but I think that he will recover, and also the other two." So saying, he turned and went away.

Nita felt most grateful for the peaches. She gave a couple of them to the havildar, who evidently needed them even more than she did. Then she sat down and ate her own slowly, the sweet juice cooling her parched tongue, and even the pain in her head seeming to abate somewhat. Half an hour later the tribes again set off. They ascended two steep passes and at the end of the third day halted in a small valley. There were several villages scattered about and every foot of the ground was cultivated. They were greeted with shouts of welcome by the inhabitants who flocked out, but soon cries and lamentations mingled with the cheering, from women whose husbands had not returned. These, however, soon retired to their homes to grieve in solitude while the others went on with their dances of triumph, and the tribesmen scattered to their own villages.

In the center of the valley stood a strongly fortified house, and to this the prisoners were carried. That day Nita had been strong enough to walk and the pain in her head had abated though the pressure of her cap still hurt her. The chief's wife, who walked beside her husband, glanced at the prisoners and was evidently by no means pleased at their being quartered upon her, but when the chief explained that they would both be slaves at her service she looked mollified. They were taken up to a small room in an upper story. Then she gave Nita a large jug and signified to her that she was to draw water from the stream that ran through the valley. Anxious to please the woman who was to be her mistress, she fulfilled the mission, although feeling very tired with her walk. The woman seemed more gracious when she returned with her burden. While she had been away the chief had explained to her the value of the captives, and that he should either get a large sum for restoring them to their friends or might use them to protect themselves from any troops sent against them.

"Only to think," she said, as Nita went wearily upstairs, "that that slight boy should be an officer. Why, with us it is the bravest and strongest men who are the chiefs. How can they expect to fight against us, when they are led by boys like that? I could twist him round my finger."

"The ways of the English are unaccountable," the

chief said, "he is as you say but a boy, though he and another officer, not much bigger, with only fifty men, have killed nearly three hundred of us. Not one offered to surrender and they fought to the last. These two, and two others who have gone with the Orokzais were the only ones found breathing when we examined the dead. They are strange people these men, but they are men, and these fought like lions. If they had offered to surrender we would have given them their lives, and carried them off as captives. It is a good thing to have a certain number of men in our hands for then we can always make peace with their countrymen. But it was not to be. This little garrison were determined to die and they did die. However, both their officers are in our hands. Treat them well, wife. It will pay us to do so. I rather like that fair-haired boy; he has shown himself very patient and plucky, and himself volunteered to walk instead of being carried today. I think you will find him very willing and cheerful."

"He had better be," she said, savagely. "As to his being cheerful, I care not for it one way or the other, but if he is not willing he will soon get a taste of my stick."

"I should advise you not to try it. I was in the room in the last fight and saw how steadily and straight he shot. Certainly fourteen or so of our men fell from his hands, and I would have saved him then if I could have done so, for never did I see a lad fight so stoutly. He fired as deliberately as if he were aiming at a mark. His eyes shone strangely



She . . . Very cautiously unbarred the door.

and he cheered on his men to the end. I am sure that if you struck him he is capable of doing you harm, at whatever cost to himself."

The woman muttered to herself. She was evidently impressed with her husband's warning. "Can he cook?" she said. "One of our women has died since you have been away, and I have all the work on my own shoulders."

"I don't know if he knows anything of cooking," the chief replied, "but you can teach him and he will not be long in picking it up. Now I will show you the things that I have brought you home."

The sight of the various articles of spoil completely mollified the woman. There was a large copper cooking pot and two small ones. There were some clothes that Nita recognized as belonging to Carter, a looking glass, a dozen knives and forks, and a meat chopper, all of them precious things indeed in an Afridi village. Besides this, outside there were a dozen cattle and some forty sheep, the chief share of the animals having been picked up from various villages on the way. The chief's wife was especially delighted with the mirror, and fixing it against the wall she stood admiring herself for a long time, twisting her head from side to side and grimacing with such an air of affectation that it was as much as Nita could do to refrain from breaking into a scream of laughter.

"This is all my own," she said at last, turning to the chief; "your other two wives have nothing to do with it, and are not even to look into it unless I give them permission?"

The chief nodded gravely. The other two wives had while this was going on been occupied with domestic duties and in bringing in various goods. Nita made up her mind at once that they had had a very bad time and were little better than slaves.

As the chief left the hut his wife turned to Nita. "Go and help the others," she said.

Nita understood her action though not her words, and with a shrug of her shoulders went to help the other women. Presently a large bowl of rice slightly flavored with condiment was brought in. The chief, who had returned, sat gravely down by himself to eat it. When he had finished, his head wife sat down and took her share. After she was satisfied the other women sat down together.

Nita hesitated, but she had now recovered her appetite and sat down with the others. Instead, however, of grabbing handful after handful, as did the others, she took as much as she wanted, placed it on the ground in front of her and quietly began to eat it.

The head wife laughed derisively and said something to her husband, but the chief was evidently not pleased and spoke sternly to her, and Nita guessed that she was a valuable captive, and being an officer must be fairly treated. It was, of course, all important that if a British army entered the valley the prisoners should give a good account of their treatment while captive there. The woman was evidently cowed. Afridi husbands use their sticks freely, and it was evident that although a tyrant in the house this woman stood in fear of her husband.

The chief moved across the hut, took down an earthenware plate, and placed it before Nita, who let him see by her manner that she appreciated his act of kindness. He further signified by gesture that she might regard this plate as her own and use it upon all occasions.

When the meal was over Nita assisted in tidying up the room, then went down with a large earthenware jug to the stream and brought it back full of water. She had not been ordered to do this, and the woman nodded to her more kindly than she had hitherto done, seeing that the captive was ready to make herself useful.

After this was done Nita went to her room. The darkness was now closing in. She then went to the native officer, bathed his wound, and gave him some of the food that she had put by for him.

"Don't get well sooner than you can help," she said; "the woman of the house is a vixen of the worst kind, and will set you to work the moment you are able to crawl about. Her husband is disposed to be friendly. I think I frightened the woman. Of course, she did not understand what I said, but I am sure my manner showed her that it wouldn't be safe to touch me."

Nita went down early in the morning. The mistress of the house had not yet appeared, but the two women were hard at work grinding meal. Nita went at once to their assistance. She was clumsy at the work, and her share was very inconsiderable. Still the women were grateful. She could not understand all that they said, but by the way they patted Nita on the back and shook their fists menacingly at the room where the head wife was sleeping, it was apparent that they hated her with a deadly hatred, and were heartily pleased at the stand Nita had made against her on the previous evening.

Matters went on quietly for some little time. Nita set to work to pick up the language, and as their oppressor evidently thought that she could make more use of the prisoner if she understood her language she threw no impediment in the way, and suffered Nita to chat freely with the others while they were at work. She even went so far as to admit to her husband that the prisoner was very willing to work and understood what she wanted done. Still the fact that her husband had placed Nita to some extent beyond her power galled her, and she frequently indulged in violent ejaculations and threats. She was the more furious because Nita received her upbraidings with quiet contempt and did not appear even to hear her. She would many a time have struck her, but the look Nita had given her when she first threatened to do so dwelt on her

mind, and she was convinced that did she attempt to do so "the lad" would, regardless of consequences, return the blow with interest.

CHAPTER V.

As Nita picked up the language she learned to her delight that Carter was recovering from his wounds, and that he was held a prisoner by a chief who lived about thirty miles away among the mountains; also, that his captivity was much more severe than hers, and that while she was allowed, when not engaged in the house, to wander about the village, he was held a close prisoner in the house of the chief. As soon as she learned this she became restless. It would be an easy thing for her to escape alone, but the idea possessed her that she ought to do something to free Carter, and this seemed almost an impossibility. One thing was evident—she must in the first place get an Afridi dress. This would not be difficult. Much more serious was the question how she was to subsist. It might be the work of a week or possibly of a fortnight after her own escape before she could communicate with Carter and arrange for his escape. She would, therefore, need a considerable quantity of food; also a long rope, and a disguise of some sort would be needed for Carter.

Nita began by taking heads of corn from the storehouse downstairs. These she put in a sack, which she hid in some bushes a short distance from the house. Every day she added to the store, and as it swelled she took two or three goat-milk cheeses. She hesitated a good deal whether she should take a male or female dress, but finally decided upon man's attire. She did not intend to show herself by daylight, but a casual glimpse of a female on the hillside would almost assuredly excite observation and suspicion; moreover she intended to stick to her gun, which would be altogether out of character with the dress of a woman. Three weeks were spent in her preparations, by the end of which time the sack was as heavy as she could lift. She had from the first made up her mind that it would be necessary to carry off a donkey or mountain pony, intending to sling the sack on one side of it with a skin of water on the other.

The sack was about a third full of flour, another third of meal, and the remainder was made up of cheeses, some rough clothes and the rope. She had also cut a pliant stick some four feet in length, with notches, to carry a string; for it would clearly be necessary to shoot a note, to begin with, into the window of the prisoner's room. She made three or four rough arrows, which she tied to the bow. She was now ready, but the first thing was to get hold of a pony. In order to do this she once or twice a day took a handful or two of grain to the pony belonging to one of the Afridis, and in a short time it would come eagerly to her when she called. At last all her preparations were ended, and one evening, as soon as the house was all asleep, she took her rifle and the bag of cartridges from the corner where they stood, then some of the chief's robes down from the wall and very cautiously unbarred the door, and carrying the water-skin with her, closed it behind her and started for the hiding place of the sack. Then she went to the little enclosure where the pony was fastened, and calling softly to it, it came at once to the gate, which she opened, gave it a mouthful of grain, and taking hold of its mane led it to where her goods were hidden. She placed two or three of the robes folded across its back, then, with some difficulty, fastened the sack and water-skin on to it. She followed the path leading from the village for four or five miles and then struck off in the direction of the village in which Carter was confined. She had chosen a moonlight night and made her way some miles without encountering any great difficulty. Then she came to a piece of country so rough that she was compelled to halt. At the first break of dawn she was off again and succeeded in crossing the crest of the line of hills separating the valley to the left from the next. Down this she went for some distance along places so precipitous that even the sure-footed pony had difficulty in making its way. At last she came upon a small ravine which she could see broadened out lower down. Here she lay down and slept, after giving the pony two or three handfuls of corn and fastening it to a bush.

In the afternoon she continued her journey. From the description she had heard of the village, she knew that it stood in a strong position on the hillside. When she got down to the bottom of the ravine she again secured the pony and went out into the valley. She was glad to see that water ran down it. This was a great relief to her, for although the water-skin would last her for a long time it would not suffice very long for the pony's needs. She walked on five or six miles farther and then caught sight of a village some miles ahead, which exactly answered the description she had gathered of that in which Carter was confined. Keeping along the sides of the valley and taking advantage of every spur of the hill she got to within a mile of the village, and then ascended the hill till she reached a spot a quarter of a mile to the rear of it. Here she lay down and reconnoitred the village. It differed

but little from the one she had left, and consisted of five or six fortified houses.

Its position was a strong one, as the hill in front of it sloped abruptly away. She selected a clump of scrub a mile away, and wrapping herself up in a blanket lay down to sleep, as it was already becoming dusk. In the morning she started at daybreak, spent the day with the pony, and late in the afternoon started again, and by midnight was safe in the spot she had chosen. The scrub was high enough for the pony to stand unseen, and after giving it a good feed and herself eating some of the grain and a piece of cheese she lay down till the morning. Looking round from here she saw another clump of rather larger trees in a dip half a mile behind her, and at once moved there, for here she would be able to light a fire without fear of being seen. She again started for the village, and found that on keeping to the small ravine that came down behind she could approach within three hundred yards of it without running the risk of being seen. This she did, taking advantage of every rock.

From here, Nita could see all that was going on in the village. The men had already driven out their cattle and other animals to the valley, the women moved about gossiping. One of the houses was larger than the others. This she guessed to be the abode of the chief. For hours she lay watching its upper windows and at last, to her delight, saw a khaki-clad figure come to it and stand for a time looking out. His air was listless, and as the window was at the back of the house and looked up the hill, there was but little to interest him. Now that she had ascertained his position she strolled away again and remained for the rest of the day in the wood, practicing with her bow and arrows. Then she wrote on the sheet of a pocketbook of which she had not been deprived: "Look out for me at 11 o'clock tomorrow night. I will shoot up a string, there will be a rope attached to it, strong enough to hold you, and you can slide down it.—Yours, Nita." At ten o'clock she started from her hiding place, and at eleven reached the village. The house was surrounded by a wall, but, as she hoped, the gate was unbarred. It opened quietly, and going round to the back took post as far away from the house as she could and shot the arrow on which she had fastened her little note at the window opening. At the third trial she succeeded in shooting an arrow right into the room, and then quietly withdrew. He was, she thought, certain to see it when he awoke, as the rooms were generally very small, and he would, she hoped, be certain to wake before any of the people of the village entered his room. Carefully closing the gate again behind her she made her way back to the wood and lay down and slept till morning. She passed the day in a state of feverish anxiety. Now that success seemed almost certain she was far more apprehensive of being discovered than she had been before, and she spent the day at the edge of the wood on the lookout for any approaching figure, but the day passed quietly as the others had done, and as soon as it was dark she strolled down to her lookout near the village, carrying with her her bow and arrows, and rope.

It had seemed to her that the village would never go to sleep that evening, but at last all became quiet and the last light was extinguished. Another half-hour was passed to allow the occupants of the village to settle down. Then she ventured to move, and in five minutes stood opposite Carter's window. The window was, of course, without glass, being closed only in cold weather by a blanket hanging before it. The moonlight permitted her to see a figure standing there. Four times she missed before she succeeded in shooting an arrow into the room. In a minute the string attached to it was pulled. She then attached the end of the rope to it. This was drawn up by Carter, and a minute later he slid down. As he came up to her she whispered "hush," led the way out through the gate and ascended the ravine.

Not until she was two or three hundred yards away from the village did she stop.

"My dear Miss Nita," he said, "by what miracle have you managed this?"

"There is no miracle in it," she answered; "I got away, and naturally I was not going to leave without you. I hope that you have quite recovered from your wounds."

"Quite," he said, "though just at present I seem hardly able to use my legs, for I have had no exercise except what I could get in a room eight feet square. However, I dare say that I shall recover their use again before long. Where are you taking me?"

"To a wood a mile and a half away, where there is a pony and provisions. When we get there we must discuss which way we had better go. It seems to me that it would be better to cross the river and go over the opposite hills. As far as I can make out, that is the way across to the frontier and the direction in which they will no doubt look for you, as I have no doubt they are looking for me. They would no doubt suppose that I should go that way. But I think you will know best for you have travelled about the country a good deal more than I have."

"I really don't know what to say in the way of thanks," he began after a pause.

"You will make me very angry if you thank me at all; you may admit, however, that girls can be of some good sometimes, and are not meant only to be looked at."

"I will never say anything against their courage again," the young officer said. "Now tell me how you have fared, and how you succeeded in getting away."

"I fared fairly well. The chief's wife was a haridan, but her husband rather took me under his protection, and insisted on my having fair treatment. I think he was rather uneasy as to the consequences of his attack on the fort and wished to keep in well with me. So I was fairly fed and allowed a certain amount of liberty in the village during the day. They did not seem to have any suspicion that I was likely to try to escape. They were confident, I think, that I should not be able to cross the mountains alone. Therefore I was able to collect stores, little by little. The chief's magazines were generally open during the day, and I own that I robbed them shamelessly. Then I had but to slip away after the house was asleep. I had collected a sackful of flour and other grain, and a few cheeses, for I knew that I might have to live a long time before I could discover the place where you were confined, and even if I were lucky enough to do so without much waste of time, we might have to exist a considerable time among the hills before we got to the frontier."

"But how on earth could you carry such a weight?"

"I made friends with a pony by treating him to handfuls of grain and had no difficulty in getting him to follow me; and a large skin full of water very fairly balanced the sack of provisions. I annexed two of the chief's robes and turbans and four or five blankets. So we start under good auspices. Of course I brought that rope that you came down by, and my own rifle and ammunition which were in a corner of the chief's room. I wish I could have brought a rifle for you, but there was not one handy and I was sorry that I could not get my revolver; but that fell to the share of some one else when all our goods were taken after the fight."

"Splendid, splendid! But how did you find the place where I was confined?"

"I picked up a little of the language, and learned that the chief in whose hands you were, lived about thirty miles away, nearly due west. That the village stood on a hillside and was strongly fortified, and I was fortunate enough in sighting it without much difficulty, and, lying hidden a short distance away, was not long in making you out at the window. The rest was of course easy. Now I put the command into your hands."

"No, you followed my orders when I was in command of the fort, and now you have escaped yourself and freed me, you have shown such a capacity that I certainly do not wish to interfere with your plans; but I think that what you proposed, namely, that we should cross the river and strike into the mountains is the best, for they will certainly follow me down to the frontier, and I think we should hold on there as long as we are able before trying to strike down. I have no doubt the search for us both will be very hot for the next week or ten days, but it is certain to be pursued on the downward track, as they will make sure that we have gone in that direction. The news that I also got away will not be long crossing the hills to your village, and they will have no difficulty in associating the two events together, and will think that when they catch one, that they are sure to catch the other. Is this the place where your pony is hidden?"

"Yes, I have given him a good meal, and he will be ready to start as soon as we have loaded him up. It is fortunate, indeed, that we have the moon, and shall therefore have no trouble in keeping the right direction."

In five minutes they were moving, and making their way to the river. At Nita's suggestion they kept up the river for about a mile and then struck across for the hills. By morning they were fifteen miles away in an extremely rocky and precipitous country. Here they halted for some hours, and then made their way down hill. They found that they were in fact traveling along near the end of a precipice, at whose foot a stream ran between lofty cliffs. So quickly did the hills slope down to the end of the precipice, that they could only travel with extreme caution and difficulty, and even the pony, sure-footed as it was, had difficulty in keeping its footing. At length, however, the slope became more gradual, and the ravine widened out into a valley, apparently about half a mile wide and a mile long. They chose a dip in the descent, and found when they arrived that they were completely sheltered from the view of any one passing along the valley. But that the ravine was to some extent used was evident from the fact that a few cattle were scattered about.

"I think we shall be obliged to confiscate one of these animals for our own use," Carter said; "a diet of flour and grain would be apt to pall a little even when varied by cheese, and our eventual success depends on our keeping up our strength."

(To be continued.)

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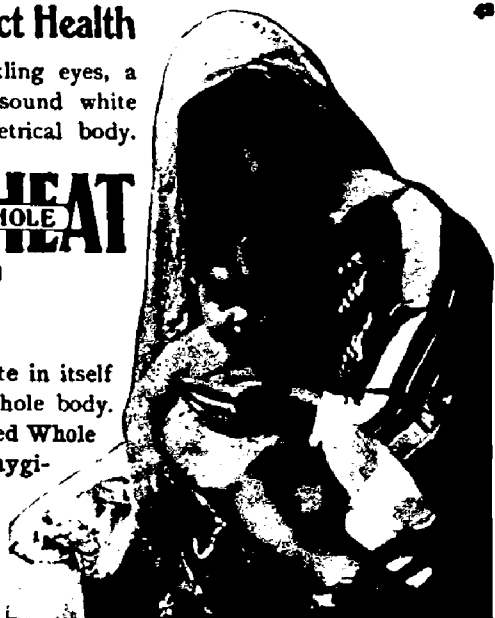
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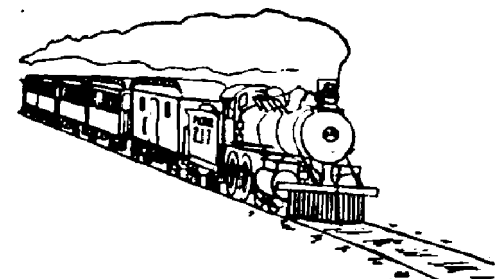
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With the Boys

J. BICKLEY JACKSON, Philadelphia, Pa., age fifteen, says he thinks the difference between a successful man and an unsuccessful man is that the former takes advantage of his opportunities while the latter does not. WEBSTER LELAND, West Haven, Conn., wants to see an Exchange column in THE AMERICAN BOY so boys can offer "trades" with other subscribers. THE AMERICAN BOY tried this once but was so overwhelmed with matter that the department had to be discontinued. Had we printed all the exchanges offered they would have filled several pages each month, and when we did not print them the boys became impatient and thought we were not treating them fairly. HUGH T. HUCKLEY, Winona, Miss., supports himself by work done on Saturdays. He is the leader in the ninth grade of the Winona schools. PAUL McALLISTER, Millville, N. J., age thirteen, is at the head of his class in the eighth grade in school. He has fixed up a reading room in the garret of his home in which he keeps his books, papers, printing press, magic lantern, and game board. He also has a carpenter shop in the cellar. Paul makes money in his father's store by working evenings. He has taken lessons on the piano for three years, and on Lincoln's birthday played in the high school program. He has bought an eight dollar camera. Paul sends us his grades, showing that in every month, from September, 1901, to June, 1902, he averaged over 90 per cent. ROLAND RITTER, Annabel, Tenn., has moved with his parents from Chicago into the mountains of Tennessee, where he helped build a house and barn and consequently for a time was quite busy. He took with him from Chicago a team of horses and had an interesting trip in the car with them. HERBERT BROWNELL, Portsmouth, R. I., writes that he blew his left hand off some years ago by fooling with some dynamite and yet he is able to play baseball and many other things the boys play. Indeed, he was captain last year of a baseball team and also of a football team. This year he is playing on a hockey team, and although eighteen years old is playing with men five and six years older than himself. During the winter he kept books for his father. Last fall he made 350 scalloping with a sailboat, which he says he can handle as well as can a boy with two hands. He wants to be a pilot. ALBERT RAYLE, Lexington, Ga., says

cover about four acres of ground, and in some places are forty feet deep. On account of their clearness they look to be not over ten feet deep. On bright, sunny days the bottom looks as if it were covered with silver and often shows all the colors of the rainbow. He lives near a river which is full of fish, and has much sport fishing, the only thing to mar the enjoyment being the deadly moccasins which inhabit Florida. E. L. BOLLAND, Longford, S. D., lives on a farm. He has a pony, a few books and papers. He thinks every boy ought to invest some of his money in good reading matter; says it will pay better than money out at interest. CHESTER TITUS, Osage, Ia., owns twenty six books and several curiosities that he prizes very highly. ROBERT BRANNON, Moreland, Ga., won second honor in December last in his grade in school and is working for first honor this term, and we hope he will get it. BERT FENN, Tell City, Ind., is a member of a boys' club called "The American Boys' Club," composed of ten boys between the



Sketch by Moore Meigs, Detroit, Mich.

age of eleven and sixteen. Bert is secretary. Meetings are held in a building about forty by sixty feet in size, fitted up for them by the boy's father. The object of the club is general improvement and pleasure. On March 1 they had a debate, the subject being, "Resolved, That Country Life is Preferable to City Life." The affirmative won. He says they have rousing arguments. BERYL B. SHAW, Argos, Ind., tells us about the Culver Military Academy, near which he lives. The buildings and grounds, he says cover about twenty acres, the buildings including a large dining hall besides the college proper and the hotel. There are three hundred students and it is a pretty sight to watch them drilling, particularly when engaged in the cavalry drill, mounted on their beautiful horses. JAMES DURKIN, Great Bend, Kas., has made quite a record for one of his age as a piano player. JOHN J. DAVISON, Broken Bow, Neb., is very proud of his possessions, among which is a collection of curios containing a cat's skull, sea shell that he picked up in England, and birds' eggs. CECIL V. CRABB, Eminence, Ky., although but twelve years old, is studying shorthand very hard and can take dictation from his father and write letters very well, as is shown by a letter before us. TRACY L. SANBORN, Marblehead, Mass., thinks he has the largest private library of any boy in his town, having 170 books, forty eight of which are by Henty. He likes Jules Verne better than he does Henty and thinks "The Mysterious Island" is Verne's best book. He likes the works by Fenn, Ellis, Otis and Munroe. He says: "Sir Walter Scott and Conan Doyle are first rate writers. 'Ivanhoe' is good." At one time Tracy had forty two rabbits and twenty pigeons but he sold or gave them away. The pigeons, he says, were a nuisance. FRANK R. GOULDING, JR., Pensacola, Fla., is very proud of the fact that he lives on the beautiful harbor of Pensacola, sheltered by oak and pine forests. He says the Gulf of Mexico is a very beautiful sight as one looks from the life-saving station. Pensacola has a navy yard, a lighthouse and three forts. He says he supposes that northern boys think there is no ice in Florida, but that there is ice at times in the northern part of the state. RALPH E. GILHAM, Townsend, Mont., wants to know where he can get books on mineralogy. J. H. WINKERS, Savannah, Ga., has many of the Henty books and says he is very proud of the



Sketch by Clinton Henderson, Bugbee, Tex.

there is a large rock near his home, weighing about thirty tons, that is so well balanced on two pivots that it can be shaken by a gentle pressure on the top, and that there is another as large which has the exact shape of a saddle. HUGH PATTERSON, Pineville, Mo., says THE AMERICAN BOY is doing him lots of good; that it has cured him of using tobacco. He is going to buy a camera and a printing press. Hugh is eager to get an education. JOHN HARVEY, age twelve, Idaho Springs, Colo., is interested in the stamp department. He has a collection of 440 different stamps. He earns money distributing circulars. This boy writes a very neat letter. His mother adds a word in which she thanks us for the good, clean paper we are publishing for boys. She says of John that two years ago, when he was ten years old, he was thrown out of a wagon and his left leg was broken above the knee. The doctor who attended him said that he had been on battlefields and seen wounded men, but had never seen greater bravery than this little fellow showed. He was in bed six weeks and never murmured or complained. J. DALEY, Montreal, Can., says THE AMERICAN BOY is a great help to the boys of Montreal, who have no places of amusement at night excepting the theaters. ORA LANE, Ashburnham, Mass., writes that he was interested in the article in the February number about the boy who was taken from the streets of Ponce, Porto Rico, to a school in America for preparation for Harvard College. The boy, Pedro Morales, has been at Cushing Academy, in Ashburnham, for three years, and our boy correspondent says that Pedro is an enterprising boy, earning money by being an agent for the sale of several useful things. He is paying for his tuition partly in this way. Pedro is very popular and seems to be very happy. Our boy correspondent says that since Pedro came to the school others have come both from Cuba and Porto Rico. WALTER L. LYNCH, Butler, Mo., has a large collection of stamps, which he says has given him a better knowledge of foreign countries than he otherwise would have had. He is looking forward to attending the St. Louis Exposition. ADELBERT CAMPBELL, Lebanon, N. H., sends us his school record, from which we learn that he stands very high in his school work and deportment. Adelbert is treasurer of the Daniel Webster Company, No. 1, of Lebanon. BENJAMIN LAZARUS, New York City, has traveled much with his parents in Europe during the past year and taken pictures with his camera, one of which, showing a market street in Posen, Germany, he sends us. FLOYD GUINER, Anthony, Fla., lives about six miles from the famous Silver Springs, whose waters are very clear and



Sketch by an American Boy Reader.

fact that he has never read any of the "Diamond Dick" style of novels. He has recently joined a company of soldier boys under the name of the Lawton cadets. The company drills every Thursday night. G. BARROWS, Sangerville, Me., belongs to a school whose teacher last term offered a prize to the pupil that improved most in writing during the term. He won the prize. PETER HELGESON, Chicago, Ill., sends the editor some pretty pen and ink Easter greetings. STEPHEN KING writes that he lives on a farm five miles from Danville, Ky. He enjoys country life. Last year he cultivated eleven acres of corn, plowing it five times and cutting and shocking it, the corn yielding two barrels to the shock. At the close of school last term Stephen got the highest grade received by any boy in the school. HAROLD WEBSTER, Cripple Creek, Colo., age fourteen, is a member of a club that meets every Thursday evening in the Episcopal church building at Cripple Creek. There are fifteen boys in the club, and every month when THE AMERICAN BOY reaches Cripple Creek, the minister of the church reads it to the boys in the club. The admission fee of the club is twenty-five cents, and dues ten cents a month. The club goes camping every spring, climbing Pike's Peak.

Interesting pen and ink and pencil sketches have been sent in by the following: Guy C. Faurote, Niles, Mich.; John W. Rost, Canton, O.; H. W. Helms, Pioneer, O.; Claude Hope, Clinton, Mo.; Phillip Taft, Rockville, Conn.; Ray Dixon, Winnemucca, Nev.; J. Loyal Kelly, Evans City, Pa.; Mitchell Moon, Cincinnati, O.; John C. Evans, Marion, Ia.; Robert Jones, Temple, Tex.; Ernest Shaffer, Waitsburg, Wash.; Augustin Cass, Plymouth, N. H.; Ralph Hubbard, Dayton, N. Y.; William McFarland, Boston, Mass.; Fred Cook, Detroit, Mich.; Charles W. Johnson, Keota, Ia.



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Advertisement for Imperial Granum featuring portraits of George, son of Dr. Meredith, and a child. Text includes: "For Infants and Children Nursing Mothers & Dyspeptics For Typhoid and other Fevers THE STANDARD FOOD IS IMPERIAL GRANUM".

Advertisement for B. M. Webster's mending machine. Text includes: "Any Willing Boy Can Earn these two Nice Presents IN LESS THAN ONE DAY'S TIME." and "Simply send us your name and address and we will mail you 15 pigs Patching Tissue, used for mending clothes."

Advertisement for "HOME INSTRUCTION FOR STAMMERERS" by Geo. Andrew Lewis. Text includes: "The instruction contained in my new book, 'THE PRACTICAL TREATMENT OF STAMMERING AND STUTTERING,' is based on years of experience, observation and study with thousands of pupils who have attended my institution."

Advertisement for "COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT, \$1.00." featuring a fishing rod. Text includes: "HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO ROD. THE TROUT SEASON IS HERE." and "Outfit consists of 1 1/2 piece Split Bamboo Rod, length 9 to 10 1/2 ft."

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS, MENTION THE AMERICAN BOY.

The American Boy Lyceum



The Choice of a Subject.

SOME of the questions suggested for debate in this department are difficult. But they are live questions, and the more difficult the better provided they can be mastered. Unless the subject calls for earnest, laborious thought, it will be unprofitable alike to speaker and hearers. Difficulty will discipline and inspire. Of course you must be interested in the subject, and when such a subject has been chosen you must begin to develop it by thought, by persistent, earnest thought. This is of the utmost importance. Think until a purpose has been evolved and a plan formed. Then you will be prepared to read, for you will know just what you want, just what will enable you to develop your plan, to illustrate and enforce your argument. Richter has given a rule of so much value that I will quote it. If it clings in your memory it will be worth more than everything else in this paragraph: "Never read without having first thought yourself hungry."

How to Read.

Having your plan clearly thought out, you are prepared to read. Be sure to have a pencil and notebook at hand. Read dictionaries and encyclopedias. Read books and magazines and newspapers. Read various and even opposing views of the question. And always note the points you will make, the illustrations you will use, the probable arguments of your opponent that you will answer. Do not depend upon your memory; when you see anything clearly, write it down in your notebook. Your original plan may be modified somewhat by your reading; it will, no doubt, be enlarged, but it will be yours as a result of the thought you gave it before beginning your reading. Here is another rule by Richter, which is as good as the one already given: "Never write till you have read yourself full."

A Word From the Editor.

The editor will be glad to make THE AMERICAN BOY LYCEUM a means of communication between those interested in this line of work. Report news items about that debate or prize-speaking contest. A prize of a book of selections will be given to the one sending in the best oratorical selection for a prize-speaking contest during the month of May. Fresh selections from recent orations will be given the preference. Address Editor of "Lyceum," care of THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

BUILT OVER

Food That Rebuilt a Man's Body and Built It Right.

By food alone, with a knowledge of what food to use, disease can be warded off and health maintained, also many even chronic diseases can be cured. It is manifestly best and safest to depend upon food to cure rather than too much drugging.

A case in point will illustrate. A well known man of Reading, Pa., Treas. of a certain club there, says: "I have never written a testimonial letter, but I have been using Grape-Nuts about a year and have recovered my health, and feel that I would like to write you about it for the case is extraordinary."

"For five years I was a sufferer from a dreadful condition of the bowels; the trouble was most obscure." Here follows a detailed description and the condition certainly was distressing enough (details can be given by mail).

"Nothing in the way of treatment of drugs benefited me in the least and an operation was seriously considered. In May, 1901, I commenced using Grape-Nuts as a food and with no idea that it would in any way help my condition. In two or three weeks time I noticed an improvement and there was a steady gain from that time on until now I am practically well. I don't know how to explain the healing value of the food, but for some reason, although it has taken nearly a year, I have recovered my health and the change is entirely attributable to Grape-Nuts food, for I long ago quit medicine. I eat only Grape-Nuts for breakfast and luncheon, but at my night dinner I have an assorted meal." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Some More Live Subjects for Debate.

Resolved, That trusts are likely to promote the welfare of society; that United States Senators should be elected by a direct vote of the people; that reconstruction on the basis of negro suffrage was an unwise policy; that socialism is menacing the best interests of the United States; that Canada should be annexed to the United States; that the United States should not have entered upon its recent policy of expansion; that the government of England is superior in form and operation to that of the United States; that the Monroe Doctrine should be defended at all hazards; that eight hours should constitute a day's labor; that capital punishment should be abolished; that trades unions tend to promote the best interests of the workman.

High School Debates.

The class of 1905 in the Easthampton, Mass., High School organized a "Debating Club" in the fall term, and have had a debate as a class exercise in English every two or three weeks. A chairman and judges were chosen from the class, and the work carried on under the general charge of the teacher of English, who gave credit to each one for work in that department. Great interest was shown and most of the class spoke when the question was open to the house. Those who were appointed as disputants uniformly prepared themselves carefully. The following questions have been discussed:

Resolved, That the advantages of city life are greater than those of the country; that the study of Latin and Greek is a waste of time; that public opinion affects the newspapers more than the newspapers effect public opinion; that the duty of a policeman in a large city is more hazardous than that of a fireman; that Napoleon was a greater general than Washington; that the Chinese laborer should be excluded from the United States; that manual training should be given as much attention in the schools as study.

Oratorical Selections.

The editor of this department knows how difficult it is to find fresh, vigorous selections for prize speaking contests and other occasions. A timely selection will be given each month in this place. Some of those planned for future months have never been published in any book of selections. They are made with the consent of the authors, with special reference to completeness, unity, freshness and virility. It is hoped that this feature will be of great value to the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

The Method of Arrangement.

There are two methods of arranging the matter of an argument. By the inductive or analytic method one proceeds from the particular facts to the general laws or principles, from the complex to the simple, from effect to cause. By the deductive or synthetic method, the thought is directed from laws to facts, from cause to effect, from condition to conclusion. A plan written by the inductive method would be the reverse of one by the deductive method, with the exception of the introduction and conclusion. Here is an outline of a debate by the deductive method:

RESOLVED, THAT NEW ENGLAND IS DESTINED TO DECREASE IN IMPORTANCE.

Introduction: A sketch of the important part New England has played in the history of the country.

Outline.

- Her population is declining as compared with that of other parts of the country.
 - Her most enterprising citizens are removing to the west and south.
 - The foreign immigrants to New England are inferior to those of other parts of the country.
 - The Scandinavians (desirable) settle in the west almost wholly.
 - The Germans (desirable also) settle largely in the middle western and southern states.
 - The least desirable immigrants settle largely in New England.
 - Her industries are decreasing in relative importance.
 - Agriculture is declining in New England and gaining in the west and south.
 - The commerce of New England is declining, while that of New York and the Pacific states is increasing.
 - Manufacturing enterprises formerly confined to New England are being established in the south and west.
 - The great money interests that are being developed are mostly outside of New England.
- New England is losing her pre-eminence in education.
 - Great universities like Cornell, Princeton, Chicago, Leland Stanford, Jr., are rivaling Harvard and Yale.
 - Western states are doing more for popular education.
 - They are expending more for Normal schools.

- They are expending more for common schools.
 - They are demanding a superior grade of teachers.
- IV. New England is losing her moral and religious pre-eminence.
- Churches are going to decay in New England, while they are being built in the west.
 - The greater relative number of divorces shows that home life in New England is less sacred than in other parts of the country.
- Conclusion: Recapitulation of the argument.

Boy Journalists and Printers

THE KANSAS BOY is a little four-page paper which makes its bow to the public with the issue of January 1, 1903. It is published by Elmer R. and Wilbert Hart, R. F. D., No. 3, Liberty, Kansas. "The Boy" makes a good start editorially, but the editors were a little careless in printing their fourth page. This issue gives promise of many good issues for the future, and we wish "The Boy" success.—THE PENNANT is the name of an amateur monthly issued by the Pennant Publishing Company, 453 East Forty First street, Chicago. Lee B. Chase, fourteen years old, is the editor. Paul Crissey is foreman; Howard O. Shedd, secretary-treasurer; Charles Zekind, advertising manager. The Pennant is published "By boys, for boys," the subject of yachting being its specialty. The January issue is the first. It consists of twelve pages and a nice cover. In sending us this copy for review the editor apologizes for its appearance on the ground that they only use a 4x6 press. For an amateur publication it certainly does not call for any apology, for it is an unusually handsome publication. Slovenly, slipshod work in the printing is no more excusable than in the editorial work, and the boy who is willing to bring out anything less than the very best that his facilities can produce has some characteristics that will result in his failure, no matter what he undertakes to do. But we do not expect so much art in an amateur publication as we do in a professional publication, for amateurs have not the same facilities, and consequently a particularly neat publication is entitled to notice and credit. The editor of The Pennant, however, has not been quite



ANTHONY E. WILLIS.

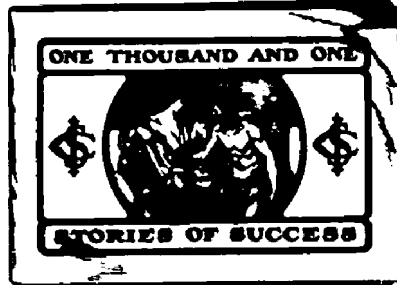
President National Amateur Press Association.

We present a portrait of Anthony E. Willis, Brooklyn, N. Y., President of the National Amateur Press Association, the oldest Amateur Press Association in the world. Mr. Willis is 23 years of age and the author of three novels, two of which have met with considerable success, and of six plays. He is a lawyer and popular in New York social circles. He edits and publishes "Fiction," a fine amateur magazine.

so careful in his proofreading as he should have been, though even there the work is above the average. The contents of the paper are exceptionally good.—THE HIGH SCHOOL REPORTER is issued by the students of the high school at Hudson, N. Y. It is now in its third volume. It is a well edited school magazine, and, from the number of its advertisements, we judge it has the support of the merchants of the town, or else Donald M. Power is an exceptionally good advertising solicitor. James C. Van de Carr is the editor; A. Louise Power, the assistant editor, and Charles M. Morrison the subscription manager.—

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Boys in Games and Sport

A Mathematical Rhyme.

(Answer to puzzle on page 177, April number.)

When Jimmie 4d was twelve years old
He showed no tendency 2 work;
His father, kind, 4bore 2 scold,
Till Jim, he saw, would be a shirk.

"See here, my boy," said he 1 day,
As Jim a hearty breakfast 8,
"I lder who the bills would pay,
If no 1 worked from morn till 18.

"Your 4tune will not come unless
You strive, and 1-5— told you once
I've told you fifty times, success
Will ne'er att0d the lazy dunce.

"So quicken up your g8, my lad;
Be4 they pass you in the race;
Xhibit character; be glad
It's not 2 18 2 take your place."

The "Tut" Language.

George Yowell, Crisp, Tex., sends us what he calls the "Tut" alphabet. He says the boys can soon learn it and have lots of fun with it. A stands for A; bub for B; cut for C; dud for D; E for E; fuf for F; gug for G; huh for H; I for I; juh for J; kuk for K; lul for L; mum for M; nun for N; oh for O; pup for P; Q for Q; rur for R; sus for S; tut for T; U for U; vuy for V; wuw for W; X for X; yack for Y; zub for Z. The word "cap," spelled in the "Tut" language, would be "cut-a-pup."

Do As I Do.

Ask for one of the company to offer to do as you do with a saucer. You fill two saucers with water, first covering the bottom of one with soot unbeknown to the company. Stand the victim opposite you, giving him the saucer that has the soot on the bottom and keeping the clean one for yourself. Tell him now to

Simple Tricks on the Wheel.

OSCAR PERRY ROBERTS.

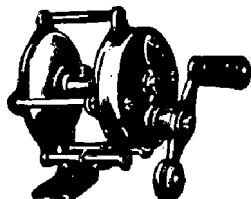
To mount a wheel while it is standing, take a position at the right side of the wheel with the rear pedal almost at its lowest point. Turn the left-hand handle bar with the left hand till the front wheel is at right angles with the back wheel. Grasp the tire of the front wheel in the right hand about ten inches from the fork arch. Place the right foot on the pedal, leaning the wheel away from you. Slowly lift your weight from the ground, not attempting to get into the saddle until you have got your equilibrium, which you will do by moving the front wheel back and forth with the right hand, always retaining your hold on the tire. Practice for some time balancing this way before you attempt to reach the saddle. When in the saddle suddenly whirl the front wheel around with the right hand and ride away. Dismount by reversing the operation just described.

To crawl through the frame, start with the pedals on a horizontal line. Begin the same as in mounting, only in place of getting into the seat, put the left foot through the frame and rest it on a spoke in the front wheel. Then sit down on the crank hanger-bars and push the head and shoulders through the frame, changing the position of the hands to suit the necessity of the case. Now carefully change the right foot from the pedal to a spoke on the right side of the wheel corresponding to the one that your left foot rests on. You will not find it difficult to maintain your balance. Now remove the left foot from its resting place and put it on the left pedal. Raise yourself and gain the saddle.

Another trick is to mount on a standstill, ride a short distance, lay the wheel down flat, pick it up, mount again, ride off, and dismount on a standstill, without touching the ground yourself during the whole time. Mount as described, ride a short distance, dismount to the

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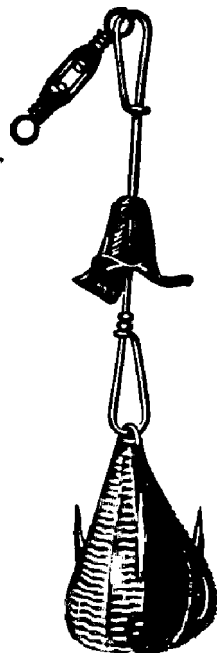
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being Harry Wright and George Wright, known to all old-time baseball men, who received \$1,500 each. The New York American League Club for 1902 paid in salaries \$70,000. Keeler, of that club, got practically as much money as the ten members of the Red Stockings received in 1869.

The Hoop and the Egg.

Procure an egg and a hoop of wood or iron and inform the company that when you have placed the egg on the floor they will be unable to break it with the hoop without bending the hoop. Perform the trick by placing the egg in the corner of the room close to the wall. There the egg will be secure, and the hoop cannot reach it without its being bent.

Telling a Number by Signs.

Two persons must be in league to perform this trick, one of whom volunteers to leave the room and on his return guess any number that has been agreed upon during his absence. On returning to the room he goes round to some of the people present and places his fingers in a solemn manner upon their jaw bones and appears to be deeply calculating and thinking. On coming to his confederate the latter presses his teeth together and this causes the muscles of his jaws to work, and the number of times he does this will signify the number chosen. All the boy who is doing the trick will have to do will be to count the "nudges" the jaws make.

President Roosevelt's Idea of Honesty.

Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of honesty are well illustrated in the following story. It was during the time he conducted a cattle ranch in Wyoming. Riding about his ranch one day he noticed a maverick from a neighbor's ranch. A maverick is a beast which has not been branded. One of his cowboys began to tumble the maverick over, preparatory to branding it, when the following colloquy occurred:
Roosevelt—What are you doing?
Rustler—O, I am just rustling.
Roosevelt—Are you going to put my brand on that maverick?
Rustler—Yes.
Roosevelt—You go up to the ranch-house and get your time tonight. I don't want to have anything to do with you. If you will steal for me you will steal from me.—Chicago Tribune.

Drum-Beating Extraordinary.

Probably the most remarkable drummer who ever lived was Jean Henri, the famous tambour-major of the Emperor Napoleon.
One of his feats was to play on fifteen differently-toned drums at the same time in so soft and harmonious a manner that, instead of the deafening uproar that might have been expected, the effect was that of a novel and complete instrument.
Another trick of his was to throw twenty-eight drumsticks into the air in all directions and then to catch them in a peculiar manner under his arms and between his legs.
Of his playing it is said that he passed from one drum to the other with such wonderful quickness that the eyes of the spectators could hardly follow the movements of his hands and body.

Mr. Harry de Windt, in his 19,000-mile journey from Paris to New York overland, traveled 11,263 miles in Siberia, employing 800 horses, 900 deer, and 113 dogs. Of the dogs, 110 died. Mr. de Windt's party had to undergo great hardships through intense cold, lack of food, and hostility of the natives. They had an adventurous journey across block ice in the Behring Strait; for seven hours jumping from floe to floe of moving ice, until at last they were rescued by some Eskimo in a boat. "For all the gold in Alaska," says Mr. de Windt, "I would not do the journey again."

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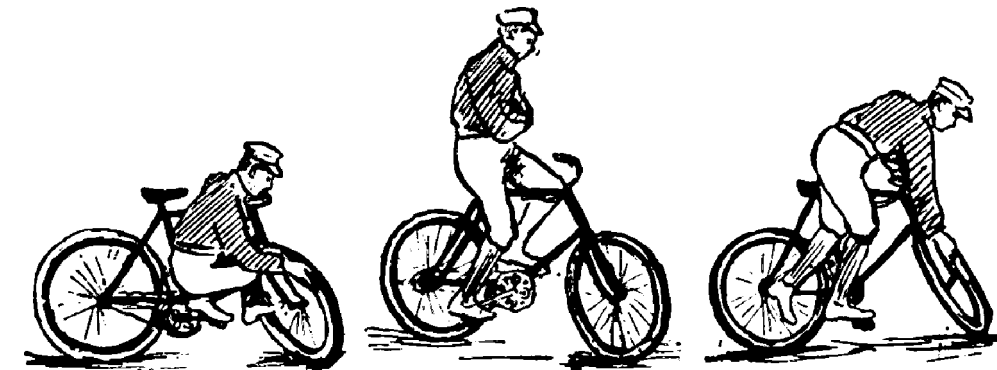
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fix his eyes intently upon you and do exactly as you do. Then dip your finger in the water, rub it on the bottom of your saucer and then all over your face. The victim does the same and covers his face with soot, and, like many other jokes, no harm is done as the soot easily washes off.

The Mysterious Ball.

Whittle a large cork into the form of a ball about an inch in diameter. Take a long human hair (your sister's will do) 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. 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 hand. 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 you 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. To make the ball return, you throw up your hand as if catching it in the air. In doing so, with a quick jerk you throw the ball over the back of the hand and into the palm.

The Flying Thimble.

Show a thimble on the forefinger of the right hand. Lay the finger with the thimble on the palm of your left hand, which you close instantly. Now withdraw the finger minus the thimble. Every one believes that it is in the left hand, but it isn't. The fact is, 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 hand. This you instantly close, and then withdraw the forefinger. Reversing the movement, you can draw the thimble from your pocket.

Big Salaries Earned by Baseball Players.

A new York paper says that John Chesbro, the star pitcher of the National Baseball League last year, and who will this coming summer play with the New York American League Club, will receive a salary of \$8,000, which is the highest salary paid on the baseball diamond. He is to pitch not more than twice a week. If he pitches on an average of two games a week he will receive \$333.33 a game. Averaging six balls, including fouls, for each batsman, with thirty six of them at the plate in nine innings, he will receive \$1.85 every time he throws a ball to the catcher. The old-time pitchers used to pitch every day, but in those days the box was only fifty feet away from the plate. Among the great pitchers of early days were Radbourne, who won the championship in the National League for Providence, R. I.; Clarkson, who, in 1889, pitched nearly every day for Boston; McGinnity, who, at the close of the season in 1900, pitched every day for the Brooklyn, and came to be known as the Iron man. The result on such pitchers was that they lasted only a few seasons.

As showing the difference between salaries now and years ago, note that the salary list of the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings in 1869 was a total of \$10,600, the highest paid players on the nine

The Boy Photographer

Moonlight Effects.

Although there is a particular shade of carbon tissue on the market that for moonlight effects leaves little to be desired, it is not every worker who is prepared to turn out carbon prints. The ferro-prussiate or blue print process does not exactly fill the requirements. I saw some bromide prints the other day that, without actual side-by-side comparison, I should say were even more pleasing than the same prints made in carbon. The method by which they were produced is as follows: The bromide prints, which should be rather light, are toned to almost a bright red in a bath composed of

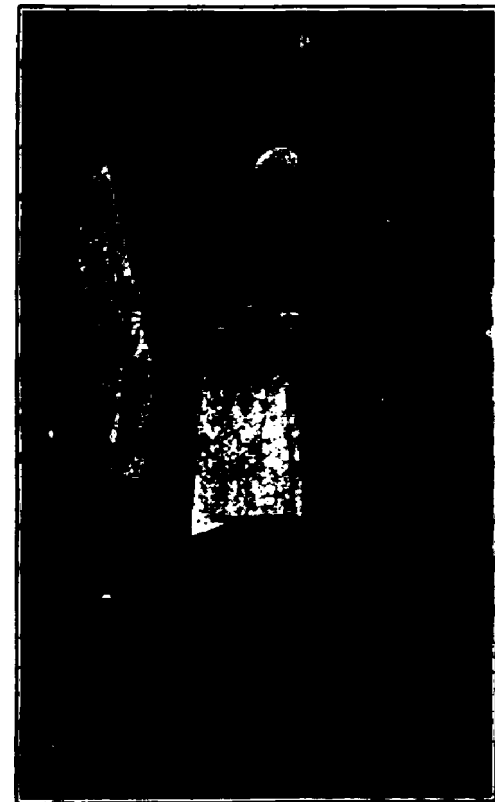
Uranium nitrate	40 gr.
Potassium ferricyanide	40 gr.
Acetic acid	2 dr.
Water	16 oz.

and then immersed in a weak solution of iron perchloride. The change to a bluish green at once takes place.—Western Camera Notes.

Evolution of the Camera.

It is well to know the humble beginnings of the camera. The name itself comes from the Latin—camera obscura, meaning dark chamber. In fact the first camera was just a dark room. Make a very small hole in the wall of your room, and a small reverse image of what is outside will be seen on the wall inside. Some time, many years ago, a person with a more enquiring mind than the average, discovered that the image was much brighter when the light came through a convex lens. Gradually improvements began to be made, and from a big room with a pin hole in its side has evolved the elegant box of the twentieth century, with its rapid lenses and all the conveniences—and botherations—incident to much thought having been expended on the subject.

The first portable camera was made, it is said, by Giambattista della Porta, of Padua, in 1569. Of course it was a very clumsy affair, for in those days there were



A RELIC OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

Second Prize: M. H. Tardy, Birmingham, Ala.

no dry plates, and when one wanted to get outdoor views it was necessary to take a dark room along, in order to coat the plate and make the exposure before the emulsion dried. In fact the advent of the dry plate, not so many years ago, made it possible to give the art the popularity it has now attained.

It was in 1854 that a certain Captain Fowkes introduced the bellows body, suggested to him by the then popular, accordion, and he had the "gumption" to see that such a body was as applicable to cameras as to musical instruments. It was square in form, however, the tapering idea having been evolved later.

So now we have front and back beds, double sliding rack and pinion adjustments, reversible backs, automatic focusing screens, vertical and horizontal swings, brilliant finders, wide angle and long focus lenses, telescopic bellowses, and a score of other improvements that give the owners delightful surprises for many months after an "up-to-date" camera has been secured. And all the while it is well to remember the humble beginnings of the camera.

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.

A Hot Weather Trouble.

A London, England, photographic journal warns its readers against too prolonged washing of plates in hot weather. Sometimes on a plate will appear a clear central spot with radiating lines. It is said to be due to a microbe which never misses the opportunity of propagation in gelatin which has been washed for a long time. Prolonged washing also gives rise to a peculiar pitting of the gelatin, which may be due to local solution. In either case the negative is injured if not absolutely spoiled. Remember, also, that the hot weather, by warming the developer, accelerates it, so that it is necessary to use developer somewhat weaker than normal.

Photographs for Half-Tones.

THE AMERICAN BOY has many times been asked what kind of photographic prints make the best half-tone pictures. The following is from the Caxton Caveat, and if the directions are followed, the photographer will have a good looking print, anyway, even if, because of the subject, it is not available for reproduction in these pages:

Good half-tones largely depend on the photograph or copy furnished. If it is bad, the plate will be bad, also. The engraver may do his best, but he can improve but little on the original, unless expensive painting or touching up of the photograph, or hand-tooling of the plate is contemplated. Even then the results are not what they would be if the copy was first-class. Care should be used in selecting photographs. Have them well mounted and finished. See that the detail is sharp and distinct, and that they don't contain solid blotches of color. Yet contrasts between principal objects and background are essential to keep the cuts from appearing flat. As far as possible, photographs should be selected in a black purple tone. Remember, where large photographs are sent the engraver to be reduced into small cuts, that in the reduction much of the detail will be lost. Beware of photographs printed on tinted paper or those that are spotted or faded from age. Some colors photograph much stronger than they appear. A brown or yellow tint or spot on a photograph that is scarcely apparent to the eye will badly deface a plate when completed.

MEAL TIME DRINKS

Should Be Selected to Suit the Health As Well As the Taste.

When the coffee toper, ill from coffee drinking, finally leaves off coffee the battle is only half won. Most people require some hot drink at meal time and they also need the rebuilding agent to build up what coffee has destroyed. Postum is the rebuilder, the other half of the battle.

Some people stop coffee and drink hot water, but find this a thin, unpalatable diet, with no rebuilding properties. It is much easier to break away from coffee by serving strong, hot, well boiled Postum in its place. A prominent wholesale grocer of Faribault, Minn., says: "For a long time I was nervous and could not digest my food. I went to a doctor who prescribed a tonic and told me to leave off coffee and drink hot water."

"I did so for a time and got some relief, but did not get entirely well, so I lost patience and said: 'Oh, well, coffee isn't the cause of my troubles' and went back to drinking it. I became worse than ever. Then Postum was prescribed. It was not made right at first and for two mornings I could hardly drink it."

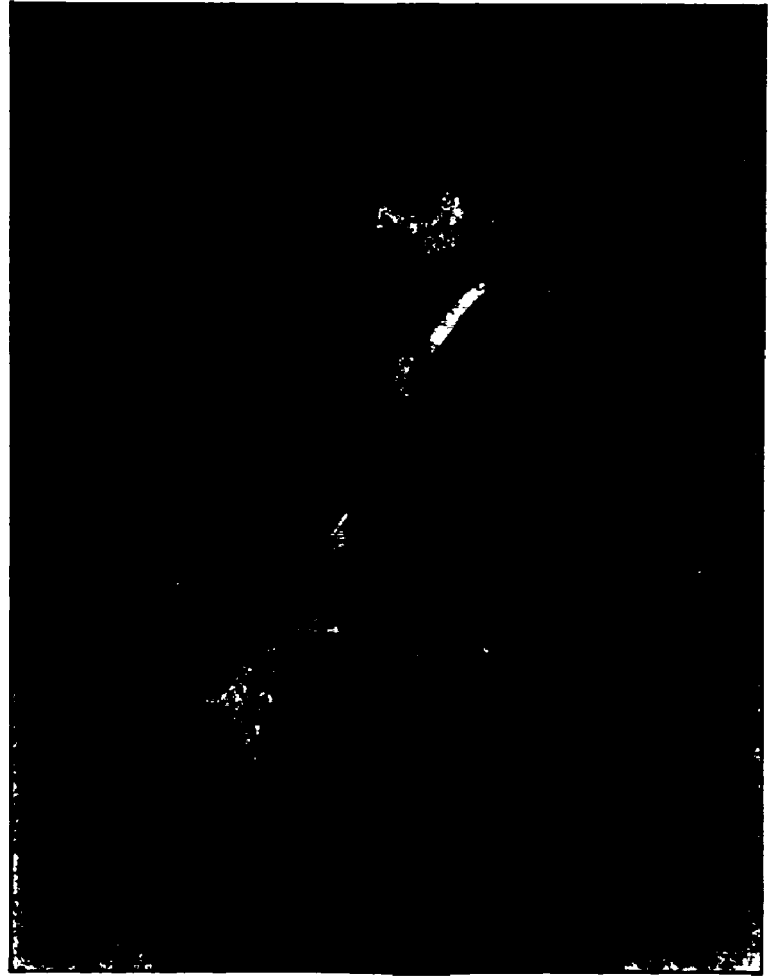
"Then I had it boiled full fifteen minutes and used good cream and I had a most charming beverage."

"I fairly got fat on the food drink and my friends asked me what had happened I was so well. I was set right and cured when Postum was made right."

"I know other men here who use Postum, among others the Cashier of the Security Bank and a well known clergyman."

"My firm sells a lot of Postum and I am certainly at your service, for Postum cured me of stomach trouble." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Advantages of Paper Negatives.

Paper for negative purpose is made by several makers, and is upon the market. For large work it possesses quite a number of advantages over both glass and celluloid. The slight grain which the paper gives to the print from it is anything but a drawback in a large size, the softening of the image to which it gives rise being in most cases a distinct improvement, especially when the printing process is platinum or carbon. One great advantage which the paper negative presents is the ease with which it can be retouched and worked up with pencil, brush or stump. Fine work, spotting, etc., can be done on the gelatine surface, while toning down or holding back is best accomplished with the help of the stump on the paper side. The advice is often given to oil such negatives before printing. By giving them a coating of vaseline, well rubbed in and afterward blotted off as thoroughly as possible by means of blotting paper and a warm iron, the time of printing can be very greatly reduced, and at the same time the apparent grain is reduced also. In most cases, however, there is no advantage whatever in oiling the paper, and there is, on the other hand, the drawback of an extra operation, of the greasy nature of the result, and of the fact that if the negatives are stored away the oil will be found to disappear from them in patches in the course of time, necessitating a further oiling before the negatives can be again printed from.—Photography.

See page 230 for First Prize Award in Photographic Contest

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ADVERTISE IN THE AMERICAN BOY IT PAYS

A NIGHT ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES

BY
E. A. BRININSTOOL.



WERE you ever placed in a position where each particular hair on your head stood up like the quills of a punched porcupine, and the shivers went chasing up and down your back in mad confusion? Have you ever laid awake nights and recalled with a thrill the one time in your existence when you would not have given a nickel for your chances of escaping with your life? I was placed in such a position just once.

It was one winter night in 1876, while I was visiting an uncle in northern Minnesota. I had just come from a hard pull at my books in college, somewhat run down in health, and the fresh, crisp air of the north was most invigorating to me after my close confinement for so many months.

My uncle's family consisted of three grown-up daughters and one son, Jack, who was three years my junior. He was a remarkably bright young fellow—a born athlete, a fine shot, and stood unrivaled in that country as a skater. A large river ran within a hundred yards of my uncle's house, which afforded us an excellent opportunity to indulge in this exhilarating exercise. The country was alive with game, and as both shooting and skating were two of my particular weaknesses, I soon found my health rapidly improving from the vigorous outdoor exercise.

On moonlight nights it was a favorite pastime with us to take a spin on our skates up the frozen river a few miles. These little trips were the most pleasant experiences that I now recall. With the river a perfect glare of ice, and the keen, frosty atmosphere just sharp enough to send the blood bounding through my veins, it was no wonder that I regretted the approaching time when I must return to college and resume my studies.

On one of these beautiful nights, about a week prior to my departure, when the ice was at its best, we left the house directly after supper for one more glorious trip. Jack's dog, a huge animal of a mixed breed, seemed anxious to accompany us. He whined dolefully when Jack tied him inside the woodshed, but the ice was too glary for "Bingo," and we knew it would simply tire him out, as we contemplated going farther up the river than usual to get some branches of a vine on which grew a beautiful red berry. Jack's sisters were going to give me a "send-off" before I left, and wanted the vines and berries to decorate the house with. Jack knew of only one spot where this winter vine grew, and it was several miles up the river.

As we left the house my uncle called out:

"Now, boys, be careful to-night. You remember Baptiste said the wolves are getting bothersome over in the Meeker district, and you are liable to run across a pack by going toward that section. Keep your eyes open."

We both laughed. Baptiste was a French-Canadian trapper who came regularly into the settlement with his packs of furs to sell to the traders. That morning he had stopped for a brief rest and chat, and during the conversation had remarked that he had heard wolves howling down the river in the Meeker district. We knew wolves occasionally ventured down in the neighborhood of uncle Wallace's, and the previous year they had grown so bold that it was not safe to venture down the river very far after dark, but as no reports of their depredations had been heard this season the matter had been given little thought.

"Hadn't you better take your guns, boys?" asked aunt Mary anxiously, as we wrapped our mufflers about our necks and pulled our caps down over our ears.

"Oh, we can't enjoy it if we have to lug our guns along. You people are too scary. Old Baptiste

always makes a mountain out of a mole-hill," exclaimed Jack.

"It's just as well to be a little cautious, anyway," remarked uncle Wallace. "Strap on your revolvers, anyway."

Jack grumbled at what he thought was undue precaution, but we slipped our six-shooters into their holsters and buckled them around our waists outside our coats.

"You can come to our rescue if you hear us whooping and making a Fourth of July disturbance," observed Jack, with good-natured sarcasm in his tones, as we said good-by.

It was a perfect night. The moon shone down on the frozen river, gleaming and sparkling, and giving it the appearance of a long, bright band of silver. A more beautiful night for skaters could not have been ordered. The weather was intensely cold, but we were warmly dressed and knew we should not suffer on that account.

We sat down on the river bank and fastened on our skates—long, narrow, wooden-topped ones of the "rocker" pattern, which strapped on instead of clamping. "Club" skates at that time had not made their appearance.

As we were thus occupied a mournful howl from old Bingo was wafted to our ears.

"Wonder if we hadn't better let him go?" queried Jack.

"I wouldn't," I answered. "We don't want to be bothered with him. He couldn't keep up with us and would get tuckered out before we were half way there."

"Howl away then, Bingo," laughed my cousin, circling out toward the middle of the river. I dashed after him, and soon the dog's wails were left in the distance.

On we sped over the glimmering ice, at a pace which made the steel ring merrily beneath our strokes and the sharp winter air whistle past our ears. Occasionally we let out a warwhoop, just to hear our voices echo and re-echo through the still clearness of the night. Sometimes we skated in shore, just at the edge of the great forest, which was picturesque with moonlit loveliness; the trees with their shimmering coating of frost sparkling like millions of diamonds. Occasionally we could hear some tree far back in the woods, snap and crack under the biting atmosphere, as Jack Frost drove his mysterious wedge into it.

Rapidly we cut through space, and must have gone some three miles on our journey, when, coming to an old log which projected through the ice, about a hundred yards from shore, we stopped for a short breathing spell.

We sat there possibly ten minutes, my cousin facing me. I was in a position where I could see the dense forest behind him. As we were chatting and discussing our trip I suddenly observed a movement just at the edge of the woods, and then, in the bright moonlight, I saw a large animal emerge stealthily out from behind a large log and sneak down toward the bank of the river.

"By Jove, Jack, there's Bingo!" I exclaimed, jumping to my feet and pointing toward the animal. "How could he have gotten out of the house? See how he sneaks along, just as though he was ashamed of being seen."

My cousin faced quickly about with an exclamation of alarm, and before he could reply, the animal stopped short in its track, sat down on its haunches, threw back its head and uttered a prolonged howl—"Ou-oo-oo-oo! Ou-oo-oo-oo!" It was a howl which sent a thrill through me such as I had never before felt—a sound which started in with a low rumble and increased in density until it seemed that there were half a dozen animals instead of but one.

"Wolves!" gasped Jack, starting to his feet. "Hark! Do you hear that answer?"

Far back in the deep recesses of the mighty forest came an answering howl—low, almost indistinct, but in tones of sufficient depth and meaning to warn us that the call had been heard and the pack was gathering at the summons.

Mute, at the awful predicament in which I saw we were placed, I turned to my cousin.

"Quick!" exclaimed Jack in a low tone. "Look to your skates. Are the straps good and tight?"

I nodded a reply, and my cousin dashed directly ahead toward the middle of the river. I was instantly at his heels. A nearer and more savage howl echoed on the still atmosphere, and, as we sped onward at lightning speed, I glanced back, while a snapping and smashing in the underbrush and an eager yelp, told us that the brutes were hot on the trail.

"Keep well in the middle of the river where the ice is smoothest!" shouted Jack, and in a few hurried words he explained that by reason of the formation of the wolves' feet they were unable to turn quickly on the glassy surface, and that our only hope of escape was in making quick dashes to one side when the wolves caught up with us and attempted to spring.

On we flew, bending low and putting our whole energy into every stroke. The wind fairly screamed in our faces and brought tears to our eyes, so rapidly did we skim over the frozen surface, while, above all, we could hear the patter, patter, patter of swift-flying feet and the yelps and whines of the savage brutes.

It was, indeed, a race for life! What if we were to trip upon a stick? What if a strap should break? We would be torn to pieces quicker than you could speak the words. A thousand thoughts flashed through my mind, and my whole life seemed to pass in review before me like a vast panorama.

On, on, with that horrible yelping in our ears. We could hear the claws of the brutes cutting the ice with startling clearness. I glanced back over my shoulder, and my hair fairly stood on end, as I counted one, two, three, four, six, eight of the blood-thirsty animals not a hundred feet behind! Suddenly my hand touched the butt of my revolver.

"Jack!" I screamed. "The guns—can't we stand 'em off with our revolvers?"

"On!" shouted my cousin. "We haven't but six cartridges apiece. We must save 'em for the last stand!"

The last stand! Would there be a last stand? Must we be torn to pieces by these savage brutes? The thought was maddening. We bent every energy, but the wolves gained steadily. They doubtless saw there was no escape for us, as they redoubled their yelps and seemed to increase their speed. My legs almost tottered under me at the terrible strain I was compelled to put forth to keep up with my cousin. I could fairly hear their panting, now, and seemed to feel the hot breath of the fierce animals in my face. Again I glanced back. The leader of the pack was not twenty feet away.

"Pull your gun!" panted Jack, "and dash to the left. I'll go to the right. Let the wolves go between us, and then give it to 'em as they slide past. Make your shot count!"

Hardly had he finished speaking before there was a horrible snarl at my heels, and I dashed sharply to the left, narrowly escaping being hurled to the ice, as the foremost wolf, with a piece of my trousers' leg between his teeth, slid growling past me.

True to our expectations the wolves were unable to check their speed. The maddened brutes slid by on their haunches, vainly trying to stop their onward speed. Their eyes shone like coals of fire; their savage jaws snapped together like steel traps,

and their dripping tongues were lolling from their mouths, forming a picture which has often, in my sleep, aroused me with the cold, clammy sweat breaking from every pore in my body.

Bang! Jack's revolver spoke sharply on the frosty air. The ball struck the ice and went ricocheting across the glassy surface. I fired almost instantly with better results. There was a sharp howl of pain which told me that the bullet had not been wasted, and as we dashed ahead the wounded animal made a desperate attempt to follow the others, but dropped yelping on the ice.

The rest of the pack stopped as their comrade fell, and instantly there was a scene which baffles description. We did not pause to see it, but the savage snarls and howls which floated down the river told us as plain as sight could tell that the pack were making short work of their wounded companion. We could hear their awful snarls as we forged ahead, being thus enabled by our maneuver to gain several hundred feet.

"That's the stuff!" shouted Jack. "Don't waste a single shot. Our only hope is in wounding an animal every time."

On we went at the top of our speed, but we were not long alone. As soon as the wolves had disposed of their wounded comrade their whines and howls

of rage again told us that they were once more hot on our trail, now with renewed enthusiasm after a taste of blood.

Patter, patter, patter! Again the brutes were at our heels, and once more we dashed aside as the wolves lunged forward savagely. Bang! Bang! Two snots we fired as the animals slid past us. Neither shot look effect. Neither Jack nor myself were expert with a revolver, and it was only luck and chance when we made a telling shot.

"We must make the folks hear in some way," gasped Jack, as again we struggled forward as fast as we could spin. "There's the big leaning oak, half a mile ahead. When we pass that we must yell like wild Indians."

I nodded. My breath was beginning to come hard, and the very blood was boiling in my veins. Could we make the leaning oak? Again that awful snarl rang in my ears, and as we once more turned sharply and fired, two of our pursuers dropped with loud howls to the ice.

Again the pack stopped. This time they had a double portion to dispose of. The leaning oak was but five hundred yards away when they again caught up with us. Another quick turn, and two more shots. One wolf was laid out, and we spurred ahead, passing the oak and yelling at the top of our voices. It

seemed as if we made noise enough to have been heard five miles. The wolves also redoubled their exertions, and were once more at our heels just as the light, which Aunt Mary had left in the window for our benefit, threw its welcome beams in our faces out across the ice.

"Stand fast!" yelled Jack. "They'll hear us! Let 'em have the rest of the bullets!"

We had three shots apiece left in our revolvers, but at the first fire the door of the house was flung open and two figures came bounding down to the river bank.

Bang! Bang! went their rifles, mingled with the sharper crack of our revolvers. Three more of the wolves dropped in their tracks, while the remainder turned and fled up the river, followed by a fusillade of shots.

"How you like um, anyhow?" grimly exclaimed old Baptiste, as we fairly fell into their arms.

"I reckon you boys won't go skatin' after dark any more," remarked my uncle, as they almost carried us to the house.

We didn't. One experience of that kind was enough for us, and to this day I never look at a pair of skates without shuddering, as I recall that thrilling race for life on that moonlight night down the frozen river.

Fencing at the University of Pennsylvania

In the estimation of the foreign critic who has looked upon our sports from a European viewpoint, we are entirely too strenuous in the matter of athletic competitions. When the American college boy has proudly exhibited the tangled heap of perspiring humanity on the football field to a visitor from Germany, the Teuton has snarled in derision and raved of the sword duels of his own student days, when more blood would be shed in five minutes than the American devotees of football offer up to the god of that game in an entire afternoon. The British university graduate says we worship brawn rather than skill and do not favor the sports of gentlemen. To the American boy's retort that the cultivation of muscle is more desirable than the training of the eye and hand, the English boy returns answer that American athletes, rowing men, and what not, have failed to reach that point of excellence where foreign competitors in international contests fear them. The answer is unanswerable. Something is lacking in our method of training athletes, and the students of the University of Pennsylvania, who prize their reputation in the world of sports as highly as do those of any of the leading institutions of learning, believe they have made a step in the right direction by adding fencing to the athletic curriculum.

Already there has developed a great deal of enthusiasm over the new sport of swordsmanship. Three evenings a week have been set apart in the gymnasium of the university to the practice of fencing. An instructor, Lieutenant I. Terrone, formerly an officer in the Italian navy, has been engaged to teach the boys the art of thrusting and parrying, and the fencing team is to be a regular feature of future programs of sports at the college, or meets with rival institutions.

Fencing is distinctly a gentleman's game. Swordsmanship has always been a refined form of athletic competition. All the European universities have their regular championship meetings for this form of exercise. No variety of athletic sport calls for more skill, strength or activity. None is more spectacular. In watching a contest of well-matched swordsmen the spectator needs no knowledge of the game to enable him to see and appreciate the fine points. From start to finish the fencers must throw their entire energies into the bout. One moment strength is opposed to suppleness; the next, suppleness to strength. The attacker of one minute is the attacked of the next. The wrist must be of steel to continually turn the foil to parry and thrust. The eye must never for a moment leave the elusive blade of the opponent. The muscles are one instant held rigid, the next relaxed. Forward and back the fencers move, while the thin blades glide in and out of the guard, and lightning-like plays are made with the foils, lunges so swiftly done that it seems to the onlooker no eye can



U. OF P. FENCING TEAM PRACTICING FOR INTERNATIONAL MEET.

follow them and no wrist be made to move quickly enough to ward off a touch. Nothing is prettier than to watch two youths who are masters of their weapons engage in a bout with the foils.

It needed only one evening's exhibition in the gymnasium of the University of Pennsylvania to make the students enthusiastic devotees of the sword. The initial step was taken by Knipe, an old graduate of Cornell, who is taking the medical course at the Philadelphia college. Knipe is a skilled swordsman. After seeing him fence the students speedily decided to organize a fencing team, and the following day the team consisted of Friday, Castner, Schellenberg, Katzenshine, Braum, Pound, Leyemel, Fleisher, Dukes, Wilson, Scott, Rhoades, Mendenhall, Ludes, Latimer, Hoopes, Haupt and Corson. All these men have since become clever fencers.

At first it was difficult to find an instructor who could be relied upon to coach the students successfully. There are two systems of fencing, the Italian and the French. They differ so that it is necessary to learn one or the other, but which is the better has never been satisfactorily decided. Knipe, who was made captain of the University of Pennsylvania fencing team, had been taught the French method. But no French instructor could be had, and perforce the Italian swordsman was engaged. Swordsmanship originated in Spain and the two schools of Italy and Spain date from the time when travelers from the Peninsula introduced fencing into France, and the Spanish Bourbons made sword exercises popular in Italy, after the conquest of Sicily. The Italians have not changed the style much since then, using still the long foil with bell-like guard that resembles the old Spanish rapier, while the French have modified the weapon so that it is lighter and more supple than the Italian blade.

Having decided that the Italian instructor would do, the students went to work with vim and enthusiasm to conquer the art of scientific fencing. At first the gymnasium of the university was a scene of wild and misguided efforts that almost drove the instructor to despair. It is difficult to convince a beginner that scientific swordsmanship is not like cutting daisies with a walking stick or trimming blossoms off a hedge with the top joint of a fishing rod. The novice with the foil cannot be made to understand that he must keep as much as possible in one position, using the wrist to direct the movements of the foil, moving the forearm seldom and above all avoid slashing and stabbing, which is not sword play of the rapier variety. "Lunge wix ze point," repeated the Italian instructor with monotonous regularity. Lieutenant Terrone, by the way, speaks English with a French accent. "Lunge wix ze point. Ze point here." By slow degrees the students

were taught to lunge scientifically, and then were pitted against each other, while the instructor looked on and suppressed any tendency to wildness, which is one of the worst faults of the inexperienced fencer, and one that presages certain defeat when an opponent who can keep cool is encountered.

With very little preliminary training the University of Pennsylvania boys met the West Point fencers. The cadets beat, but certainly did not disgrace their opponents. The outcome of this and other meets with experienced fencers has increased the enthusiasm of the red and blue swordsmen and enhanced the popularity of this most knightly of sports with the collegians.

Recently one of the rowing men, a young giant, who looked with disdain on the refined game of fencing, was induced to put on the mask and gauntlet for a bout with one of the swordsmen. In ten minutes, despite his training, the rowing man was forced to cry "enough" and throw off the mask to wipe his dripping face. Any boy who thinks fencing a lady-like exercise should try it with a swordsman of even moderate skill. He will find that boxing is child's play in comparison.

The Two Fire Demons

A startling exhibition has recently been given in Paris by two young Americans, whom the people there call the "Two Fire Demons." So remarkable was this exhibition that a well-known scientific paper became interested in it, and its investigation has resulted in the discovery of the secret.

One of the most startling feats performed by the young men was to stand on the stage, in full view of the audience, and without any apparatus in sight, cause long and brilliant flames to dart from the tips of their fingers, and from their mouths, lasting at least half a minute. No one could discover how the feat was done, though every chance was given to the audience to do so.

Here is the explanation: Dressed throughout in brilliant red, the men stood on a carpeted box, which was ostensibly intended to raise them up in full view, but really to contain the half-chemical, half-mechanical device by which they produced the results. This box concealed two rubber bags containing illuminating gas, and compressed by weights. To the heel of each man's right shoe was attached a contrivance terminating in a spout. This spout was the point of entrance for the gas.

Attached to the spout was a slender tube of vulcanized rubber, which, being of the same red color as the costume of the performer, was not seen by the audience. The tube was carried up the leg and the back, and inside both sleeves, next to the skin. At the wrist the tube was connected with a still smaller tube, very flexible, and of the color of flesh, and this ran along the palm of the hand, terminating at the tip of the forefinger in an opening under the nail. A similar small tube ran along the neck and under the chin as far as the lips.

To make a connection between the small tube on his body and the one that ran up from the gas bag in the box beneath him, the performer had only to place his heel carefully on a certain spot in the carpet. Thus the gas was made to flow into the small tube, and as it poured out of the opening at his finger tip or at his lips, as the case might be, he ignited it by a spark from an electrical machine concealed in his clothing.

So the "Two Fire Demons" turned out to be nothing but clever tricksters, after all.

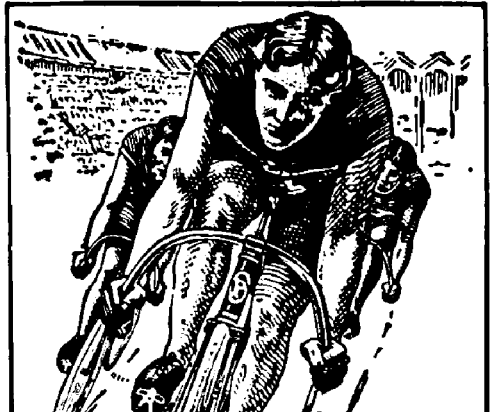
SHELLENBERG KNIFE (Captain) TERRONE (Instructor) FRIDAY FRICK



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PURE GOLD
Z. IRENE DAVIS.

SO YOU have a place!" enviously exclaimed the leader of a group of newsboys during the lull that followed the rush of the sale of papers. All eyes were turned upon the quiet, earnest boy to whom this question was addressed. "Yes," he answered simply. "I begin tomorrow morning."

"Good for you," chorused the group in sincere sympathy. They had each tried to help William to obtain steady employment ever since the sad news came that "The Kentucky" was wrecked, and its captain, William's father, was among the missing, for the boy must now earn his own way and help his mother and invalid sister, also.

"Where do you work?" asked Sandy, with his customary abruptness. At McIntyre's Hardware store," he replied with a degree of importance. "P-o-o-h," was the scornful rejoinder. "Every lad of us has tried it there. I'll just give you two days," said the leader with a knowing wink at the others. "It's too bad," they chimed in with real sympathy, "but we'll all do our best to help you at the end of that time."

William presented himself the following morning at the general office of McIntyre's Hardware store. His task was assigned to him in the basement. A large chest containing a medley of screws, knobs, rings, keys, hinges, etc., stood open before him.

"These," said the overseer briefly, "were thrown here as you see them at the time of the fire. Sort and place them in the proper boxes and set the chest in order. You have two days in which to do it. If it is not completed in that time we have no further use for you."

The boy's heart sank as he contemplated what was expected of him. He understood now why the boys had laughed, and he was about to say to the overseer that there was no use in trying, but found himself standing alone.

William was a sturdy, manly young boy of eleven, quick enough to sell more papers than many of his older companions. Perhaps he could succeed here also where they had failed. Finally the thought of his mother nerved him, and he resolved to do his best. When he made that resolve, something was sure to follow. Accordingly he went to work. The first thing that came to hand was a set of chisels. All the chisels of this brand were selected and then the proper box searched for in which they were to be deposited in order. There were many tools of which he did not know the names, and he wasted much time in trying to discover just where they belonged. He did not despair, however, but faithfully kept on until noon. He worked a little later than the other workmen and then hurried home to relate the new experience to his mother.

An appetizing meal was awaiting the young breadwinner, and the gentle look on his sweet-faced sister made him forget for a time the bruises on his hands from the rapid handling of the cutlery. He returned a little before the required hour, first asking his mother to keep supper until dark.

"But, William, dear," she gently remonstrated, after readily granting the promise, "unless you are more careful of your hands, they will be unfit for work tomorrow. Buy a pair of buckskin gloves. They will more than repay you."

He ran all the way to the store and, after fitting himself with gloves, hastened to work. By evening, although he had made quite good progress, he found that he was not nearly half through. It was a discouraged, disheartened boy that took his way home that night. "Not half through," he groaned, "and just one day more. If I fall here, I am out all around."

The home hearth gave forth a cheery blaze and the lamp burned brightly on the neatly-laid table. As he joined the newsboys in the rush with papers that night, there was a general condoling with him by his comrades, which would have excited his mirth if he had not been so irritable.

"Half through?" asked the leader. "No, not quite," replied William, growing ashamed of himself, "but I'll be more used to it tomorrow."

The light had scarcely penetrated the room where McIntyre's chest of tools had worsened a dozen boys when the new errand boy took his place. He went about it deftly with a determined look, and by noon the filled boxes were rising in orderly prominence around him; he encouraged himself occasionally with a look of profound satisfaction at their growing tiers. He did not stop for luncheon, so interested had he become in his search for the bottom of the huge box. The hours went by very swiftly. Suddenly his face brightened. There among some brass heads lay a twenty dollar gold piece. "It isn't mine,"

flashed through the mind of the boy. "But there was nothing said about money. Better keep it," argued something within him. Whatever his conclusions were, the coin lay safe in his vest pocket and once more he fell to work. All at once a glad look came into his eyes. "The end!" he exclaimed half aloud, and just as the last key clinked under its cover he glanced up and there stood the overseer looking at him.

"Come with me to the office," said Mr. McIntyre with a pleased expression beaming from his countenance. After they were seated William drew the gold piece to sight and gave it to him with its little story. That "something within him," after a fierce struggle, had been conquered.

"I knew the money was there," said his employer kindly. Now I know I can trust you. You are the boy we want, and we will keep you just as long as you want to stay, and raise your wages from time to time. Your father was always my friend. Take this gold piece to your mother," and he placed it in the boy's hand, as a compliment to the boy that's "pure gold."

Maxims for Boys
N. C. Usher, in "The Brigade"
(London)

There are some common-place sayings I would like to print up in fine, large letters in every workshop and factory and office. I will tell you some of them. They were impressed on my mind in very early years by an old nurse, and they have influenced me all my life.

One of these maxims is, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." It is sad to see the half-hearted way in which some boys go about their business; it makes one long to take the tools out of their hands and do the work for them. Then there are others, who only think of getting done, without caring how; their work is scamped and unsatisfactory. They forget the Master's words, "He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much." Since there is nothing too small to be done to the glory of God, surely we should not think it too much trouble to do our work in such a manner as to gain His approval.

My second maxim is, "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today." There is no time like the present; therefore, when you are told to do a thing, if possible, do it at once. Further than this, when you know a thing should be done, do not wait till you are obliged to do it. It is a sure sign of a good workman that he tries to be beforehand with his work, and such an one will certainly be valued. Never put away your tools dirty, intending to clean them by-and-by; do not sweep the dust into a corner to be taken away tomorrow; do not leave those bills to be delivered this evening if you ought to take them in the morning. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it," and do it at once.

Another of my old nurse's mottoes was, "Civility costs us nothing and gains us much," and this she emphasized by a little narrative that made an impression

on my mind. The story related how a young girl, who had helped an unknown invalid gentleman to regain a stick he had dropped, was afterwards surprised to find that this gentleman had left a large sum of money in his will in recognition of her civility. Now I cannot promise that anything of this kind will happen to you, but of this I am sure: If you sow gentle words and kindly actions, you shall reap the same; if you are considerate to those with whom you come in contact, they will consider you.

One more of these sayings, of which experience has taught me the value, is, "Do not believe half you hear and not all you see;" young people are often so ready to jump to conclusions; they put two and two together, and make the whole fit in with their own ideas, and then speak of it as fact. You may catch a stray word here, a snatch of conversation there; you may see an action that confirms your suspicions, and after all,



PHIL HEXOM, DECORAH, IA.
From a pencil sketch drawn by himself.

you may be quite wrong in what you think. Be very careful in forming an opinion and never be ready to judge others by hasty conclusions.

Yet there is another which I cannot leave out, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Every lad in a good situation, and earning fair wages, should lay by a little against a rainy day; so many fritter away their pence on novelettes, sweets, tobacco, and other rubbish, and then, when out of work, or overtaken by sickness, they have nothing to fall back upon. I would advise every lad to have an account in the savings bank. It is a very simple matter either to put your money in or take it out. You can put in as little as a shilling at a time. Still, while advising you to save, lads, I would not wish you to be mean; and, remember, no one was ever yet rich, who was not rich towards God.

Can Do It If He Will Try.

A young man writes us from Illinois, wanting to know whether it is possible for him to work his own way through one of our agricultural colleges. It is if he is made of the right sort of stuff, and it has to be pretty good stuff. Most of these colleges are so managed that all the work a student is able or willing to do upon the college farm is given him at a liberal rate of compensation. A young man should get together a fair outfit of clothes and not less than \$100, however, before tackling this job, for he could hardly expect to do justice to his studies and spare more time for labor than would suffice to pay for his board and incidental expenses. Then if he should be sick his nest egg would come handy. An education thus dug out by hard knocks, self-denial and perseverance is always worth more to the boy than when absorbed at the expense of sight drafts upon the governor at home. A course of study attempted on these lines means no luxuries, mighty little athletics, no girl business and quite likely celluloid collars and ten dollar dress and Sunday suit. Moses put in forty years at this sort of work in the wilderness to fit him to lead his people, and any young man who wants to be somebody and do something can afford to play the Moses act for three years. The very best training for a young man is to want a whole lot of things real bad and not be able to get them. Then after awhile he will learn to want something worth having and will go for it and get it.—Exchange.

The Tallest Hotel.

New York is about to put up the tallest hotel in the world. This reminds us of a joke that appeared recently in "Smart Set."

Clerk—Michael, are you about through moving those trunks?

Porter, Yis, Sorr; in a few minutes.

Clerk—Well, when you have finished stretch the life net over the front pavement. Mrs. Smith has just telephoned from the top floor that her husband has fallen out of the window.



LIEUT.-GENERAL MILES.
Drawn by Phil Hexom, Decorah, Ia. Age 18.

JOE JOLLY BOY

(BEGUN IN APRIL.)

IN WHICH HE TELLS OF THE CANNIBALS AND HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

I had heard the fishermen say that somewhere in the China Sea was an island inhabited by cannibals, and that many fishermen whose boats had been blown far out to sea by storms had been captured and eaten by these islanders. The stories had not frightened me, as I knew the cannibals never approached the shore, and that there was no fear of my ever meeting them. The wind held steady for me on the night I saw the mermaid, and, though I had to manage the boat, I caught a few winks of sleep now and then. If I had not been born jolly I should have felt very lonely out upon the wide sea by myself and darkness all around, but as it was I sang and whistled and laughed, as on the previous night, and the hours slipped away and daylight finally came.

As I had seen no canoes on the shore I felt safe when I was half a mile from the beach, but lo! three boats came paddling after me as I looked around.

They had been concealed in the bushes farther down the shore. There were six natives in each craft, and they were determined to capture me. I held my boat before the wind, that she might go at her best speed, but I soon saw that the canoes were gaining on me.

If I had laughed before, I did not do any laughing now. I knew that if I was captured I should be roasted and devoured by those terrible looking men. My boat went through the water pretty fast, but the canoes sped faster, and when I was a mile and a half from shore I could have thrown a stone over the nearest craft. I had no weapons of any sort, but even if I had had a rifle or spear I should have been helpless to fight so many enemies.

I was saved in a strange way. As the canoes came on, and as the first one would have been up to me in five minutes more, some sort of a creature rose up out of the sea and clutched the craft and dragged it under. I cannot tell you what it looked like, as my face was turned the other way. I heard yells and shouts from the cannibals, followed by a great splashing in the water, and when I looked around the canoe was gone and two or three savages were swimming toward the other craft.

Whatever it was that had come to my rescue, it so terrified the savages that the two other canoes immediately put back and made all haste to reach the shore, and I was molested no more.

I could see other people also—men, women and children—on the beach, and they kept shouting and shaking their fists at me as long as I was in sight. It was a good two hours before I felt like laughing over my adventure, and perhaps I did not laugh very heartily then.

In my next, if you will read it, you will learn of my arrival in Jolly Land and the curious manner in which I discovered the right island.

IN WHICH HE TELLS OF HIS ARRIVAL IN JOLLY LAND.

For many days and nights after I sailed away from the cannibal island I did not meet with any adventures worth telling. The weather was fine and the wind fair, and I sailed on night and day with only one stop. On the sixth day I saw another island, and as I could see no people about I made a landing to get some fresh fruit. All that I had brought with me had begun to decay.

I found many trees loaded with fruit, and also plenty of fresh water, and, though I walked about for two hours, I did not find even the tracks of men. The only living things on the island, as far as I could make out, were rats, and they were there in plenty. They were much afraid of me at first, and scampered off whenever I raised my hand or shouted, but after a little time they grew so bold and appeared in such numbers that I verily believe they would have attacked me had I not loaded up with my fruit and hastened away. They were the largest rats I ever saw, and their long, sharp teeth would have inflicted painful wounds.

On the tenth night after my escape from the cannibals the wind was so steady that I made my sail fast and slept most of the night. I was asleep when daylight came, but soon after that was awakened by sounds of laughter.

There were the voices of men, women and children, and I never heard such hearty laughter before. I sprang up in wonder, and lo! I had reached another island. In fact, I was sailing right ashore, and more than two hundred people were on the beach waiting to receive me. Before I had time to handle my sail the boat ran upon the sands, and I was surrounded immediately.

Of all the people I ever had seen, these

were the queerest. I was only a boy ten years old, you will remember, but I soon saw that I was much taller and heavier than any of the full-grown men, while the boys and girls of ten or twelve years of age were hardly two feet tall.

I had heard my parents talk of giants and pigmies, and I knew that these little people must belong to the latter class. Every last one of them, from the oldest to youngest, was red-haired. I may say that I did not see a gray-haired person during my stay on the island, nor did any faces have wrinkles.

Another curious thing about the people was that all had blue eyes, and their eyesight was so good that they could see three times as far as I could. Their noses turned up at the end, and their mouths were large, and they had double teeth in front.

Their thumbs were as long as their fingers, and, though they were little people, they had wonderful strength.

For the first five minutes after I came ashore the people did nothing but laugh and skip around and clap their hands. If I had any fears of them at first I soon got over it. The laughing finally ceased, and a man stepped forth from the crowd and said to me:

"Welcome to our shore, oh, giant. You shall have food and wine and all you desire, and in return we ask that you do not harm any of us."

It made me laugh to hear him speak of me as a giant, when I was only a small boy, and as I laughed they all laughed with me. I was much surprised to find that they spoke my language, and that I could understand all that was said, and standing up in my boat I answered:

"My good friends, you need not fear me. I am in search of an island called Jolly Land. Will you tell me if this is the one?"

"It is—it is!" they shouted, as they danced around.

"Well, I am Joe Jolly Boy, and I have come to visit you and have good times. I see that you are very merry people. I am that way, too. I am always ready to laugh, and it is seldom that I am sorrowful. Are there any more of you than what I see here?"

"There are two thousand of us in all," replied the man who had spoken before, "and if you will go with us we will conduct you to our city, which is a mile away."

I held out my hand to him that he might assist me, but he did not take it. Instead of that he stepped back and about twenty men came forward and seized my boat and upset it and spilled me out on the ground.



I remembered what the soldier said about things being upside down in Jolly Land, and I laughed as I arose and brushed off my clothes, and the whole crowd laughed with me.

In my next I will tell you of the pigmy city, and what strange things I saw from day to day as I tarried on the island.

(To be continued.)



Some sort of a creature rose up out of the sea, clutched the craft and dragged it under.

Scarcely had the darkness begun to fade away when an island loomed up in front of me. It was covered with trees, and near its center was a very high hill. It was almost high enough to be called a mountain.

I could not tell whether I had arrived at the island of Jolly Land, or whether this was some other island. Never once did the thought come to me that it might be the place where the cannibals lived. I sailed in close to shore looking for a good spot to land, and, though I kept a good lookout, I saw no people. I thought it was so early in the morning that none of them were yet awake, and coming to a sandy beach I ran my boat ashore and got out to look around.

The ground was covered with green grass, and there were many trees bearing wild fruit. A stream of cold water ran down to the sea just where I landed, and when I had taken a drink and eaten some of the fruit I felt so good that I began to sing and laugh. If I had only known what danger lurked there I should have been as quiet as a mouse.

It wasn't more than five minutes after I began to laugh when I saw a dozen naked savages dodging around in a grove not far away. Each one was armed with a club, and as I stood there staring at them they brandished their weapons and uttered such shouts that my hair stood on end.

Knowing them to be enemies, and suspecting they might be the cannibals of whom I had heard, I ran to my boat and jumped in and pushed off. The men were almost upon me as I left the shore, and I saw that they were as black as negroes and as fierce as tigers. They danced about and yelled like Indians, and I put up my sail in a hurry and headed out to sea.

A Bird Petition Drawn by Hon. George F. Hoar, Senior Senator from Massachusetts

To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: We, the song-birds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this our humble petition:

We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm; and we know that whenever you do anything, other people all over the great land between the seas and the great lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know; we know. We are Americans just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came from across the great sea, but most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your

fathers when they came here many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear their plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us from mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or under a glass case. If this goes on much longer, all your song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are almost gone. Even the nightingales are being killed in Italy.

Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please to make another that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one

will kill us to get them? We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for Blackbird to whistle.

If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flower beds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, Oriole and Blackbird and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you; and when you go home tired at sundown, Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark, Fife Bird and Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you; and even Whip-poor-will will cheer up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.



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SHORTLY before the outbreak of the Revolutionary war a great mass meeting was held in New York to protest against the oppressive action of the British ministry. At that meeting there appeared upon the platform a stripling of seventeen, spare and small of stature, and looking even more youthful than he was.

To the astonishment of the assembled people, this boy stepped forward and addressed the meeting in a speech of such eloquence, force and logic that the next morning his name was upon every lip in New York and his fame spread rapidly throughout the colonies.

He was Alexander Hamilton, then a student at Columbia College. His name already was well known in the British West Indies, on one island of which he was born. At the age of fifteen he had written for a newspaper in St. Christopher an account of a tropical hurricane which had devastated the island. When it was found that the article had been written by a little boy everybody was amazed. On inquiry it was found that three years before, at the age of twelve, the boy had taken entire charge of the large business of his employer, Mr. Kruger, during the absence of that gentleman in New York and that he had conducted it successfully.

At once young Hamilton became a celebrity in the islands and wealthy planters contributed to a fund to send him to New York for a college education. There, at the age of seventeen, he took his place prominently among American patriots by his speech at the mass meeting.

Shortly after Hamilton's great speech, able and well-written pamphlets taking the side of the British against the Americans, began to be circulated throughout the colonies. They were signed "A Westchester Farmer" and as many people in this country were still undecided as to whether British oppression should be resisted or not, the pamphlets had an effect on the public which the patriots much regretted.

Many persons rushed into print to answer the arguments of the "Farmer."



Alexander Hamilton.

but of all the answers only one was so good as to attract universal attention.

This one called forth another pamphlet from the "Farmer," and that pamphlet provoked another answer from the same source as the first.

These answers to the "Farmer" were signed "A Sincere Friend of America," and were hailed with delight by the friends of liberty, both in this country and in England.

They were so brilliant that folk thought they had been written by some learned man of wide experience in the affairs of government. Some thought John Jay had written them and some thought William Livingstone—both prominent men at the time.

The answers showed that the writer

was thoroughly familiar with the principles of government and with the British Constitution. He seemed to know all about foreign governments and what they would be likely to do if America revolted. Also there was shown in the answers a surprising knowledge of military affairs.

At last it was discovered that the answers had been written by the same "marvelous boy"—as they began to call Hamilton—who had made the great speech at the New York mass meeting.

Professor Tyler says of these answers of Hamilton: "This beardless philosopher, this statesman not yet out of school, this military strategist not yet rid of his roundabout, exhibits a range and precision of knowledge, a ripeness of judgment, a serenity, a justice, a massiveness both of thought and style which is almost incredible in one so young."

The first answer was written when Hamilton was seventeen and the second a few days after his eighteenth birthday. When the Revolutionary war began Hamilton became a captain of artillery at the age of nineteen.

He took part in the Battle of Long Island and distinguished himself by covering the American retreat. The boy captain also distinguished himself at the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and on one occasion, when the American army was retiring across the Raritan river in New Jersey, Hamilton with his battery held in check the British who, under Lord Cornwallis, were closely pursuing Washington's army, until all the Americans were safely across.

Finally, at the age of twenty, Hamilton became aide-de-camp and private secretary to Washington. As, after that, he can no longer be considered a boy, we there take leave of him. He was as brilliant and successful as a man as he had been as a boy, and his name is one of the great ones in American history. He was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel fought on the shore of the North river, just north of Hoboken. Many tens of thousands of persons pass the monument over his grave every day. It stands close to the railing on the south side of Trinity Churchyard, New York.

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LESSON IX.—Vocalization of Pl and Pr; Prefixes and Suffixes.

Concerning the vocalization of the *pl* and *pr* series of consonants, it is remarked on page 36 of the "Teacher" that a dot vowel may be expressed between the two letters of one of the initial hook characters (*pr, pl, A, &c.*) by writing a small circle—smaller than circle *s*—BEFORE the consonant for a long vowel, and AFTER the consonant for a short one: thus, second-place long vowel, *pl* chairman, second-place short vowel, *pl* German.

In other words, either of the three long vowels, *ah, eh, ee*, may be expressed between the two letters (the consonant and the hook), before or above for a long vowel and after or below for a short vowel: thus, Long *pl* careless; Short, *pl* calcium. But, although this arrangement—namely, that of writing the circle before or above the consonant for a long vowel, and after or below for a short vowel—should be adhered to wherever possible, it sometimes happens that the position of the consonant renders it inconvenient to observe this rule, and in such cases the circle may be written on either side for either a long or a short vowel. The dash or stroke vowels, *aw, oh, oo*, may be written through the consonant as: *pl* court; *pl* curt. A diphthong between the two consonants is expressed thus: *pl* soldier.

In compounds where an initial hook or circle would interfere with the expression of a first-place vowel or diphthong between the two consonants, the sign for either may be used at the beginning of the hooked consonant, as: *pl* dormouse; *pl* child. So, too, when a FINAL hook or circle would interfere with a vowel or diphthong, the sign may be placed at the end of the word, thus: *pl* figures. It is seldom neces-

sary to mark an unaccented vowel in a double consonant of the *pl* and *pr* series; the syllables *per, pel, kel, &c.*, speaking for themselves. The *pl* and *pr* series of double consonants should be kept, generally, for such words as contain no vowel between the two consonants, or only an obscure one, thus: *pl* pray, *pl* apple; but *pl* peer, *pl* pole, &c., should be written thus.

Outlines that require this special method of vocalization seldom occur, the ordinary practice being departed from only occasionally for the purpose of obtaining more convenient forms; nevertheless, the principle must be well understood; for the learner should not only know that a word is written in this or that way, but he should also thoroughly understand the principles upon which accurate outlines are formed.

The following words illustrate the use of the prefix *com* or *com* and the suffixes *ing* or *ings* (see "Teacher," page 37): *pl* compared, *pl* con-cert, *pl* com-fort-ing, *pl* com-pat-ing, *pl* build-ings.

Work for this month to the end of Exercise 62.

"Jack."

A year or more ago, as the foreman of one of the iron works of this city was crossing the yard one day he espied a little skip of a boy, seemingly not over eleven years old, seated on a big fly-wheel and chewing the end of bitter reflection.

"Who are you?"
"I'm Jack."
"What are you doing here?"
"Resting."
"What do you want?"
"A job."
Those were the inquiries and answers,

The boy was pale-faced and ragged, but in his steel-blue eyes the foreman saw game. And, too, the idea of a waif like him setting out to battle the world touched a tender chord in the heart of the man who had boys of his own, and he set Jack at work in the yard.

No one thought the boy would stay a week, and so no one cared to ask where he came from or who he was. But he stuck. He was hard-working and faithful, and as the weeks went by he gained friends. One day he walked up to the foreman and said:

"I want to learn the trade."
"You? Ha! ha! ha! Why, Jack, you are not big enough to handle a cold chisel."
"I can whip any 'prentice boy in the shop!" was the earnest declaration.
"Just hear him! Why any of the lot could turn you wrong side out! When you get big enough to whip the smallest one you come to me for a job."
At noon that day Jack walked up to the biggest apprentice boy in the shop and said:

"Come out doors."
"What do you want?"
"I'm going to lick you!"
"What for?"
"Because I want a chance to learn the trade."
The two went out, and in sight of twenty witnesses little Jack won a victory. At one o'clock he touched his cap to the foreman and said:

"I've licked your biggest 'prentice and want to go to work!"
Ten minutes later he had become a machinist's apprentice, and if you go in there today you will find him with greasy hands, oily face and a head full of business ideas. Jack carries the keys to the drawers where the steam-gauges, safty-valves and other trimmings are kept, and he knows the use of every tool, the working of every piece of machinery, and there is a constant call for Jack here and Jack there. Before he is twenty he will be a finished machinist, and before he is twenty five he will be foreman of some great shop. He is quiet, earnest, respectful and observing. What he does is well done. What he is told he never forgets.

And here in Detroit are hundreds of boys who complain that there is no chance for them, even when backed by money and influence. They wait and wait and whine and complain, and leave it to waifs like little Jack to call up the game in their souls and walk boldly into a great manufacturing works and say: "I'm here—I want a job!"—Detroit Free Press.

We suppose there are many of our readers who can tell what word in the English language is always spelled wrong.

A man recently said that he had an office boy who was slow but sure, and explained that he was slow to learn and sure to forget.



An Awful Battle.

The first picture on the left shows the raising of the flag on a sand fort built by some boys in Minneapolis. Large sewer pipes were used for cannon. The middle picture shows the boys in the act of recapturing the fort after it had been taken from them by the girls. The girls look very peaceable, and it doesn't seem as if it would be very hard to make the capture. The picture on the right is the most interesting one of all. The reproduction doesn't do it credit. The fort has been recaptured, though many of the brave soldiers have been killed. Two nurses of the Red Cross Society are looking after the wounded. —Photographs by Ralph Hoffman, Minneapolis, Minn.

For a Boys' "Circus" J. C. BEARD BEGUN IN MARCH—MORE TRICKS NEXT MONTH

THE CIRCUS TRICK MULE.

It is said that a mule will be good for more than a year just to get one fair swing of his heels at some unsuspecting man.

The circus mule shown in the illustration is never good for any period like a year. This is because he gets plenty of chances to kick without the necessity of pretending to be other than he is, the most vicious and untrustworthy animal in the ring.

The several clowns who attend upon the trick mule sometimes make very tempting offers to any spectator who will ride the animal; but I have never heard of any one who enriched himself by the experiment. If you can imagine an animal beside which a bucking bronco is like a tame lamb, then you will have a fair idea of the character of a circus trick mule.

He knows just when to buck and just how to buck and when a mule knows that, there is not a man in the world who knows just how to stay on the beast's back.

A team of two sturdy boys can make themselves into a trick mule without very much trouble. The team must procure two sticks. Each stick should be about five inches long, three inches wide and one inch thick (see the side pieces in the diagram connected by the dotted line B).

The side pieces are connected by two broad strips of canvas (see A and A' of the diagram).

In the center of each piece of canvas is a hole through which the team put their heads.

The two pieces of wood will be allowed to hang one on each side of the performers, under their arms. This gives the framework on which to build the back of the mule. A couple of pillows or one bolster bound over this framework will give the mule somewhere near his proper shape.

The head of the mule is made somewhat on the principle of a rag doll. It is nothing more or less than a bag stuffed with bits of paper, excelsior or any other material which happens to be handy.

The hair on the mule's forehead and along his neck can be made by sewing on bits of ordinary cotton. But if it can be obtained some horsehair from an old mattress is better.

The mule's ears can be made of cardboard stiffened with thin strips of wood.

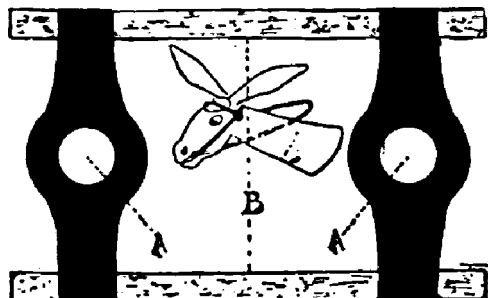


Diagram.

Fasten these to the head at different angles.

With every move of the mule the ears will flop about in the most ridiculous manner.

The eyes, which should be very large with the eyeballs down in one corner, can be painted on a piece of paper; then cut out and pasted in place.

The tail is a light cane with a bunch of horsehair or cotton tied at the end. The bridle of the mule can be made of ordinary straps or even pieces of rope. In real life the bridle of the everyday mule is usually patched until at least half of it is rope or string.

A rug or curtain can be thrown over the mule's back to hide the pillow and the side pieces.

A partition is sewed across the bag which forms the mule's head in the place indicated by the dotted lines in the diagram. The mule's head is slipped over

the head of the first boy and pinned about his shoulders.

Eye holes are cut in the neck, as indicated, so that the boy may see where he is going.

The tail is held in the hand of the second boy. No saddle is needed; but if some brightly colored bit of cloth is thrown over the mule's back it will give somewhat the idea of a circus.

The boys who take the role of the mule's legs will wear long black or gray stockings and short, tight trousers. The trousers must, if possible, be the same color as the stockings.

The success of a trick mule depends a great deal upon his attendants, and whether or not they play their part well. They must be very nervous every time



The mule is on.

their pet makes a sudden move and they must show a strong dislike to the idea of either riding him or getting behind him.

When the clowns desire the mule to do one of his tricks, such as jumping a hurdle, etc., they will entreat him to perform the trick. They will implore him not to make them ridiculous in the eyes of the audience by refusing, and they will offer him all sorts of bribes.

When they name something which pleases the mule's fancy, he does the trick, or at least tries to do it.

The clown must keep assuring the spectators that the mule is quite harmless, "as gentle as a lamb," etc., and they will stick to this, even after the mule has given very visible evidence that he is no such thing.

THE CLOWN ON ROLLER SKATES.

A few years ago boys considered a roller skate with wooden rollers and wooden foot rest, fastened on with straps, a very proper sort of contrivance.

When the half clamp and the whole clamp skates and composition roller were introduced they met immediate approval and were adopted by every enthusiastic skater as soon as he could save money enough to buy them.

The latest idea of substituting two wheels on each skate in place of the original number, four, is being endorsed rapidly by boys and it is now only a matter of a short time before the one-wheeled skate of the clown will be offered to the boy public.

If boys will exercise a little ingenuity and follow the directions given in this article they can manufacture one-wheeled skates without waiting for the shopkeepers to get hold of the idea.

Get two wheels, each of which should be nearly as possible the same size, about one foot in diameter. Metal wheels will answer better than wooden ones. Cut from oak, hickory or some other tough wood a piece such as shown in Figure 1. The dimensions of this piece will depend upon the size of the wheel to which it is to be attached. It should be four inches longer than one-half the diameter of the wheel. Cut a second piece such as shown in Figure 2. The widest part of this stick should be seven inches longer than half the diameter of the wheel. The narrow part of the stick

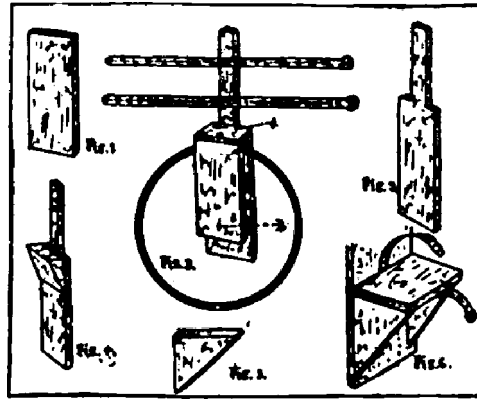
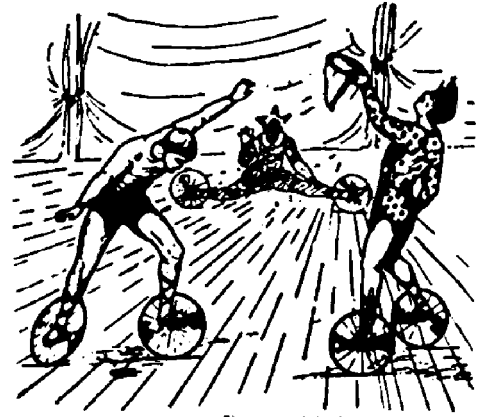


Diagram showing necessary parts for roller skate wheels.

should be one foot long. Fasten a bracket-shaped piece of wood to Figure 2 as shown in Figure 4. Fasten a second bracket-shaped piece of wood to the top of Figure 1. Fasten Figure 1 and Figure 2 together by nailing or screwing a piece of wood (as shown in "A," Figure 3) across the brackets. The piece of wood "A" in Figure 3 must be wide enough to allow the wheel, which is indicated by the black circle, to pass freely between Figure 1 and Figure 2 after they are fastened together. A foot rest, such as shown in Figure 6, must now be fastened to the lower part of Figure 2. The back of Figure 6 is intended to represent the lower part of Figure 2. Figure 6 is made by fastening a brace, such as the one shown in Figure 5, on each side of Figure 2 and then fasten a piece of wood across them. Figure 3 shows the outside of the skate. The foot rest is to be fastened on the inside of the skate—that is, the side toward the skates. Fasten straps to Figure 6 and Figure 3 as indicated in the diagrams. Both foot rests, the one for the right foot and the one for the left foot, must be exactly the same height from the ground. Fasten the wheels in position by running a bolt through both sides of Figure 3 (see "B," Figure 3, showing the head of the bolt). The bolt serves as an axle for the wheel. It is much more difficult to skate with a clown's one-wheeled contrivance than it is with the ordinary



Clown on their skates.

skate; but when the art is once learned it will be found that many feats can be accomplished which are well nigh impossible on the four or two-wheeled rollers. I have never seen the one-wheeled skates used outside of a rink and I cannot say whether or not in the matter of mere speed they are equal to the common skate. It would be an interesting experiment to try, but in the matter of graceful fancy skating, as I have mentioned, the one-wheeled clown skate is without an equal.

In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying "have went."

The teacher kept him in one night and said: "Now, while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times."

When the teacher came back he looked at the boy's paper, and there was, "have gone fifty times." On the other side was written, "I have went home."

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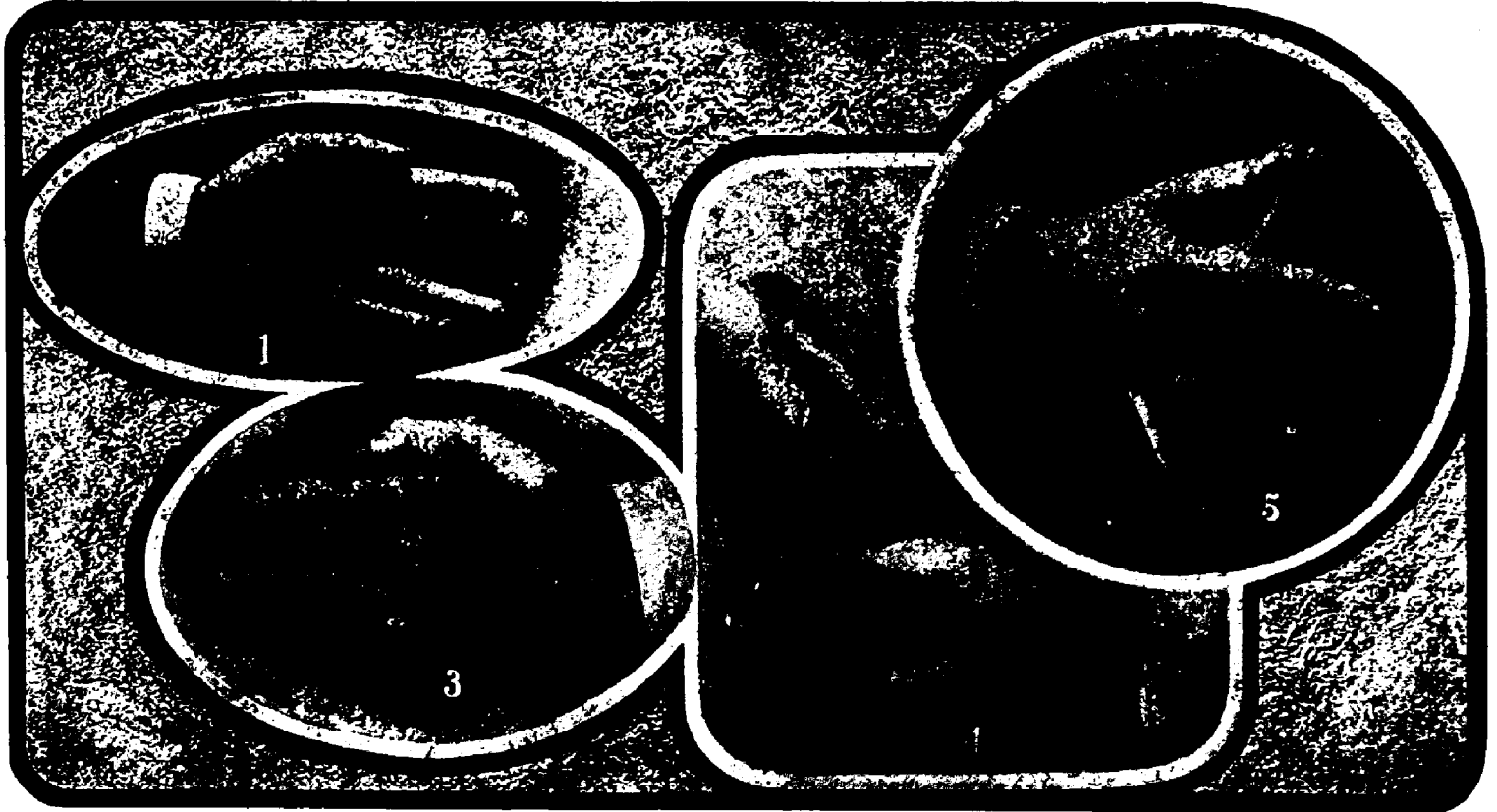
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There are always odd moments at all gatherings when there seems to be a lull in the entertainment, and anyone who can suggest something at such a time, to get over the gap, is hailed with delight.

First of all, hold the hand out flat, as seen in Figure 1, and separate the fingers as shown. Looks easy, doesn't it? So it is, comparatively, but it may take a few trials on your part to do it, and the chances are that nine out of ten whom you ask to do it will not be able. The third and little fingers have an exasperating way of keeping apart.

When you have got your friends interested in that you can go one better, and ask them to do what is shown in Figure 2. Practice this a number of times, so that you can get the correct position. What you must do is to press the first and third finger tips together and then try and pass the second finger through the opening without moving the finger tips that touch.

This is a tantalizer, and you had better follow it with one that seems ever so much simpler, though in reality it is not. Hold the hand up flat, as seen in Figure 3, and bend the little finger so that the first joint is, as shown in the photograph, flat.

It is surprising how little control one has over their fingers. Of course, if you have practiced somewhat, you will have the advantage of your friends, whom you will tease with your cleverness, and they will wonder at the suppleness of your fingers and the stiffness of their own. It is not necessary that you be able to do them, however, to get quite a lot of fun out of it, so long as you remember how the trick is to be done, and can indicate it sufficiently to get them interested.

The fourth trick is a terror. Close the hand with the index finger extended, then bend only the first joint as shown in the photograph. It is at the second joint that the difficulty will be found, as indicated by the finger above it. This persists in bending up as the first joint is bent down. Yet there are some people with such control over their fingers that they can bend any joint at will.

The fifth trick is the most ingenious of all. Put the tips of the thumbs and the tips of the first, third and little fingers together, and the second fingers bend and press together at the middle joint. Then part the thumbs and little fingers and see if you can separate the third fingers without disturbing the bent second fingers. Not many can do this, simple as it looks, for the fingers stick as though they were cemented.



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UNDER SCOTT IN MEXICO, by Captain Ralph Banehill, author of "For the Liberty of Texas," "A Sailor Boy With Dewey," etc. This is the third volume of the "Mexican War Series" by the same author, each volume, however, forming a complete story in itself. Boys will be delighted with this stirring story of the war with Mexico. The author writes with a correctness as to events that gives the reader a knowledge of the history and geography of the places mentioned as well as to rouse his veneration for the bravery and patriotism of the gallant men who fought and bled under the renowned Generals Taylor and Scott. The book is handsomely illustrated by J. J. Mora and contains 287 pages in colored cover. Price, \$1.00 net. Dana, Estes & Co., publishers.

TRAVELLER TALES OF THE PAN-AMERICAN COUNTRIES. Educational Travel Series, by Hozekiah Butterworth. The name of Butterworth stands among boys as a synonym for good, wholesome, pleasant and entertaining reading. In the present volume the author tells his readers about what he himself saw in his journeys through South American countries and the West Indies, and pictures the lands that will be directly or indirectly connected with the Panama Canal. The book also contains many of the legends, history and folklore stories of these countries. As quite a number of the words in these stories will be unfamiliar to the reader, the author has appended a glossary which will be found valuable. There are also many engravings and pictures, adding still more to the educational value of the work. We are sure the boys who get hold of this book will find it most enjoyable as well as highly instructive. 299 pps. Good paper and clear type, with picture cover. Price \$1.50 net. Dana, Estes & Co., publishers.

JACKANAPES, by Juliana Horatio Ewing. We cordially recommend this book to every American boy and girl. No reader will be able to withstand its humor or its pathos. In Jackanapes we have the portrait of a manly, loving, self-sacrificing youth. All the characters are faithfully drawn. The whole tone of the story is inspiring and pure, such as will encourage the boys to true manliness. 71 pages. Price, 50 cents. Dana, Estes & Co.

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A STRUGGLE FOR A FORTUNE, by Harry Castlemon. Mr. Castlemon has written with graphic pen a most interesting story of Nat Wood's struggle for possession of the fortune which had been buried by old Mr. Nickerson. The enemies he had to contend with and his ingenuity and resourcefulness in circumventing and finally overcoming them and obtaining his fortune will give the reader enough excitement. The fault we find is that in many of the statements made by Nat there is an

evasiveness which nearly borders on untruthfulness; but, perhaps, the author will say that the exigencies of the various occasions required it, and the end justified the means used. Illustrated by W. H. Fry. 298 pages, with ornamental cover. Price \$1.00. The Saalfeld Publishing Co.

DOCTOR ROBIN, by Harriet A. Cheever, is a bright story of bird life and will be very pleasant reading for the younger boys and girls. Doctor Robin, who is supposed to tell the story, is very interesting. He tells of the many cures he effects and the surgical operations he performs upon bird patients, and gives good advice to "people" and children as to their treatment of birds. The young folks will be delighted with the Baltimore Oriole, who, like many "people," was proud of his gay plumage, and through his vanity and curiosity was made captive, but afterward rescued by Dr. Robin and other friends. The boys and girls will love the birds better after reading this book and be ready to welcome their little friends who are this month winning their way north from the warm southland. Illustrations by Etheldred B. Barry. 100 pages. Price, 40 cents net. Dana, Estes & Co.

YOUNG EXPLORERS OF THE ISTHMUS, by Edward Stratemeyer. This is the third volume in the Pan-American Series, and will be heartily welcomed by the fortunate readers of "Lost On the Orinoco," and "The Young Volcano Explorers." In the present volume Professor Strong and his pupils leave the West Indies for Central America, landing at Greytown, in the Republic of Nicaragua. Naturally they are much interested in the Isthmian canal, and, starting from Greytown on muleback they visit many interesting places and have quite a number of adventures, humorous and otherwise. After visiting ancient Granada, they sail along the coast of Lake Nicaragua, ultimately arriving at Rivas, near where the western end of the Nicaraguan canal was proposed to be built. Journeying into Costa Rica, the party visit the sights and interesting places in that republic. They then sail from Limon to Aspinwall, investigate the Panama Canal route and wind up by a trip across the Isthmus to Panama. It is a splendid book, that will not only amuse and interest the reader, but will supply him with most valuable instruction and information upon subjects which every young American, who takes pride in his country and what pertains to it, ought to know. 300 pages. Ornamental cover. Price \$1.00 net. Lee & Shepard.

To our readers who enjoy good, wholesome literature, we would advise them to look over the "Boys' Books Reviewed" columns each month. Books may be purchased from us.

How Tommy Brought His Treasure Home—J. Olivier Curwood

TOMMY dug his toes into the desert sand, and whistled doubtfully. The fiery little "heat devils" were dancing in a dizzying way between him and the distant mountains, and his respect for Arizona grew as he thought of all the mysterious things he had heard were hidden behind that purple range. There were vast treasures there, lost silver mines, and whole canons of undiscovered gold. If he had not been sure of it he certainly would not have left home two days before, with the vow that he would never return until he brought back a treasure with him. Tommy had planned everything with the greatest precision. His parents had moved to Arizona from a big eastern city less than a month before, and long before they had all boarded the emigrant train that brought them into the far west he had made up his mind what he would do. As soon as he had seen his family comfortably and safely settled on the ranch they were going to take up, he would seek adventures among the redskins, and hunt for gold. Of course there was lots of gold, and the Indians were bloodthirsty, for Tommy had learned all that in stories.

With boyish simplicity Tommy was sitting squarely in the red-hot sun while he might have sought the shade among the rocks. But he was thinking, and thinking deeply. His ragged straw hat was tilted low over his freckled face, while aslant it a long black feather he had stolen from his mother's bonnet shook as he alternately turned his eyes in one direction and then in another across the desert. Around his waist was tied a red scarf, which back in the city he had used for winter wear, and stuck in it and held there by a cord was his mother's formidable-looking bread knife. On the other side was a horse-pistol a foot long, and across his knees lay a small, single-barreled shotgun, with the breech and a half of the barrel tightly bound with stout string.

"I dunno," he meditated, glancing back over his shoulder again; "I've come that fur, 'n' I don't 'spect this desert is wider 'n that, but I wisht I had a drink 'fore I tackled it!"

The stretch over which the boy had tramped during the night lay out white and blistering hot behind him. Its edge many miles farther away than were the mountains ahead. As he looked, his eyes travelled in another direction, and suddenly brightened.

"Je-roosalem!" He gripped his gun and dodged behind the rock on which he had been sitting. Coming up along the edge of the barren foothill, not a quarter of a mile away, was a dense cloud of dust. His first thought was that his father had succeeded in striking his trail and was in pursuit, but the fact that the approaching horsemen were coming from a different direction than that in which his home lay struck him as queer. His next thought was Indians. He knew that Arizona was full of them, and that they were the worst Indians for fight on the American continent. His romantic youth had never been educated to the fact that the warpath had been only a memory for many years, and if they WERE Indians, which he half hoped, he reasoned they were hostiles from the manner in which they sneaked along the edge of the hills. He had hardly gained breath from his first surprise when the horsemen swerved into the rock-strewn gully below him, not half a dozen rods away. From behind his rock he watched them as they passed—three fierce, desperate looking young Apache bucks!

For a moment the boy grasped his gun hard. Here was the opportunity for which he had prayed in his boyish dreams ever since he could remember. He knew that by actual count there were eighteen little homemade slugs in that weapon, and if by any chance the redskins happened to get in line where he could—the thought of it made him tremble. Slowly and very deliberately he pulled back the hammer and drew bead on the passing horsemen. But where were they going? As his eye shot along the blue steel of the barrel it caught the distant purple haze of the mountains. The little "heat-devils" dancing out on the desert seemed doing some sort of pantomime to him—telling him not to shoot, to wait.

"Wonder what they're goin' out THERE for!" he soliloquized. He fell back in a limp heap as one of the Indians turned to look over his shoulder.

The Apaches were now out of range. It was lucky for both Tommy and the Indians, for the boy's excitement was steadily growing. One of the horsemen had dismounted, and in a very mysterious way was examining the sand along the edge of the desert, while his companions kept on in the direction of the mountains. Suddenly he seemed to find something, following it a little distance, then with a low whoop that sent the blood thrilling through Tommy's veins leaped astride his horse and galloped swiftly after the others.

"War whoop!" commented Tommy. His eyes were big and bright with a new knowledge. There was something very mysterious in the wind, and the cause of it all lay over behind those blue mountains!

From behind the rocks Tommy watched the Apaches slowly disappear, until even

the cloud of dust they stirred up was lost to view. Then he sprang down through the boulders, and put his feet swiftly in the hot desert sand. His thirst was forgotten. If he had ever been tired or hungry he did not know it now. With his eyes alternately glued upon the fresh trail and the mountains ahead he trudged mile after mile across the desert. After a while he untied his long horse-pistol and carried it in his hand because it chafed him. And all this time the belief was constantly growing in him that there was some great secret behind this mysterious trip of the Indians.

The sun was still hot when he reached the first range of hills. But now, when he rested, there was shade to lie in. Fearful every moment that he would lose the precious trail among the rocks, Tommy's intervals of rest were short. Suddenly rounding one of the hills he came in full view of a little valley at his feet not larger than a city lot, and in the heart of it was a pool of sparkling water, the grass around it trampled by the hoofs of horses and moccasined feet. For a full ten minutes Tommy sat beside it, drinking now and then, until he was so full he could drink no more. Then his tired feet again took up the trail. Mile after mile he followed it like a dog, until it seemed he was in the heart of the highest mountains.

From the spoor of one of the horses Tommy reasoned that the Indians had passed not more than half an hour before. Probably they had rested a long time at the pool. Every step the boy now took was a cautious one. He slipped from rock to rock like a shadow. Remembering the warnings he had read in books of adventure he kept his gun cocked ready for instant use. How great and mysterious the mountains were! Looking up from the canon he could see them towering up almost out of



sight. Then he came to a point where he looked the other way—down—until it made him dizzy. Half crouching along the narrow trail he followed it until it unexpectedly terminated in a broad, smooth slope that inclined to a sand-choked little valley below him, with the gaunt, black mountains frowning down upon it in the last rays of the afternoon sun.

And in the center of it, rolling lazily in the heavy dust, were the three magnificent horses the Apaches had ridden across the desert!

Tired and hungry as he was, Tommy's heart leaped with exultation. Wedging himself in between two boulders he began making a careful survey of the valley, but from end to end of it he could see no signs of the Indians. Though the black walls of the mountains came down and shut in the miniature desert like a cup, with no place of concealment anywhere along it, the Apaches had disappeared as mysteriously as if they had been lifted up into the sky. As the sun gradually sank lower behind the craggy peaks Tommy studied every foot of the way beneath him until his eyes grew so tired that he laid his head back on one of the rocks to rest them. When he looked up again the Apache horses were on their feet, and trailing one after another in single file almost directly toward him. Scarcely restraining a cry of surprise Tommy suddenly bethought him that a small part of the desert directly under him had been out of his view all of the time, and that there only a few feet away, he would probably find the Indians. This thought had hardly come to him when the three horses huddled together, and across the intervening strip of sand stalked one of the young bucks, half bent under the weight of three or four buckskin bags he was carrying on his shoulders.

"Tha—that's it!" half sobbed Tommy. His great excitement made his voice quaver even when he whispered to himself. This was what had brought the redskins on their mysterious journey across the desert! What was in those buckskin bags? Tommy was sure he


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knew. O, if he was only sure of himself with the big horse-pistol! He could bring down one of them with the gun, but he had not much confidence in his ability with the other weapon. As he planned excitedly how to get possession of the bags, the other two Indians appeared laden as their companion, and with him proceeded to tie their loads across the shoulders of the horses. From where he was hidden Tommy could see that they were partly filled with some very heavy stuff, like pebbles, and in one of the bags he could see bunches standing out as big as his fist. As silently and as mysteriously as they had come the Apaches mounted and rode up the

canon, holding their rifles in front of them, and guiding their horses with their knees.

In an instant Tommy was scudding down among the rocks. Sure enough, directly under his hiding place the sand was filled with the imprints of moccasined feet, which led back into a narrow fissure in the face of the mountain, which was growing black and gloomy as night came. With his heart thumping excitedly against his ribs Tommy stole deeper into the fissure, until his eyes caught the glow of a few burning embers in a fire that had been built at its side. Here the Indians had toasted some meat, and much to the boy's delight a few good-sized scraps of it were lying on a rock. Devouring them ravenously as he proceeded with his search, Tommy soon paused on the edge of what in the darkness looked like a chasm. From somewhere beyond that, Tommy reasoned, had come the treasure.

Once more slipping back into the valley the boy struck the return trail of the Indians. This time he paid no attention to the hoofprints of the horses, for he was confident that the party would spend the night at the pool. There, in some way or other, he would secure possession of the buckskin bags. Just how he would do it Tommy had not quite decided. It was a clear, starlit night, and much to the boy's satisfaction the full moon soon came up to light him on his way. He did not hurry, for whatever his plans were, they would work better if the Indians were asleep. Mile after mile he trudged on, until at last he once more caught the glimmer of the pool, as it shone out brightly in the moonlight.

Foot by foot Tommy crept nearer. He could make out the three horses grazing a little way from the water, and on the side of a knoll between them and the pool a small fire was just dying out. At the edge of the water Tommy halted a moment for a drink, then slunk like an animal through the grass around to the farther side of the knoll, crept up it and cautiously peered over. The moon was

Continued on Page 224.)

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The Hero of Prudence Island

William Pendleton
Chipman, D. D.

CHAPTER I.

LOVELY Prudence or as the Indians called it, Chibacuweise, that small island which emerges from the placid waters of the Narragansett Bay, just north of its more pretentious neighbor, the Conanicut, and between Pappasquash Neck on the east, and the North Kingstown shore on the west.

It has long been famous for its farming, grazing and fishing, and no one who now visits its quiet shores, or who enters its pleasant and prosperous dwellings, would scarcely think of its hard fate during the Revolutionary War.

But while the British held Newport and the bay, the inhabitants of Prudence were forced to flee to the mainland, and their farms, fruits, trees, and dwellings were the repeated spoil of the enemy.

Here also in the middle of January, 1776, was fought a two days' battle, wherein the routed "minutemen" of the first day, by the timely arrival of reinforcements from the main shore towns of Warren and Bristol on the second morning, repulsed the British forces, and after three hours of hard fighting drove them back to their ships with heavy loss.

The immediate cause of this attack lay in the fact that for some months the little island had been made a picket station for the Rhode Island forces. There a full company of minutemen had been quartered; from there row galleys patrolled the bay; and there a night guard was constantly kept.

The vigilance and boldness displayed by this little band of home defenders had largely checked the depredations of the British, and hence there naturally arose a determination on their part to break up the outpost.

With this object in view, therefore, twelve British vessels, under the command of Captain James Wallace, appeared off the island early on the January morning already alluded to, and notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts of the pickets to prevent it, succeeded in landing a force of two hundred and fifty men.

Then began a struggle, hotly contested on both sides, for the supremacy, and which lasted the greater part of the day. The Americans, outnumbered more than two to one, took refuge behind walls and buildings, and in fact anything that offered the slightest protection, and poured in an irregular fire upon their opponents.

But superiority of numbers and the better discipline of the British soldiers overbalanced the protected positions and consummate bravery of the home guards, and slowly they were driven back before the steady fire of the enemy.

Several times, at the command of their officers, did the minutemen bravely rally, and charge down upon the steadily advancing forces of the enemy, but each time they were completely routed.

During the prolonged contest also, to the intense chagrin of the Americans, the seven buildings they had occupied as temporary barracks were burned to the ground, and an hundred sheep, "still remaining on the island for their subsistence," as the old colonial records quaintly put it, were driven off to the boats, and sent on board the vessels of war.

Towards the middle of the afternoon the retreating pickets found themselves well over towards the east side of the island, and not far from the point where the lighthouse now stands.

A large, two-story, stoutly built, log building was still standing upon the height, and for some distance around there was only an open field.

The sorely pressed and weary men were not slow to see the advantage of this elevated and protected position, could it once be gained; and, at a word from their commander, they rushed up the hill, and into the structure, not, however, without leaving several of their comrades dead and wounded on the grassy slope.

After barricading the doors, they ran to the windows on the first floor, and began to pour a steady fire into their assailants, who were gradually advancing in a semicircle, and replying vigorously.

Only sixty two of the original hundred of the minutemen had reached the house, including three officers, a corporal, a sergeant and the captain. Among this number was a mere lad, Herbert Hathaway by name, not much over sixteen years old, and who was so small he scarcely appeared to be fourteen.

Like nearly every American boy of that period he was familiar with the use of the rifle, and when his home at Warwick, on the adjacent main shore, was plundered and burned by the British, he had promptly offered himself for the home defense, and was as promptly accepted. For it was a time when neither stature nor age was counted in the soldier, but when every fencible person in the State was called out upon duty.

Though small in stature, with red hair and freck-

led face, and pale, almost colorless eyes, and far from prepossessing in appearance, Herbert Hathaway had a heart of courage, and it was on his heroism that not only the issue of the battle, but the very fate of his comrades was destined largely to hang.

The American captain, a tall old fellow, lean and severe, with grizzly hair and beard, was directing the defense from a window at the front of the house, shouting out his orders like pistol shots, and with no sign of emotion in his hard face.

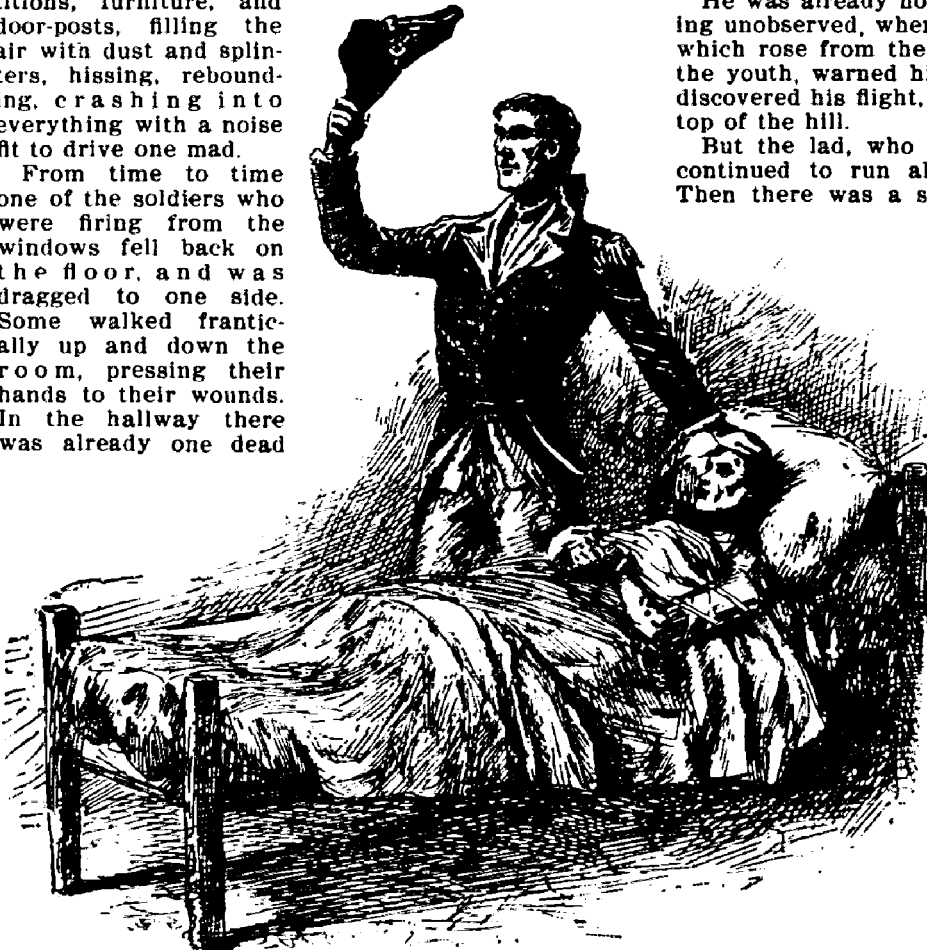
The lad, who was a little pale, but firm on his legs, finding the other windows fully occupied by his comrades, hastily drew a table up to the window beside the captain, clambered up on it and coolly fired away above the officer's head, at the bunch of redcoats he saw approaching through the field.

The captain noticed him with a grim smile, and perhaps marked him even then for the hazardous undertaking to which he soon called him.

The building was situated on the very summit of the hill, and on the north side, where the slope was most abrupt, had but one small window, high up, which looked out from the garret; consequently the British did not threaten the house from that side, and the height was clear: their fire was directed only at the front and the two sides.

But it was a terrible fire, a storm of leaden bullets, which on the outside shattered the windows and splintered the walls, and on the inside smashed partitions, furniture, and door-posts, filling the air with dust and splinters, hissing, rebounding, crashing into everything with a noise fit to drive one mad.

From time to time one of the soldiers who were firing from the windows fell back on the floor, and was dragged to one side. Some walked frantically up and down the room, pressing their hands to their wounds. In the hallway there was already one dead



"Lads," he cried, "You all did bravely; but here is the hero of the island!"

man, with a ball through his forehead. The semicircle of the enemy kept closing in.

All at once, the captain, who until then was impassable, was seen to show signs of uneasiness, and to stride out of the room, calling the corporal to follow him.

About five minutes afterward the latter came running back and called "Herbert Hathaway!" The boy ran after him up a rude wooden staircase, and entered an empty garret, where he found the captain leaning against the window, with a bedcord on the floor at his feet.

The officer turned as the lad approached, and, looking with his cold, grayish eyes into those of the youngster, abruptly asked:

"Do you know how to handle a boat, Herbert?"

"Yes, sir," he promptly replied. "And you have courage and discretion?"

The boy's pale eyes lighted up.

"Haven't I done my duty today, captain?" he asked, with a touch of pride in his tones.

A smile played for a moment about the stern mouth of the captain.

"Look down there," he then said, pushing the lad to the window.

"Around yonder point, near that clump of tall oaks, is a skiff and oars. Over yonder across the bay you see the roofs of Bristol. Two companies of our men are stationed there, and two more at War-

ren, just beyond. Catch hold of this rope, slide down from the window, run along the shore to that point, get into the boat, and pull the best you know how for the mainland, and tell the first man you meet our situation.

"No other boat is on this side of the island, and if you keep that clump of trees between yourself and the redcoats, you can make half the distance across the bay before you are discovered. We can hold out here until reinforcements come, if you hurry. Leave your gun here, but take my pistol with you."

The boy laid down his weapon, and put the pistol the officer handed him into his jacket pocket; the corporal threw out the rope, and grasped one end of it with both hands; the captain helped the boy pass backward through the window.

"Take care," he said, "remember the safety of your comrades depends upon you."

"Never fear, Captain, I shall bring the reinforcements," replied the lad firmly, swinging himself out.

"Stoop as much as possible while running for the oaks," directed the captain, helping the corporal to hold the rope.

"Yes, sir."

"God help you!"

In a few seconds Herbert was on the ground; the corporal drew up the rope and disappeared, but the captain remained at the window and watched the lad flying down the slope.

He was already hoping he had succeeded in escaping unobserved, when five or six little clouds of dust, which rose from the ground both before and behind the youth, warned him that the British soldiers had discovered his flight, and were firing at him from the top of the hill.

But the lad, who had already reached the shore, continued to run along it at a break-neck speed. Then there was a second volley from the soldiers, and the boy fell.

"Killed!" exclaimed the watching captain, striking his fist savagely against the window sill. But he had hardly uttered the word, when he saw Herbert rise to his feet.

"Ah! only a fall after all," muttered the captain, and breathed freely again; for the lad if hurt did not show it, and ran as fast as ever.

A half dozen of the redcoats were now speeding after the boy, firing as they ran. But Herbert distanced them, and when they reached the point, he had already shoved off the skiff, seized the oars, and was several rods from the shore.

The captain gave an exclamation of triumph, but he continued to follow the lad anxiously with his eyes, because the soldiers were still firing at him.

The boat was almost out of reach of the guns, when the boy suddenly dropped one of the oars, and al-

lowed it to float away from him. It was evident that he had been wounded, for his left arm was hanging powerless at his side.

"He's hit!" exclaimed the captain, and he shudderingly watched all the lad's movements.

If he did not reach the main shore and secure immediate relief, either all the home guards would be killed, or he would have to surrender and become a prisoner with them.

But even though the lad was hurt it was soon evident that he was still able to act; for he immediately changed his seat to the stern of the boat, and with his remaining oar sculled the light craft swiftly out of the reach of the whistling bullets.

A thankful sigh escaped the captain, and he was about to return to his men, when his eye caught sight of a boat rounding the sandy point. It was a British yawl, manned by a coxswain and six sailors, and they were pulling directly for the boy.

CHAPTER II.

Again the captain watched anxiously. He even encouraged the lad, and spoke to him, as though he could hear. He measured continually, with his keen eyes, the distance between the boats.

Meanwhile, he heard the whistling and whirring of the bullets in the rooms below, the shouts of the men, the groans of the wounded, and the crashing of boards and the splintering of logs.



Pittsburg "Rough Riders."

The "Rough Riders," as they are termed, are by no means confined to the plains of the West. In the suburbs of Pittsburg is a band which is frequently called out to withstand the attacks of Indians and perform other daring exploits which have attracted considerable attention to its really remarkable horsemanship. It is comprised of boys whose ages range between eight and twelve years. They have all of the regulation equipment, including rawhide whips, the soft hat, the top boots and the "shooting irons" as well as the necessary lasso. They have broken their ponies so that the little animals will execute various kinds of evolutions as readily as the average broncho and sometimes will be as obstinate.

As there are no Indians in the suburbs of Pittsburg, where the rough riders reside, they have induced some of their comrades to put on the war paint and feathers. A big box on one of the vacant lots has been turned into a fort and this is defended by the whites from the attack of the Apaches and other tribes until the brave garrison is rescued by the troop of rough riders who swoop down upon the redskins and generally put them to flight, although some of the scrimmages are extremely exciting and many powder cartridges are emptied before the enemy is conquered. The front page illustration shows one of the officers of the rough riders with his complete equipment, and the accompanying pictures show a platoon with an Indian prisoner, and a fort garrison.

"Pull, Herbert, pull!" he cried, following with his eyes the distant boy.

So yet there was a long space between the boats, and the short winter afternoon was fast drawing to a close. Night would soon fall, and the lad might yet escape.

The sergeant now hurried up almost out of breath, to say that the enemy had ceased their fire, and were waving a white flag as a summons to surrender.

"Don't answer just yet," the captain cried, without removing his eyes from the boats.

They were a long distance off shore, and the boy was still a good piece ahead of his pursuers. Then the darkness settled down over the water, and the officer could see them no more.

A decisive refusal was now given by the intrepid captain to the summons to surrender, but by mutual agreement all hostilities were suspended for the night.

The hours were long and anxious ones to the Americans. A strict watch was kept to detect the slightest movement on the part of the enemy. The wounded were cared for as well as possible under the circumstances. Fortunately the well of the house had been so dug that its opening was at the rear of the huge kitchen, and though the besieged men were absolutely without food, there was an abundance of cool water for all—no light boon to the thirsty and stricken men.

With the first show of light an increased force of the British advanced upon the house, evidently intending to carry it by storm. The assault was, however, bravely met by the grizzly captain and his men, and then the battle recommenced with a fury thus far unequalled. The attacking and the attacked fought with a coolness and heroism, born in the one instance of determination, in the other of desperation.

In the midst of the engagement, the captain left his men and ascended to the garret, where he looked anxiously out of the little window, and off over the waters of the bay.

If Herbert had escaped the enemy, and reached the main shore, it was time the reinforcements were in sight.

One hurried glance brought the captain's heart into his throat. Almost at the island were several large flat boats loaded with troops. A few minutes more and they would be at the house.

He flew down the stairs; it was raining bullets; the rooms were encumbered with the wounded, some of whom reeled around like drunken men, catching at the furniture; walls and floors were spattered with blood; corpses lay across the doors; the sergeant's arm had been broken by a ball; everything was a whirl of smoke and dust.

"Hurrah!" shouted the captain; "stick to your posts, men! Reinforcements are coming! Courage for a while longer!"

The British had drawn nearer yet; their con-

torted faces loomed up through the smoke; above the rattle of the muskets rose their savage cries, insultingly demanding surrender and threatening immediate slaughter.

Occasionally a soldier, terror stricken, withdrew from the window only to be driven back by the redoubtable captain. But the defenders' fire was slackening, their faces showed discouragement; it was impossible to prolong the resistance.

Suddenly the firing of the enemy ceased, and a thundering voice shouted:

"Surrender!"

"Never!" called the captain from the window, and the firing began again, steadier and fiercer on both sides.

More soldiers fell; already more than one window was without defenders; the crisis was at hand.

"They'll not reach us in time!" muttered the stalwart captain between his teeth in a broken voice; then he ran furiously about, twisting his sword in his clenched hand, resolved to fight to the end, rather than yield to the enemy.

The sergeant at this moment, rushed down from the garret, crying in a loud voice:

"Our friends are here!"

"They are here," repeated the captain, with a shout of joy.

At this shout, all unhurt, wounded men and officers, rushed to the windows with a tremendous cheer; and once more the resistance grew fierce.

A moment later, signs of uncertainty and a beginning of disorder were noticeable in the enemy. Immediately, in great haste, the captain formed a small company downstairs ready to make a sally. Then the captain flew upstairs again.

He had scarcely arrived there, when he heard a hurried tread accompanied by a formidable hurrah, and from the window he saw advancing at a quick run through the smoke, two companies of minutemen, who poured as they ran a deadly fire into the already wavering ranks of the British.

The captain placed himself at the head of his little troop, and rushed out of the doors with an answering cheer; the enemy faltered, became disordered, and then fell back.

The ground of the previous day was gone over again, but the retreating force then had become the advancing force now. The victory was not a sudden one, however.

The British soldiers fought bravely, contesting every circle of ground, and the sun was high in the heavens before they had been driven back to their boats, and abandoned the island, leaving their wounded and their dead behind.

As the British ships spread their sails, and slowly went down the bay, they as a parting acknowledgment of their defeat, sent several cannon shot screaming above the heads of the victorious Americans. But the victors, thankful to have them depart on almost any terms, only answered with three defiant cheers.

"Where is Herbert Hathaway?" the grizzly cap-

tain asked of the commander of the reinforcements, looking anxiously over the squad of men halting near him.

"We left the brave boy in the doctor's care at Bristol," the officer addressed replied; "though severely wounded he delivered your message before midnight, and in less than two hours I'd collected my men and was on my way to your rescue."

"I'm sorry the lad was hurt," remarked the old captain grimly, "but to send him for you was our only hope of driving off the rascally Britishers. You came none too soon."

As rapidly as possible arrangements were completed for the transfer of the wounded to the mainland, where a church had been turned into a temporary hospital; and thither a few days later Captain Baker came to see how his men were faring.

The church was full of injured soldiers, reclining on two rows of beds stretched upon the floor; two doctors and various assistants were anxiously going and coming, and stifled cries and groans were heard.

On entering, the captain paused a moment at the door, and looked about him. Just then he heard a faint voice close by calling him:

"Captain!"

He turned around, it was Herbert Hathaway; he was stretched upon a trestle bed, covered up to the chest by a coarse blanket, with his arms outside, the left one in a sling. He was pale and thin, and pinched from suffering, but his light eyes sparkled at the sight of his commander.

"Are you here?" the captain asked in astonished but kind tones. "Well, Herbert, you did your duty."

"I did the best I could, sir," answered the boy modestly.

"Even though you were wounded," remarked the officer, nodding at the bandaged arm.

"What else should I have done?" asked the lad proudly. "I had to run like a deer, for they saw me immediately, and sent their balls skipping after me. But I reached the boat and was making good time off shore, when they winged me. One can do much, however, with a single arm, and I sculled the craft out of reach of the bullets in no time.

"Then that pesky yawl came after me, and until darkness fell I was at my wits' end to keep out of its way. But by changing my course repeatedly I escaped, and reached the shore about midnight. I was so stiff and cold I couldn't crawl, but fortunately my cries attracted the attention of a guard to whom I delivered your message.

"It was a hard pull though, captain, I was dying with thirst, and kept thinking I shouldn't reach the shore. I was afraid, too, you wouldn't be able to hold the house until morning. They tell me, however, captain, that the reinforcements got there in time, and you drove off the redcoats. I'm satisfied."

"Well, I'll see you again, lad. I'm going to look around on the other boys now, and find out how they fare."

(Continued on Page 220.)

PARAGON PLATING OUTFIT

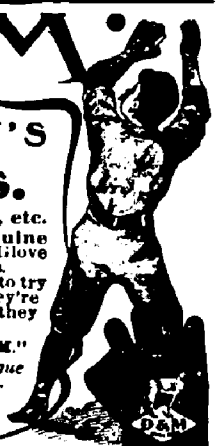


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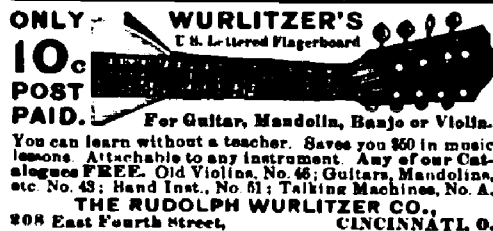
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The University of Pennsylvania's Crack Athletes.
The University of Pennsylvania will pin her faith in the intercollegiate relay games this season on four men whose pictures are printed on this page: Captain A. C. Bowen, the two mile runner; Terry, the half miler; Baird, the wonderful little pole vaulter; and Amsler, the hurdler and sprinter. The last named is the speedy little fellow who astonished the athletic world recently by compelling the world's record holder, Arthur Duffey, of Georgetown, to acknowledge defeat. The men met in the semi-final heat of the forty-yard open event at the indoor meet held by Company I, of the First Regiment of Pennsylvania. Amsler won by a narrow margin from the feet-footed champion of the running path.

Cardinal Wolsey's Bridge

FRED MYRON COLBY

Thomas Wolsey, butcher and grazier in the good old town of Ipswich, England, was in a fret. Something had evidently gone wrong with the portly and substantial citizen. His fair, good-natured English face was flushed, and his gestures were rather more violent and abrupt than those he ordinarily indulged in.

"I tell thee, Joan, wife, it is all thy fault that the boy has such high notions," he was saying. "I never put these ideas into his head, I'll be bound. What good will all this learning do him, I should like to know?"

"He means to study and be a priest."

"What, our boy Tom to be an ecclesiastic! What, then, will become of the business in which his grandfather got money, and I, following in his good steps, have become the wealthiest citizen in the borough?"

With Thomas Wolsey, Sr., the acquisition of wealth was the sole object of life. He could not imagine any other purpose of existence, and it grieved and angered him that his only son did not accept the same opinion.

"I tell thee," he continued, "it is all folly for the lad to give up the most flourishing business in Ipswich for the sake of being a student at Oxford. All the learning in popedom and heathenness to boot wouldn't atone for that."

"But learning will put him in the way of becoming a great man," urged Mistress Joan.

"Out on thee for a dullard; who ever heard of a butcher's son becoming a person of distinction?"

Before Mistress Joan could make any response to this, a young lad who had been intently perusing a Latin book by the hearth, came forward. He had a bright intellectual face, and his lithe figure had all the grace of a youthful Apollo.

"I know, sir," he said, with kindling cheeks, "of a swineherd who became a pope."

The elder Wolsey responded by an incredulous grunt.

"And that swineherd, sir, was Nicholas Breakspere, afterwards Pope Adrian the Fourth, the only Englishman that ever sat in St. Peter's chair."

"And do you think to ever be pope?" inquired the butcher, scornfully.

"Perhaps I may be a cardinal," replied the boy.

"Ha! ha! thou speakest of what can never be, son Thomas."

"But if he reach not so high an eminence he may be a bishop," interposed Joan, whose maternal breast beat proudly for her hopeful son. "Hast never heard the proverb, 'He who reacheth after a gown of gold shall scarcely fall of getting one of the sleeves?'"

"It is easy to talk of dignities and honors, but it is another thing to obtain them. However, I do not choose to balk your whim. The boy may go to Oxford, but first I have a choice bit of pastime for him. I wish him to go with Nicholas and Giles and Dick to buy beeves off the Southwold marshes. Then let the simpleton enter Magdalen College if he still persists in such foolishness."

"Thou wilt not feel so chafed when I take up my bachelor's degree," observed

young Wolsey, "and thou wilt have to wait but two years for that."

"And dost thou think a boy of twelve years will win a bachelor's degree in two years at Oxenford? Why, thou wilt be but fourteen then."

"Anywise thou shalt see it, mine honored father," cried the youth impulsively.

"The day I hear the news thy mother shall have the finest baron of beef in my shambles to roast for dinner; now, wife, remember that," said the butcher. "And now to bed, for the journey on the morrow will be one to tire thy young limbs."

Young Wolsey could sleep but little that night at the thought of entering Oxford, and he awoke early to prepare himself for the journey his father desired him to make. He rode the butcher's best mare, Nicholas, his father's hired man, was mounted on a black nag, and the two stout serving men, Giles and Dick, trudged along on foot.

"Don't let either monk or trader play aught of their tricks on ye, lads," cautioned the elder Wolsey at parting, "and, son Thomas, if ye want to tarry with the monks of Blitheborough, and look over their musty books on your return, ye can do so. You'll have a pleasant country to ride through, and the forty miles won't seem long to ye, I'll warrant."

It was fine April weather, and the quartette journeyed pleasantly along. The horses' pace was not swift, for fifteen years of service before a butcher's cart had tamed what mettle they ever possessed, and the two pedestrians easily kept up with them.

The country was new to the boy, and it lay fresh and beautiful in the spring sunlight. Massive castles embowered in their ancestral groves, and grim monasteries were seen at intervals along the way. From the leads over the south aisle he obtained a fine view of Southwold, Walberswick, and the ancient city of Dunwicks, which the remembered was the capital of the East Angles in the days of the heptarchy.

The journey was a pleasant one to the butcher's son, and he almost regretted when the curfew bell of St. Peter's, at Wangford, told him that they had arrived at their destination.

The following day was spent in making bargains with the monks of Holy Rood chapel and the graziers of Rigdon, in which the cautious, calculating Nicholas served his master to good end. A drove of twenty four fat beeves was purchased, and the price paid out in gold and silver pieces from the gypsy that hung at Thomas Wolsey's girdle.

The night was spent in quaffing mead with the jolly monks, and early in the morning the cattle were driven from the convent yard. A new route was shown them by which to return home, and as this promised to lead by the abbey of Blitheborough, and, moreover, was somewhat nearer, young Wolsey eagerly embraced the plan of going that way. The Blithe, a dark, brackish stream, lay in their path, but this, the monks assured them, could be easily forded.

This they did not find so easy after all. It had rained the night before, and the river was swollen to such a degree that the elder drover hesitated to drive his

nag into the current. But Wolsey, with the impetuous assurance of a boy, urged his mare forward. The terrific foundering of the beast soon unseated him, and the drovers on the shore, seeing the peril of their master's son, called out to him to swim back.

"For the love of St. Margaret, master Thomas," screeched Nicholas, "do not attempt to reach the other bank! You will be drowned! You will be drowned!"

For a time it seemed as if it would be so; for, though the lad was a good swimmer in his native streams of the Orwell and the Gipping, he found it more difficult to sustain himself in the dark, muddy tide in which he was immersed.

His companions, without attempting to aid him, continued their cries, and had it not been for a wood ranger on the opposite shore, who had seen the accident and rushed forward with a long pole which he reached to the almost exhausted youth, there had been no Cardinal Wolsey in English history.

Once on dry land again, however, he cleaned the ooze from his mouth and eyes and cried to his father's servants to turn back with the cattle, and hurry on as fast as they could to Ipswich.

"And what shall we say to thy father about the gray mare?" asked Nicholas, who, now that the lad was safe, felt rather uncomfortable about the thought of his master's anger at the loss of a favorite beast.

"Concoct what story it pleases thee, good Nicholas," answered young Thomas; "and, moreover, tell him that his son will tarry tonight with the learned monks of Blitheborough, whose abbey I see rising across the fens."

"But if the good master should be angry, what shall we do?" persisted the anxious drover. "It was not our fault that the gray mare was lost."

"Nor was it mine," returned the lad. "But tarry not there, ye poltroons, unless ye choose to wait until I am a cardinal, when I will have a bridge built over the muddy river at this same place so that other travelers shall not incur the peril that I have just undergone."

"Would that you were one now," young master," said Nicholas; "it might happily benefit us," and, laughing pleasantly, the drovers turned their bullocks' faces toward Wangford, while Wolsey urged his steps toward Blitheborough abbey.

What followed there we will not relate; nor shall we have aught to say of the progressive steps by which our hero attained to the eminence to which his ambition tempted him to aspire. Suffice it to say that by diligence and energy he rose to be the greatest man in England save one, and that he was not forgetful of his promise made on the bank of the Blithe, but caused to be erected a costly structure across the dangerous ford, which, even to this day, is called the "Cardinal's Bridge."

History does not tell us how the worthy butcher bore the loss of his valuable mare, but it does tell us of the grand entertainment that he gave his friends when, at the age of fourteen, his promising son came home wearing the bachelor's gown he had won at Oxford.

A boy complained because, as he said, his parents wouldn't agree upon one thing: His mother wouldn't let him stand on his head, and his father was constantly grumbling because he wore his shoes out so fast.



AT THE age of four Tommy Weldon had resolved to be a motorman. For this early selection of a career his surroundings were mainly responsible. He lived in the suburbs of a city with which everything connected by means of an electric railroad; and there was not an hour of the day or night when he could not hear the hum of the trolley cars and the clang of the bell which the motorman pounded with his foot. It always made Tommy catch his breath to watch the masterful way in which he brought the big, thundering car to a stop at the cross-walk with a slight twist of one handle and a lightning turn of the other. The brakes would creak and the great vehicle would groan and protest; but in the end it always yielded to its master on the front platform. The motorman had none of the petty, commercial annoyances of the conductor. He was not bothered to make change or ring up fares or help women and girls on and off the car or answer questions. Like the pilot of a ship he stood calmly at his post, cooled in summer with breezes of his own, and in winter snugly wrapped in a great bearskin coat.

Of course, I do not mean to say that Tommy realized all these things at the age of four. To understand a trolley car requires study. But long before he knew what made the car go he saw that the motorman was in full control. When he grew older he rode to and from school on the cars and learned more about them. In summer when open cars were put on the road he sat on the front platform and talked with the motorman. Before he was ten years old he knew every motorman on the line and before he was twelve there was very little about a trolley car that he could not explain to you. He had even been to the powerhouse at the end of the line and seen the big dynamos which grind out electricity as a cider press does cider. He had seen the inside of the motor under the floor of the car and learned how the current was fed to it through the long-armed trolley from the wire overhead, and how it turned the wheels. He had watched the men at work on the track and found that they laid underground a copper wire—"bond wire" it was called—on which the electricity after running along the feed wire returned to the powerhouse and "completed the circuit." These facts with many others he learned from his friends, the motormen; and his fondness for airing his knowledge gained for him at school the name of "Trolley-Car Tommy." The men on the road, with whom he was a favorite, soon picked up the title; and he took it as one of distinction.

Considering this special knowledge and his ambition, it is not surprising that when Tommy's father died and he was obliged to leave school and work to help his mother, the occupation of motorman was the first that occurred to him. He was fifteen years old and strong, and for the past two years had been perfectly confident of his ability to run a car from one end of the line to the other as well as any man he knew. Several times on clear stretches in the outskirts of the city one of his friends had allowed him to have full control of the car, standing close beside him. It is true, yet touching neither brake nor lever. If the motorman had been seen doing this by one of the company's inspectors he would have received his discharge.

The motorman knew this although Tommy didn't, and the latter thought it a hardship that he had been cautioned to keep his exploit secret.

So one day he marched into the office of the superintendent and stated what he wanted. The superintendent was a large man; even when he sat at his desk his head was level with Tommy's. The boy expected that he would be questioned about his experience and put to some practical test. He knew that motormen were carefully trained, with an old employe to stand behind them on the platform for several days after they were first given charge of a car; but he considered such training more than equalled by his experience. Therefore he was not a little disappointed when the superintendent did not examine him. He merely smiled in a tolerant way as he said, "No, my boy, you're not old or strong enough. Come here in about five years and perhaps I can do something for you." Then he became absorbed in his writing, and Tommy felt that he had to go. He would have liked to argue the matter; but he did not dare.

Jim Newhouse, one of his warmest friends, was motorman of the car he rode home on; but although from force of habit he took the seat on the front platform his feelings forbade any attempt at conversation. He was crushed by the superintendent's words. Five years! If he lived to be a hundred he would never be better qualified than he was at that moment.

Nevertheless his humiliation did not

prevent him from looking up with half-hearted interest when Jim was called back to help the conductor with an obstinate switch. There was no switchman at this corner and as soon as one car passed it was the conductor's duty to run back and fix the switch ready for the next car, which turned in the opposite direction. This time, evidently, something was the matter, for after poking at the rail with his iron rod for several minutes the conductor had shouted for the motorman to come and help. Ordinarily Tommy would have been on the spot where he could get a close view of such operations, but today his sense of interest was so blunted that he remained unmoved while his two friends worked over the refractory switch.

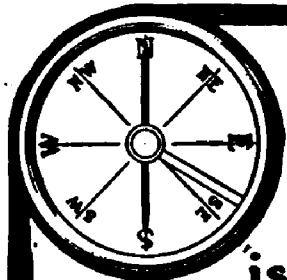
As he sat thus buried in sombre meditation, suddenly the car started with a jerk that nearly threw him from the platform. He picked himself up wondering who was the green motorman that turned on the current so recklessly; but on looking around he found to his amazement that he was the only person on the platform. The car was whizzing down the street gaining headway with each revolution of the wheels, with Jim Newhouse and the conductor yards behind in a fruitless race to catch it. Instantly Tommy realized what had happened: Through some fault of the machinery the power had been turned on full head; he had heard of such accidents before. To shut off the current was his first thought; and without stopping to rub his bruises he sprang for the controlling lever. It was not there. Then he remembered that when a motorman leaves his car he takes the controller with him. The one he was looking for was now being waved frantically in the hand of Jim Newhouse every moment farther in the distance. But the brake was there, and grasping it in both hands Tommy turned the handle until his strength gave out. The iron shoes screamed as they came in contact with the buzzing wheels and a trail of sparks was left along the tracks; but the speed was hardly affected. Against the irresistible power which turned the wheels, brakes were of little use. Tommy knew enough about electric motors to understand this, and for the first time he became worried.

Several passengers had been thrown entirely out of the car when it started and the rest had been pitched over the backs of the seats. A chorus of screams and shouts was borne to the boy's ears; and glancing back he saw a man jump from the running board and go rolling over and over on the pavingstones, while others looked as though they were going to follow. The car was racing at terrific speed, rocking and sea-sawing madly and threatening to leave the track at every jump. Looking ahead he saw that it was approaching the sharp curve at the end of the avenue, and he realized that it would never get around at that speed. For a moment he felt the temptation to jump, as he pictured the car off the track and crashing into the curb. It was only for a moment, however. He was the only experienced person aboard. What would Jim and the others say if he deserted those men and women? The only thing left was to stop the car somehow before it reached that corner.

Then for the first time he remembered the trolley and began skillfully swinging himself along the running board to the rear platform. As in most systems where the overhead feed-wire is used, the trolley was a long metal arm attached to the car roof with a strong spring which kept the little grooved wheel at the upper end pressed against the wire. A rope fastened to this and extending down to the rear platform enabled the conductor to shift the trolley as he wished. By this rope Tommy intended to pull the trolley from the wire and cut off the power from the motor—a simple operation.

But when he reached the platform one look told him that this means of stopping the car had also been taken from him. Someone had acted upon this idea before but in his frantic haste, evidently had broken the rope. At any rate there lay the rope on the floor while the trolley rode high overhead, snapping out sparks as it fed to the grinding motor under his feet the current which was driving the car to its destruction. The curve was only a block away now. Tommy knew that the trolley must be disconnected from the wire and that only one way of doing it remained. Without hesitation he leaped upon the dashboard and seizing the edge of the overhanging roof climbed on top of the car. The sloping roof teetered up and down so that he could scarcely keep his footing; but two leaps brought him to the trolley arm, and grasping it as high as he could reach he bore down with all his weight and then pushed it slightly to one side so that when he let it spring back it stuck straight up in the air, its wheel spinning uselessly two feet above the wire. The effect upon the speed of the car was directly noticeable. The hard-set brakes ground on the wheels to some purpose now; and with creaks and groans the car ran slower and slower until it came to a stop just at the beginning of the curve.

Meanwhile Tommy Weldon sat on the roof calmly dangling his legs over the



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side; and there the frightened passengers found him when they poured from the car, glad to set their feet on solid ground. It was not until Jim Newhouse arrived, red-faced and panting from his run, that he condescended to slide down and receive the thanks and praises showered upon him at close range. The men patted him on the shoulder and some of the women kissed him and called him a brave "little" boy; but he valued big Jim Newhouse's hearty hand clasp and grunt, "much obliged, old man," most of all. Jim treated him like an equal.

It did not take the experienced employes long to repair the machinery; and the car continued its trip with Tommy at his old post on the front platform talking and laughing with Jim, not a trace of his old disappointment remaining. Opposite his house they stopped and the passengers gave a cheer that brought his mother to the window to see Jim and the conductor escort her boy up the front steps with considerable ceremony.

That afternoon Tommy sat in the kitchen telling his mother all about it, when in walked the big superintendent. He was the same man Tommy had interviewed in the morning, yet his manner was decidedly different. His voice was not so crisp nor his look so keen nor his movements so impatient.

"Is this Mr. Thomas Weldon?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," answered Tommy. "Why you're the young man who was in my office this morning asking for a place as motorman," exclaimed the superintendent with sudden recognition.

"Yes, Sir," said Tommy again; "can I have the place after all?"

The superintendent gave no direct answer to this question; but after he had the story of the runaway car from the boy's own lips he led him on to tell of his ambitions and why it was necessary that he should work at all instead of attending school. Then he told Tommy things about an electric railroad that he had never dreamed of before. He spoke of the officers and managers, for whom the motorman and conductors and inspectors worked like so many accurate machines. In short he gave the boy his first view of the operation of a great street car system; and as Tommy listened he understood that there were more fortunate men, and men with a greater work to do, than those who guided single cars from the front platform.

"Thomas," said the superintendent, "some day you want to be in charge of many motormen; but before that there are many things to learn. Do you want to learn them?"

"Yes," cried the boy, eagerly, "if you will give me a chance."

"The chance," replied the superintendent, "will be waiting for you at my office to-morrow morning if you will come; and as long after as you care for it."

But one thing still bothered Tommy, and as the superintendent started to leave he mentioned it. "How about Jim," he asked; "you haven't discharged him, have you?"

"Who's Jim?"

"Don't you know Jim Newhouse, the motorman on No. 102? It wasn't his fault, you know, that the car ran away."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir; one of my very best friends."

"Very well," said the superintendent, "he will not be discharged; and perhaps after you are in the office we can manage to get him promoted; only don't let him know about it."

"Thank you, sir," said Tommy, perfectly happy.

American Boy Artists.

Never has the editor been favored with so many drawings done by boys as within the past thirty days. Nearly one hundred drawings have reached his desk, many of which are very good and show decided talent. Many boys will be disappointed in not seeing their pictures reproduced in these pages, but we cannot find space for them. They give the editor much pleasure, and the time spent on them by the boys is not wasted. They have his thanks, if nothing else.

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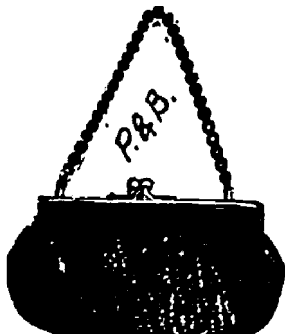
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THERE are many interesting young people in the circle of families of what is known as official life at the national capital—that is the households where husbands and fathers hold high positions under the government or in public life—but doubtless the most interesting junior citizens at Washington are to be found in what is known as the Diplomatic Corps. This is made up of the representatives which the various monarchs and governments in all parts of the world send to Washington to look after their interests in this country and to assist in adjusting any differences which may arise between Uncle Sam and their respective nations. The junior members of the diplomatic families are of especial interest to American boys from the fact that they, one and all, come from far off climes and in the aggregate constitute a sort of world's congress of young people representing every part of the globe.

A large proportion of the young foreigners temporarily residing at our seat of government have come from our sister republics in Central and South America. As every boy who has studied geography knows there are a large number of these small republics on the lower part of the continent and every one of them is particular to send a representative or Minister, as he is called, to Washington for the reason that each of these smaller countries regards the United States as a protecting big brother. Some of the representatives who come to Washington from Asia and other far off parts of the world do not bring their families with them, but practically all the visitors from Central and South America are accompanied by their children, and in most instances they have large families.

The Peruvian Minister, Senor Calderon, for instance, has a household of ten lively boys and girls. Of this number seven are his own children and the three others are boys whom he has brought to the United States in order that they may be educated in American schools. All of these young people from Peru have the dark olive complexions and dark hair and eyes characteristic of their race. The whole circle, from the youngest to the eldest, speak French, Spanish, German and English as easily as does an American boy his native tongue. Then, too, each of the ten is a musician and they have selected different instruments and practiced together until they are now able to form a full orchestra.

The Minister from Costa Rica, in Central America, Senor Don Joaquin Bernardo Calvo, has six children, three boys and three girls, who have lived in the United States for several years past and have grown very fond of the sports and pastimes in which their Yankee playmates take delight. The family of the envoy from Guatemala, also in Central America, comprises five lively young people, all but one of whom regularly attend school in Washington. Senor Don Fernando Guachalla, the Minister from Bolivia, in South America, has ten children, but as yet only a few of them have been permitted to join their father here. However, he expects to bring the remainder of his household to Washington in the near

future. The Minister from Brazil, who by a strange coincidence bears the name of Brasil, has two very attractive little daughters. These girls, unlike their playmates from the other countries of South America, speak Portuguese. All the other youngsters from this part of the world have Spanish as their native tongue.

One of the most prominent boys in Washington is Wu Chao Chu, the son of Wu Ting Fang, the famous Chinaman who served so long as Minister of the Chinese government at Washington and who has only lately returned to his home in the Far East. Of course Wu Chao Chu is not strictly speaking in the diplomatic circle now, but he may still be classed among the notable juvenile visitors from other lands. This lad from the Celestial Empire is a rather plucky boy who is anxious to make his own way in the world, as may be imagined from the fact that when his father and mother returned home he, of his own accord, suggested that he be allowed to remain here to complete his education. He attends the high school regularly, being a member of the military company connected with the institution, but he also devotes three hours a day to his Chinese studies so that it can be seen that he is kept very busy. When at school Wu Chao Chu wears regular American dress, but when he returns home in the evening he dons the Chinese costume.

There are three other children at the Chinese legation in Washington, in addition to a baby which will, however, shortly return to China, its parents having been ordered to return to their native land. The three youngsters first mentioned are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Yung Kwai. Yung Kwai is a Chinaman whose duty it is to translate into Chinese the letters received at the legation, and his wife is an American woman whom he married after coming to the United States. The baby before mentioned was born in this country on the Fourth of July and the almond-eyed little tot was given the name of Washington Shen Tung in honor of the city where he was born.

Two boys who bear as little resemblance to American lads as any youngsters to be found in Washington are Osman Sureya and Ali Haidas, the black-eyed little sons of Chekib Bey, the Minister from Turkey. The man who is stationed at Washington to represent the Sultan is a widower and his two sons are looked after by their grandmother. There is a third boy connected with the Turkish legation, the son of Sidky Bey, who acts as Secretary or assistant to the Minister. There are no Japanese boys under sixteen years of age at the Mikado's "branch office" in Washington, although the Japanese Minister has as proteges several young men who are in this country receiving their education. There is, however, a little Japanese girl in this household—the sister of the First Secretary of the Legation. She is about twelve years of age and has only come to America within the past few months. Like all the children from far off lands, however, she wears American costumes whenever she appears upon the streets. The only exception to this rule

occurred last year, when three Chinese girls visited China's representative at Washington. They invariably appeared in the long silken robes familiar to all persons who have seen Chinese pictures.

Many of the children of the Diplomatic Corps manifest marvelous cleverness in acquiring the English language. Take for instance, the case of the three daughters of Senor Don Martin Garcia Merou, the Minister from the Argentine Republic. These little girls are aged respectively thirteen, eleven and eight years. When they first came to this country they mastered the English language in less than a year, speaking it more fluently than either their father or mother. Among the newcomers in the Diplomatic circle are the two sons of Sir Michael Herbert, Great Britain's Ambassador at the American seat of government. One of these lads had the honor of being allowed to act as a page at the coronation of King Edward, and both of them have displayed a marvelous faculty for forming the acquaintance of a large number of American playmates. Other newcomers include the two daughters of Senor Quesada, the Minister from the new republic of Cuba.

Baron Moncheus, the Minister from Belgium, has three daughters who now make their home in Washington, and there are four young people in the household of Senor Don Joaquin Walker-Martinez, the new envoy from Chili in South America. From the little republic of Haiti, in the West Indies, come two healthy looking boys with swarthy complexions and crisp hair. Just at present there are no children in the household at the Korean Legation, but until a short time ago a young lad from this little known Oriental country was included in Washington's cosmopolitan population, and his flowing garments of silk and satin made him a very conspicuous character whenever he appeared on the streets.

In addition to the tiny Chinese baby mentioned above two other children in the Diplomatic colony are named for the city which is now their temporary home. The older of these is Alfonso Washington Pezet, only child of the first Secretary of the Peruvian Legation. This lad, who is fourteen years of age, speaks English and French as well as Spanish. The son of the First Secretary of the Mexican Embassy was christened George Godoy, but inasmuch as he was born on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, twelve years ago, he has announced his intention to add Washington as a middle name.

—WALDON FAWCETT

IN OUR JUNE NUMBER
WILL APPEAR
Sons of Our Public Men
By WALDON FAWCETT

How Schley

ROBERT N.

Saved Greely

REEVES

THE whole civilized world is acquainted with the bravery of Admiral Schley at the battle of Santiago, but most people have forgotten, or perhaps never knew of his heroic rescue, some twenty years ago, of the gallant Arctic explorer, Lieutenant A. W. Greely.

In 1881 the United States Government, as its part in a plan formulated in 1880 by the International Geographical Congress held at Berne, Switzerland, sent an expedition to the Arctic regions for the purpose of establishing there a United States signal station. This expedition, known as the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, and consisting of twenty-four men under the command of Lieutenant Greely, left St. Johns, Newfoundland, July 7, 1881, and six weeks later arrived at an extreme northern point on the eastern coast of North America, where this continent is separated from Greenland only by a narrow channel. Here Greely established a signal station and made preparations for a permanent camp. It was the intention of the government that Greely should remain at this point for two years, and the instructions given him stated that relief ships, bringing additional supplies, would be dispatched to the station in 1882 and 1883.

On August 25th, 1881, Greely sent his last dispatch to the Chief Signal Officer at Washington saying that his party was all well, and that he intended to take the sledges and dogs and start still farther North. Three weeks later the Proteus, the ship which had taken the expedition North, returned to St. Johns, leaving Greely and his party, prisoners in the frozen fields of the Arctic zone, shut out from all communication with the civilized world.

The following summer, in accordance with the government's agreement with Greely, the first relief ship, the Neptune, sailed from St. Johns for the Greely station. But that vessel was hardly out a month when its progress was effectually stopped by the solid pack ice of Smith Sound, and after many days of unsuccessful effort to find a passage through the ice to the waters beyond, it gave up the attempt, and in the latter part of September of the same year returned without any tidings of Greely. The officials at Washington, while disappointed at the failure of this first relief expedition, did not feel alarmed for the safety of Greely as it was known that he had taken with him provisions enough to last at least a year longer. Preparations, however, were at once begun for a second relief expedition, and in June, 1883, two vessels, the Yantic and the Proteus, were dispatched northward, the commanders of each being impressed by the government with the absolute necessity of reaching Greely that year.

The uncertainty and peril of Arctic navigation is shown by the sad fate of the Proteus. This was the same ship which had, in 1881, so successfully carried the expedition to its station. But although a staunch vessel of oak, sheathed in iron-wood, it was out only five weeks when it was caught in the heavy ice of Kane Sea and its strong sides crushed in like egg-



From photograph taken in 1884 at time of Third Relief Expedition.

shells. The crew, fortunate enough to escape, were picked up by the Yantic and brought back to the United States.

The anxiety at Washington and the excitement throughout the country became intense when the news came that the second relief expedition had failed. A new expedition was suggested at once; but as it was then the time of year when the coldest weather in the Arctic regions begins, and continual darkness sets in, it was thought best, after repeated consultations with experienced navigators and Arctic explorers, to postpone another expedition until the following summer, and thus prevent the possibility of a third relief expedition finding itself in as bad and perhaps a worse plight than Greely.

The country, however, was in suspense and Greely was not forgotten. Congress immediately passed an appropriation necessary for fitting out another relief expedition, and offered further a reward of twenty five thousand dollars for Greely's rescue.

A third relief expedition being thus assured, the Secretary of the Navy appointed Winfield S. Schley commander, and directed him to proceed at once to the coast of Greenland and find, or at least ascertain the fate of Greely. Under Schley's direction three vessels, the Thetis, Bear and Alert, specially designed for Arctic services, were quickly gotten ready. With a combined crew of one hundred and ten men the three vessels, early in the month of May, 1884, departed for the Arctic regions.

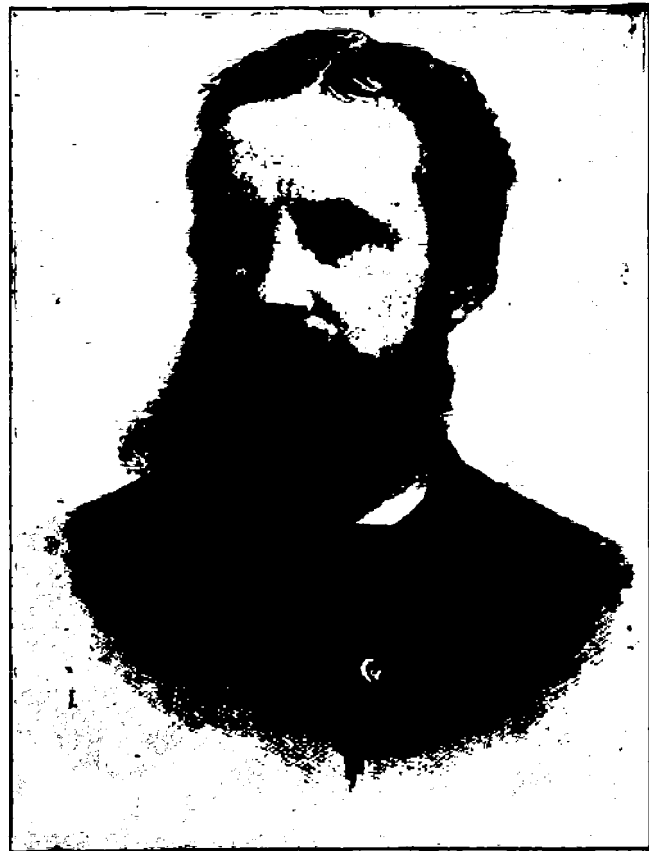
No one can estimate the perils and tediousness of an Arctic voyage. The prime requisites of an Arctic voyager are always patience and courage. That Schley and his men possessed these two indispensable qualities is shown by the tenacity with which they pushed northward along the frozen coast of Greenland. Progress, however, was comparatively easy until the ice of Melville Bay was encountered. Here a great battle between man and nature was begun. There were many days when the ships were unable to move in any direction on account of the density of the ice. Progress, if made at all, could be made only by the ships ramming the ice with their ironclad prows. To do this the ships would back a little, put on full steam and then strike the ice ahead with an ominous crash. If a square blow was given the vessels would sometimes run their length, but there was always the danger of also going to the bottom. Once when attempting to ram the ice the bow of Schley's ship, the Thetis, was driven into a narrow crack, the ice at the same time closing in about the sides and stern of the ship and holding it like a huge vise. This in Arctic parlance is called a nip and often results in disaster. It was a nip that sent the Proteus to the bottom of Kane Sea. In this alarming predicament Schley and his men waited anxiously for hours, not knowing at what moment the Thetis would be ground to pieces. But in the Arctic regions it is the unexpected that happens. By one of those strange freaks of wind or current the ice moved off and the Thetis, released from her bondage, by dint of ramming succeeded in making its way into an open body of water beyond. Here, however, new and almost impassable barriers soon presented themselves. Vast, unbroken fields of ice, the accumulations of years, in some places twenty, thirty and fifty feet in thickness, were encountered. This meant days of anxious, tedious watching and waiting. At such times Commander Schley, telescope in hand, mounted the rope ladder that led to the crow's nest, a little barrel-shaped

house fastened to the mainmast by stout iron bands, at an elevation of over one hundred feet above the deck. A stuffy and uncomfortable place it was, but from it Schley had a range of vision of from ten to fifteen miles, and it was to his watchfulness and quickness in detecting sudden movements of the ice and seizing opportunities for advance that in no small measure contributed to the success of the third relief expedition. After twenty eight days of battling with the ice of Melville Bay Schley pushed on into an open sea known as the North Water. Through this he made good speed and soon drew near to Littleton Island, where Greely was supposed to have established one of his temporary stations. A systematic search of all the neighboring capes and islands was at once begun. The Bear was sent on to Cary Island, while the Thetis visited Conical Rock, Cape Parry and other points along the coast. On Sunday, June 22, a cairn or mound on the top of Brevoort Island was sighted. It was the first evidence of human life that the expedition had seen for many days and instantly every man became excited at the discovery. Schley at once ordered Lieutenant Taunt of the Thetis to take a party of men and explore the island, while another officer, Ensign Harlow, was dispatched on a similar mission to Stalknecht Island. Half an hour after the searching parties had left, cheers were heard above the roaring of the wind and crunching of the ice, coming from the direction of Brevoort Island. In a few minutes one of Lieutenant Taunt's men was seen running at full speed over the ice toward the Thetis. Pale with excitement he clambered up the side of the ship and thrust a bundle of papers into Schley's hands, exclaiming at the same time that Greely was at Cape Sabine. The news was instantly signaled to the Bear, and a general recall of all men sounded by three long blasts from the whistles of the Thetis. The officers of both ships soon gathered about the little table in the wardroom of the Thetis and the records left behind by Greely in the cairn on Brevoort Island were read aloud. As the papers were hurriedly gone over those present were horrified to learn that the latest date borne by any of them was one dated October 21, 1883. This paper stated that Greely was encamped near Cape Sabine and had only a few weeks' rations left. As eight months had elapsed since the paper was written, Schley and his fellow officers were certain that Greely and his party had starved to death while watching and waiting for a relief expedition. Whether dead or alive, no time was to be lost in reaching the camp. A storm had been raging all day, and the wind was blowing terrifically, but in such a way as to leave a free passage through the ice to the shore. Schley at once ordered the steam launch lowered and a party under Lieutenant Colwell, who had been one of the crew of the ill-fated Proteus, was directed to go to the place mentioned in the records as the site of the Greely camp.

(Continued on Page 226.)



ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY.



LIEUTENANT A. W. GREELY.

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STATE DINING ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Photo copyright 1907. R. L. Dunn.

Where President Roosevelt Entertains.

THEODORA CUNNINGHAM

When President Washington and his friend, Thomas Jefferson, in 1792, approved the designs of the architect, Hoban, for an executive mansion, the room set aside as the "state dining room" was considered ample for any possible emergency. But cabinet and state dinners have long ago outgrown it. When the White House renovations were begun last summer a stairway and a part of a brick partition were torn away, and the size of the room nearly doubled by including this space, and now, with a capacity for seating seventy eight persons at a horseshoe-shaped table, it will answer the purpose a while longer.

At a large dinner, when a table of this shape is required, President Roosevelt sits at the center of the curved side, with his back to the middle door.

With its panels and carvings in old English oak, its tapestry hangings on the walls and tapestry-covered furniture, it makes one think of a hall in an old castle, but the objects which hold the boys' attention are several stuffed animal heads hung upon the walls. President Roosevelt must take especial delight in these ornaments, and one of them, the head of a large moose, hanging over the middle door, is particularly dear to him because it was sent as a present by the citizens of Nome, Alaska. Perhaps the bear heads on either side remind him of the bears he did not get in Mississippi.

Opposite this moose head, over the mantel, is another, and in either panel between the mantel and the windows hangs the head of a Rocky Mountain goat with its curved horns.

While the boys are looking at these, the attention of their mothers is occupied with the quaint sideboards, one large and two smaller ones, with their gilt back-rails; each one resting upon the outspread wings of our American eagle, carved in wood.

The doors are of the original colonial pattern seen throughout this floor of the White House, and are beautiful specimens of household decorations of a past century, with their quaint inlays and silver knobs.

The polished table shown in the picture is the one from which the President's family and their guests ate their Thanksgiving dinner.

Settled by Admiral Dewey.

A certain Sunday school teacher found it difficult to convince some of the boys of her class that total abstinence was the wise policy. They insisted that many great men drank liquors, and cited the fact that Admiral Dewey gave his men liquor during the battle of Manila Bay. To settle this matter finally, the teacher wrote the Admiral, stating her case, and asking for the facts. The letter received in reply is important as forever settling the question involved, and we lay it before our readers in full:

"Dear Madam: I am very glad to have an opportunity of correcting the impression which you say prevails among your Sabbath school scholars, that the men on my fleet were given liquor every twenty minutes during the battle of Manila Bay. As a matter of fact, every participant, from myself down, fought the battle of Manila Bay on coffee alone. The United States laws forbid the taking of liquor aboard ship except for medical uses, and we had no liquor that we could have given the men, even had it been desired to do so.

Respectfully, "GEORGE DEWEY."

Sayings of Late P. D. Armour.

Pithy sayings were characteristic of the conversation and letters of the late Phillip D. Armour. Impressed with their value, his office associates recorded many of them, and the appended ones are a few of a number published exclusively in the September issue of Success. That magazine gives them as valuable suggestions to young men from a master in the art of business management.

Good men are not cheap. Capital can do nothing without brains to direct it.

An American boy counts one, long before his time to vote.

Give the young man a chance; this is the country of the young.

We can't help the past, but we can look out for the future.

Hope is pretty poor security to go to a bank to borrow money on.

A "sit-down" method won't do a minute in this age of aggressiveness.

There is nothing else on earth so annoying as procrastination in decisions.

A man does not necessarily have to be a lawyer to have good hard sense.

An indiscreet man usually lives to see the folly of his ways; and, if he doesn't, his children do.

A man should always be close to the situation, know what he is doing, and not take anything for granted.

There is one element that is worth its weight in gold, and that is loyalty. It will cover a multitude of weaknesses.

It is an easy matter to handle even congested controversies, where the spirit of the parties is right and honest.

The trouble with a great many men is, they don't appreciate their predicament until they get into the quicksand.

When you are striving to do that which is right, be courteous and nice in every way, but don't get "turned down."

The man who wants to marry happily should pick out a good mother and marry one of her daughters; anyone will do.

Do you suppose that, with an engine like this, I could afford to put anything into the boiler that would make the machinery run wild?

It is all right, in some cases, to bank on a man's pedigree; but, in most men, there is something a great deal deeper than this matter of genealogy.

I will always risk a man if he is in the dark and knows it, but I haven't much use for a man who is groping around in the dark and doesn't know it.

How Tommy Brought His Treasure Home.

(Continued from Page 217.)

slipping down squarely upon the three sleeping Apaches, and beside each the boy caught the glint of the moonlight playing on the steel barrels of their guns. The next instant a daring plan popped into his head. If he could once get possession of those guns he would have the Indians at his mercy. Cautiously sliding down into the shadow of the knoll he began worming himself warily in the direction of the weapons. One by one he successfully drew them out of the reach of the sleeping Apaches, and then carried them back and laid them beside his own weapon. He wanted to shout and whoop like a young Indian himself, but he was not quite ready. Pulling a lot of stout cord from one of his pockets he cut it into even lengths, and then with just his head and shoulders showing above the hillock he drew a bead on the unsuspecting redskins. Then he took in a deep breath. It was the biggest breath that Tommy Samson had ever drawn in all his life, for he had determined it was going to take just one yell to awaken the figures at his feet. When it came even the horses back of

him started in affright, and the three Apaches leaped to their feet as if they had received a charge of fine shot.

"Hy, there—throw up yer hands!" shouted Tommy.

In the curious light of the moon Tommy presented a grotesque figure on the top of the knoll. His gun gleamed down on a dangerous level, and probably thinking they were being held up by a desperate horse thief the Indians complied without so much as a grunt. Their surprise at seeing their weapons gone was complete.

"That's good 'nough!" complimented Tommy. "Now see 'ere, Reddy, you take these strings an' tie the others tighter'n a knot 'r I'll scalp y' with the hull eighteen slugs! Understand?"

He tossed the strings down among the Indians. His voice was wonderfully boyish, and trembled as he issued his orders, but evidently the Indians were not accustomed to dealing with boys behind guns in that country, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before one of the young bucks picked up a handful of the strings and set to work on his companions.

"Do it good 'n tight an' I won't hurt you!" encouraged Tommy, keeping his cheek tightly glued to the stock of his gun. "I just want what's in them bags, not you!" Evidently his English was understood, for the Indian tying his companions straightened in astonishment, then bent to his work again with a lot of guttural that was so much Greek to the young adventurer.

"Now, go git the horses, an' be sure to put the bags on 'em," commanded the boy, when two of the three Apaches lay helpless on the ground.

As silently as a specter the young Apache stalked out into the moonlight, carefully guided by the glint of Tommy's gun, and in two or three minutes had everything in marching order, with the precious bags tied across the horses' shoulders.

"Git up," ordered Tommy, "an' start that critter o' your'n across the desert. If you go to run I'll plunk you!"

Once his prisoner was astride his mount Tommy descended the knoll and after considerable clambering, during which he kept a sharp eye on the Apache, mounted one of the captive horses, with the Indian and the other mount in line ahead of him. Then the journey once more began through the foothills and across the desert. From his point of vantage Tommy guided the procession by giving directions to his prisoner, who used his knees in place of a bridle, and the other two horses followed in the trail of the leader. For hours a steady march was kept up across the desert. The second range of hills was passed, and just as the clear night began giving way to dawn the desert began gradually to disappear into the green verdance of a rolling plain. It was not far beyond that both Tommy and the Indian deserted the buildings along the creek bottom that marked the Samson ranch.

"That's my home, Reddy," informed Tommy. For the first time the young Apache turned and looked back at him. As he took in the small freckled face under the ragged straw hat, the boyish legs dangling on the horse's sides, and more than all, the triumphant grin transfixing Tommy's face, he stopped his mount and stared in open-mouthed astonishment, until his captor brought him to his senses again by pointing his gun at him.

"Well, if there ain't Dad and a hull passel of others comin' out!" exclaimed the boy, more to himself than to the Indian. "Bet they've been hunting f'r me f'r a plumb day and night!"

From the directions of the buildings half a dozen men, a woman, Tommy's two sisters, and any number of dogs, were flying across the prairie toward them, their astonishment showing in their actions even before they came within speaking distance.

"What in thunder, Tom—?"

"THEM, Dad!" Tommy pointed laconically at the bags.

Impelled by the air of mystery with which Tommy clouded his remark, one of the men cut a bag loose and in a trice had dumped out upon the ground a pile of dirty, gray lumps. The boy's heart gave a tremendous throb of disappointment. That was not gold! O, what a mistake he had made! One of the men was sticking his tongue against a lump.

"By ginger, it's salt!" he yelled.

A dozen hands were testing it in an instant. Salt! As worthless as dirt, thought Tommy. But what ailed the men?

"Tom—Tom—Tom, where'd y' git it?" beseeched his father.

"Found a mine of it," replied the boy. It seemed as though his heart was breaking with disappointment.

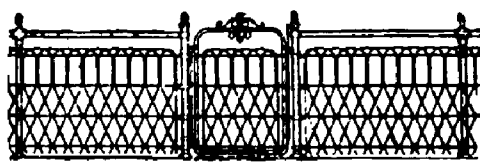
"A mine!" One of the men leaped into the air and kicked his heels together with a yell. "Great Jehosefat, y've ben the makin' o' the country, Tommy! Think on't! A hunder thousand head o' cattle on this range, an' salt costin' six dollars a bar! Whoop!"

And that is how Tommy brought his treasure home. For many years the Indians had secretly brought their salt from the mountains across the desert, while the ranches for miles around had to tote their supply from a great distance, and pay exorbitant prices for it at that. So it turned out that Tommy's reckless adventure, and his capture of three perfectly harmless Reservation Indians brought about the greatest boon the country ever had, for the deposit of salt was a large one, so large, in fact, that were all the Indians and white men in Arizona to get their salt from it, it would still last a lifetime.

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DWIGGINS WIRE FENCE CO., 11 Dwiggins Ave., Anderson, Ind.

How Are Your Lungs?

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STAMPS, COINS AND CURIOS

Counterfeits. The Numismatic Sphinx.

A dealer in counterfeit stamps has been sending his circulars to collectors, and readers of THE AMERICAN BOY should exercise care in purchasing alleged rare stamps for a mere trifle. These stamps are usually advertised as "reprints" or "facsimiles" and not as counterfeits. They are not reprints in a great majority of cases but counterfeits. One of the packets advertised is 100 varieties of Confederates for 10 cents. The stamps in this packet are all unused, but very poorly printed and would deceive very few collectors, the impressions in many cases being less distinct than the illustrations in the catalogues and albums. As a general rule a set of rare stamps catalogued at several dollars but sold for a few cents may be set down as counterfeits. The editor of this department would like to have information in any cases where counterfeit stamps are sold to readers of THE AMERICAN BOY as genuine stamps.

G. H. Y.: (1) Your 1863 is a common Civil War token. (2) is a British Colonial quarter dollar struck for use in Canada in 1822. It sells for half a dollar at the dealers.—H. V. H.: The 1811, 1812 and 1824 half dollars are worth eighty five cents each with the dealer. Your others face value only.—A. C.: The \$2.00 State Bank of New Brunswick is very common and can be readily obtained for a few cents each. Yours, being not dated, never was placed in circulation.—D. M. R., H. I., Z. H. A., W. K., E. D. and A. B.: Your coins have no premium to mention. J. B. McF.: The 1813, 1822 and 1827 half dollars bring from seventy five to eighty five cents each at the dealers. Your Spanish silver has no premium.—The 5 franc pieces of Charles X. and Louis Philippe of France, if in fine condition, bring \$1.50 each at the dealers.—Coins that are holed or worn so that the inscription cannot be readily made out, as a general thing are of no value and do not command premiums.—There is no premium on the 1869 nickel five cent pieces or the 1853 quarters or half dollars that have the arrow point each side the date.—A fine 1875 three dollar gold piece sells for \$5.00. This date was only struck at the Philadelphia mint and 82,326 were struck. Your other coins are common.—J. R. W.: The 1851 silver three cent pieces are common, and unless fine, bring no premium. We have no particular knowledge of buttons, and consequently cannot assist you in the interesting specimens you have found.—The 1804, 1809 and 1828 half cents sell for twenty five, fifteen and fifteen cents each respectively. The 1802, 1804 and 1809 cents, thirty five cents, \$7.50 and one dollar each. They must be in good condition. We know of no small cents for 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854 and 1855.—Your rubbing is from a XXX shilling piece of James II. of England. It was struck in Ireland after the king had been driven from the throne. It is money of "necessity," the metal being brass obtained from old cannon, church bells, etc. You will notice that it bears the month of issue as well as the year, May, 1690.—There are no recent regular issues of our mints that bring a premium, with the single exception of the 1894 S. dime. All other issues of the past twenty five years have been in such large quantities that they are common. This applies to all our coinage, except the gold.—R. L. H. sends us quite a number of rubbings of nice coins for a collection, but most of them are common. Among them is a Japanese oval tempo and round current five sen in silver; Chinese cash and Kwang-tung cash piece. Others are from Hongkong, New Foundland, Switzerland, etc., etc. Canadian paper money T. M., G. G. S., F. F. T., H. C. B., L. C., is worth face value in Detroit.—M. W. G., G. B., C. R. C., O. C., C. R. and A. R.: There are no premiums on your coins.—J. A.: The value of the cents you mention depends altogether upon their condition. If poor or fair they are worth only face value. If good to fine, then they will bring from five to ten cents each. If unrecirculated, you can add 100 per cent to their face value and readily get it, for in this condition the cents are eagerly sought after. These remarks will apply to all the cents issued between 1816 and 1857. Your rubbing is from a common Canadian token for half-penny.—R. L. D'Arcy: The gold dollars of any date now bring a premium, none selling less than \$1.75.—Clarence Reynolds: Your rubbing is from a shilling of George III. of England. It is worth a half dollar.—John A. Cole: The United States did not issue any silver dollars in 1807, so we are at a loss to understand just what you want.—Alva P. Lawrence: There is no premium on the U. S. silver coins of 1853 with arrow heads each side the date.—J. W. Parker: Your rubbing is from a common Belgian 2 cent piece.—A. I. Kizer: The Bank of Upper Canada half penny of 1850 is very common.—Wayne Seeley: Your coins are all very common and hardly command a premium.—Arthur E. Twohey: There is not much demand among collectors for the 2 1/2 and 5 dollar gold pieces, and few of them you would be likely to run across would bring a premium.—Rex Bryan: There is no premium on the nickel three cent piece of 1871. The silver three cent piece of same date, if fine, sells for half a dollar.—D. E. B.: A good half dollar of 1839 sells for seventy five cents. George III. of England did not issue any copper pennies.—Wm. C. Westcott: There is no premium on the dollars of 1893, CC mint. 677,000 of them were issued at that mint.—C. F. A.: The cent of 1894 is worth just one cent and no more.—Willie Davis: The 1868 nickel five cent piece is worth only face value.—L. L. G.: Your coin is a common Spanish silver piece. The old date (1774) does not make it any the more valuable.—Bruce Carpenter: Your 1812 half penny we presume to be Canadian, as none were struck in England of this date. It is common.—Jack Stevens: The cent of 1819 sells for ten cents. Connecticut cents of 1787, if in good condition, sell at twenty five cents each.—L. A. White: The gold dollar of 1849 sells at \$2.—Arthur S. Trafford: The 1890 half cent sells for fifteen cents. Jay E. French: It is impossible from your description to locate or give value on your gold coin.—Bracy Turnbaugh: Such lists as you inquire for are issued by dealers in coin. Write to some of them. The 1894 half dollar is not scarce. It is nonsense to imagine them worth \$200 each when over seven and a quarter million of them were issued

Answers to Correspondents.

A. B. W., South McAlester, I. T.: The stamp you describe is from Sweden.—L. B., Vicksburg, Miss.: The Louisiana Law stamp you describe is worth about 5 cents. They are not common or very well known, as but few collect them.—F. T., South Ottumwa, Ill.: Send your stamp to the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 18 East Twenty Third street, New York, and enclose return postage and registration.—S. C., West Lebanon, Ind.: The 10c Bill of Lading is catalogued at 6c. The 3c Proprietary catalogues 20c.—D. M., Hillsdale, Iowa: The stamp belongs to the issue printed to commemorate the Omaha Exposition and is not rare. It catalogues 1c.—M. F. J., Waycross, Ga.: There are several check lists of pre-cancelled stamps, but we know of no list pricing all the varieties. Many collectors collect them. Write to D. W. Osgood, South Fork, Colorado, for lists.—S. T., Elgin, Ill.: Any advertiser in THE AMERICAN BOY can sell you a set of the King's head issue of Great Britain. The set, including the 6d, can be purchased for 4 or 5 cents.—E. G., Monticito, Cal.: From the inscription on your stamp we think it is a local stamp from Hungary, although it may be a revenue.—A. H., Abilene, Kansas: Your stamps are worth about 10 cents.—G. W. C., Wheeling, W. Va.: The stamp you enclose is a newspaper stamp of Austria issued from 1853 to 1857. They are very common.—H. T., Northville, Mich.: The 2c Pan-American are worth about 10c per 100.—C. H. B., Truro, N. S.: See answer to S. T., Elgin, Ill.—L. H. F., Hermon, N. Y.: The surcharge on the stamps of India signifies, "On Her Majesty's Service." The stamp is used on official correspondence.—O. G. L., Ashley, Ohio: We cannot tell what your old revenue stamps are worth without knowing the inscription in the circle under the picture of Washington.—M. C. S., West Swaney, N. H.: The 5c brown starfield catalogues 2c. There is no 2c yellow Jackson postage stamp.—Collector, Philadelphia: The letters in the corners of the old stamps of Great Britain are known as plate numbers and designate the position of the die when the dies are made up for printing.—M. DeW., Horlock, Kansas: We cannot tell you the value of the envelope stamps unless they are sent for examination with return postage. There is no charge for examination. There are many varieties of nearly the same design.—Stamp Co., Pontiac, Ill.: The stamp is a German local.—S. H., Stamford, Conn.: Your stamp is a Mexican revenue.—P. M., Twillingate, Newfoundland: The unused 1/2 Great Britain described are catalogued at 2c each. We cannot tell the value of the British Guiana without a fuller description. The stamp you describe was printed in blue but not in green. The 3c Newfoundland surcharge is not catalogued used. The surcharged Canada on the 3c numeral issue can be purchased for 1c.—R. A. W., Salem, N. Y.: The 2c red Confederate stamp is catalogued at 25c unused. The value of the Metropolitan stamp depends on the denomination. The R. C. & W. stamp is catalogued at \$2.50. The Hop Bitters stamp catalogues 4 cents. We are unable to place the other stamps from your description. Kindly send fuller description of the stamps, or the stamps for examination.—R. W. L., Orient, N. Y.: The 2c Jackson, black, catalogues 5c; 6c blue locomotive, 2 cents; 2c rose, 1 cent; 15c orange Webster, 50 cents used.—R. K. B., Hazleton, Pa.: The stamps of Russia surcharged for China catalogue 38 cents for a complete set unused.—S. A. C., Methuen, Mass.: A set of Columbian stamps from 1 to 10c can be purchased for 18 to 20c. The 15c is catalogued at 25c and the 3c is catalogued at 35c.—W. M. B., Marion, Kas.: The 5 pence Samoa, of which you enclose drawing, is catalogued at 50c if printed in vermilion, and 2c if printed in carmine red.—S. C., West Lebanon, Indiana.—The red Jackson can be purchased for 1 cent. Jefferson's picture is on the 10-cent of 1870 issue. The 1 and 2-cent Columbians are very cheap and can be purchased for 10 cents and 5 cents per 100, respectively. Revenues of the Civil War bring higher prices if unused, although not priced in that condition in the Standard catalogue. The 2-cent brown and 2-cent green are scarcely worth saving, as dealers pay very little for them. You might possibly get 25 cents per 1,000 for them. Dealers pay from 5 to 8 cents per 100 for 2-cent Omahas and about 15 cents per 100 for 1-cent Omahas.—P. R., National City, Cal.—The 1/2 and 1-penny King's head of Great Britain used, can be purchased for 1 cent. The stamp you send illustration of is a Russian local. A die variety is where there is a very slight difference in the stamp from the first design issued and used. The 25-cent orange on unwatermarked paper is catalogued at 35 cents, and on watermarked paper at 10 cents, both used.—H. A., Chicago, Ill.—The 4-cent Alsace and Lorraine catalogues 60 cents unused and \$3.50 with the inverted net work unused. The stamps have been reprinted, and all reprints have the inverted network. The "P" of Postes is 2 1/2 mm from the border in the reprints and 3 mm in the originals; the word Postes measures 12 1/4 to 13 mm on the reprints and 11 to 12 1/4 mm on the originals.

A Rare Stamp.

There was recently sold in London at public auction a Roumania-Moldavia 1864 issue 81 Paris, blue on blue, unused, with nearly full gum and large margins. After lively competition it was knocked down for one thousand, one hundred dollars.

COINS! NEW MAY BARGAINS

Edward I Silver, 1277 A. D., 40c.; Calif. Gold 1/2 dol. 1853, \$1.10; U. S. 1/2c bill, fine, 12c.; 50 diff. coins, \$1.00; Roman coins, 5 var. 25c.; 3 Fossil Shells, 12c.; Hoop 4 pence, bust Kruger, 6c.; U. S. Dollar, 1799, fine, \$2.75; U. S. Silver 3c. pc., 00; U. S. 2c. pc. 1889, scarce, 14c.; U. S. A. \$5, \$10, \$20, 3 pos. 10c.; 22 var. big U. S. Cents, \$1.00; 8 Alligator teeth, 10c.; Greek Silver coin, 336 B. U. C. Price Lists and a Rare Coin for two 8 cent stamps. T. L. ELDER, A. B., Sheridan Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE NUMISMATIST

VOL. XIII. \$1.00 PER ANNUM. The only illustrated monthly magazine devoted to coin and their collecting published on the American continent. Official Journal of THE AMERICAN NUMISMATIST ASSOCIATION. Special offers to American Boy readers. 1. The Numismatist one year, and foreign coins to the value of one dollar, on receipt of \$1.00 plus 10c for postage. II. Six months trial subscription on receipt of 25 cents. III. Sample copies on receipt of ten cents (none free). Address The Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

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My illustrated catalogue and a show shell mailed for 10 cents. Collections of choice shells from 25 cents to \$1.00. Send for lists. J. H. HOLMES, Buxton, Fla.

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Wanted My Goods. Last month proved it. TRY THESE:

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4 Honduras, 1801, 8c.; 15 Italy Humbert, 5c.; 5 Mexico, 1809, 6c.; 30 Portugal, 6c.; 15 Switzerland, 10c.; 4 Uruguay, 6c.; 5 Venezuela, 10c.; 25 var. Newfoundland, New No. Wales, etc. 25c. 1000 "Faultless" Hinges 8c. Postage Ex. A. C. HAWKINS, 6254 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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20 var. British Colonials, Natal, W. Aus., etc., 10c
50 U. S. Revenues, well mixed, 10c
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Stamp free to all who send me the names of three or more collectors. Fine stamp on approval at 50% discount. Address with stamp, C. A. Nichols, Jr., H. Chilli, N. Y.

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165 diff. foreign Cuba, (giraffe), etc., only 10 cents, postpaid. Stamp on approval 80 per cent. discount to those sending references. EDGEWOOD STAMP COMPANY, 88 Clarkson Street, DORCHESTER, MASS.

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FREE! FREE! FREE! 4 Fine Unused Porto Rico stamps to every applicant for 80% approval books, the best on the market, who sends satisfactory reference and return postage. Send 7 cents additional and I will include the beautiful Costa Rica 1871, 1c to 2c bicolored. For 10c additional the scarce Chile 1902, 2c and 5c bicolored. Geo. S. McKean, Woodcock Falls, N. Y.

100 PAN-AMERICAN SOUVENIR STAMPS 10c.

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104 all diff from 10c. 40 diff. U. S. 10c.; 18 diff. Australia, 11c. 20 page catalog free. Agents Wanted. Write on approval at 50%. CROWELL STAMP CO., 143 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

How Schley Saved Greely

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 223.)

Leaving the Thetis behind to pick up Ensign Harlow and his men, who were still exploring Stalknecht Island, Schley boarded the Bear and that ship followed in the track of the steam launch.

It was half-past eight in the evening when the little ironclad launch rounded Cape Sabine and made its way into the cove beyond. The storm was driving the wind furiously through the openings in the land ridges, chilling the men to the very marrow as they eagerly scanned the rocky promontory ahead, trying to discover some signs of a camp. Suddenly, through the dull gray light, so familiar to Arctic explorers, there was plainly seen on the top of a little ridge some fifty yards above the land level, the figure of a man struggling against the wind. Instantly one of the men in the launch grasped a signal flag and waved it. The figure on the rocks stooped, picked up something, which afterwards turned out to be an old shirt nailed to an oar, and waved it feebly in reply. Then he slowly and cautiously descended the steep and rocky ridge and came toward the boat. Twice he sank exhausted and twice he arose and struggled forward against the wind. As the launch struck the island Lieutenant Colwell leaped out upon the ice and ran toward the stranger, whose hollow cheeks, wild eyes and disheveled hair painfully indicated his intense sufferings.

"How many left and where are they?" asked Colwell, quickly. The man stared at him a moment and then replied in a thick and mumbling voice: "In the tent, over the hill. Then he muttered half to himself, "The tent is down." To every question asked him the man answered with a monosyllable or repeated sadly the words: "The tent is down—the tent is down." Placing the man, who was Sergeant Long, in the boat Colwell hurried off toward the tent. In the meantime Commander Schley and several officers and men started for the shore in the launch, which had returned to the Bear, bringing the haggard form of Long.

The storm had increased and the sea was running heavy, making the rock-bound coast doubly dangerous, but Schley and the men in the launch reached the shore safely without experiencing anything more serious than a severe drenching. Hastily gathering up the blankets and cans of beef tea, crackers and milk which they had brought with them, they pressed forward over the ice in the direction of Greely's camp. As they drew near the huge "tepk," or wig-wam tent, that sheltered Greely, and which had been partly blown down by the storm, the sight of valuable barometers, chronometers and other instruments strewn about the tent amongst the dirt, ice, rocks and other debris of months, told them at a glance that Greely and his party had reached a state where everything, not food and fuel, had ceased to have a value. The sight, however, that met their eyes as they entered the tent was one of unspeakable horror. On the inside of the tent near an opening, with fixed eyes and open mouth, lay the motionless form of a man who,

to all appearances, was dead. Near him lay another poor fellow without hands or feet, and whose only means of feeding himself was by a spoon which some companion had fastened to the stump of his right arm. In the center of the tent were seated two men who were pouring something out into a tin can while over in a corner of the tent, on hands and knees, a little man with matted beard, crawled curiously forward. On his head was a bright red skull cap and about him was wrapped a soiled and tattered dressing gown. His crouching position, his matted beard, and staring eyes, half hid behind a pair of spectacles, would have given him a comical appearance under different circumstances. But it was no time for the ludicrous. It was a tragedy, not comedy that Schley and his fellow officers looked upon.

"Who are you?" asked one of the party. The man in the tattered gown made no answer. A look of amazement came over his face as he gazed at his rescuers.

"That's the major," spoke up one of the men in the center of the room. "Is that you, Greely?" asked Lieutenant Colwell as he extended his hand toward the man, who was struggling to stand erect.

"Yes," said Greely in a weak, broken voice, hesitating and muttering between his words:

"Yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men?"

Then he fell back, exhausted by the excitement and his effort to speak coherently.

There was not a particle of food of any kind in the tent, except three cans of a foul-smelling and repulsive looking jelly which the seven survivors had made by boiling up strips of sealskin cut from their cast-off clothing, and upon this stuff alone they had subsisted for two whole days prior to the arrival of Commander Schley.

A fire was quickly built and pots of milk and tea were set to boiling. Schley signaled the Thetis, which had come in sight, to send her surgeon to the island with stretchers, blankets and men. While these were arriving the rescuers turned their attention to the wants of the survivors. Restoratives were applied to Private Maurice Connelly, of the Greely expedition, who seemed like one dead, and he soon began to show some signs of life. Next to Connelly, Lieutenant Greely and Sergeant Elison were the weakest in the party. Elison was in a pitiful condition. His feet and arms had been frozen off in an attempt made seven months previous, when the thermometer was forty degrees below zero, to secure some beef which had been left in 1875 about thirty five miles from camp, at Cape Isabella, by an English expedition under command of Captain Nares.

Greely, Connelly and Elison were carefully wrapped in blankets and placed on stretchers. Then began the task of feeding the men. It was the most trying ordeal the rescuers had yet experienced. The survivors had long before ceased to feel the violent pangs of hunger; but as they sipped the beef tea and munched slowly and deliberately at the crackers

the craving desire for food came back with all its awful force. Those wrapped in blankets held up their pinched faces and piteously begged for more food, while those not so weak, dropped to their knees, and holding out their hands sought first by begging and then by abuse to obtain a few more mouthfuls. Even Greely, when forced to give up a can of the boiled sealskin which he had in some way artfully concealed about his person, broke down and cried like a child, declaring that he and his men had a right to eat what was their own. But Commander Schley, acting under the advice of the surgeons, turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, and gave orders that they be carried at once on stretchers to the boats. On reaching the boats a fresh difficulty was encountered. The wind coming over the ice in furious blasts, drove the water in sheets before it, dashing it over the rails of the boats at every lunge; and no amount of care could prevent both rescuers and survivors from being wet to the skin before they were able to board the ships.

On a little slope some fifty yards from the tent Commander Schley had noticed the rude graves of some twelve or fifteen of the members of the Greely expedition, who had perished from starvation. After the wants of the living had been attended to, Schley turned his attention to the dead. The bodies were all carefully disinterred and placed on board the ships. Then the clothing, sleeping-bags, note-books, guns, scientific instruments, and every scrap and relic pertaining to the expedition were carefully gathered up. It was long after midnight when this work was accomplished and the launch returned to the Thetis, bearing the last vestiges of the ill-fated Lady Franklin Bay Expedition.

The return voyage was saddened by the death of Sergeant Elison, who, unable to survive the shock of two surgical operations, died July 8, at Disko Harbor, leaving of the original twenty five members of the expedition but six survivors, an awful record of Arctic death and suffering.

On the afternoon of August 2, 1884, the Thetis, Bear and Alert, with flags at half mast, steamed into the harbor at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with their freight of living and dead. The North Atlantic Squadron was there to greet the relief ships, and a grand ovation was extended to officers and crews by the people of Portsmouth, the Secretary of the Navy being present to congratulate Commander Schley for the prompt and daring manner in which he had effected the rescue of Greely.

A Lesson From Lincoln.

It is human nature to take it easy when we can, and with most people big bank accounts will paralyze effort and destroy ambition. Who can tell what would have been the effect on our national history had Abraham Lincoln been born in luxury, surrounded with great libraries, free to the multiform advantages of schools, colleges and universities and manifold opportunities for culture that wealth bestows? Who shall say whether the absence of all incentive to effort might not have smothered such a genius?

What wealthy, city-bred youth of today, glutted with opportunities for acquiring knowledge, can feel that hunger for books, that thirst for knowledge that spurred Lincoln to scour the wilderness for many miles to borrow the coveted "Life of Washington," which he had heard that someone in the neighborhood owned?

What young lawyer of our day goes to a law school or library with such a keen appetite, with such a yearning for legal knowledge, as this youth had when he actually walked forty four miles to borrow Blackstone's "Commentaries"?

Where is the student in college or university today who experiences that satisfaction, that sense of conquest, which thrilled Lincoln while lying on the floor of his log cabin working out arithmetical problems on a wooden shovel by the light of a wood fire, or enthusiastically devouring the contents of a borrowed book, as if his eyes would never rest on its pages again?

On reading Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural address foreign readers exclaimed, "Whence got this man his style, seeing he knows nothing of literature?" Well might they exclaim, but their astonishment would have been still greater had they known that those eloquent utterances that thrilled the nation's heart had fallen from the lips of one who in his youth had access to but four books—the Bible, "Pilgrims Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington" and Burns' poems.—Exchange.

Can You Pronounce It?

Lannfaupwllguynyggogerychwyendro-bwlllindavalllogogog is the name of a parish on the Anglesea side of the Menai bridge, Wales, England, which is the only name in everyday use without any break or pause. The natives call the place Llan fair, but as there are other Llan fairs in Wales, some description has to be added to postal addresses, that to Llan fair being pwllgwynnyll. More commonly the whole is written Llan fair P. G. The meaning of this long name is as follows: "The Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near the rapid whirlpool and to St. Disillods Church near to a red cave."



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A choice of names—no difference in merit.

Made in the factory where the first Air-Gun was born. The perfected achievement of the inventor of the air rifle. The handiest, the handiest, the strongest, the most accurate shooting air rifles in the world. Gun like guns which never dismount. Genuine steel barrel; rounded walnut stock with pistol grip and trigger guard; handsomely nickel-plated and polished, all parts interchangeable; shoots B. B. drop shot or darts. Both single shot and repeaters. Just what the boys and girls require. Full of fun without danger.

The "King" or "Prince" Single Shot Air Rifle \$1.00
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This is the finest Air Rifle made. Comes packed in fancy boxes, 4 inches wide, 14 inches long.


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Single barrel ejector, 30 or 32 in. barrel, weight, 7 1/2 lbs. Best American Walnut stock and fore-end. Frame and lock parts best steel. Thoroughly reliable and a good shooter; \$1.50 at retail anywhere. Guaranteed against defects. Write for cat. THE FRANK MINER ARMS CO., Toledo, Ohio.

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RUDOLPH FORSTER.

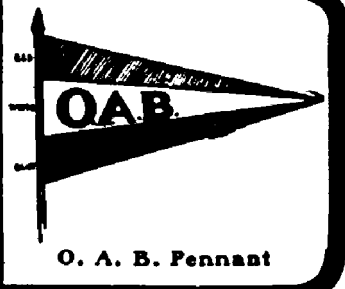
Newly appointed an Assistant Secretary to President Roosevelt.

Another young man has just attained by his own unaided efforts a prominent position in public life at the national capital. The latest energetic young American to forge to the front is Rudolph Forster, who has just been appointed Assistant Secretary to the President of the United States. Mr. Forster was born in the city of Washington in 1872 and is consequently only thirty one years of age. He was educated in the public schools of the capital and later graduated from the Columbian University. In 1894 he entered the government service as a clerk in the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries and three years later was detailed for duty at the White House. His ability was speedily recognized and in 1900 he was promoted to the post of executive clerk to the President. When William Loeb, Jr., was recently made Secretary to the President it gave an opportunity for Mr. Forster to be advanced to his present responsible place as one of the two Assistant Secretaries to the President.

The Great American Boy Army

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS

Every Energetic American Boy should be a Member of "The Order of The American Boy."



Fifty-Four New Companies Organized During the Last Thirty Days.

Gold-nod Company, No. 11, Division of Kansas, Topeka, Kans.—General Custer Company, No. 12, Division of Kansas, Emporia, Kans.—Augustus P. Gardner Company, No. 16, Division of Massachusetts, Beverly, Mass.—Bob Evans Company, No. 25, Division of Iowa, Woodbine, Ia.—Golden Eagle Company, No. 17, Division of California, Truckee, Cal.—Henry M. Teller Company, No. 9, Division of Colorado, Denver, Colo.—Big Five Company, No. 7, Division of South Dakota, Canton, S. D.—Goddard Company, No. 12, Division of Kansas, Goddard, Kans.—Bound to Win Company, No. 23, Division of New York, Akron, N. Y.—Gem of the Mountains Company, No. 3, Division of Idaho, Council, Ida.—The Coyote Company, No. 15, Division of Texas, Colorado, Tex.—Grant Company, No. 26, Division of Iowa, Grant, Ia.—Hobson Company, No. 27, Division of Iowa, Mt. Vernon, Ia.—Minnesota Gophers Company, No. 9, Division of Minnesota, Fergus Falls, Minn.—William C. Sprague Company, No. 28, Division of Iowa, Oskaloosa, Ia.—Robert M. Lafollete Company, No. 16, Division of Wisconsin, Blair, Wis.—Williamette Club Company, No. 9, Division of Oregon, Independence, Ore.—Bedford Athletic Company, No. 38, Division of Ohio, Bedford, O.—H. W. Corbett Company, No. 10, Division of Oregon, Portland, Ore.—Mary A. Livermore Company, No. 17, Division of Massachusetts, Melrose, Mass.—Oxford Company, No. 30, Division of Illinois, Grayville, Ill.—Old Hickory Company, No. 10, Division of Minnesota, Caledonia, Minn.—Nathan Hale Company, No. 5, Division of Connecticut, Stafford Springs, Conn.—Prairie Queen Company, No. 16, Division of Texas, Temple, Tex.—Little Badger Company, No. 17, Division of Wisconsin, Sheboygan, Wis.—Bomazeen Company, No. 7, Division of Maine, Madison, Me.—Hoosier Company, No. 17, Division of Indiana, Owensville, Ind.—Buffalo Bill Company, No. 29, Division of Iowa, Fairfield, Ia.—Washburn Company, No. 18, Division of California, San Jose, Cal.—John Wanamaker Company, No. 48, Division of Michigan, Jackson, Mich.—Sidney Lanier Company, No. 2, Division of Georgia, Columbus, Ga.—Blue Mountain Company, No. 11, Division of Oregon, Baker City, Ore.—Park City Company, No. 6, Division of Connecticut, Bridgeport, Conn.—William C. Sprague Company, No. 17, Division of Texas, McKinney, Tex.—Buckeye Company, No. 38, Division of Ohio, Cleveland, O.—Hoosier American Company, No. 18, Division of Indiana, Milton, Ind.—Shackamaxon Company, No. 25, Division of Pennsylvania, Turckhannock, Pa.—West Virginia Stars Company, No. 5, Division of West Virginia, Martinsburg, W. Va.—Western Reserve Company, No. 40, Division of Ohio, Cleveland, O.—Hawkeye Athletic Club Company, No. 39, Division of Iowa, Spencer, Ia.—Tremont Company, No. 24, Division of New York, New York City, N. Y.—General Anthony Wayne Company, No. 25, Division of New York, Nyack, N. Y.—William C. Sprague Company, No. 5, Division of New Jersey, Rutherford, N. J.—Seneca Company, No. 26, Division of New York, Geneva, N. Y.—Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 14, Division of Kansas, Emporia, Kans.—Jayhawk Company, No. 15, Division of Kansas, Eureka, Kans.—Benjamin Franklin Company, No. 18, Division of Massachusetts, Mansfield, Mass.—Monarch Company, No. 31, Division of Iowa, Keota, Ia.—General John Stark Company, No. 2, Division of New Hampshire, Goffstown, N. H.—Andrew Carnegie Company, No. 41, Division of Ohio, Hamden Junction, O.—Bengal Tiger Company, No. 19, Division of Indiana, Rushville, Ind.—General Warren Company, No. 26, Division of Pennsylvania, Warren, Pa.—Crater Lake Company, No. 12, Division of Oregon, Jacksonville, Ore.—Jefferson Davis Company, No. 2, Division of Florida, Palmetto, Fla.—Rough Rider Military Company, No. 31, Division of Illinois, Martinsville, Ill.—Hamilton Carhart Company, No. 49, Division of Michigan, Detroit, Mich.—The Convention Hall of Kansas City Company, No. 10, Division of Missouri, Kansas City, Mo.



GOLD NUGGET COMPANY, No. 5, CRIPPLE CREEK, COLO.

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.

dumb-bells and Indian clubs. This company is interested in stamp and curio collecting, and has a number of games.—JACOB RIIS COMPANY, No. 40, Big Rapids, Mich., recently organized, will have a debating society and an athletic club, and expects to give parties occasionally. Dues ten cents per month. The captain writes that the boys are very proud of their charter.—KANAWHA COMPANY, No. 4, Charleston, W. Va., holds its meetings on Friday of each week. Company dues, ten cents per month, payable at the first meeting in each month. A fine of one cent has been imposed on members not paying dues at first meeting in each month, and a fine of two cents for disorderly conduct during meetings.—FORT JENKINS COMPANY, No. 15, West Pittston, Pa., holds its meetings every two weeks. Dues five cents, payable at each meeting. It has over forty volumes in its library and the assistant librarian writes that it expects soon to have nearly seventy five volumes. This company will hold special exercises on AMERICAN BOY Liberty Day. It has organized a basketball team.—OLIVET COMPANY, No. 13, Olivet, Mich., holds its meetings once a month. Dues five cents per month. This company held the AMERICAN BOY Liberty Day exercises on February 21, and the treasurer writes that it went off very nicely. He says the boys spend some very pleasant evenings together and that the company is progressing finely in every way.—GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT COMPANY, No. 14, Indianapolis, Ind., has a basketball team and will have a baseball team a little later.—GOPHER ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 6, Winona, Minn., recently elected the following officers: Captain, Randolph H. Smith; Secretary, W. P. Tearse, Jr.; Treasurer, Wilton Swain.—HENRY CLAY COMPANY, No. 3, Lawrenceburg, Ky., holds its meetings every second and fourth Friday in each month at the office of W. P. Marsh, who is the company's counsel and helps the boys in every way possible. The captain writes that the boys are very much interested in the work and says they hope

soon to have a large company.—BEAR FLAG COMPANY, No. 14, Calistoga, Cal., has a fine club room at the home of Vice Captain Leslie Weeks. Meetings are held every two weeks. Dues five cents per month. It has a punching bag and will work for other athletic goods as premiums. The following are the officers of the company: Captain, Bert Hutchison; Vice Captain, Leslie Weeks; Secretary, Leslie Crouch; Treasurer, Howard Butler; Librarian, Ralph Hutchison; Assistant Librarian, Walter Butler; Sergeant-at-Arms, Dan Kelly.—OCEAN VIEW COMPANY, No. 15, San Pedro, Cal., chose its name because it has such a fine view of the Pacific Ocean. It has a nice club room upstairs in Harry Weaver's home and meetings are held on Friday evenings at seven o'clock, when, after transacting what business there is or hand, the boys play ping-pong, crokinole, checkers, chess, and read books and magazines, of which they have a great many. The company is saving up money for a gymnasium. It has adopted a resolution to the effect that it will try the best it can to help the American boy cause along.—CAVALIER COMPANY, No. 12, Oakfield, Wis., has had its charter framed. The secretary promises us a picture of the company soon.—STAR OF THE WEST COMPANY, No. 4, Elgin, Ore., sends the following report for January and February: Number of members taken in since January 1, 1903, one; number of members up to March 1, 1903, ten; money taken in since January 1, 1903, \$2.50; money spent, \$1.25 (for library books). The company has at present sixteen good books in its library.—ETHAN ALLEN COMPANY, No. 2, Brattleboro, Vt., holds its meetings on the first Saturday in each month. It has a fine library. The following are its officers: Captain, Robert Kenney; Treasurer, Howard Brown; Secretary, Stewart Brown; Librarian, Roy Monroe.—GOLDEN GATE COMPANY, No. 16, Alameda, Cal., is an athletic company, but will also devote some time to debating and other things. In about two months the company will have a nice boat house, with

Eight Great Days.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY will celebrate by special program the following eight great days during the remainder of this year:

May 23—AMERICAN BOY TREE PLANTING; June 20—AMERICAN BOY FAIR; July 4—AMERICAN BOY INDEPENDENCE DAY; August 22—AMERICAN BOY CAMP FIRE AND CORN ROAST; September 19—AMERICAN BOY FIELD DAY; October 31—AMERICAN BOY HALLOWEEN; November 28—AMERICAN BOY CONGRESS; December 19—AMERICAN BOY ANNUAL BANQUET, PUBLIC MEETING AND ADDRESS. Every member, whether an individual or Company member, will look forward to these days as red letter days for 1903.

three rooms and a porch in which to hold its meetings.—THOMAS EDISON COMPANY, No. 42, Albion, Mich., holds its meetings every other Wednesday. Company dues, fifteen cents per month.—GOLD NUGGET COMPANY, No. 5, Cripple Creek, Colo., holds its meetings on Friday evenings of each week. Dues have been fixed at twenty five cents per month, and this money will be used to buy good books and athletic goods.—W. TAYLOR COMPANY, No. 26, Louisville, O., expects to occupy its new club room in the Kagey Block on March 1. It is a fine room, equipped with steam heat, gas, etc. On the evening of February 6 this company held a minstrel entertainment and old-time social, which was a great success, the total receipts being \$28. The company has two sets of boxing gloves and a punching bag, and as soon as it gets located in its new room will have a library. On the evening of February 22 the company marched in a body to the Progressive church where a young people's rally was being held. The captain writes: "The pastor, in his sermon, spoke very kindly of use and encouraged us in every respect. He used our motto frequently in his sermon." He promises us a picture of the drum corps and also a picture of the new company club room.—THOMAS B. REED COMPANY, No. 6, Auburn, Me., has had its charter framed and hung up in the club room.—CHIEF GOOUTHUNDER COMPANY, No. 4, Redwood Falls, Minn., held its election of officers on February 3, with the following result: Captain, Forest King; Secretary, Henry Morgan; Treasurer, Ralph Kumm; Librarian, Glen Gold. On that evening the club held a mock trial. Meetings every two weeks at the homes of the members, and a literary program is rendered at each meeting.—GRANT COMPANY, No. 26, Grant, Ia., holds its meetings at the home of the treasurer. Dues, one cent a week, with fines limited to two cents.—WILLIAM BARRETT TRAVIS COMPANY, No. 12, Tyler, Tex., has moved its club room and is now nicely situated. This company is interested in baseball, and on March 21 played the Tyler Hat team with a score of 39 to 28 in favor of the O. A. B.'s. GENERAL FRANCIS MARION COMPANY, No. 37, Coldling, O., has adopted the proposed constitution and by-laws. It has organized itself into a correspondence club, and its main object for the present will be to get acquainted with other companies of the order. Meetings once a month during the summer. Dues, twenty five cents per month.—GOPHER ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 6, Winona, Minn., is interested in athletics and physical culture. It has a fine baseball and track team, and has physical culture exercises every Thursday afternoon.—RAY STATE COMPANY, No. 7, Springfield, Mass., holds its meetings on the first and third Fridays in each month from 7 to 9 p. m., in a room in the Y. M. C. A. building. The room is a large one, furnished with two desks, a fireplace, tables and chairs, and on meeting nights the boys play games, have refreshments and a good time generally. The captain promises us a picture of his company.—G. A. HENRY COMPANY, No. 1, Enid, Okla., is fortunate in having a boy printer in the company who prints letterheads and envelopes for the members.—BENGAL TIGER COMPANY, No. 10, Lisbon, Ia., held THE AMERICAN BOY Liberty Day program on February 29 at the home of Private Merrill Ringer. The house was prettily decorated with flags, bunting, etc. Addresses were given by Professor Ogden and Editor A. M. Floyd, and the visitors took up a collection for the boys. The company has at this time \$4.50 in its treasury. The boys wear blue caps with white letters on them. This company hopes soon to have a club room, with a fine gymnasium, library, etc.—SUSQUEHANNA COMPANY, No. 17, Muncy, Pa., holds its meetings at the home of the captain every Thursday. It expects to have a fine baseball team this season.—WHITE OWL COMPANY, No. 16, Danville, Ind., is progressing finely. It has a club room and has had its charter framed, and the treasurer says the boys are very proud of it.—ETHAN ALLEN COMPANY, No. 2, Brattleboro, Vt., held its first meeting on March 7, and reports a fine time. It will have its charter framed.—HENRY M. TELLER COMPANY, No. 9, Denver, Colo., recently organized, is one of the prosperous companies of the order. It has a small company paper which is printed on the typewriter. The captain writes that the boys are very proud of the badges and charter and will have the latter framed. At present they are practicing for a track team.

Company News.

SHICKHACK CO., No. 1, Chandlerville, Ill., recently elected the following officers: Capt., Jean Scott; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry Thelgrate; Sergeant-at-Arms, Willie C. Schaad. The Sergeant-at-Arms suggests that the members of the Order have uniforms, with gun or sword, and would like to hear from other companies on this subject.—GOPHER ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 6, Winona, Minn., has two rooms, one of which is furnished with a bookcase containing about fifty books, eight chairs, a cozy corner, center table, folding table for games, and the walls are decorated with pictures. In the other room are five pair of dumb-bells and five pair of Indian clubs, a punching bag, rowing machine, chest weights, a Whitley exerciser and a pair of boxing gloves. It also has a curlo cabinet, and has had its charter framed. This company has a baseball team and a basketball team. The baseball team has met with great success, and the boys are practicing basketball and have arranged for three games in the near future.—NETH LOW COMPANY, No. 16, Tempeville, N. Y., holds its meetings on Friday evenings. It has erected a fine club house and is having a pennant made, as a friend recently presented the company with a flag pole.—GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT COMPANY, No. 14, Indianapolis, Ind., is getting along nicely. It holds its meetings on Friday evenings at the homes of the members, and has been making a study of the lives of the presidents of the United States, taking up one at each meeting until it has about completed them. This company will have a strong baseball team this season and a fine gymnasium. It has at this writing about \$1.50 in its treasury.—GRIZZLY BEAR COMPANY, No. 36, Youngstown, O., has a fine club room and a library of eighty books, magazines and papers. It also has a small gymnasium, which is furnished with punching bag, a Whitley exerciser, fencing outfit,



CHINTIMINI COMPANY, No. 7, CORVALLIS, ORE.

Notice.

All names of new members should be sent in by the captain. Any member can send in a subscription, but if the new subscriber is to be a member of the company the captain should notify us to that effect.

Boys in the Home, Church and School

A Successful Boy.

Arthur Schade, Baraboo, Wis., age twelve, is at the head of his class in school, his average grades for some time past being 90 per cent.



ARTHUR SCHADE.

scription to THE AMERICAN BOY out of his own money. Arthur is fond of the violin and expects soon to earn enough money to buy one.

Plan of Pupil Government.

The government of schools by and through the pupils themselves has lately been receiving much attention and encouragement from thinking educators.

First, because it is becoming more apparent that the old monarchical form of school government is falling to educate properly for the duties of civic life, and

Secondly, because the successful experiments carried on in the John Crerar Grammar School and the Hyde Park High School, and other schools of Chicago seem to offer a practical way of solving the question in both the elementary and secondary schools.

The system in operation in the John Crerar School of Chicago was devised by Principal John T. Ray of that school. It has been in operation in his school of about eight hundred pupils for three years, and its adoption by many other large schools of Chicago and elsewhere has been followed.

It is said that about 50,000 children in various parts of the United States are now being successfully governed under this plan.

Because of the simplicity and directness of the plan it has been found to be of practical utility in the elementary schools

where the masses of our children are educated. For this reason it has attracted the attention of educators specially.

To answer the many inquiries coming from pupils and teachers Mr. Ray has printed a little booklet containing the Rules for Pupil-Co-operation, with suggestions for the introduction of the "Citizen and Tribune Plan," which will be sent by him to the boys and girls of THE AMERICAN BOY on receipt of a two cent stamp.

The following outline of the plan is taken from the little booklet:

1. On the first Monday of each school month, a girl and a boy Tribune shall be elected by ballot in each room above the second grade. (Second and first grades appointed.)

2. (a) The Tribunes are the official spokesmen of the room. To them all complaints or reports of misconduct shall be made by pupils, and from them the teacher shall first seek any information pertaining to order or discipline.

(b) The Tribunes shall receive all complaints, and investigate, caution, advise and warn pupils as to their conduct, settling disputes and protecting the rights of the individual and of the school against wrong-doers, if possible.

(c) The Tribune shall report misconduct to the teacher only after a pupil has been warned. The teacher shall deprive the offender of privileges until he goes to the Tribune and makes proper pledges of future right conduct, when the Tribune will ask to have the offender's privileges restored.

3. Pupils are expected not only to do right themselves, but to actively assist in influencing other pupils to right conduct, by personal influence and warning, or by reporting misconduct to the Tribune of the room to which the offender belongs.

4. (a) Citizens may be appointed from each room after the third week in each term to the number of one-half or more of the membership, two-thirds elected by the pupils of the room, and one-third, and all further additions to be appointed by the teacher.

(b) The Citizens shall be elected or appointed from those who excel in personal good conduct, and particularly in assisting in the general good government of the school.

(c) The Citizens are expected to take the same active interest at all times, as the teachers do, in securing good order and right conduct about the school. They are to be accorded all possible liberties about the school the same as teachers. They may enter the front door at any time; may leave the room when necessary, or may sit in the reading rooms before or after school.

(d) Citizens shall have the right to vote on all matters pertaining to the general welfare of the school, and from their number, shall be appointed all committees of inquiry, etc.

5. (a) Tribunes or Citizens may be removed by the teacher or principal at any time for misconduct or lack of attention to Citizen's or Tribune's duties.

(b) Teachers may appoint additional citizens at any time for general good conduct or for special praiseworthy acts.

6. The Tribunes and Citizens shall be designated by the wearing of a pin or badge.

7. The Tribunes of the school shall constitute a school council who may advise with the principal, when called upon, in suggesting regulations for the general order of the school. They may appoint Marshals or other officers with the approval of the principal.

A pretty and impressive installation ceremony is used every month in installing the Tribunes and new Citizens. We give the pledge to the "Flag and School," and the "Tribune" and "Citizens" pledge:

All--We pledge allegiance to the flag (saluting flag), and the Republic for which it stands. One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. We pledge allegiance to good citizenship in all schools, that we may be the better fitted for citizenship in the republic, whose government is "Of the people, by the people, and for the people."

First Tribune--(To the pupils)--As Tribune I promise to do my duties to the best of my ability, and I appeal to you to give me all the aid you can. Let us be ever thoughtful of the welfare of others and of our school. Let us be habitually faithful in study, courteous in behavior, and honest in all things.

Second Tribune--(To the pupils)--As Tribune I promise to perform my duties to the best of my ability. You can aid me greatly by protecting the school from harmful conduct. Abstain from such conduct yourselves. Frown upon such conduct in others and be brave and firm in rebuking it. In protecting the school, we are also protecting ourselves.

Citizens--As Citizens of this school we pledge that we will at all times try to do right ourselves and to influence others to do right. We will faithfully assist the teachers and Tribunes in securing good order and right conduct in the school. The principal or teacher then formally invests the Tribunes and Citizens with the pins that are the badges of their offices, with appropriate words of advice.

The installation ceremony is then concluded by the school rising and singing, to the tune of America, the following stanza:

All honor we will pay To heroes who each day Are brave and true: Each duty do with care, Keep from all things unfair, Honor the badge you wear-- Red, white and blue.

A Young Telegraph Operator.



JERRY SINCLAIR.

At the freight house in Decatur, Ill., is a young telegraph operator eleven years old, Jerry Sinclair by name. He handles the telegraph key like a veteran operator, and furthermore, he does the local billing, takes care of the "freight received" book, and does other work about the freight office. Not long ago he went to Terre Haute (Ind.) to take the railroad examination on the book of rules, and the men who did the examining were astounded to see how much he had stowed away in his little brain. He is now regularly on the pay roll. Instead of loafing about the station as many a boy is in the habit of doing, he studied the Morse alphabet, did errands for the operator, and, before anybody knew it, had picked up the business.



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100,000 sold in Minneapolis. A Household Necessity that recalls in the same territory. Millions will be sold. Costs 1c. sells for 25c. Beats everything as a money-maker. Agents make 40 to 60 sales a day. Send for sample outfit. DOMESTIC MFG. CO. Desk 17. Minneapolis, Minn.

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MANY MAKE \$2000 A YEAR. You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars. A. M. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Farmers' Sons Wanted—with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office: \$40 a month with advancement; steady employment; must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, London, Canada.

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Selling our goods. WHY DON'T YOU? Every housekeeper needs them. Write for booklet A. TALKOTT MFG. CO., Box 8, Station E, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Elegantly engraved Silver Aluminum Match Box. Guaranteed to wear—will not tarnish as silver. To introduce in your locality write for sample for 25 cents. STAR MFG. COMPANY, 55 Maple Street, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

BOYS
Send us 4 cents in stamps with your name and your father's or guardian's name and business and we will send you a novelty which will interest you. You can make money out of it if you wish to. HADAMER BROS., Newark, N. Y., Wayne Co., New York State.

MEN WANTED—GOOD PAY
Wanted—Everywhere men to distribute advertising matter, tack signs, etc., no canvassing. Previous experience unnecessary. Address National Advertising Co., No. 107 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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BOYS MONEY EASILY
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Boy Money Makers and Money Savers

Notes.

MAYNARD KING, Union Tex., laid his subscription with money earned by picking cotton. —HARRY DEMENT, Parkersburg, W. Va., earned the Prager prize of thirty dollars in gold given to the best male pupil in the public schools. One of the thirty dollars he invested in a subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. —CYRUS W. SIMMONS, age seventeen, Wichita Falls, Tex., says that for a long time his mother had been the support of the family and that until he was fourteen years old he didn't realize that he ought to be doing something himself. Then he went to work in a restaurant at \$1.50 a week, and afterwards got \$2.00, and finally \$3.50. He began with the simplest work and in a short time was left in charge of the business every night. He now earns enough to buy his clothes and his school books and has something to give his mother with which to help support his sister and three brothers. He earned last summer \$75.00. Cyrus is in the ninth grade in school and at the head of his class. —E. W. SUMMERS, Sumpter, Ore., goes to school every day and yet succeeds in netting fifteen dollars a month acting as messenger boy mornings and evenings, sweeping out and dusting an office and building fires. —GLENN WELLMAN, Boulder, Colo., makes \$1.25 a week selling papers. —W. KURILE, Montreal, Can., got a job in a bowling alley putting up pins and rakes \$3.50 a week. —LELAND ROBINSON, Cawker City, Kans., goes to school and after school makes egg cases for one of the grocery stores in town. He also works in the store on Saturdays, clearing \$1.50 a week. —HOWARD ZINSER, Oregon City, Ore., earned the dollar for his subscription by selling eggs from his own chickens, which he says number twelve. He is also earning money carrying ninety papers every morning. He rises at six, starts the fire and goes out and attends to his horse and feeds his chickens before breakfast. —RAYMOND COLEY, age twelve, Chisholm, Tex., has been picking cotton and earned \$25. He lives in the smallest county of the largest state in the United States. Its name is Rockwall, the name being taken from an old rock wall found by the early settlers. —J. S. RIMMER, Thrift, Miss., works for his father during vacations and has laid by \$25, which he has out at 10 per cent interest. —CARL KIDDER, Petersburg, Ind., says that his hens lay the eggs that bring the money that pays for THE AMERICAN BOY. —VICTOR KING, Huntville, Kans., tells an interesting story of how fifteen cents grew into \$25. Two of his playmates were moving away from his town and they gave him fifteen cents as a keepsake. His mother suggested that he invest it and see how much he could make with it in ten years. He bought a setting of eggs with the fifteen cents, and traded the chickens for a small pig worth one dollar. He fattened the pig and sold it with a net profit of five dollars. With the money he bought a calf which he sold later at \$15. Then he bought four cases of eggs at twelve cents a dozen and sold them with a profit of five dollars. With the money he had gotten together he bought two calves, which are now about a year old and are worth \$25. He thinks if boys would begin early enough and save and invest their money they would make enough to pay for their education. —JOHNNIE SMITH, Point Arena, Cal., last spring bought six calves and two pigs. The calves he sold for \$32, and the pigs for \$18. He has now \$52 in the bank, with which next egg he expects to make a fortune. —ANTHONY GILFOIL, Providence, R. I., earned the money to pay for his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by selling papers. —SOLON RHODES, Azusa, Cal., promised to tell us how he succeeded with his farming. He writes that he didn't have very good success, but he is going to plant another crop this year. His potatoes failed because he couldn't get water for them. He says his experience has taught him much that he will put to good use in the future. He had about nineteen dollars left after paying all expenses. He only had an acre of ground. With the nineteen dollars he paid for a scholarship in stationary engineering and has some money left. —SABIN ELDER, Flemington, Mo., says he started in at work in a store at eight dollars a month. He had two raises in salary and now gets fourteen dollars, and is assistant postmaster. Out of this modest salary he has put fifty dollars in the bank. —HERBERT RHODE, Minneapolis, Minn., earned his subscription dollar chopping wood for a neighbor. He made a contract to chop wood and carry enough into the house each afternoon to last twenty four hours. For doing this he gets fifty cents a week, and has twenty dollars in the bank. He has been able to pay car fare to and from school on cold days, buy all his school supplies, and subscribe for THE AMERICAN BOY. —HAROLD WEBSTER, Cripple Creek, Colo., has been saving money for two years and has one hundred dollars in the bank, twenty seven dollars at interest drawing one per cent a month, and twelve dollars in mining stocks. This is very good for a fourteen year old boy. —JOHN L. REID, Eureka, Kas., made forty dollars last summer working in a store. —CHARLES ROACH, Lisbon, Ia., has bought all his own school books excepting one since he started in school, and has bought nearly all of his own clothes. He is only thirteen years of age and works in a printing office when out of school. He has fifteen dollars in bank. —CHAS. WELLS, Galva, Ill., works in a store nights and mornings and on a farm in the summer. He has saved \$72.50, which he has in the bank. —CARL BARTLETT, Brooklyn, N. Y., carries papers after school hours. This pays his school expenses, amounting to from fifty cents to a dollar a week. He is saving up money for a new suit of clothes and overcoat, as he says he doesn't like to be of much expense to his parents. —RALPH WERNE, Chicago, Ill., earns five dollars a month taking care of his father's horse. —A twelve-year-old Overton (Pa.) boy, who does not sign his name, writes that he has earned enough money to buy a bicycle for himself. This coming summer he is going to work in a creamery, getting eight dollars a month and board. He receives nine dollars a year for attending church.

reaching the roots of the grass. Do not remove the cuttings of the grass during warm weather. On a weak sward, or one much exposed to the sunshine, the constant removal of the cuttings impoverishes the soil, and if the grass be kept short the light clippings will scarcely be observable an hour or two after the lawn is mowed. Nothing enhances the beauty of a lawn so much as shapely cut line edgings. The constant use of the shears, and the occasional cutting of the edges with a small, sharp spade or an edging iron, will be found necessary. Keep the curves of the edges and the straight lines true. Weeds, of course, should be immediately removed as soon as they appear, as they propagate themselves rapidly. Go over the lawn frequently with a sharp old knife and a little common salt or lawn sand, pouring a little of the latter into a hole made by the cutting out of the weed. Plantains may be killed by pouring a little of the lawn sand or a lump of salt on the center of the plant.

The Kind of Boys Wanted.

In one issue of the Chicago Tribune recently there appeared ten "want" advertisements specifying the kind of a boy wanted, and these are the expressions used: "Steady," "experienced," "neat," "bright," "active," "polite," "good handwriting," "with references," "energetic," "good," "good character," "well bred," "earnest," "means to get on." Some one or more of these was used in every advertisement.

The Healthful Yield of Wood and Field

Herbs, roots, bark and berries—known for generations as Nature's most efficacious tonics and blood purifiers—enter into the preparation of

Hires Rootbeer

In addition to its medicinal qualities, it is also the most delightful temperance beverage known—the most cooling and refreshing. A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or by mail for 25c. Beware of imitations.

CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Malvern, Pa.

Our New Policy

WITH REFERENCE TO

SUBSCRIPTIONS

BEGINNING with the issuance of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, subscriptions will be discontinued as they expire UNLESS RE-NEWED. Renewal slips are inserted in the last number to which the subscriber is entitled, calling attention to the fact that his subscription has expired. Renewals should be prompt so that no numbers may be missed. Subscribers can, by watching the expiration date on their address label, renew early and thus be sure of getting all the numbers as issued.

We want Boys like these

ANY boy who is willing to work after school hours on Friday and on Saturday can earn as much money as he wants. If he will write to us we will not only tell him how to do it but put him in the way of doing it. We want boys in every town to sell

The Saturday Evening Post

Hundreds of boys all over the country are making many dollars weekly in this work. Some are making \$10.00 to \$15.00 a week regularly. No money required to begin. We furnish the first week's supply free. You can start next week if you write now.

\$225 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES will be distributed next month among boys who sell five or more copies weekly

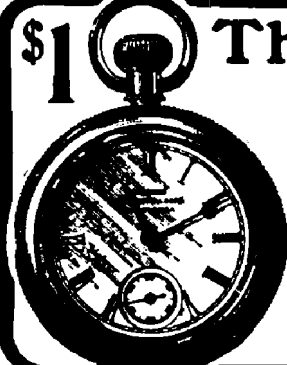
If you will try it, write and we will send next week's supply and everything necessary to start at once, including a booklet showing photographs and describing methods of our most successful boy agents.

The Curtis Publishing Company, 415 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

About Taking Care of Lawns

Thousands of American boys, either for their parents or for others, have the care of lawns. Here are some practical hints that may be put to good service this coming summer. Watering the lawn in dry weather, unless done daily and well distributed in a light spray, produces a hard crust of earth, which prevents the dew from

\$1 The Great Boy's Watch



To be satisfactory and practical for a boy, a watch must first be an accurate time keeper like his father's, else it cannot have his confidence; then it must be able to stand the hard knocks he will give it in his playing and romps, without injuring or affecting its accuracy; lastly it must be handsome in appearance and durable, or he cannot take pride in it or enjoy it long.

There is just one watch in the world answering all these qualifications and its price puts it within reach of every boy. It is the

INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH

It is not a boy's watch alone, but is ideal for many men who require accurate time and give a watch rough usage. Positively guaranteed to keep good time for 1 year. Sold at 50,000 stores, probably one in your town, or sent postpaid by us for \$1.00.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., Dept. 84, 51 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.

Boys and Animals

JOHN E. JOHNSON, Kensington, Conn., wants to correspond with boys who are interested in Jucks and Belgian hares.—LEVI TURNER, Plymouth, Ind., is raising pigeons and chickens. Last year he had Belgian hares and at first didn't have much of a success. He has five Buff Pekin bantams, and is also the proud owner of a goat.—CARL WASSERMANN, Fremont, O., lives on a farm and likes it. He is raising Belgian hares and chickens.—HUGH PATTERSON, Pineville, Mo., answers the boy who wanted to know where he could get Texas ponies. "They can be had here and they are as 'pretty as peaches.'"—JOHN W. STEUBE, Columbus, O., sends us a picture of his dog "Joe," who has a record in harness of 3:30 a mile and weighs 63½ pounds. He is a black English coach dog of good breeding. The picture is too dark to bear reproduction.—C. D. HATTON, Andover, O., gives us a motto for poultry raisers, Beware of the rat. Last summer he had a flock of forty three Barred Plymouth Rock chicks and in less than two weeks all but twenty six had fallen prey to rats. He sold six at one dollar apiece and has the remainder, which he says he intends to keep.—J. H. GREEN, Clayton, Neb., may be able to give information to the boy who recently wrote us that he wanted to buy ferrets.—ALBERT HARGREAVES, Abilene, Kans., is the proud owner of a calf, two colts, two dogs, two guns, and \$35 in money.—GEORGE WEBB, Jumbo, Ky., sends us a photograph of himself with a calf that he owns which has five legs. The photograph is not distinct enough to warrant its reproduction.


caterpillar which awakens from its winter sleep is a red-furred creature with bands of black around the body. Every warm winter day these caterpillars get restless and emerge from their hiding places. There are several species of common butterflies which come forth in winter and flit around. They hibernate under roofs and hollow trees, and their slumber is broken every time the temperature increases. They are the first spring insects to appear in numbers, coming forth to sip the nectar from the March flowers. During the winter season they require no food.

The most interesting of the insects are those which lay their eggs in holes in the trees and on twigs in the fall, and then crawl away to die, having performed their mission in life. These insects multiply by the millions.

Eggs can be found anywhere and everywhere at this time of year. It is only necessary to go forth into the woods, park, or orchard and make close examinations of trees, twigs, weeds, rocks, stones and logs. Some of the insects, however, are more cautious than others, and they bore deep holes through the bark of trees, and sometimes an inch into the hard center of the wood itself. At the bottom of these holes they deposit their eggs and then close up the opening with a glue-like substance which will shed the water. Thus no moisture can reach the eggs, nor can the cold or creeping enemies find them. The woodpecker is an exception. With its long, powerful bill this bird hops around and around a tree, and feeds on the eggs of the insects, destroying in each 24 hours hundreds of thousands of them. These birds thus perform a good work for the forests that can hardly be measured in dollars and cents.

The woods and fields are frequently full of cocoons and chrysalids at this season of the year, holding the young of another summer's crop of butterflies, worms and caterpillars. The silken covering of the cocoons keeps out all moisture and cold and inside the creature thrives in comfort and solitary happiness.

BOYS BUILD YOUR OWN BOATS



Full particulars HOW TO BUILD A 15 ft. CANOE, nicely printed and illustrated, sent upon receipt of 15c; also Yachts and Boats of every description designed and built. Address

ST. JOSEPH BOAT MFG. CO. St. Joseph, Michigan.

How to Train Dogs.

Dogs, like boys, possess different degrees of intelligence, some learning more easily than others; some are adapted to one thing and others to another thing, and so on. Firmness, patience and persistence are necessary in the teacher. Don't begin to teach your dog and then stop for a time but keep at it till he has learned what you want him to learn. Use the same word or sign of command every time. There should be a judicious use of praise and punishment.

Jumping comes natural to a dog. You can teach him to jump by putting him in a corner and holding a stick so that he cannot get out of the corner without jumping over it. Start with the barrier a few

ALLIGATOR PUNCTUREPROOF SELF-HEALING BICYCLE TIRES

ALL SIZES. REGULAR PRICE \$10.00 NOW ONLY \$4.95 PER PAIR EXPRESS PREPAID.

THE VIM COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.



THE UMPIRE. First Prize Photo: Robt. L. Von Nieda, Ephrata, Pa.

FOR AN INTRODUCTION TO OUR FISHING TACKLE DEPARTMENT

We offer the following SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS:

SPLIT BAMBOO FLY or BAIT RODS

about 10 ft. long, 3 pieces with extra tip, with cork hand grasp in grooved wood form, and cloth bag, at 74 cts

This Rod cannot be duplicated for twice the money.

Cut out this advertisement and send it to me with 25 Cents in stamps and I will mail you a dozen FLY or BAIT RODS, TROUT FLY, and also send our 64-page illustrated catalogue No. 8193 of Fishing Tackle, Fire Arms and Outdoor Goods, and 48-page Book-let of War Relics.

CHAS. J. GODFREY, 4 Warren St., New York.

Berner's "Monopole" AUTOMATIC FISH HOOK

is a combination of Fish-hook and Gaff. Adjustable tension for any kind of fishing. Sample 10c; 3 for 25c.

Complete outfit, including split bamboo rod, multiplying reel, silk line, collapsible landing net, fishing basket, etc., given as premium to agents. Send at once for sample and premium list.

BERNER & CO., 753 Lexington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SUNNYSIDE SHETLAND SPONY FARM

Breeders of Pure Shetland Ponies

Beautiful and intelligent little Pets for children constantly on hand and for sale. Correspondence solicited. Write for handsomely illustrated pony catalogue to M. L. N. E. 15 E. 40th St., Glenmont, Illinois.

EASY MONEY

is made by installing a Hawkeye Incubator. Little cost, little care, results sure, profits large. 30 Days' Free Trial. Catalogue free. Mention this paper.—Hawkeye Incubator Co., Box 59, Newton, Iowa.

SHETLAND PONIES For Children

Every boy and girl should have one. If you are too young to use a pony buy a baby pony and grow up with it. Send for free catalogue. Write to-day.

W. E. WAENER, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

WHITE FANTAIL PIGEONS

\$5.00 per pair. The handsomest, proudest and most graceful pigeon that walks. Belgian Hare Rabbits, 10 to 12 weeks old \$1.75 per pair. Safe arrival guaranteed.

MISS AMY E. GIBBS, NORWALK, OHIO.

Some Strange Facts.

The wings of the house-fly vibrate 335 times a second; those of the honey bee 440.—There are over ten million people in Italy who cannot read or write.—The great bulk of chalk is composed of eight different species of tiny shells.—All the cork used in the world in a year weighs a little over 1,000 tons. The bamboo has been known to grow two feet in twenty four hours.—Alaska has paid for its cost to the government twenty times over.—It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.—Every square mile of sea is estimated to contain some 120,000,000 fish.

The Hero of Prudence Island.

(Continued from Page 229.)

"The sergeant is over there by the pulpit," said Herbert, trying to raise himself and point across the church; but the next moment he fell back from sheer exhaustion.

"What! as weak as that!" exclaimed Captain Baker, looking at him attentively; "you must have lost a good deal of blood."

"Lost much blood," answered Herbert with a faint smile; "you would have thought so had you seen it pour out of my side. Look!" and with a jerk from his well hand, he threw off the blanket.

The captain gave a cry of horror. The lad had a huge bandage wrapped about his body, and it was completely saturated with blood.

Just then a surgeon passed.

"Ah! Captain Baker, good morning," he said; then nodding towards the boy, he continued:

"It's no wonder you held out the other day, if your men had half the grit of that lad. Do you know a ball passed clean through him when he fell there on the sand, but he reached the boat ahead of his pursuers, nevertheless. Then the redcoats hit him a second time, breaking his left arm just below the shoulder.

"He lied like a loon, and the inflammation had set into both wounds before he reached the shore. I thought for a day or two we shouldn't save him; but he'll pull through now. He comes of good stock, captain," and he hurried away.

The rough officer looked kindly, almost affectionately, down into the face of the blushing lad, while drawing the blanket over him again; then laying one hand on the boy's brow, he turned to his stricken men:

"Lads," he cried, "you all did bravely and I'm proud of you every one; but here is the hero of the Island."

Then the wounded and suffering man gave a hearty cheer.

Herbert slowly recovered, and with his company rendered valuable service for his country until the war closed. He then returned to his native town, where he became an honored and useful citizen. Indeed he was so well known in his own State, and his heroic achievement at the battle of Prudence Island was so often talked of, there are those living today who will, notwithstanding the fictitious name I have given the lad, readily solve his identity, and can tell you the real name of the young hero whose story I have here told.

How Insects Survive the Winter.

(Adapted from New York Times.)

All insects which hibernate select some shaded place. Even the eggs and cocoons of insects are attached to trees or buildings on the shady side. There the sun cannot reach them. They would suffer as much as the hibernating creatures from the alternate action of sun and frost. While bugs and beetles merely crawl under logs, leaf mold and stones to hibernate, the grubs and earthworms crawl down into the earth and hide there below the frost line. They do not emerge from their underground home until spring has thoroughly set in, its warmth reaching down even as far as their subterranean hiding place. The ants follow the grubs and worms, and furnish winter quarters for themselves and their larvae deep down in the ground. But the ants frequently wake from their sleep in midwinter and busy themselves with their treasures. Their larvae are placed in the lowest galleries of their homes, and it is necessary for them to keep an eye carefully on these. They must be fed and kept warm. So through the warm days of midwinter the ants will bring their larvae up to the surface of the ground to enjoy the warm rays of the sun, and toward night take them back again to the deep galleries.

The spiders are only half hibernating creatures. They do sleep a good deal through the very cold weather, but they are easily disturbed in their slumbers and awaken with all their faculties alert. They do not bury themselves in the ground, except the trap-door spider, which merely weaves a silken covering inside of its underground home and lives there in winter as well as in summer.

In the winter time the trap-door spider will often approach the mouth of its home and sun itself in the entrance. The ordinary field spiders begin to spin their winter protection in early autumn, and by the time cold weather comes they have made a house of silk for themselves which is impervious to rain and cold. Inside of this silk covering there is perfect comfort, and the spider proceeds to sleep away the long, dull, dreary days.

To most people the caterpillars seem too sensitive and tender to appear abroad in winter, but if one goes forth in the woods and fields on warm winter days, he may not only find a few caterpillars about, but an occasional butterfly. The most common



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 cannot reply personally to letters.

Virgil S. Schory, Waynesburg, Ohio, wins the prize for best original geographical puzzle received by March 20. Ralph W. Westcott, Maywood, Ill., wins the prize for the best list of answers to March Tangles. He alone of those who answered all correctly noted that "Dives" is not "mentioned in scripture."

New Tangles of especial excellence were received from Kenneth Trainer, Frank M. Field, Edward Langdon Fernald, J. Eustace Guest, Nels W. Kindgren and F. L. Sawyer.

Acceptable Tangles were also received from the following: Arthur Holch, Walter Klein, Clement Barnes, F. E. Thomson, Chase Johnson, Sherman Spurrier, Lot W. Armin, Forest C. Dana, Walter Schneider, Walter Scott Hastings, Will Buckridge, Vernon Lovett, Albert F. Brennan, Richard G. Curtis, Frank Holloway, A. E. Wilson, Lanele Dunn, W. F. Downing, Jr., Jesse L. Haugh, A. Rambeau, Jr., Robt. D. MacMurdy, Royal J. Wilson, John M. Sandel, Vattel Daniel, Harry Christopher, Roy Curtindall, Russell G. Davidson, Lemuel C. Cook, Holman Peart, Robert Raymer, Credon McGann.

Thirty five others, whose names we withhold, sent in contributions that we cannot use.

Correct answers to all the March Tangles arrived from Henvis Roessler, Gordon Andrews, George H. Stanbery, Wm. A. Spaulding, Jr., H. L. Busch, Sarah Gilles, H. Cordis Carter, Erval J. Newcomer, Donald Yarnall, C. Roland Kerbaugh, Arthur Crouch, Kenneth Trainer, Frank M. Field and Edward Langdon Fernald.

Thirteen others answered a part of the March Tangles correctly.

GRAND PRIZE OFFER.

A Stevens Favorite Rifle will be given for the best original Fourth of July puzzle of any kind (illustrated puzzle preferred) received by May 20. Announcement of the award will appear in the July number.

An interesting new book will be given for the best list of answers to the May Tangles received by May 20.

In "Bible Arithmetic," Tangle Number 42, in this issue, and in similar puzzles, it is not sufficient to give the final answer only (which in this case is Isaac's age), without showing in detail the steps which lead to it, and the actual figures and mathematical process throughout.

Every month there are many Tangles who by their success in answering our difficult puzzles and in making very excellent new ones are entitled both to prizes and to much praise. But that all the deserving ones should be thus rewarded is impossible. I am watching with interest the work of all my boys and girls in their friendly rivalry from month to month and take delight in noting their persistence and steady improvement. I want you to feel and know that your hard work is appreciated by your Uncle, even though he doesn't take up valuable space here to say so every time he feels like it.

Answers to April Tangles.

30. (1) Sparrow, spar, row. (2) Barrack, bar, rack. (3) Herring, her, ring. (4) Manage, man, age. (5) Rampart, ram, part. (6) Season, sea, son. (7) Tent, ten, ant. (8) Warden, war, den. (9) Cutlass, cut, lass. (10) Finale, fin, ale.

31. The letter of the alphabet preceding the one employed is to be substituted in every case, A for B, etc. The patriotic motto thus reads: "Love your country and obey her laws."

32. Start at the M in the lower left corner, the following eleven States will appear in order: Michigan, Texas, Kansas, New York, Iowa, Ohio, Maine, Vermont, Utah, Idaho, Wisconsin.

33. Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returneth, Was not spoken of the soul.

34. (1) Napkin, (2) Pumpkin, (3) Firkin, (4) Bumpkin, (5) Lambkin, (6) Jerkin, (7) Mankin, (8) Pipkin, (9) Catkin, (10) Rodkin, (11) Welkin, (12) Pekin.

35. (1) Barkis, (2) Larkins, (3) U'riah Heep, (4) Negus, (5) Dora, (6) Emily, (7) Rosa, (8) Steerforth, (9) Trotwood, (10) Omer, (11) Nephew, (12) Emma. Initials spell Blunderstone.

36. APTEROUS PLANERS TATTLE ENTRY REPLY ORE US 37. MOBBY OBOLE BOHEA BLEAR YEARN

Read horizontally and perpendicularly.

NEW TANGLES.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

The central illustration is to be used in turn as the first syllable of the eight words whose remaining syllables are depicted in the surrounding pictures. These eight words entire, placed with a certain one at the top and the rest in continuous order, will spell by their central letters the name of a great historical character.



-The Gopher.

39. GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONALS.

1. Upper left square: A lake in Asia; a capital city in South America; a city in northern Europe; a cape on the west coast of U. S.; an eastern city of U. S.; a South American city. Diagonal 1 to 2, a Malayan island.

Upper right square: A lake in New York; the largest town of Funchal; a city in South Dakota; a territory of U. S.; an African lake; a city on Lake Huron. Diagonal 4 to 5, a city in southern Europe.

Central Square: 2 to 3, a city of western Europe; a South American cape; a European country; a New England city; a New England city; a city of Ohio. Diagonal 2 to 6, a state of U. S.

Lower Left Square: 8 to 7, a sea of Europe; a mountain in western Asia; a city of Colorado; a river of Ohio; a river of South Carolina; a city of western Europe. Diagonal 8 to 9, a city of Germany.

Lower Right Square: 6. A city of New England; a city of India; a capital city in U. S.; an island south of Asia; an island on the Atlantic coast of U. S.; a river of Texas. Diagonal 6 to x, a city of Italy.

40. STUDENTS' ENIGMA.

My whole has 18 letters, and is a help to students. 5-16-3-16-7-9 10-15-15 is the place where the Pilgrims in Canterbury Tales assembled.

4-13-17 8-16-12-18-7-16-15-2 is a knight in Spencer's Faerie Queene.

7-14-3 17-14-18 is the title and hero of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

14-3-6-17-14-15 is king of the fairies.

15-16-15-11-13 is a character in "Oliver Twist."

1-6-10-17-9 4-13-8-12-2-7-4 is the name of three witches in Macbeth.

-Edward Langdon Fernald.

41. PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.

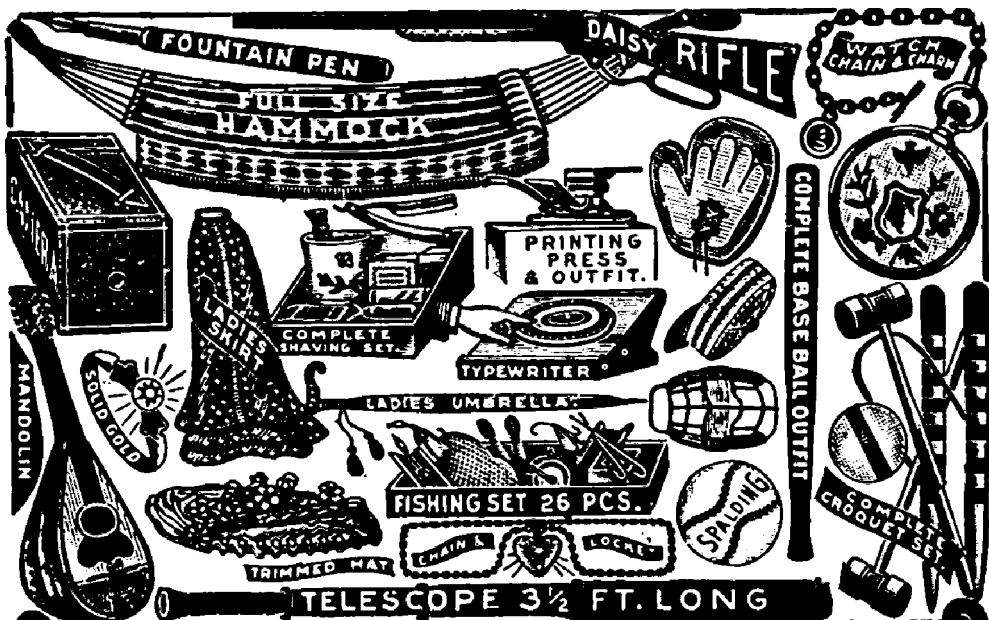
The pictures are to be interpreted by words of uniform length. Their initials spell the name of a holiday (observed in some states) which originated with former governor J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska.



-Sherman Spurrier.

42. BIBLE ARITHMETIC.

Multiply the number of chapters in Jeremiah by the number of chapters in



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46. GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARE.

1. An Asiatic sea. 2. An English town. 3. A gulf south of Asia. 4. A Siberian river. -W. F. Downing, Jr.

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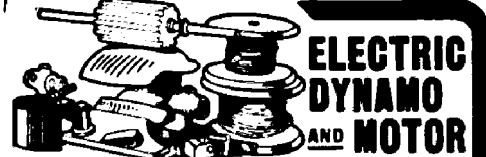
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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR.
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The Rhodes Scholarships.

Dr. G. R. Parkin, the commissioner who is charged with the distribution of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships in the colonies and in the United States, has returned from England. Dr. Parkin spent several weeks at Oxford arranging details connected with the scholarships. He says: "There are some two hundred scholarships to be distributed in the states and colonies. I have been at Oxford for several weeks trying to get the wishes of the Oxford authorities on the manner of distribution. There are twenty one colleges at Oxford and each wants such scholarships as are awarded it to come under its own peculiar rules of entrance and so forth. Some prefer to have post-graduates and others undergraduate scholarships. For the next year I shall be kept busy visiting and consulting with the leading educators of the states and colonies as to the best methods of selecting candidates for the various scholarships which are allotted to their several districts. Each of these scholarships carries with it \$1,500 a year for three years, and it is an interesting question just what class of men are going to apply for them. As the first beneficiaries will go to Oxford in the fall of 1904, the final awards will be made early in that year."

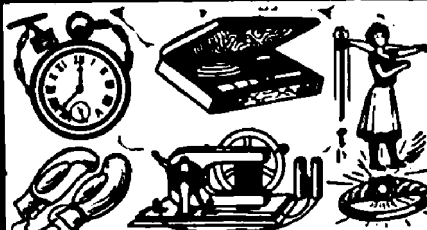
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OUR JUNE NUMBER.

A Hint as to Its Contents.

Our Fishing Trip. Archie Roosevelt, the President's Lively Son. Report of Boston Conference on Boys' Camps, with pictures of exhibits. Pictures of Juvenal Training for a Rowing Race. French Boys and Their Sports. The High School House of Representatives. The Syracuse Pony Club. Printing Postage Stamps and Currency. The Game of Lacrosse and Some of the Great Players. Moose Hunting in the Maine Woods. A continuation of the Napoleon Story, the Henty Story, Joe Jolly Boy, Fine Deeds by Brave Boys, Shorthand Lessons, For a Boys' "Circus," and all the departments, together with the first installment of a new serial by Gabrielle E. Jackson, entitled "Three Good Cronies." The cover of the June number will be the handsomest cover ever used by THE AMERICAN BOY.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

WITHIN a few weeks after Napoleon's return to Paris from his disastrous campaign in Russia, he found himself ready for the field again with 350,000 men. Nothing more clearly indicates the heroic national spirit of France and the power of the name of Napoleon than does this seemingly incredible statement, particularly when it is remembered that there was scarcely a family in all France that had not lost a member in the Russian campaign. The rigorous winter of Russia had effected what armies could not do—it had defeated Napoleon, but more than this it had given birth to the hope among the enemies of the Emperor that his star was at last on the descending and that a suitable time had come for a final and successful effort to overthrow him. The people of Prussia burned with the desire to revenge themselves upon the victor of Jena, and on the 31st of January, 1813, Frederick William called the nation to arms, with the result that the people rose as one man. Women contributed their jewelry and plate to be melted into money, while England poured in her gold. The Emperor of Russia hastened to support the Prussians, and on the 15th of March Alexander and Frederick William met at Breslau, where Alexander, noting the tears that rushed down the cheeks of the Prussian Emperor, cried, "Wipe them; they are the last that Napoleon shall ever cause you to shed."

The command of the Prussian troops was given to Blucher, a dissipated old man but a catapult in battle, who hated the names of France and Napoleon with his whole soul, and when now again permitted to draw his sword, after a period of retirement, swore never to sheath it again until the revenge of Prussia was complete.

Lord Wellington, with a great and victorious army, was steadily pushing the French out of Spain, so that Napoleon found himself, in the spring of 1813, between three great armies led by the ablest captains that ever drew sword against him. Quitting Paris, he reached, on April 18, the banks of the Saale, where he was joined by Eugene Beauharnais and the garrison that had been left at Magdeburg. Here 200,000 men were ready for action, with 200,000 more left as a reserve on the Rhine. Frederick and Alexander, with an immense army almost equal to that of Napoleon's, were at Dresden. Nearly half of the Russian forces yet remained east of the Vistula. Frederick William desired to push on to Leipsic, and Napoleon, seeking to intercept the plan and strike a blow before the Russian army could concentrate its two great divisions, pushed east and, on the 1st of May, met the enemy at Lutzen. Here a battle was fought which resulted in a retreat of the allies to Dresden and finally across the Elbe to Bautzen. Marshal Ney now turned with a portion of the French army toward Berlin, hoping to draw the allied armies away from Bautzen to the defense of the Prussian capital. The attempt was a failure, however, as Frederick William's purpose was to draw Napoleon into the mountains. Napoleon at once moved on Bautzen, reaching there May 21, and found the enemy on the farther bank of the river Spree, surrounded by fortified heights. Crossing the river in the face of the enemy the French took up their quarters in the town. The next day a fearful battle ensued resulting in the withdrawal of the French and the advance of Napoleon to Breslau. The Emperor of Austria now offered to mediate between the contending forces, and an armistice was agreed upon to begin the first of June, Napoleon returning to Dresden.

Napoleon was now urged on all sides to make a treaty of peace that would end the war and leave him in undisputed possession of France. The arguments used were many and powerful. There was an unsettled feeling at home. Austria gave every appearance of preparing for war; should she join the allies there could be little doubt of the outcome. Wellington was universally successful in Spain, having driven the French into the Pyrenees. Nearly all of Napoleon's advisers in the field and at home urged him to accede to reasonable terms proposed by Austria, saying that should he withdraw into France he could strengthen his army and behind the river Rhine and the Pyrenees bid defiance to the world. Instead of taking this advice he declared, "Ten lost battles would not sink me lower than you would have me place myself by my own voluntary act," and announced to his advisers that he did not wish for any plans of theirs, but did wish their service in the execution of his. On August 10, the armistice ended with nothing accomplished by the peace negotiators, and Austria allied herself at once with Russia and Prussia.



MARIA LOUISA,
Second wife of the Emperor Napoleon.

Napoleon now had 250,000 men, 100,000 of whom were at Buntzlau, 50,000 at Zittau, 20,000 at Pirna, 60,000 at Leipsic, and 25,000 at his side at Dresden. One hundred and twenty thousand Austrians and 80,000 Russians and Prussians, under command of the Austrian General Schwartzberg, had their headquarters at Prague. Eighty thousand Russians and Prussians, commanded by Blucher, lay before Breslau. The Crown Prince of Sweden was at Berlin with an army of 90,000. The commanders of the three allied armies agreed that wherever the French should attack, the part of the army attacked should withdraw, the idea being to tempt Napoleon to leave Dresden, where was located the French magazines, at the mercy of some other division of the army and permit the throwing of a large body of the allied troops between the French and the Rhine. Blucher, with his division at Breslau, began the movement by attacking the French at Buntzlau. Napoleon quitted Dresden and hastened with the Imperial Guard to the relief. Blucher, in accordance with the general plan, retreated, Napoleon pursuing. At once the division of the enemy at Prague made a rush for Dresden, driving before them the French at Pirna. The attack on Dresden was made on August 26, before Napoleon could return to assist in its defence, but during the day the Imperial Guard made their appearance, crossing the bridge over the Elbe and bearing with them Napoleon, who, as Hoffman, a German writer, says, "carried the eye of a tyrant and the voice of a lion as he urged on his breathless and eager soldiers." An attack was made at once but night came on and the two armies remained in the presence of each other till the following morning, when the battle was renewed in a storm of wind and rain. In but a few hours 200,000 men gathered about the French Emperor and flung themselves upon the allied troops, causing them to retreat with a loss of 15,000 to 20,000 prisoners and twenty six cannon, and the ablest of their leaders. Among those of the enemy who were slain was Moreau, who had at one time fought under Napoleon. Shot in both legs, he continued to smoke a cigar while they were amputated, and died shortly after.

Napoleon himself now retired to Dresden while his soldiers continued the pursuit of the enemy, but they went too far, for on the morning of August 30 they found themselves surrounded by Prussian troops that appeared suddenly in the rear, and after a disastrous battle surrendered to the number of 8,000 men, with all their arms and many eagles, the remainder of the army scattering among the hills. When news of this loss reached Napoleon at Dresden it found him sick and weary, for not only had this misfortune befallen him but others. As soon as he had retired from the pursuit of Blucher, that general turned and swept back over the field, winning a complete victory on the 26th of August, causing a loss to the French of 15,000 men and one hundred guns. Other divisions of the French army had also suffered defeat, notably in an action at Dennewitz on September 7, in which the

French lost 10,000 prisoners and forty six guns. At length the two divisions of the allied armies, namely, the one comprising 90,000 men about Berlin and the other under Blucher, joined on the west bank of the Elbe and it became manifest that Dresden must be given up by the French and Leipsic taken as the base of operations. Here the Emperor could number 136,000 men, while the allies mustered not less than 230,000. Scarcely had Napoleon reached Leipsic on the 15th of October than the enemy appeared under the command of their General-in-Chief Schwartzberg, who had with him the Emperors Alexander and Frederick William. A battle began on October 16, lasting till nightfall, with slight advantage to the allied armies.

It was now evident to Napoleon that he must retreat from Leipsic, but before doing so he made an effort to obtain peace through the Emperor of Austria, promising to give up Poland, Holland, Spain, Italy, and all Germany under certain conditions, but the offer was too late. Austria, Germany, Prussia and Russia had sworn to make no treaty so long as a French soldier remained on the eastern side of the Rhine. Napoleon, receiving no answer to his proposal, began the retreat with his 100,000 men. They set out at midnight of October 18, over two bridges, one of which was a temporary structure and broke down before daylight. Napoleon had ordered that the remaining bridge be blown up if the advances of the enemy should make it necessary, and the officer to whom the duty had been entrusted, determining that the time had come, set fire to his train and blew up the bridge, cutting off the escape of 25,000 Frenchmen who laid down their arms within the city. Napoleon lost in killed, wounded and prisoners at Leipsic over 50,000 men.

The retreat to France was a bitter and sorrowful one. A halt was made at Erfurt, but Napoleon, learning that his enemies were attempting to place themselves between the Rhine and his flying columns, pushed on. On the morning of October 30, the French met a body of Austro-Bavarians at Hanau, where, with a loss of 6,000 of his men, Napoleon killed or wounded 10,000 of the enemy and took 4,000 prisoners. The number of prisoners would have been greater had it not been for a patriotic miller who suddenly let the water into his mill stream and separated the French cavalry from some German infantry whom they were driving before them. At length the remnants of the French army crossed the Rhine and the Emperor, leaving them, reached Paris in person on November 9. When the Austrians and Prussians reached the Rhine in their pursuit, so great was their affection for the stream that they knelt upon its banks and shouted, "The Rhine! The Rhine!"

CHAPTER XVII.

FRANCE INVADED—NAPOLEON OVERTHROWN AND DEPOSED.

The name of Napoleon had now ceased to be a terror, and even at home there were those who dared breathe a suspicion that its glory was about to set. Now misfortune followed misfortune with startling rapidity. The chapter of Napoleon's fall is shorter than that of his rise. By the campaign just concluded he had lost Germany, Hanover, Brunswick, Hesse. The Federation of the Rhine was dissolved. Denmark allied herself with his enemies. The Prince of Orange returning from England became again ruler of Holland. The Austrians had sent an army into Italy and defeated Eugene Beauharnais. All Italy was rising against him. Not a single French soldier remained in Spain to withstand the powerful arm of Wellington. His four most powerful enemies, England, Russia, Prussia and Austria, were massing themselves on his eastern borders preparing to invade the sacred territory of France. Not only this, but the royalists of France were again becoming active and mustering about their leaders. The radical republicans, too, who had witnessed with dismay Napoleon's usurpation of power also looked upon his misfortunes with delight. His ablest leaders and counselors whom he had repeatedly insulted, now, when it appeared that his influence was about to depart, prepared to take a hand in his overthrow. "Ere I crossed the Rhine," said Napoleon at St. Helena afterwards, "I felt the reins slipping from my hands."

The allied powers now issued a proclamation declaring that it was for the interest of Europe that France should continue to be a powerful state and expressing their willingness to concede to her greater territory than her kings had ever claimed—the boundaries, namely, of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. But the indomitable spirit of Napoleon was not yet crushed. He issued ringing calls for more men, set the arsenals at work making guns, doubled the taxes, and put into every branch of the national

service that prodigious energy which he more than any man that has ever lived possessed. The Legislative Assembly refusing to do his bidding he dissolved it. When his friends ventured to suggest that an honorable peace could be made that would leave him with a greater territory than that of which even Louis XIV had boasted, he cried, "Shame on you! Wellington has entered the South. The Russians menace the Northern frontier, the Prussians, Austrians and Bavarians the Eastern. Shame! Wellington is in France and we have not risen en masse to drive him back. All my allies have deserted—the Bavarian has betrayed me. No peace till we have burned Munich. I demand a levy of 300,000 men—with this and what I already have I shall see a million in arms. I will form a camp of 100,000 at Bordeaux; another at Mentz; a third at Lyons. But I must have grown men—these boys serve only to encumber the hospitals and the roadsides. Abandon Holland! Sooner yield it back to the sea! Senators, an impulse must be given—All must march—You are fathers of families—the heads of the nation—you must set the example. Peace! I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry of war."

He issued peremptory orders everywhere. He executed whole bands of soldiers guilty of endeavoring to escape. Musicians paraded the streets singing ballads in honor of the Emperor. Talleyrand said, "It is the beginning of the end."

Napoleon dismissed the venerable Pope of Rome who had been his prisoner at Fontainebleau, hoping that this might produce a good effect in Italy, but already Napoleon's brother-in-law, Murat, had withdrawn from his alliance with the Emperor and thrown in his fortunes with Austria. He also released Ferdinand of Spain, urging upon him to return to his kingdom and, expelling the English, to re-establish his relations with France, whereupon Ferdinand re-entered Spain to the great joy of his subjects.

On December 20, Schwartzberg, at the head of a great army, crossed the Rhine between Basle and Schaffhausen into Switzerland, which was then neutral territory, and advancing through that territory unopposed soon showed himself before the gates of Dijon. On January 1, 1814, the army under Blucher crossed the river between Rastadt and Coblenz. A little later the army of the North, under Wittgenstein and Bulow, crossed the frontier of the Netherlands. Wellington had already crossed the Pyrenees. Thus 300,000 men, making up four mighty armies, had invaded the soil of France. The news carried terror into every fireside. Nearer and nearer the hosts swept on to Paris, conquering everything before them. On January 23, Napoleon summoned the officers of the National Guard to his palace. Nine hundred of them appeared before him. With him as he stood in this notable presence were the Empress and the little King of Rome, the latter being carried in the arms of Countess Montesquiou. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon, "France is invaded. I go to put myself at the head of my troops, and with God's help and their valor I hope soon to drive the enemy beyond the frontier; but if they should approach the capital, I confide to the National Guard the Empress and the King of Rome—my wife and my child."

On January 24, Napoleon reviewed the troops in the court-yard at the Tuilleries, and on the next morning left his capital, appointing the Empress as regent and placing his brother Joseph at the head of her Council. At midnight he arrived at Chalons and immediately resolved to attack Blucher, who was then in the neighborhood. Blucher stationed himself at Brienne—the town where Napoleon received his military education. Napoleon appeared at Brienne with 70,000 men on the 29th. In the fight that followed Brienne was burnt to the ground and Blucher retired a little farther up the Aube. Napoleon said afterward at St. Helena that during the charge at Brienne he recognized a tree under which, when a boy, he used to sit and read the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso.

On February 1, Blucher attacked the French and defeated them taking 4,000 prisoners and seventy-three guns. Napoleon then struck across the country to Troyes. There he learned that Blucher was advancing toward Paris. It was now winter and the roads were in fearful condition, but Napoleon set off with the main body of his army to cut off the enemy's advance. A part of Blucher's force was met and beaten, and Blucher, advancing rapidly with the main body of his troops, found himself suddenly in the presence of vastly superior numbers. All day he sustained the charges of the French and at last was forced to retreat. In five days Napoleon had been three times successful, and the hearts of the soldiers were encouraged to believe that fortune would yet favor them in the end. A column of 4,000 Prussian prisoners, with a large number of guns and standards, were sent into Paris, and the people again cried, "Vive Napoleon!" Another division of the allied armies, however, had reached as near the capital as Fontainebleau. Napoleon instantly committed to others the care of watching Blucher and marched with the main body on Meaux, where, on the fifteenth of February, 20,000 men joined him, commanded by Grouchy.

Napoleon now sent a letter to the Emperor of Austria once more endeavoring to win him away from the enemies of France. Francis replied that on no account could he abandon the alliance, but urged Napoleon to make concessions ere it was too late and save himself and his house from ruin. Again he was urged on all sides that, while he was fortunate in holding in check one of the allied armies, others were successful and approaching the capital by rapid marches. His answer was that he had sworn at his coronation to preserve the territory of the republic entire and that he could not sign the treaties proposed without violating his oath.

It is impossible for us in our limited space to follow the rapid movements of Napoleon in his desperate efforts to extricate himself from his difficulties. In these days the genius of the man shone with startling brilliancy. The fact that he was obstinate and perfidious cannot weaken the admiration that we must have for his undaunted courage and his marvelous resolution and powers of invention. On the 26th of March, 1814, the roaring of the enemy's cannon could be heard by the inhabitants of Paris. On the 27th Joseph Bonaparte held a review, and that same evening the allied army passed the Marne. At three on the morning of the 28th they took Meaux, and the roads into Paris were filled with the terrified population fleeing to the capital, "With," says one, "their aged, infirm, children, cats, dogs, live stock, corn, hay, and household goods of every description."

On March 29, the Empress, with her son and many members of the Council of State, with seven hundred soldiers and fifteen wagons laden with plate and coin from the palace, set off for Blois. Joseph Bonaparte issued a proclamation calling on the citizens to defend the city and encouraging them to believe that Napoleon, who was following on the rear of the enemy, would meet and overpower them under the walls of the capital. On March 30 the allies fought and won the final battle, and Alexander and Frederick immediately declared that they would spare the city provided the regular troops would evacuate it. Shortly after four in the afternoon the cannon were turned on the city itself and shot and shell began to spread destruction within its walls. At five o'clock the city capitulated, Joseph Bonaparte himself having set off at one o'clock on a good horse for Blois.

Napoleon reached Troyes on the night of the 29th. On the 30th his friends endeavored to convince him that the fate of Paris was no longer a question and advised him to cease the pursuit and form a junction with another division of the army. He, however, continued to advance, refusing all counsel. In a post-chaise he drove on before his army at full speed with hardly an attendant. At one point he mounted on horseback and galloped without a pause into Fontainebleau late in the night. There he ordered a carriage, and taking two officers with him drove on towards Paris. But a few miles from the city he learned from a body of French cavalry that Paris had been given up. Even then he refused to halt. Jumping from his carriage he asked question after question, calling for this general and that, asking where were the enemy, where his wife and his boy. Again he entered his carriage and ordered it driven with all speed to Paris. "Come," said he, "we must to Paris—Nothing goes right when I am away—They

do nothing but blunder—They should have held out longer. * * * This comes of employing fools and cowards."

It was urged upon him that to go to Paris was to rush on to death or captivity, and it was not until within a mile of the city that he was induced to abandon his design. Then, with perfect composure, he turned and drove back to Fontainebleau. At noon of March 31 the first of the allied troops began to enter the city. They made a splendid showing, 50,000 troops, and in their midst the Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia, with a great crowd of princes, ambassadors and generals, filled the crowd with wonder and delight, and shouts arose on all sides, "Vive l'empereur Alexander!—Vive le roi de Prusse!" while here and there arose the cry, "Vive Louis XVIII!"

Alexander and Frederick William were urged to re-establish the House of Bourbon, but they hesitated. Alexander signed a proclamation asserting that the allies would treat no more with Napoleon Bonaparte or any of his family. The Municipal Council met and proclaimed that the throne was empty. On April 1 the Conservative Senate assembled and proclaimed a provisional government with Talleyrand as its head. Napoleon was deposed, the vote in favor thereof being unanimous. The allied princes appointed military governors of Paris, and the populace busied itself in pulling down statues and pictures and effacing the arms and initials of Napoleon wherever they appeared. On April 4 Napoleon reviewed his troops at Fontainebleau and announced his intention of instantly marching to Paris. Fifty thousand men were all that he could marshal about him. After the review his generals followed him to his palace and there informed him that they would not accompany him in an attack on Paris if he refused to negotiate on the basis of his abdication of the throne, whereupon he drew up and signed the following and sent it to Paris, with instructions to those who bore it that they should obtain the best terms they could for France—for himself nothing. The note read as follows:

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to relinquish life, for the good of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency in the person of the Empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the Empire. Done at our palace of Fontainebleau April 4, 1814.

"NAPOLEON."

The generals who bore this note to Paris were received by Alexander in person. The Emperor expressed his surprise that it should contain no stipulations for Napoleon personally. Said he, "But I have been his friend, and I will willingly be his advocate. I propose that he retain his imperial title with the sovereignty of Elba, or some other island."

The final terms agreed upon in favor of Napoleon and his house were these. First, the imperial title to be preserved by Napoleon, with the free sovereignty of Elba, guards, and a navy suitable to the extent of that island, and a pension from France of 6,000,000 of francs annually. Second, the duchies of Parma, Placentia and Guastalla to be granted in sovereignty to Maria Louisa and her heirs; and third, two millions and a half of francs annually to be paid by the French government in pensions to Josephine and the other members of the Bonaparte family.

One by one his generals had deserted him, and on the 11th of April, abandoning all hope of again leading an army, he executed the instrument which formally renounced for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and of Italy. On April 20, he called his officers about him and told them that they had come to receive his last adieux. In his interview with them he bade them attach themselves to the new government and serve it as faithfully as they had served him. He asked that so much of his Imperial Guard as still remained might be drawn up in the court-yard of the Castle. He rode up to them on horseback and, tears dropping from his eyes, he dismounted in their midst. To these he said, "Be faithful to the new sovereign whom your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate. I shall always be happy while I know that you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the path of honor. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Bring hither the eagle. Beloved eagle! May the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave! Farewell, my children—farewell, my brave companions—surround me once more—farewell!"

Josephine had fled from Paris on the approach of the allied armies, but on being sent word by Alexander that she would be protected she returned to Malmaison. Here the Czar visited her frequently, endeavoring to soothe her affliction, but even before the allied armies had left France she sickened and died. Maria Louisa and her son took up their journey to Vienna under the personal protection of the Emperor of Austria.

(Completed in our next number.)

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR JULY

The handsomest cover (inspiring, patriotic) that has ever appeared on THE AMERICAN BOY.

- A Boy of the Revolution.
- Closing chapters of the Life of Napoleon.
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- Japanese Water Flowers.
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- Electroplating for the Boys.
- The Santos Dumont, No. 10—A Boy's Air Ship.
- How to Throw a Curve Ball.
- The Boys' Holiday in Japan.
- Second chapter of "Three Good Cronies."
- United States Senate Pages.
- The University of Pennsylvania Annual Bowl Fight.
- Continuation of The Boys' "Circus," "Fine Deeds by Brave Boys," and "Joe Jolly Boy," and all the regular departments.

The list of probable features for the July number is subject to changes in minor particulars.



Nita—A Tomboy Soldier

—THE LAST STORY WRITTEN BY THE LATE G. A. HENTY—

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Synopsis of preceding chapters: Fort Darlinger, on the northwest frontier of India is occupied by three companies of a Punjabi regiment under command of Major Ackworth. To punish some of the marauding tribes which had recently made an incursion upon the natives under British rule, the major sets out from the fort with two companies, leaving his daughter Nita, and the remaining company under the command of Lieutenant Carter. Nita has been brought up in the army and her education consists mostly in being a first-class shot and a good boxer and fencer, while the usual accomplishments of a young lady have been, in her case, wholly neglected. To remedy her deficiencies her father announces that on his return she is to go to England to attend school. The actions of the natives make Nita uneasy regarding the safety of the fort, and on telling her fears to Lieutenant Carter he agrees that matters look suspicious and proceeds to make everything as secure as possible, including the planting of two barrels of gunpowder underneath a mosque situated near the gateway of the fort. During the night a strong force of natives make an attack upon the fort but are bravely repulsed by the little band of defenders. Nita takes her place in the hospital and attends the wounded. At daylight the natives give up their attack and Carter and Nita discuss the situation, which they agree is a very grave one.

The following morning the Afridis are repulsed, Nita aiding in the defense. During the day Carter explodes the barrels of gunpowder under the mosque. Nita now dresses as an officer in one of Carter's uniforms. The enemy dig under the walls and pour into the fort, and the defenders are forced to make a final stand in one of the buildings. Carter, wounded, and two others besides Nita are the only survivors of the attack and are captured. Carter is carried away in one direction and Nita in another, the latter being taken as the servant of the chief of the captors.

Nita arrives at the village of her captors, and is domiciled in the home of the chief. She is disliked by her master's favorite wife, but is protected from her violence and receives kind treatment from the man, and, being cheerful and willing, she is allowed considerable liberty. She picks up some knowledge of the language and learns that Carter is the prisoner of a tribe living farther in the mountains. She at once begins to plan her escape. Having taken and secreted a quantity of food, she loads it upon a pony and at night makes her escape. She finds the village where Carter is confined and by means of a cord and bow and arrows releases him, and they start on their journey to the frontier.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

“**K**UIE agree with you,” Nita said, “one thing is certain, however, that meat will be of no use to us until we can light a fire to cook it.”

“I think that we shall be able to manage that,” he said. “You see this depression, which looks as if it had once been a water hole, eight or ten feet below the level of the hillside; that's the very place we want.” After examining the place Carter said: “They will not see the fire itself, but only its light reflected on the ground above us, but I think if we collect stones, and build a circular wall, say four feet in diameter, and eight feet high, with a narrow opening down below for feeding the fire and putting in the meat there will be no fear of any reflection falling on the hillside.”

“No, I should think that that would do very well,” agreed Nita. “We have another two hours of daylight, and as the hill is everywhere scattered with rocks and boulders we ought to make considerable progress in that time.”

“Well, will you please sit down then, and I will collect stones. This hollow is scattered pretty thickly with them.”

“Oh, but you must let me do my share of the work,” Nita said. “I am just as keen to have a piece of roast beef as you are. At any rate, I will gather up the smaller stones, and as soon as it becomes dark, will go out and cut some brushwood with my sword-bayonet.”

“But I have no matches,” said Carter, in a tone of dismay.

“I have some,” said Nita, not many, but a dozen or so. I put some loose into the pocket of the tunic, so that I could at once get a light in case of a sudden attack. I had no time even to think of them when the Afridis broke into the fort, but I did think of them when I got to the village, for I saw that if I could make my escape they would be of great use.”

“They certainly will be invaluable,” Carter said. “We will get the wall up as high as we can and then wet one of the blankets and spread it over the top. We will dig our hole in the center of the chimney and light the fire in that. It will help to deaden the reflection.”

They worked very hard till it became dark, by which time the rough wall was some three feet high, and the hole in its center added to its height.

“Now,” he said, “if you will lend me your sword-bayonet I will go out meat-hunting, while you collect fuel for the cooking.”

CHAPTER VI.

Carter was away two hours, when he returned, carrying a prime joint of beef. “I was lucky in finding an animal that was lying down. I stalked it from behind, and came upon it before it could spring to its feet and get into motion.”

“That is good, indeed,” Nita said, “but what have you done with the remainder?”

“The animal was fortunately lying near the river. I cut the carcass up into a number of pieces and

threw them all into the stream, which is strong and rapid enough to carry the pieces down the pass before morning. Of course the owners will light upon the blood, but will most likely put it down that the beast has been killed by a bear on the mountains. How have you been getting on?”

“I have laid in a good stock of fuel, and made a fire with the first batch, and have got chupaties almost ready for eating. They would have been better if I had had a little of that beef fat to mix with them, but I shall be thankful for them as they are, after having eaten nothing but unground corn for the last four days. Now will you please cut off some slices for spitting over the fire? I have never done any work of that sort, and I am afraid that I should make a very poor hand at it.”

In a few minutes four good-sized slices of meat were grilling over the fire.

“We have neither salt nor mustard,” Nita said merrily, as her companion placed two of the savory slices on the chupaties. As neither had knives, and the sword-bayonet was a somewhat clumsy instrument for feeding with, they were reduced to making unaided use of their teeth. However, the meal was a merry one, and their spirits rose high at the thought that they were again free, and that with good fortune it might not be long before they rejoined their friends.

After the meal was over they had a consultation over the best course to be pursued, and finally agreed to hear another thirty or forty miles west, and then travel down through the mountains towards the frontier. They would thus, at least, they thought, further throw their pursuers off the track, and would then only have to run the ordinary risk of detection from the tribes through whose territory they passed.

“Well we shall be able to begin our march tomorrow,” said Nita, “for from the high pass we crossed I could see a large valley stretching in front of us, and I am not sure but I saw villages.”

“Then your eyes are sharper than mine; I saw the valley, but I failed to make out anything like habitations. However, in any case, we are not likely to begin our journey tomorrow, for I should say that this must be some fifteen miles from the spot where we saw the valley.”

“Oh, well one day will make no very great difference, we will go on as long as it is light enough to see, and then camp for the night; go down the next day to a point low in the hills, and can either camp for the night or stop twenty four hours.”

“I certainly vote for the halt,” Carter said. “I am sure that we deserve it. How did you think the valley lay?”

“I should think from the appearance of the hills behind it, that it must lie north and south.”

“Probably when we get to the other end,” Carter said, “we shall find a track of some sort, through which we can pass into the next valley. I don't know whether there is much traffic between these villages, if so, we shall have to travel at night, if not we can risk it and go on by day. I hope the latter will be the case. It will be bad enough finding our way along the valleys now that there is no moon, and we should make very slow work of it at night.”

“We shall have a new moon this afternoon,” Nita said.

“It was full the night that I stood at the window, and that is two weeks ago today.”

“It will be splendid if it gets even half full, then we shall make good traveling, whatever ground we are crossing over. At any rate, when we get into the valley you will let me carry my rifle, won't you? You insisted on donning it, you know, but if it comes to fighting I have a right to have it, haven't I?”

“Certainly you have, and as you are a very much better shot than I am, it will be more valuable in your hands than in mine.”

The following evening they camped some three miles up the valley, the next day they only moved to a spot where they commanded a full view of it. They thought it was some twenty miles long and contained many villages.

“Thank goodness there is a river running down it,” Nita said, “that will be some guide to it anyhow. There are only one or two villages on the banks, as far as I can see, the rest are on the hillsides.”

They started as soon as it was dark, made their way down into the valley and striking the river kept along down it, not keeping close, however, for the course had meandered so much that it would add very greatly to the journey.

“There is the north star,” Carter said, “if we keep it on the same hand and steer by it we shan't be very far out.”

They plodded steadily on. More than once they would have run into a village, but were warned of

its precise position by the barking of dogs. However, after what seemed an almost interminable journey they arrived at the end of the valley as morning was breaking. They found that a path ran up the hill in front. As soon as they had satisfied themselves about its position they entered a grove close by it and camped there. Eating a chupatie or two, the store she had cooked the evening before, Nita threw herself down and soon fell asleep. Carter, however, placed himself on watch near the edge of the wood. Four times during the day parties of two or three men went up the path, which led him to believe that the next valley could not be far away and that a good deal of communication was kept up with the one they were now in. Late in the afternoon Nita opened her eyes. She looked about for a minute or two before her eye fell upon her companion. She at once went up to him.

“You don't mean to say, Charlie, that you have been watching all this time while I have been asleep?”

“It was absolutely necessary to keep watch,” he said, “and I was very glad to do so. It was nothing to me to miss a night's sleep.”

“I am very angry with you,” she said, “and insist on taking my turn in future. Now, you must lie down at once without a minute's delay. The sun is getting low now, and we cannot have more than three hours before it will be time to start. I suppose it is not necessary to stand still where you are?”

“By no means. From this point you can see well down the valley and would be able to make out any one approaching at some distance.”

“Very well, then, I will get some meat cooked. I am sorry to say that we have come to our last piece. It has lasted a good while longer than we expected.”

“I have no doubt that we shall be able to replenish,” he said; “there are a considerable number of cattle in these valleys.”

Three hours later they again set out. It was in many places very difficult to keep to the path and they had to hark back several times, but at length they began to descend so rapidly that they felt that they could be but a small distance from the valley. They therefore halted and sat down till daylight broke and then moved away from the path to a mass of great boulders among which they lay up for the day.

Three more valleys were passed in safety. Carter had succeeded in replenishing their supply of meat and the water-skin was regularly filled when they came upon water.

“Things are going on wonderfully well,” Nita said, when they halted early one morning.

“Yes, but we must not expect them always to go so well. This valley is getting larger. The houses are more carefully built, and they are, no doubt, inhabited by an increased population. You see the robes that we are wearing will do well enough to pass at a distance, but they would not bear close inspection.”

The next evening emboldened by their good fortune, they started some time before the sun was down and at a sudden turn in the pass came upon three Afridis.

“Walk straight on,” Carter said.

Nita happened to be carrying her gun, while Charlie had been obliged to guide the pony. The men paused when within twenty yards of them, and then a sudden exclamation broke from the party, and one raised his rifle and shouted, “Who are you?”

“We are travelers on our way to our homes, twenty miles off.”

“You lie,” the man said, pointing his gun at them, “you are not natives of the country.”

Nita had thrown her rifle forward and fired at the same instant as the native. His bullet knocked off her turban, while she had shot him through the body. With a shout of rage the other two men raised their rifles, but one fell dead before he could get it to his shoulder. The other fired a shot and then fled with the agility of a deer, escaping round a sharp corner of the defile.

“It is unfortunate, but there was nothing else to be done,” Carter said; “now what is our best course?”

Nita stood a minute without speaking, and then said: “My opinion is that we had better hide as closely as possible.”

“Hide as closely as possible?” Carter said, in surprise. “I should have thought that we had better turn down the pass at once, or push on.”

“I do not think so,” Nita said, “we must take it as certain that the man who has fled will return as quickly as possible with twenty or thirty others. As they do not find us as they come they will suppose that we have either returned or have taken to the

hills, one side or the other; they would never think of searching close here."

"You are right," Carter said, "what do you say to that pile of boulders on the right?"

"That will do excellently, if we can find a place among them."

"We are sure to be able to do that by moving two or three of them. We have probably got two hours to make our preparations."

Accordingly they set to work at once, and by using their united strength, managed to move enough of them to make it possible for themselves and the pony to lie down under cover. The animal's legs were fastened and they took their places beside it. Carter proceeded down the path and looked at it from all points, in order that he might feel sure that their hiding place could not be made out from any point on the path. The heap of boulders lay at the foot of a steep precipice, and it was evident that no one from above could approach near enough to the edge to look down upon them. Having made sure of this he returned to the hiding place. Three-quarters of an hour passed, and then a score of wild figures armed with rifles, muskets, and other weapons, ran up through an orifice between two of the rocks.

Carter took a glimpse of what was going on. There was an excited conversation, the men pointed to the top of the road on both sides, while some were evidently of opinion that their assailants, whoever they were, had returned to the valley beyond. Finally they broke up into three parties, seven or eight men going on each side, while the remainder pushed on along the path. Half an hour later another fifteen men came up and also divided between two hills. But night was now falling. For some time the shouts of the searchers could be heard, but these gradually ceased as the men abandoned the search as hopeless, for the night. They came down in twos and threes, until presently the fugitives were convinced that all had returned.

"It was certainly an admirable plan of yours. Miss Ackworth, and has completely thrown them off the scent. Now we had better be going. The moon gives us enough light to make our way, and we must be as far as possible from here before morning, when, no doubt, the men of this valley, and perhaps the one that we have quitted, will turn out in search of us."

"I am quite ready," Nita said, "and I have no doubt the pony is, too. His sack has been getting lighter and lighter every day, and I think that we haven't more than thirty or forty pounds left, and as we have always been able to get water, I don't think that there is more than enough in the water-skin to balance the sack."

"I am sorry that the provisions are getting short," Carter said, "but it is an immense advantage in climbing about among these hills to have such a light burden. The pony ought to be able to make his way wherever we can, so as we don't want to cut ourselves adrift from the valleys, I should say that we had better work round on the foot of this hill, in which case we ought to be well to the south of it before day breaks. Fortunately they can have no idea who we are. That we are strangers, and curious ones, they of course know, but we are so far now out of the way that our late captors would expect to be taken by their escaped prisoners. It is not at all likely that these natives will, in any way associate us with them, even if they have heard of the escape, which is very improbable. They will therefore have nothing to indicate the road we are taking, all they really do know of us is that we have a rifle, and can shoot straight." They decided, however, to take a day's rest. Nita had suffered much from anxiety, and the very long journey had told on her, so as they were well hidden it was improbable in the extreme that any of the herdsmen or passers through the valley would have the slightest idea of their whereabouts.

After their meal and talk, Carter made a shelter tent of the large blanket and sticks for Nita, and wrapping himself up in another blanket, lay down a short distance away.

The next day passed quietly. They had not replenished the fire when they lay down, nor was it necessary to light one in the morning as they had purposely cooked sufficient meat and chupaties to last them until the evening. They observed three or four herdsmen gathered by the stream at the point where Carter had killed the bullock. They were evidently greatly puzzled at the occurrence, and from their gestures while Carter was watching them, he formed the conclusion that the theory of its being carried away by a bear did not find much acceptance among them. "However," he said, on returning to Nita, who had been having a nap, "they won't start off on a search this afternoon, and before morning, we shall be well up the opposite hills. We shan't want to repeat the offense for some little time, for the store of meat ought to last seven or eight days, that is to say if it does not get bad before that, but

I should think that up in these high altitudes it would keep for some time."

Two hours before daylight they were on the move. The water-skin was refilled at the river and they put a bundle of firewood on the top of the sack as they were by no means certain to find water and wood on the way. They were so far up the hillside by the time the sun rose that they had no fear of their appearance being noticed by people in the valley that they had left. They went on merrily, laughing and joking, and were delighted with their progress, though at times the cold was severe in the extreme. They met with no signs of a pass or even the smallest track. Sometimes Carter would ascend to some point which commanded a view of the line that they were following; at others they came to precipices so steep that they had to make a detour of miles before they found a place where a descent could be made into a ravine which, as a rule, was but a water course covered with boulders of every shape and size.

After three days of incessant toil, they agreed at their camp fire at night, that they must now have got far enough west and could strike for the south. "I suppose you have no idea how far it is to the fort, Charlie?"

"Not in the slightest. I don't even know how far I was carried for I was insensible for two or three

at first, but a fortnight of this work puts us into first rate marching condition."

"Yes, except my feet, Charlie, think of my poor feet. My shoes are fast disappearing and I don't know what I shall do when they come quite to pieces."

"I must kill a goat and make a pair of sandals of its skin."

CHAPTER VII.

They started at once, not trying to mount the hillside above the point where they had been hidden, but to keep along as far as possible at the same height. After making their way painfully for a couple of hours, they came to a spot where the hill opened out and they could see the valley below them. They then gradually made their way down till only two or three hundred feet above its bottom, and then kept along its side. In the still night air they could hear many voices and knew that the coming of the mysterious and dangerous visitors was being warmly discussed. Lights burned much later than was usual in the villages, but at last these altogether disappeared and they ventured still lower, keeping, however, a sharp lookout for any villages situated on the spurs. The valley was not above eight or ten miles long, and they were well past it before morning dawned.

The country our travelers now entered was a little more precipitous and rugged than that they had passed, and they agreed that it would be impossible to climb over it, and would have to make use of the pass. They therefore chose a good hiding place, some distance up on the hill. It was sheltered from behind by a precipice at whose foot grew a clump of bushes of considerable size.

"We cannot do better than this," Carter said, "and as the people will be starting out on their search very shortly we have no further time to look for a hiding place, and, indeed, I don't think that we should be likely to find a better one if we did. There is one comfort, however, numerously they turn out, they will take care not to scatter much in view of the lesson you gave them, and unless they do scatter their chance of lighting upon us is small indeed. I don't suppose their hearts will be very much in it except on the part of the relatives of the men you shot, who are after all as likely to belong to the valley we left as to this one. These tribesmen are good fighters when their liberty is threatened, but they are not very fond of putting themselves into danger."

"I feel much more comfortable," Carter continued, "now that I am no longer condemned to go about unarmed. The rifles of those two men we shot are a perfect Godsend. The pony carries one, and I carry the other."

"But you have carried one all the time."

"Yes, but I was under orders to hand it up to you whenever you wanted it, so it has not been any great satisfaction to me. Now I can play my part, and although these Martinis are not quite as good as your Lee-Metford, they are quite good enough for all practical purposes, and with eighteen shots always in readiness we ought to be able to give a good account of ourselves."

The day passed quietly. Parties of men were seen moving about on the hills, but none came near them. At night they went forward again, but moving with great caution, as it was evident that even fugitives could hardly get across the mountains. They had crossed the highest point and were descending when they

saw rising before them, by the side of the path, an old Buddhist temple. When within a short distance from it, half a dozen men jumped out and fired a volley. The shots all went wide, and were replied to with a sharp rattle. Four men fell, and the rest, appalled by the continued shower of bullets, fled down the hill.

"That was sharp," Carter said, "but soon over. However, it is but the beginning of it; they will carry the news down to the village, and we shall be besieged here. Fortunately we are not yet out of the track, and I don't think even the Afridis, firm-footed as they are, would be able to climb the hill and get above us."

"But we can no more get forward than they can."

"No, but at least it will give us only one side to defend, and we can keep an eye on the hills and pick off any who try to make their way along there, and if the worst comes to the worst we must retire across the pass tonight, and try to strike out somewhere over the hills. It doesn't much matter which way so that we get out of this neighborhood, which is becoming altogether too hot for us."

Daylight was just breaking when a number of men were seen coming up the pass. The two fugitives had already ensconced themselves and their pony in the temple, and had posted themselves at two of the narrow windows. Nita shouted, "Keep away, or it will be worse for you. We don't want to hurt you, if you will leave us alone, but if you attack us we shall defend ourselves."

(To be continued.)



Nita had thrown her rifle forward and fired at the same instant with the native.

days. I think it was ten days from the time I left the fort to our arrival at the village. Roughly speaking, we have been making that time and should therefore be at about the same distance away here as we were at the fort."

"What rate did you travel?"

"I fancy about forty miles the first day, and twenty miles afterwards, making two hundred and twenty altogether."

"Yes, I suppose so, but of course my calculation is mere guess work and I may be forty or fifty miles out. Again we have only steered by the sun and may be a good deal north or south of due west. Besides, we have made such bends and turns as would make it impossible to keep anything like the due course. However, suppose we settle on two hundred and fifty, and we shall be lucky if traveling among the hills we don't have to make it twice that distance. Certainly unless we get into a very different country from that through which we have been traveling so far, ten miles a day is the extreme that we can calculate upon, therefore, if even all goes well it will be from fifty to sixty days before I see my dear father."

"But I think we shall travel a good bit faster than that," said Carter, encouragingly. "Everywhere through these mountains are valleys, some of them of a considerable size, and containing a dozen or more villages. Of course when we come upon these we could travel at night and ought to be able to do from twenty to thirty miles. We could not have done that

A LETTER FROM KIRK MUNROE

Our readers know that Kirk Munroe is traveling around the world to gather material for two continued stories for THE AMERICAN BOY, one of which is to begin next December. They will remember that in our February number we told our readers that letters addressed to Kirk Munroe, Hong Kong, China, and reaching there before April 1, would be received by him, and we suggested that our readers write him, telling what coun-



KIRK MUNROE.

tries they would prefer that his stories deal with. Today (May 12th) we received a letter written by Mr. Munroe from Canton April 4th. Mr. Munroe gives a long list of the boys who wrote him—too long to reproduce—and they represent nearly every part of the world. His letter reads as follows:

Canton, China, April 4, 1903.

Well, My Dear American Boys—You surely did surprise me with the big bundle of letters that you sent to greet me in Hong Kong. I had caught no mail for two months and so expected to find at least a dozen letters awaiting me in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. When I told the clerk my name and asked for letters he said: "Well, I'm thankful you have come at last, for my 'M' pigeon hole is so filled with your mail that there is no room for that of anyone else." At first I couldn't understand it, as he handed out bundle after bundle of letters all addressed to me, and told him there must be some mistake, but he said "No," they were for me, and I quickly discovered who had sent them. It was a complete surprise, I assure you, and a most delightful one. I only wish I could send a personal answer to each one of you, but to do so would take more time and energy than I can spare from sightseeing just now, so you must consider this a letter written to each of the hundreds who wrote to me. As for the postage stamps from every country I have visited for which nearly every one of you asks, I simply can't afford to buy them.

As soon as I reached Hong Kong I took a river steamer for a 400 miles trip into the interior or as far as Wuchow, and I read your letters on the way. I only wish you could have been with me to gaze upon the strange sights on land and water that confronted me at every turn. China certainly is a marvelous country as well as a very beautiful one.

But of all the places I have seen thus far this city of Canton is the most wonderful. It is the largest city in China, having a population of over three million souls, half a million of whom live in boats on the river. Who knows what river Canton is on? The streets are only six feet wide, or about as wide as a narrow American sidewalk, and in all the city there is not a wheeled vehicle nor an animal larger than a dog. People who are too proud or too lazy to walk, and who can afford the luxury, are carried in chairs each borne by three coolies, two in front and one behind, while goods of every description, from great boxes to paper lanterns, are also along from bamboo poles that rest on coolie shoulders. In all the swarming, hurrying, jostling throng of pig-tailed humanity every one is so intent upon his own business and so careless of human life that the other day I saw a little child dying on the pavement with a distracted mother bending in agony over it, and no one paying the least attention to her.

As regards the countries about which I am to write stories, you have asked for them all so impartially that the choice will have to rest with me after all. China, Korea and the Hawaiian Islands seem rather to be the favorites, and so I shall keep a good lookout for subjects of interest in these three. Goodbye for a time, from Your Friend,

KIRK MUNROE.

The Speech of the First Phonograph.

Edison's Story of How It Recited "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

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

tion of the phonograph the other Sunday in Brooklyn. It was in church, and the preacher said that when you were a boy you had your ear one day to the ice and heard in the distance the sound of skates. He said that the idea first came to you that way."

Mr. Edison raised his head. "Did a preacher say that?" he asked. "Yes." "Bosh. Now, I'll tell you how it happened. My model-makers all worked by the piece in those days, and when I wanted a model I always marked the price on it. In this case it was eight dollars. I had the idea of the phonograph in my mind, and I drew my design and gave it to a workman named Kruesel, who finished it in thirty hours.

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

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

"Then I set the recorder back to the starting point and began to turn the cylinder. At the very best I had expected to hear nothing more than a buzzing con-

fusion, but to my astonishment and awe the machine began to repeat in a curious metallic voice:

"Mary had a little lamb.

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

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

"Kruesel's eight-dollar machine," added Mr. Baker, "which could not now be bought for hundreds of dollars, is preserved in the Patent Museum at South Kensington, England."—Philadelphia Post.

Mr. Henty's Love for Boys.

Anything regarding the personality of George A. Henty, whose last story is now running in THE AMERICAN BOY, will be of interest to boys. The editor of the "Brigade," the official organ of the Church Lads' Brigade, London, England, writes:

"I will remember the last interview I

had with Mr. Henty, how interesting it was. His love for the boys seemed to pervade his whole conversation. On saying to him that I could not understand how he could think of so many plots and stories, he said he could not understand why everybody could not do so. This seemed to come to him naturally. He told me that when at Westminster school he had to be always telling stories for the boys in his dormitory, making them up as he went along. He also told me how in after life he took to writing these stories. In the evenings he used to tell stories to his children, making them up himself. Afterwards he made the stories continuous, which made it necessary for him to make a few rough notes of the plots, etc. A friend afterwards saw these notes and recommended him to write the stories out and offer them for publication. He did so, not having much faith in their being accepted. We all know the result, which ended in his turning out several boys' books every year—books that will please boys for many generations to come."

BOYS Do You Want To BE A CAPTAIN



A Captain, with a company of the famous Home Rifle Clubs, in uniform.

Hundreds of BOYS, living in towns, villages, cities and hamlets in all parts of the country, are, under our instructions, organizing companies of the Home Rifle Club. We want an organizer in every neighborhood. We give everything needed, which includes a FULL UNIFORM, RIFLE and book of drill regulations for each member. The best feature is that we are donating the full outfit. *Every boy who organizes a company, gets, in addition, a beautiful sword Free!*

Our Generous Offer

This offer is not confined to any one locality, but is open to all boys, giving each neighborhood an opportunity to enroll a company and demonstrate its patriotism and respect for the flag. It also gives the boys a chance to gain a knowledge of the regular United States Army drills. Every village and hamlet, no matter how small, may have a boy's militia of its own, to take part in all the celebrations, adding pleasure and dignity to parades on Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Washington, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley birthday celebrations, and all public ceremonies. In addition to this the drills and marches are great fun in themselves. When our HOME RIFLE CLUBS turn out with cap ("H. R. C." in gold letters), blue uniform, white belt, Zouave red stockings and a rifle that shoots—the captain with a sword which we presented him—they are truly an inspiring sight and one to make any community proud. Our headquarters are in Washington, D. C., the headquarters of the United States Army.

What WE Do.

We do not ask the boys who organize these HOME RIFLE CLUBS to spend one penny. There are lots of boys in the country, however, who would sit down and write us to send them the full outfit, then, when it arrives, never do anything to deserve it. We want our RIFLE CLUBS to appreciate the equipment, become a credit to the community, learn to drill well and parade on National Holidays, etc. While the boys are learning to march, by following the directions given in the illustrated drill books, which are sent free, one for each boy, as soon as your application is received, they will be doing a little work for us in their locality. This work every patriotic Mother and Father will be glad to have them do. In the meantime, with your application on file, we shall be getting the equipment ready. Then as soon as the reports are in from the boys, the company will be fully equipped and uniformed by us *without costing you a single cent.*

Rifles, Uniforms & Drill Books WITHOUT MONEY.

Send us a list, containing the names and addresses of from 8 to 16 boy friends living in your neighborhood. An excellent list would be the members of the boy societies, organizations and clubs in your town. The boy who sends the names writes his name and address in addition at bottom of the list. The boy whose list is in first from your neighborhood is the one we look to as the Leader now, and later as Captain. Remember as soon as your list of names is received we send each boy FREE, a fully illustrated book giving rules of drill, the same as used in the United States Army, only explained and illustrated in such a way that boys can easily learn them. We also send each boy a letter explaining all about the Home Rifle Club, so that after reading over you can all get together with a thorough understanding of the matter and organize. When company is formed and last of the equipment is sent, we include a captain's sword FREE for the boy who sends us the list of names, in recognition of his patriotism and enterprise.

Other boys in your locality will be reading this at the same time you are, so do not delay your list, but make it out to-day without fail. Lists of names of boys whom you think will join, and all applications should be addressed to

HOME MAGAZINE,

Headquarters Home Rifle Clubs,

Department 7, Washington, D. C.



American Boy Lyceum.

All correspondence for this department should be addressed "Editor of Lyceum," care of AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich. Do not expect personal answers, and do not look for your ideas in this department too quickly. Copy is prepared a month or more in advance of the date of publication, and plans are laid for several months in advance. But the editor wants you to write, giving your needs, your likes and dislikes, reports of debates and prize-speaking contests. He will answer your questions and will meet your needs as far as space and the general plan of the department will allow.

Question.

Resolved. That trusts are likely to do more harm than good.

General References.

Aff.—J. S. Jean, "Trusts, Pools and Corners;" H. D. Lloyd, "Wealth Against Commonwealht."

Neg.—S. C. T. Dodd, "Combinations, Their Uses and Abuses;" Evon Halle, "Trusts and Industrial Combinations in the U. S.," Chap. VIII.

Magazine articles presenting the latest phases of the question:

HARPER'S WEEKLY, Sept. 6, 1902—The President on Trusts; Sept. 13, Trusts and Socialism; Sept. 20, Constitutional Amendment; Nov. 15, Mr. Cleveland on Trusts; Nov. 29, Remedies for Evils; Jan. 17, 1903, Senator Hoar's Anti-Trust Bill; Jan. 24, Anti-Trust Bills; April 25, The President and Trusts.

INDEPENDENT—July 17 and Aug. 28, 1902, The President on Trusts; Sept. 4, How Trusts Stifle Initiative; Dec. 4, Menace of Trusts; Jan. 15, 1903, Trust Evils; Feb. 5, Legislation.

NATION—Oct. 9, 1902, New Kind of Trust; Oct. 16, Secretary Shaw's Consolations; Oct. 23, Evil of Over-Capitalization; Nov. 22, Trust Problem; Dec. 18, Good Trusts and Bad.

OUTLOOK—May 24, 1902, Steel Trust in a Nutshell; Sept. 6, President and Trusts; Sept. 13, Sept. 27 and Oct. 18, Trust Problems; Nov. 15, One Remedy; Dec. 13, Congress and Trusts; Jan. 17, 1903, Trust Problems.

ARENA—July, 1902, Steel Trust; Oct., Co-operation; Jan., 1903, Labor and Trusts.

CENTURY—Jan., 1903, Sugar Trust; March, Tobacco Trust.

NO. AM. REV.—Dec., 1902, What Is Publicity?

WORLD'S WORK—Oct., 1902, President Roosevelt on Trusts; Nov., Trusts as Their Makers View Them; Dec., Trust Legislation.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Trusts are harmful to society:

1. They are an economic evil. They limit production. They destroy competition by absorbing large producers, by crushing small ones (McClure's, Oct., 1902, to May, 1903). They raise prices arbitrarily.

They are a social evil. Individual enterprise is discouraged. Independent producers are crushed. Tyranny is practiced. Unscrupulous power used. (See McClure's "Standard Oil Co.") Wealth concentrated in hands of a few. Gambling and speculation are encouraged. They interfere in politics, city, state and national. Their methods are illegal, as is shown by the Sherman act, and the recent merger decision. Cases of bribery are notorious.

DOCTOR ON FOOD

Experimented on Himself.

A physician of Gallon, O., says: "For the last few years I have been a sufferer from indigestion and although I have used various remedies and prepared foods with some benefit it was not until I tried Grape-Nuts that I was completely cured. As a food it is pleasant and agreeable, very nutritious and is digested and assimilated with very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. As a nerve food and restorer it has no equal, and as such is especially adapted to students and other brain workers. It contains the elements necessary for the building of nerve tissue and by so doing maintains an equilibrium of waste and repair. It also enriches the blood by giving an increased number of red blood corpuscles and in this way strengthens all the organs, providing a vital fluid made more nearly perfect. I take great pleasure in recommending its use to my patients for I value it as a food and know it will benefit all who use it." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

3. The climax of harmful results is suffered by the consumer. Prices are kept higher to pay interest on watered stock. Local industries are abolished. Supply and prices are regulated to suit the desire of those in control. "It is easy to be generous with other people's money." When the trust baron wishes to make a Christmas present of a million dollars, he "squeezes" a little harder on the prices and the people pay the advanced price. "No matter who dances, the consumer must pay the fiddler."

NEGATIVE.

Trusts promote the welfare of society:

1. They are of economic value. By decreasing cost of production. By decreasing wastefulness of competition. By improved methods in production and transportation. (No. Am. Rev., Feb., 1883). By steadying the labor market. By lowering prices of products while at the same time increasing wages of labor.

2. Industrial crises are prevented by trusts. By preventing over-production. By wide distribution of wealth.



DEBATING TEAM OF COBURN CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.

LEWIS W. DUNN. BAY E. ESTES ARTHUR E. WINSLOW.

Trust stock is sold in the open market. Number of stockholders among the employees of trusts has increased enormously. Difficulties between labor and capital will thus be prevented.

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Club Notes.

Senator Frye presided at the Bates-Boston University Law School debate on May 4. The question was: "Resolved, That state boards of arbitration should be created to settle all industrial disputes between employers and employees."

The second annual debate for the Amherst cup was won by Andrew Raymond Robertson, of Springfield, Mass., on the question, "Resolved, That Labor Unions Should Be Compelled to Incorporate." The Springfield Club in Amherst presented this cup, to be debated for annually, the winner to have his name engraved on it. Six debaters are chosen by the school and the club selects the question for debate. The annual debate between the Coburn Classical

Institute of Waterville, Maine and Hebron Academy, was won by the Coburn team. The question for debate was: "Resolved: That whenever in the event of continued democratic violence lives and property are not adequately protected by a State, it is for the public good that the President should have the power to afford protection without the application of the State for federal aid."

The judges announced that the debates on both sides were equal to those of college students. The large audience at times became intensely excited.

Of the five annual debates between these schools, Hebron has won three and Coburn two.

"The School a Symbol of Our Republic."

By Edwin Hubbell Chopin, Clergyman, Orator, Author.

I would select as a symbol of our Republic whatever represents the privilege of free thought; and, as a sign and instrument of this, I would point to some district schoolhouse, rough, weather-worn, standing in some bleak corner of New York or New Hampshire, through whose windows the passer-by catches the confused hum of recitation, or at whose door he sees children of all conditions mingling in motley play. Of all conditions so far as external peculiarities go, but of one condition as the recognized possessors of an immortal mind. Those who have helped mould the Republic have clearly seen that although intelligence is not the foundation of national greatness (for there is something deeper than that), still it is the discerning and directing power upon which depends the right use even of moral elements. They have scouted the notion that there is any ultimate evil in diffused knowledge, any such thing as "dangerous truth," and have affirmed that the best way to win-

tically the most essential conception of freedom; for thus it recognizes a common inheritance—the possession of a mind—something which is of more importance than any external condition; something on which rests the claim of human freedom; for the charter of man's liberty is his soul, not his estate.

It says to the poorest child, "You are rich in this one endowment, before which all external possessions grow dim. No piled-up wealth, no social station, no throne, reaches as high as that spiritual plane upon which every human being stands by virtue of his humanity. And from that plane, mingling now in the common school with the lowliest and the lordliest, we give you the opportunity to ascend as high as you may. We put into your hands the key of knowledge, leaving your religious convictions, with which we dare not interfere, to your chosen guides. So far as the intellectual path may lead, it is open to you. Go free!" And when we consider the great principles which are thus practically confessed; when we consider the vast consequences which grow out of this, I think that little district schoolhouse dilates, grows splendid, makes our hearts beat with admiration and gratitude, makes us resolve that at all events, that must stand; for indeed it is one of the noblest symbols of the Republic, a sign and instrument of a great people having great power.

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Boys in Games and Sport



UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA LACROSSE TEAM.
Captain Oliver in the center in shirt sleeves.

LACROSSE

It is characteristic of the white boy that he should borrow a game from the Indian, learn it thoroughly and then beat the original player by sheer force of superior head work. This is the history of lacrosse to date. The Red Man's exciting sport has traveled across the ocean. British schoolboys have found it good, and now the singular spectacle is to be seen of a lacrosse team from the Oxford and Cambridge universities coming to this country, the cradle of the lacrosse player, to try for international honors in the game that once belonged exclusively to the original owners of this land.

Lacrosse has always been popular with the Canadians and the boys of this country have regarded it with increasing interest of late. Since the challenge to the British university students was accepted and the assurance given that a team from abroad would lend an international flavor to the game, lacrosse has boomed here as never before, and all the colleges have organized clubs for the express purpose of encouraging its playing.

The Britons will reach New York June 15 and will meet the Harvard team June 16. At least that is the present arrangement. The lacrosse men of the University of Pennsylvania are trying to induce the Harvard players to change the date to a week later so as to allow of Pennsylvania playing the Englishmen first, on account of the earlier closing of the U. of P. The lacrosse season proper will open with a game between the University of Pennsylvania and Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, on April 4. On June 4 Toronto will play the red and blue on Franklin field, Philadelphia. Games will also be played between University of Pennsylvania and Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, Lehigh, Swarthmore,

and yet it is most exciting to watch and by no means a game that any delicately-constituted boy should select, for it requires such a blending of skill, speed and endurance that really first-class players are few and far between.

We describe the game in a few words for the benefit of any one who has never seen it played: The goals are placed about 125 yards apart. These goals are poles, six feet high, placed in the ground with a distance of six feet between them. Each team has its own goal and the sole object of the opposing players is to keep the ball from being shot between their own goal posts and to do their best to send it through the goal posts of the other team. One man stays at the goal post, the place of most danger. The skirmishers play forward, each man being paired off with an opposing man and the orders being that he hangs on to that particular opponent until he sees that he can do well by ignoring him, as in the case of a general scrimmage. The ball is passed by means of the sticks, from which the game takes its name of lacrosse. A clever player can throw the ball a tremendous distance from the net of his stick, but in general play it is not often that the player has time to balance himself for a long throw before the opposing players are on to him like a pack of wolves. Passing is therefore the most frequently used method of getting the ball into the other team's territory. The game calls for unusual skill in the art of dodging. A player will sometimes carry the ball to within throwing distance of the goal by cleverly eluding all opposition, while holding the sphere in the net of his stick. As this man runs with the ball it is the business of the opponents to try and beat it from his net with their own sticks. In the excitement of a match game it is more frequently the anatomy of the player that feels the force of the blows than the unsympathetic stick.

The beauty of lacrosse to the spectator is that, like polo, association football, baseball and similar games, the play is always within view. The lacrosse players are continually on the run, their sticks are raised and lowered by turns as the game progresses, and the interest never flags, for the goal is seldom safe, and the picturesque nature of the scrimmages appeals to all classes of sport lovers.

The game begins by the ball being started in the middle of the field at a signal from the referee. One player catches it on his stick as it comes hurtling through space, perhaps by leaping four feet into the air and extending his stick to the limit of his reach, as Freeland, the manager of the University of Pennsylvania team, is seen doing in the accompanying unique snapshot. With his own team helping him he rushes the ball towards the enemy's territory. Hard pressed, he is forced to pass the ball to one of his own men, who catches it on the edge of the crowd, dodges an opponent who tries to strike the ball from the net and rushes for the goal. He is stopped, but not before he has thrown the ball straight for the goal posts. The waiting goalkeeper, placed there for just that purpose, catches it on his net, and being able to take his time over the throw sends it far down the field, beyond the struggling players in the center, out of harm's way for the moment at least. If the game is played as it should be, a waiting player catches the ball as it comes to earth and again the running tactics are repeated. When a goal is scored the teams change sides so that



AN UNDERHAND THROW.

Hobart and College City of New York, and Stephens and Thistle, of Canada. There will, therefore, be plenty of excitement in the lacrosse field this season.

Lacrosse must be seen to be appreciated. As played by the American college boy it is essentially the same game as was originally played by the Canadian Indians. Its simplicity is one of its greatest charms. There are no technicalities in the game, as in baseball. No brute force is necessary to win a point. It is as clean cut a game as any played

any advantage of wind or light may be equally shared.

Quick, snappy work is essential to success in lacrosse. It is a game that the American boy should excel in, for certainly slowness is not one of his failings. Were it not for the fact that the much talked of sluggishness of the British nature has been most singularly conspicuous by its absence whenever British athletes have taken the field against our boys, it would be safe to predict that the visiting team from Oxford and Cambridge will be soundly beaten in the lacrosse games. The race is not always to the swift, however, and it is not well for our college boys to depend too much on their native activity. Skill counts for much and hard practice should be the order of the day if we are to beat the Britishers.

Active Exercise Made President Roosevelt Strong and Healthy.

President Roosevelt as a boy was quite frail and puny. He was well along in his teens before his family ceased to worry about him. Once in college, however, he took to athletic sports as closely as he did his books and was soon a strong, healthy young man. His ranch life, after leaving college, still further developed him until he became as rugged and enduring as a man born and raised on the plains. Mr. Roosevelt was specially fond of boxing during his college days—the same as his boys are now—and has always kept in practice. During his term as Governor he also took instructions in wrestling. William Carlin, one of the best known athletes in New York, and at one time a famous oarsman, was his teacher.

"He is a doughty little man," said Mr. Carlin one day after an hour in the gymnasium with the Governor, "and can give any man plenty of exercise. The Governor likes the catch-as-catch-can game and is as quick as a flash in getting his holds, he still clings to the favorite western style of wrestling—cross buttocks—and it is a hold he uses most dexterously."—Chicago Tribune.



FREELAND, CRACK U. OF P. LACROSSE PLAYER, MAKING A HIGH CATCH.

Notes.

E. W. SUMMERS, Sumpter, Ore., tells of the fine times the boys of his town have coasting. The hill is just in front of their schoolhouse. They have great long, broad sleds, each holding about twenty persons. They have fun also ski riding, coming down the mountain side as fast as an express train.—GEORGE W. ANDRUS, Thomas, N. D., wants to know how to catch muskrats. See the illustrated article on traps in the December, 1902, AMERICAN BOY for a device to catch muskrats. He says muskrats in a small creek, two and one half feet deep, near his home, are plentiful.—L. Y. PAINTER, LaGrange, Mo., wants to know what kind of traps are best for catching sparrows.—JOHN EVANS, Riverton, Neb., made two eight-foot balloons according to the directions given in the July number of THE AMERICAN BOY. He says: "They both went up fine. The first one was too light at the bottom and burned up when it was about a quarter of a mile high, but the second sailed out of sight." He also made a desk and varnished it, after the directions given in THE AMERICAN BOY.—THOMAS HONNAN, JR., San Luis, Obispo, Cal., is something of an athlete and gives some points on running. He says: "For short distance runs you should run continual bursts of forty or fifty yards, and should run with a man who is better than you are so that you will learn how to start quick and work hard. Two or three times a week is enough for practice. Running alone makes one sluggish and one can never tell whether he is doing good work or not. Don't smoke while training. It will be better if you do not smoke or drink at all. Take a brisk rub-down after running, and if you get a pain in your side stop practice at once." After running he says it would be well to take a brisk walk. He gives us his records, but as he does not give his age they do not prove of special interest.

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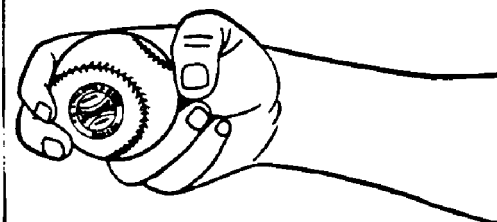
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Dr. Hugo Erichsen, New Editor.

Dr. Erichsen assumes the editorship of this department of THE AMERICAN BOY with a rare distinction—the recommendation of his predecessor. In addition to this, he is commended by a long list of contributions to photographic literature that appeared in the pages of the Photographic Times, Anthony's Photographic Bulletin, Wilson's Photographic Magazine, Outdoor Life, The Professional Photographer, the American Amateur Photographer, the Photo-Era, and other periodicals. His practical experience in photography is attested by silver and bronze medals won in open competitions and a first prize diploma awarded him by the Detroit Camera Club, of which he was the first president.

WM. C. SPRAGUE,
Managing Editor.

Fresh Air in Dark-Rooms.

Dark-rooms are generally narrow quarters, particularly the dark-rooms of amateur photographers. When the air becomes bad, from being breathed over and over again, it brings on a headache, and this causes a decrease in the power to judge results correctly. To get out, one is apt to hurry matters; the developing is not carried far enough; the fixing is not thorough; the washing is shortened. No wonder that under such conditions results are unsatisfactory. All this can be prevented by putting on some kind of a ventilator. A contrivance recommended by a photographic journal consists of an upright box about a foot deep and six inches square, having projecting in the inside thin pieces of tin or wood, stopping the light but admitting the air. Let the slats be blackened, and then the little light that enters will do no harm. Placed on the top or side of the dark-room, there will be no more headaches from foul air.

Our Portfolio.

To the new editor the excellence of many of the photographs entered in this month's AMERICAN BOY contest was really an agreeable surprise. He had expected—well, never mind what he had expected. What he found were a lot of prints, of which some would have been creditable to professionals. Robert L. Hudson, of Demopolis, Ala., submitted a very good view of a cotton yard, showing hundreds of bales awaiting shipment; Edison Belt, of Fredonia, Kas., contributed two excellent snow scenes; another winter scene, taken directly after a December snowstorm, by Wayne M. Shipman, at Randolph, Mass., also merits

beloved instrument. It is reported that once a bishop was trying to induce the photographers of some illustrated papers to refrain from taking pictures of the interior of a cathedral while services were in progress. The king finally appeared and, on hearing the bishop's pleading, remarked quietly: "Senors, I have left my camera, outside; please follow my example."

American Cameras the Best.

American camera boxes are the very best on the market. American lenses are also as good as can be made, but the prices in the United States are so much higher than in England that it is reported that money can be saved by buying an English or German camera, throwing the box away and putting the lens in a box made on this side of the Atlantic ocean. Of course only travelers in Europe can indulge in this method of getting a good lens. When the editor of the British Journal of Photography was viewing the coronation of King Edward VII., he observed some things that caused him regret. During the ten minutes or so he was watching, he observed over a hundred exposures of plates made, some of them very expensive. But what impressed him most was that, with few exceptions, the photographers used American, German or French cameras.

Answers to Correspondents.

Leon H. Strong: Moonlight photography requires a very long exposure; yes, a large box might do; no, if you let them stand in a pail of water for an hour, or wash them in 18 or 20 changes of water, it will generally answer as well.—Lloyd McKechnie: A letter addressed to the American Aristotype Co., Jamestown, N. Y., will secure the desired information.—Harry Cunkle: Use a pane of glass instead of a ferrotype plate. Clean carefully, dust pane with French chalk, which rub over pane with cotton wool. Squeegee your print on pane, and, when thoroughly dry, remove carefully by inserting point of knife at one corner. Follow printed directions that accompany your paper and you will have no trouble. Perhaps you do not print deep enough—most photos fade a little in the fixing bath.—I. L. Tyler: No definite time can be given; probably an hour would be about right.—Russell P. Gamage: Any good book on photography will apply to your camera. Your bookseller can get you one. For common snap-shot pictures, the largest stop should be used.—Paul T. Hackett: Printing on silk is such a complicated process that we cannot refer to it here; all of the standard plates are good for instantaneous work; J. B. Kerfoot gives the following directions for "Silhouette Photography": "In this year's American Annual of Photography: 'You require a plate camera and a window facing the open sky. Darken all other windows in the room, and place the sitter between the camera and the open window. So far as possible, cut off all reflected light from the shadow side of the face. Focus sharply at full opening and stop down to f4. Expose for one half second on a Carbutt Special Process or a Cramer Contrast plate, and develop with the Hydrochinone formula given by the manufacturer. Carry to the utmost attainable density.' To dry negatives with alcohol is always risky.—Royal Bixby: Write to the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.; they will provide you with directions for your 'Brownie.'—Paul Grau: Your trouble cannot be remedied, as it is either due to under-exposure or insufficient development. You might try an intensifier.—W. V. Hagar: Yes, the prints were toned long enough.—James Howe: According to Wilson's 'Cyclonic Photography' your sulphide of calcium should have been subjected to red heat before use.—Olin J. Baker: Your plate reached us—in fragments; it was probably under-exposed.—Gustave Gale: Your negative was not developed long enough; you should have waited until the detail had fully appeared in the picture. Flash-light is a poor illuminant for portraiture; better stick to daylight. You might try a bromide print; perhaps that will bring out the faces a little better.—Orlo M. Stevens: The process for sensitizing cloth for photographic prints is such a complicated one that we do not believe you would succeed with it. You will find it both cheaper and more satisfactory to buy cloth already sensitized from the dealers in photographic goods.—Paul Grau: For mounting prints on glass, in the manner indicated, make a solution of gelatin, 20 grains to every ounce of water, and while still warm immerse the print face downwards in it; place the glass in it, and after a few seconds bring them into intimate contact, withdraw from solution, squeegee thoroughly and allow to dry.

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"UNDER THE OLD UMBRELLA."
Second Prize Photo. Name of winner not known.



"BORRY, BUT YOU CAN'T GO."
First Prize Photo, by H. B. Conyers, Urbana, O.

MEAL TIME CONSCIENCE.

What Do the Children Drink?

There are times when mother or father feeds the youngsters something that they know children should not have. Perhaps it is some rich dessert, but more often it is tea or coffee. Some compromise by putting in so much hot water that there is not much tea or coffee left, but even that little is pretty certain to do harm. It leads to bigger doses. Then come the coffee ills.

It is better to have some delicious, hot food drink that you can take yourself and feed to your children conscious that it will help and strengthen and never hurt them. A lady of Oneida, N. Y., says: "I used coffee many years in spite of the conviction that it injured my nervous system and produced my nervous headaches. While visiting a friend I was served with Postum, but it was not well made, still I determined to get a package and try it myself and after following directions carefully the result was all that could be desired: a delicious, finely flavored, richly colored beverage. Since I quit coffee Postum has worked wonders for me."

"My husband who always suffered from kidney trouble when drinking coffee quit the coffee and took up Postum with me and since drinking Postum he has felt stronger and better with no indication of kidney trouble."

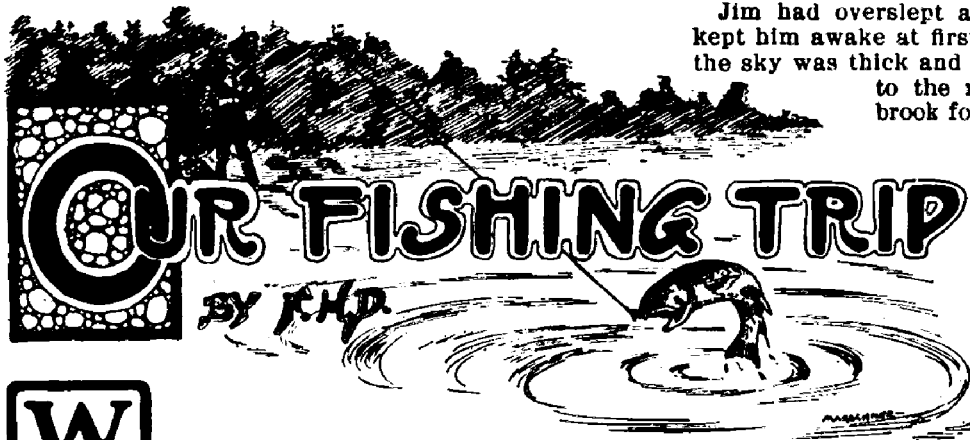
"You may be sure I find it a great comfort to have a warm drink at meals that I can give my children with a clear conscience that it will help them and not hurt them as coffee or tea would." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

commendation; a picture of two boys playing marbles, by Fred. E. Crum, of Viola, N. Y., shows care in posing, development and printing; "My Farm Pets," by Stephen Collins, of St. Albans, Vt., is a noteworthy photograph of sheep; "Hauling Pine Knots," by S. A. Jackson, Bluff Springs, Fla., is an interesting picture of a typical Florida ox-team; "Louis and His Mule," by Felipe Flores, of St. Louis College, San Antonio, Tex., a curious presentation of a Mexican, big stirrups, sombrero and all; the list of prints worthy of comment is closed by a dainty "seascape," showing an ocean-going yacht in the offing, by Leon C. Haugh, of Baltimore, Md. A word or two about the photographs that failed to merit special mention may not be out of place. In isolated instances they were hopelessly bad and the least said about them the better. In some cases the exposure and development had evidently been normal, but printing and mounting defective. A few prints were fogged, that is to say, light-struck. But, as the editor had occasion to remark before, the great majority were a credit to THE AMERICAN BOY.

The Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY pay \$2.00 for a Photograph that is available for use for a FRONT COVER ILLUSTRATION.

A King and a Camera.

It is not every one who has authority, when riding on a train, to order it to stop long enough to take pictures of pleasing bits of scenery. But this is just what Alfonso, king of Spain, does. Before he was crowned king he invariably, it is said, carried a camera, but since that important event he has consented to attend state functions without his



WE PLANNED our fishing trip down the river so often and were disappointed so many times that both of us had begun to regard the event as a dim possibility surrounded with a halo of distant happiness, the brighter as it appeared farther and farther away. Once, to be sure, we were all ready, bait dug, lines and hooks prepared, when a hard rain set in the day before and, clearing off late in the night, left the streams even with the banks and the water brilliantly transparent as washed glass, rendering ordinary luck out of the question.

At last vacation came and with it a day that promised much for the morrow, the horizon thick with a grayish haze, and overhead, thin wavelets of mist in faint streaks and crossbars, like a continuous but transparent veil. It was the day when the fisherman's instinct wakes in him and cries, "Tomorrow, tomorrow!" As Jim now sits in his law office and looks through his window upon just such a day, I wonder if he remembers that morning when he ran across the road and shouted to me that the day had come at last. Often to this hour when I thread the



Bent our way to the creek.

road by the river driving on visits to my patients have I recalled that fishing trip for which we had planned and longed so much. There was hardly a breath stirring when Jim ran into the back yard and shouted in glee, waving his hand to the sky.

"It's goin' to rain pitchforks tomorrow," I replied, "but I'm with you, Jim, just the same."

"You wait," he responded excitedly, wetting his finger in his mouth and raising it sailor-wise in the air. "Just a breath from the south! The very day coming!" Then we completed the arrangements as scrupulously as two generals upon the eve of a great campaign. The bait was dug behind Michael Finnigan's hog pen, and the small fish that we called shiners were netted in the brook below. These were left in a tub, weighted and covered with wire netting in the middle of the little stream. The wind increased towards night and a steady pulling draft set in from the south. Filled with excitement and elation we were in bed before the sun went down.

I was expecting the rattling of the clock, and the alarm need not have been more than an extra tick to bring me to my feet. In an instant I had my hand upon the chattering gong to smother it from the rest of the family. My mother was already up and had a cup of coffee ready, some food on the table, and lunch for the day half prepared. It was dark as a pocket outside, but a damp, soft wind was drawing steadily from the south. "Couldn't be a better day!" I cried, in high glee. "The fish will be half out of water to bite!" It took but a few seconds to stand in the tall rubber boots, and armed with the paraphernalia, the long spliced pole, the large basket now as heavy as a load of provisions could make it, dangling from a strap, the pail for shiners, the box of worms, reel, lines, a roll of brass wire, and boxes of assorted hooks, I stood listening to maternal questions and injunctions while making the foregoing inventory.

Jim had overslept a little, his excitement having kept him awake at first, but it was only twilight and the sky was thick and heavy overhead when we took to the road and bent our way to the brook for the shiners; from there it was only a half hour's walk to the fishing grounds. Our consternation can be imagined when we saw the tub upon the bank, the wire covering hanging loose, and the contents gone!

"What's to be done now?" exclaimed Jim. "Pure, mean cussedness! Some one must have seen us!"

"Too late to net any more. I'll tell you, Jim, we'll catch young dace at the Gray Rock. They're better than shiners anyway."

"Bad luck to it!" he cried in his wrath, swinging his arm over his head and down with a blow. "And a perfect day, too!"

"Never mind, time enough, and here's some thread."

So on our way to the river we unraveled a few yards of black linen, tied the small hooks upon the pieces, the usual resource that every fisherman has at hand for bait-fish. Once by the river we baited with small red worms, a slim branch long enough to reach into the swirl answering for a pole, and patiently began the preliminaries of our day's sport. It was yet too early for the small fish to bite and we lost an hour tempting the wary fingerlings before we had half a dozen in the pails; fine bait they were, white as silver, long as a man's forefinger, and only objectionable as they were too delicate and soft for long use. Jim continued sniffing the mellow damp breeze, scowling at the sky, and condemning the ill-luck that kept him from the true sport. At length we went down the river, then up the brook a little way, wading the stream at the rapids, then to the river again, and so to the "Deep Hole" as everybody called it. Here trees had fallen in and the water lay still, very black, and sheeny with the alluring surface and surroundings that delight a fisherman's heart. Then Jim and I breathed a sigh of satisfaction. Poles were unlimbered and strung, the water in the pails changed, and the fishing of the day began. "What a day!" was all Jim could mutter as he carefully threw his bait far down stream near the shore and drew it skittering towards him. I had on a live bait and was still fishing near the huge trunk of a fallen elm. Three times Jim threw out, on the fourth, a swell in the surface gave evidence of the first bite. At the same time a gentle pressure upon the tip of my pole warned me. We had both caught pickerel before. Each of us played his fish and struck about the same time when the fish were taking the second run. Mine left the water first, a fine fellow, a pound and a half in size. We strung our prizes upon a wire and laid them beside a tree on the damp grass behind us—a pair of beauties. It was some time before we had another bite, and I tried skittering, when suddenly Jim cried to me in a low, excited tone:

"You killed your fish, Jack?"

"Oh, yes," I said, still skittering busily.

"Look back of you!"

As I drew up the bait to throw it around my head I glanced towards the tree and, behold, what a sight I saw. My pickerel was slowly and tremblingly moving backwards behind the tree's great roots down the bank away from me. Dropping my line I jumped for the disappearing wire. I inspected the fish with hurried fingers. Although I was sure it was lifeless it was with a feeling of amazement that I beheld it was stone dead, and the discovery gave me a queer sensation. Laying it a little farther up on the grass, with some uneasiness I began again casting upon the water. Soon the task took all my attention. It was now full day but dark and lowering with a dull, heavy atmosphere; every breath of wind was laden with moisture that hung over and around us.

"A day like this fish ought to be crazy to bite," I said to Jim; my bait was getting soft and too loose to trust for a bite. When I was drawing in the hook to put on another dace I was arrested by a warning word from my companion.



Our consternation can be imagined.

"There goes the fish!"

Behind us a marvel to see, the pickerel was again in motion! Was I in a dream? I cast a rapid glance at the distant apple trees dark in the heavy air, at the chattering ripples up the river, at Jim who stood pole in hand in wide-mouthed wonder—it took but the briefest instant, yet it assured me that I had my senses and that what was transpiring before my eyes was a reality. The sense of the unknown and the unknowable haunts every one and the sudden evidence of a mysterious agency startles us. Although as a boy I could go through a cemetery in the dead of night without a flutter of nerves, this inscrutable event affected me as nothing I had ever experienced before. Here were fish dead as smelts, nevertheless actually in motion, moving, edging away from me! Could I believe my eyes, this very fish that I positively knew was dead, twice made sure of, was slowly creeping, wriggling, and slipping along, descending with a curious gliding motion behind the projecting root of the tall elm. I repeated it to myself, "The fish must be dead!" My flesh began to creep and a shiver went over me. It was uncanny, fearful to think of and a suggestion arose within me—"Spirits!"



"What luck?" he inquired.

I ran to the spot, snatched the wire, and drawing in the fish looked around the tree, and saw—nothing! The tall grass below was motionless; no break or motion in its uneven surface, no indication of an animal, not even a hint of a spiritual presence. Despite the mystery of the circumstance I felt there must be some sound and rational explanation for the phenomenon, but to say that I was dumbfounded is expressing it lightly. Here were dead fish suddenly endued with vitality and wriggling away in the very semblance of life.

"That puts me up a stump!" said I, and Jim was as much amazed and puzzled as I.

"You will have to look after them, I'm going to have a bite, my bait is swimming like time," said he.

I left the fish where they had been and we resumed our task, except that now I hooked on a live bait, braced my pole by itself, and stood ready for the first mysterious sign, one eye upon the water and the tip of the pole, the other upon the resurrecting fish near the tree. I had not long to wait. Again one of the fish began to move. It had no more than started before I was up the bank and stood in full view of the ridge and the grass below it. Then I broke out into a loud laugh, and as I continued Jim's impatience knew no bounds. How simple are the explanations of the most inscrutable events! A great wharf rat, gray and savage in appearance, slunk away with the gliding motion of a snake as I came into view by the tree above the rolling surface.

But Jim had little time to laugh or comment, for his pole tip went down with the steady, heavy sweep of an unusual bite.

"A monstrous bite!" I said to Jim half under my breath.

It must be one of the "old settlers" for which the fisherman is always waiting. Jim was no tyro and now he played his fish well. Before he struck he drew up all the slack, reeled in taut, and took position so as to swing the fish in a gliding sweep to the bank. It came out floundering and thrashing, to our surprise not a pickerel but what we boys called a bullhead, strictly speaking a horned pout, a great one indeed, black and lively, a two-pounder beyond question. All fish except the pure vegetarians will occasionally take live bait, for this reason the sport of fishing has not only the excitement of catching unwary prey but also great uncertainty over its nature.

We kept on up and down the stream at this place until about noon with only one or two half pounders to show for it, then on Jim's suggestion we packed up and wended our way farther down stream to another deep hole where we used to have good luck getting pickerel. Here we fished two mortal hours in every manner without the first indication of a pickerel bite. Being soon tired of the monotony I took out two throw lines with heavy sinkers upon the ends and hooks strung above them, baited up with worms and pieces of bait-fish, and threw them into the muddiest locking spot. In this way I added an eel and two fair sized dace. Jim turned up his nose at this style of fishing, there wasn't life enough in it to suit his taste, but I was after fish as well as sport.

We had been thus employed for some time, Jim carefully watching his bait and I attending to my pole set with a live shiner of which we had caught several near the mouth of the brook before leaving it, and my eye was going back and forth from the pole to the lines that slanted to the water from the split tops of two slender twigs, when I heard Jim break into my absorbed silence. "Hi! Jack," said

he, "look, see there," and he motioned down the stream with his head. Sure enough it was a sight to interest any fisherman. There stood old Jim Lowell, a tall, lank, weather-beaten veteran, the paragon of the fishing craft. To our boyish eyes he was as great a hero of the rod and line as Isaac Walton himself. The air of mystery that enveloped his movements, his marvelous good luck in all weather and upon all the streams, his reticence in talking about his recent achievements colored by the glowing tales of sport thirty years ago with which he regaled our excited imaginations, made the personage who enrolled himself in the town directory as "Jim Lowell, fisherman," like one of the interesting characters of romance. And when we mentioned Jim Lowell it was with the same inflection of voice that we used in speaking of George Washington, P. T. Barnum, Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Goodwin, the minister, and other influential persons.

Where Jim and I had fished so zealously without avail stood Jim Lowell like a statue, his line swinging into the water with half the usual motion, the bait alighting like a fish after a leap and skipping and dancing upon the surface, sinking in exhaustion to rise in spurts again like a festive youngster enjoying its first outing abroad, only a slight motion of the wrist causing all that tempting and tantalizing play. There! A ripple appeared a rod long and a desperate plunge at the very brink proved his skill. With the nicest judgment, without a reel, an easy swing of the native bamboo pole brought forth a glistening fish, a pound pickerel—all in the same quiet, unrestrained manner. After Jim had landed another he swung slowly along to us.

"What luck?" he inquired in his usual sententious style. We showed him our catch and he nodded between his vigorous chewings of tobacco. We asked him what he had caught, standing by him in some awe.

"A few little uns. No fish nowadays."

"What do you call them?" said Jim, pointing down stream.

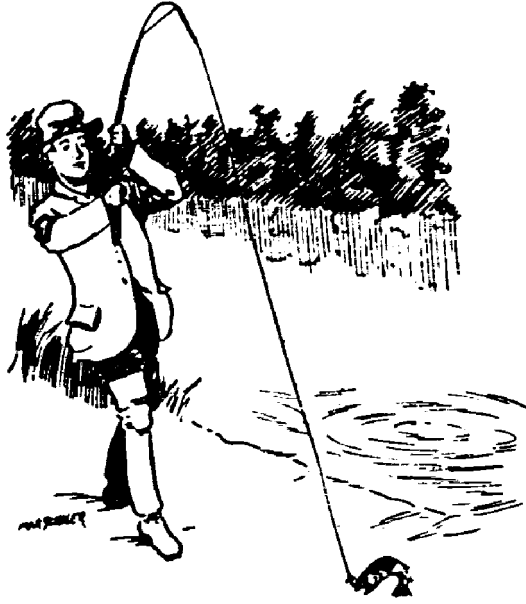
"Pretty much kctched out, a little one here and there."

"Can we see?"

Jim Lowell slowly undid the cover of his large dilapidated fish basket and revealed a collection of "little uns" that would make the eyes of any fisherman sparkle and his heart glad. We turned to our poles with a heavy sense of our own incompetence and inexperience, and Jim Lowell went quietly up the stream.

It was about an hour later when Jim had a bite, an ordinary every day bite, as he explained after-

wards, the fish acted no differently than any other when masticating the bait. When Jim struck, ah! then came the revelation. It must be a wonderful stroke of luck. The line whizzed out in rioting haste and the point of the pole went down as if it were a straw. I knew this was a grand fish, a rare old fellow, and I watched Jim with breathless interest. Now and then the great fish would approach the surface and then go down and out with a mighty sweep, his golden sides gleaming brightly in the dark water. Now he was yielding slowly and the crisis seemed to be past. But then, then! I fairly gasped. The pole parted at the top splice. It flew upwards with the long slack of line. "Too bad," I groaned



Out he came upon the bank.

in spirit, "the slack must have let him loose." Jim was rapidly reeling in and stepping backwards. Again the line was taut. Dropping the pole quickly he drew it in hand over hand pushing it behind him, then he pulled in the line. The great fellow, a pickerel over three pounds in weight, arose beneath his hand and lay upon the grass behind him. I climbed the steep bank back of me and ran up to Jim to examine the prize. It was a beautiful fish worthy of Jim Lowell himself.

Just then I cast my eye upon the water where it dropped off deep alongside a mossy stump. There, there! Two or three feet deep were four shiny

spots stirring with a pulsating motion back and forth, slowly and regularly.

"There's another beauty!" I said to Jim, "and I'm going to snare him. Can't trust that spliced pole. Lucky, there's a fine one over there," and I pointed to a tall sapling in a clump of alders behind us. In an instant I had it down and trimmed and my snare wire, the same kind of malleable brass wire that is used in bottling cider, was immediately fastened. A string went down the pole to strengthen the tip. With a slipknot six inches in diameter upon the yard and a half of gleaming wire I was ready and carefully crept down to the brink.

Below, it was a difficult matter to make out the white fins of the fish and his body was altogether invisible. By the motion of these light spots I knew where the head lay and also could estimate its position. The depth, however, was most difficult to judge. The loop went down parallel to the fish, but by twisting the pole the wire took any position desired. Slowly, slowly descended the noose, carefully it moved ten inches, yes, eleven, to a position behind the dim white spots. My nerves were tense, I was calm with a fierce determination to succeed. Now I was ready. I half feared the wire was too high. Then I gave a jerk to set the noose and it rose in the air without resistance. The fish, indeed, had been below it. I looked breathlessly at the spot. Thanks to the fact that I had moved quietly, though quickly, the light spots were yet swaying in the black depths below me. They seemed to be a trifle nearer the stump. The noose was again ready and slowly dropped. For an instant the water became a shade lighter, down, down, went the glistening noose. At that moment thinner clouds must have passed overhead, I could just define the outline of the long fish. This was enough, it was the auspicious moment. The noose was again even with the moving spots. This time I had him. And what a pull! Cross-wise the water at first, and dead weight against a bending pole, could any conditions thrill more a fisherman's nerves? Then the huge fish lunged upwards and parted the water with a resounding splash and commotion. Out he came upon the bank; not so large a pickerel as Jim's, he would yet turn the scales at over two pounds.

As it was now late and we were well supplied, each having a good load to carry back, we unlimbered our poles, packed up, and in the course of time were at home. It happened that this was the last time that Jim and I could take a fishing trip together, as he was called away from town to live with an uncle and I obtained employment for the remainder of the summer.

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LESSON X.—Grammalogues and Advice as to Future Study.

Having diligently studied these lessons, you may now bring to your aid such means of furthering your progress as may be suggested to you in daily life. Two or three that have been extremely useful are: Tracing in phonographic characters names that strike you in the street over shop windows, on bills, in conversation, in reading, etc., and this you may do in two ways, both useful. The one is to trace such words on stray slips of paper, and the second is to mentally figure the outlines, or trace them with a motion of the finger. These have been found such excellent methods of practice that we heartily commend them to your observance.

Indeed, you should think out (for the process is nothing less) all the principles in this manner to the end that they may be vividly impressed on your mind. In practicing thus you should make use of all that you have learned; and whatever you write you should read over, so as to familiarize yourself with your own style. At this point, too, you may with advantage begin reading shorthand; and to which reference is made in paragraph 21, page 46 of the "Teacher."

Page 38 of the "Teacher" contains a few "grammalogues" and "logograms." You will find the following the best way to learn them if you have not already done so during your progress through the "Teacher." Take a few at a time, say a dozen or a column, and try to construct sentences in which they may occur, as often as shall make sense. Never

write sentences that are not sense. In this way you may bring into requisition all that you have learned of the art. Here is a model sentence embracing several important principles with which you are familiar, bringing into use no less than a dozen grammalogues: "A man has only to try in order to succeed; but he must put forth all his energy and exercise all his perseverance to attain that success." See how well you can translate this into shorthand.

A certain number of these grammalogues should be learned with your other work every time you sit down to a lesson; it is easier and less confusing to learn them thus than altogether. You can only achieve success by patient industry. An example worthy of your imitation is that of a young pupil of our early acquaintance, who wrote out six foolscap lines of each grammalogue, contraction, and knotty point until he got them all by heart. In learning the grammalogues be careful to write them in position, as explained in the remarks at the top of page 38 of the "Teacher." This is very important as the position of the grammalogue determines the word for which it stands.

You may now proceed to write out the rest of the exercises in that work. They should first be transcribed into long-hand, the book laid aside, and the long-hand transcript retranscribed into Phonography. Another admirable means for improving your knowledge is that of teaching others what you already know.

Of course, "there is an art in so communicating knowledge as to make it attractive," but where it is in your power to do good to other by imparting to them a portion at least of that benefit that you have been permitted to enjoy yourself. It should be done irrespective of degrees of ability or inability. It is an axiom that we cannot instruct others without instructing ourselves. "By having to explain the exercises to my pupils, it gives me (says one student) a clearer knowledge of the principles and beauties of the system." When two or three students are studying together, questions will often arise that would never have been thought of by the student individually.

In conclusion, we can only say that the measure of your success must now depend solely upon your own exertions. Now that we have sought to lead you in the right direction through the various principles of the art, it is for you to work—practice and persevere: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Practice! PRACTICE!! PRACTICE!!!

Your Father.

Boys, when you speak of your father, don't call him "the old man." Of course you are older now than when you learned to call him "father." You are much smarter than you were then; you are much more manly looking. Your clothes fit better; your hat has a modern shape, and your hair is combed differently. In short you are "flyer" than you were then. Your father has a last year's coat, and a two years' old hat, and a vest of still another pattern. He can't write such an elegant note as you can, and all that—but don't call him "the old man." Call him father. For years he has been hustling around to get things together, he has been held to the thorny path of uphill industry for years, and the brightest half of life has gone from him forever. But he loves you, though he goes about without saying much about it, and if he knew you were bad, it would be the heaviest burden he has to bear.—Exchange.

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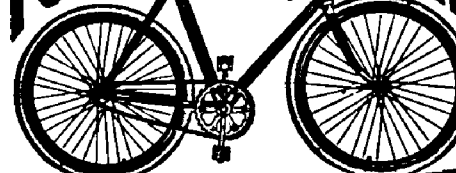
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Just Too Late

SAIL HO!
Never, surely, did the cry fall upon more welcome ears, save and except those of men becalmed in a boat upon the open sea. For twelve weary days and nights had we, the officers and men of H. M. ship Petrel (six guns, Commander H. R. Neville), been cooped up in our iron prison, patrolling one of the hottest sections of the terrestrial globe, on the lookout for slavers. From latitude 4 deg. N. to latitude 4 deg. S. was our beat, and we dared not venture beyond these limits. Our instructions were to keep out of sight of land and try to intercept some of the larger vessels which, it was suspected, carried cargoes of slaves from the coast. The ship, the sea, the cloudless sky; there was nothing else to see, nothing else to think of. Work, study, play even, were alike impossible in that fierce, scorching heat. If you touched a bit of iron on deck it almost burned your hand. If you lay down between decks covered with a sheet, you awoke in a bath of perspiration.

"Sail, ho!"

The man, in his excitement, repeated the shout before he could be hailed from the deck.

"Where away?" sang out the captain.

"Two points on the weather bow, sir," was the reply.

That phrase about the "weather bow" was a nautical fiction, for there was no

This was done, but the American took no notice.

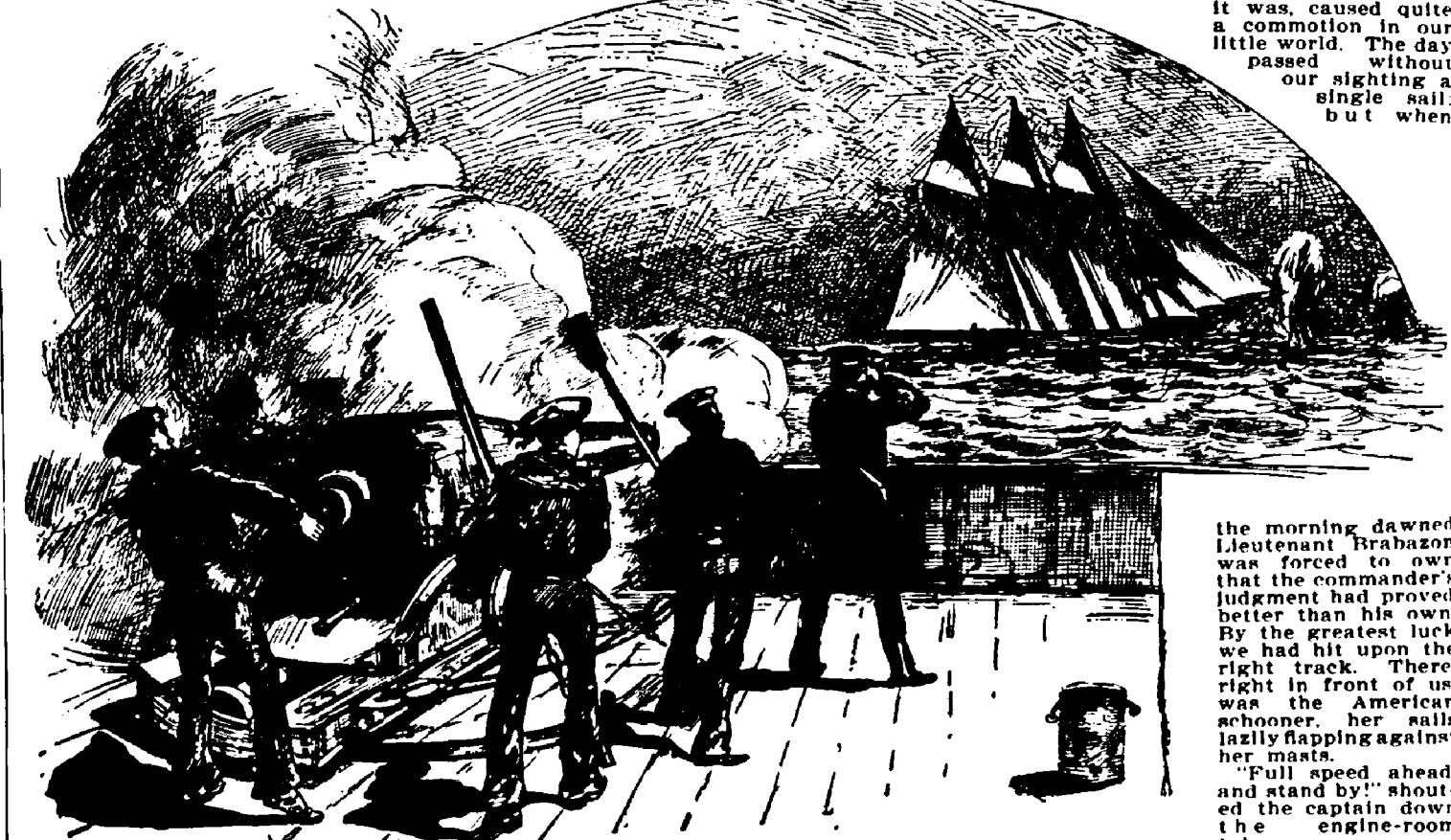
"Fire a shot, Mr. O'Riley—wide, of course," said the commander.

Again the deafening report of the big gun sounded in our ears, and we could see the splash of the shot as it struck the water about fifty yards from the schooner. Immediately a flag was run up, then another, and another; and we saw that she was not giving us her code number, but was spelling out her name, letter by letter—The Black Swan.

"Just look that up in the United States Merchant Registry," said the captain to the first lieutenant. And in half a minute he had reported: "No such name, sir."

This was something more than suspicious. And the wind was rising.

"Hoist the signal for her to heave to!" cried Commander Neville. "Take a boat and half a dozen hands, Mr. O'Riley," he continued; "board her, inspect her papers, and come back to report. If her papers are not in order," added he, "you may search for slaves; but if they are, you had better do nothing further. You know that it is clearly set down in the Protocol that we are not entitled to search the hold if the papers are in order; and there have been complaints lately against some over-zealous officers, who have got into trouble in consequence. So, be careful. But keep your eyes open.



"Fire a blank cartridge, Mr. O'Riley."

wind to speak of, and what there was was nearly dead astern.

"Keep her away two points," said Commander Neville, and the order was promptly obeyed.

In a few seconds the news had spread through the ship, and the men clustered on the bulwarks, straining their eyes to get a glimpse of the stranger. Even the stokers, poor fellows, showed their sooty faces at the engine room hatchway. Of course the stranger might be, and probably was an innocent trader; but then she might be a slaver, and golden visions of prize-money floated before the eyes of every man and boy on board the Petrel.

We did not steam very fast, as, of course, our supply of coal was limited; and it was about two hours before sundown before we fairly sighted the stranger. She was a long, three-masted schooner, with tall, raking masts, lying very low in the water. All her canvas was set; and as a little wind had sprung up, she was slipping through the water at a fair pace.

"She looks for all the world like a slaver, sir," remarked Mr. Brabazon, the first lieutenant, to the commander.

Neville said nothing; but his lips were firmly compressed, and a gleam of excitement was in his eyes.

"Fire a blank cartridge, Mr. O'Riley," said he to the second lieutenant; "and signal her to ask her nationality and her code number."

This was done; and in answer to the signal the schooner slowly hoisted the American colors.

"She has eased away her sheets and luffed a point or two, sir," said the quartermaster, touching his cap.

The captain merely answered this by a nod.

"Put a shot in your gun, Mr. O'Riley," said he. "Lower your hoist and make a fresh hoist, demanding her name."

Note any suspicious circumstances, and come back as soon as you can to report."

Before Lieutenant O'Riley reached the ship he saw that everything about her had been sacrificed to speed. Her spars, especially, were unusually heavy for a craft of her size.

The British officer was received by a little, thin, elderly man, wearing a Panama hat, and speaking with strong Yankee accent.

"Produce your papers, if you please," said O'Riley. They were handed out at once, and seemed to be perfectly regular.

"What have you got on board?" was the next question.

"General cargo—dry goods and so on."

"Why isn't your name on the Register?"

"Ain't it, now? Well, I guess it must be because this is a new ship. We can't put our name on the Register by telegraph, mister."

"Just tell your men to knock off the hatches. I want to have a look at your cargo."

The skipper shook his head.

"I've been delayed long enough," said he, "and have lost a great part of the only wind we've had in this latitude for a week."

"I'll do it myself, then," cried O'Riley.

"Not now, sir; not with six men while I have fifteen. You have no right to search the hold of a respectable merchantman and disturb her cargo. Do you take me for a slaver or what? If you must have the hatches up, send back to your man-of-war for a larger crew, so as to overpower me, you understand, and you may do it with pleasure. But I guess there'll be a complaint lodged at Washington, and your folks in London will have to pay for it. That's all, mister. I only want things fair and square, within my treaty rights."

And, having delivered himself of this long speech, the Yankee skipper turned on his heel.

Of course O'Riley could only return to the Petrel and report all this to his commander. "I'm convinced she is a slaver, sir," said he in conclusion.

"But you have no evidence of it; and you say the papers were all in order."

"Apparently they were, sir."

"Then I'm afraid I can do nothing," said the commander. And to the deep disgust of the whole ship's crew, the order was given for the Petrel to return to her course.

All that night, however, Commander Neville was haunted by a doubt whether he had not better have run the risk of a complaint and a reprimand rather than forego the overhauling of so suspicious looking a craft; and in the morning a rumor reached his ears that the coxswain, who had accompanied Mr. O'Riley to the Black Swan, had noticed something about her of a doubtful nature. The man was sent for and questioned; and he said that while the lieutenant was on board, the boat of which he was in charge had dropped a little way astern, and that he had then noticed that the name of the vessel had been recently painted out, but that the last two letters were distinctly visible. And these letters were LE, not AN.

"The scoundrel said she was a new ship!" cried the commander. "Bout ship!"

"We can't possibly catch her up, sir," said the first lieutenant dryly.

"I don't know that, Mr. Brabazon," answered Neville. "There has been hardly any wind; and we know the course she was steering. She could not expect to see us again; so in all probability she has kept to that course. By making proper allowances we may intercept her. I am convinced of it."

The hope of again encountering the Black Swan, faint as it was, caused quite a commotion in our little world. The day passed without our sighting a single sail, but when the morning dawned Lieutenant Brabazon was forced to own that the commander's judgment had proved better than his own. By the greatest luck we had hit upon the right track. There, right in front of us, was the American schooner, her sails lazily flapping against her masts.

"Full speed ahead, and stand by!" shouted the captain down the engine-room tube.

"Signal to her to heave to; and if she does not obey, fire a shot right across her bows, Mr. O'Riley," continued the commander. "Mr. Brabazon, you take a boat and thirty men well armed. Board her, and have her hatches off at once. You'll stand no nonsense, I know."

"All right, sir," cried the lieutenant, an active, somewhat imperious officer, of the civis Romanus sum type. He had been unusually disgusted at his commander's decision to leave the Black Swan without searching her; and he was delighted that a more active policy had been begun.

"I say, Brabazon," whispered the commander to him as he was going over the side, "you know I'm stepping a bit beyond bounds; and I'm just a little anxious. If she turns out to be a slaver, as we suspect, step to the taffrail and wave your handkerchief, will you?"

"I will, sir; and I'm certain it will be all right," cheerfully responded the first lieutenant.

A tall, slim, youngish man, dressed in white linen, received the British officer, as he set foot on the deck of the Black Swan.

"I am at present in command of this craft, sir," said the young American. "The skipper is not fit for service just at present. We had a visit from you two days ago, I think. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes. I want you to take off your hatches," said the lieutenant sharply.

"Well, sir," began the Yankee. "I guess that your demand is beyond your treaty powers."

"I know all about that. I must have the hatches off."

"And your detaining and overhauling my cargo on no grounds whatever—"

"Will you do it at once?" broke in the British officer.

"I repeat, on no grounds whatever, will cause an in-ter-na-tional difficulty, and may bring re-markably unpleasant

con—sequences to your captain. Now—
 "Off with your hatches!" cried the lieutenant.
 "Sir!"
 "If you won't, by George, I will!"
 "You know clearly what you're doing, sir?"
 "I do."
 "And you know the risk you run?"
 "I do. No more palaver. Off with them at once; or I'll break them open."
 Further resistance was useless. The thing was done; and the moment the first hatch was raised the sickening effluvia that issued from the hold proclaimed the truth. Nearly three hundred slaves were packed between decks, many of the poor creatures standing so close that they could not lie down.
 With a look of speechless contempt at the young mate of the schooner the lieutenant walked to the side of the ship and waved his handkerchief. That instant a loud British cheer rang over the water, given by the blue-jackets, who could be seen clustering in the rigging like bees.
 "I told our skipper judgment would overtake us," said the Yankee. "Say, mister," he added in another tone, "seeing that the game's up, suppose we have a glass of iced champagne downstairs?"
 The lieutenant hesitated. To drink with the mate of a slaver! But—iced champagne!
 Slowly he moved toward the companion way. "I don't mind if I do," he said at length; "and you may as well bring out your papers with the drinks, for I shall carry them on board of the Petrel. Of course you understand that you are now my prize."
 And having set guard at the hatchways, the lieutenant descended the cabin stairs.
 The iced champagne was duly forthcoming, and under its genial influence Lieutenant Brabazon began to feel something like pity for the young man who had been so early seduced into the paths of crime. Probably he had a mother or a sweetheart somewhere in the States, who imagined that he was already on his way home, whereas now his character was ruined, even if he escaped a long term of imprisonment.
 This feeling was strengthened as he saw his companion gazing mournfully at his glass, without speaking a


word. At length the young man lifted his head.
 "Say, mister; what'll they do to me, think?"
 "I can't tell. Of course you know that what you have been engaged in is a kind of piracy?"
 "No!"
 "I believe so. Cargo and crew are confiscated, of course, what they will do with you I can't tell."
 "They won't hang me, will they?"
 "Probably not," said the lieutenant; "but let this be a warning to you. You see what it is to wander off the straight course, and hanker after forbidden gains. Lead an honest life in future, when you are released from custody. Avoid vicious companions— But what's this?" he cried, as his eyes fell on an empty scabbard hanging on the wall. It looked very like a United States service sword-scabbard; and immediately the thought darted through his mind that this hypocritical young Yankee (who had been pretending to wipe away a tear as he listened to the lieutenant's good advice) had been doing something worse, or at least more heavily punished, than running cargoes of slaves.
 The British officer looked round the cabin. A U. S. Navy cap was lying on a plush-covered bench.
 "Ah! you've been having a brush with an American man-of-war!" cried Lieutenant Brabazon. "You will have to tell my superior officer how you came into possession of these articles. I must place you under arrest!" And, bitterly regretting that he had sat down to table with the fellow, the British officer rushed on deck.
 "Quartermaster!" he cried, "bring up a guard of four men, and take this man," pointing to the Yankee, who had followed him on deck, "to the Petrel. If he tries to escape, shoot him at once."
 The quartermaster advanced to seize his prisoner; but before he reached him he involuntarily stopped short. A roar of laughter sounded in his ears. The American mate and his companions were shrieking, and staggering about the deck; even the crew of the slaver were every man jack of them, grinning from ear to ear. The lieutenant was dumfounded.
 "Excuse me, sir; but the joke was too good," said the Yankee, coming forward and holding out his hand. "I am the

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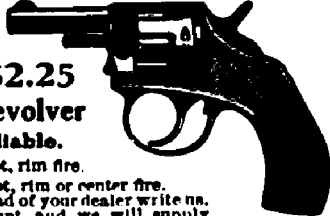
first lieutenant of the United States warship Georgia, in command of a prize crew on board this vessel, taking her to— to have her condemned. We seized her yesterday. Hearing that you had been on a visit to her the day before, and had gone away without doing anything, I couldn't resist the temptation of taking you in. Hope you don't bear malice?— Let's finish that magnum of champagne."
 It was evidently the best thing to be done; but the lieutenant was not a first-rate companion on that occasion.
 "Give my respects to your commander," called out the U. S. officer, as his guest went down into his boat, "and advise him from me not to be so jolly particular another time. And I'll try to take your kind advice and sail a straight course in future!" he cried, as H. M. boat shot away for the last time from the side of the Black Swan.



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JOE JOLLY BOY
 (BEGUN IN APRIL.)

IN WHICH HE VISITS THE PIGMY CITY AND IS RECEIVED BY THE KING.

In my last chapter I told how I was about to set out with the crowd who had welcomed me ashore to go to the city of which they had spoken. It was a pleasant walk of a mile or so, and the little people would have carried me on their shoulders if I had let them.
 A number ran ahead to tell the people that a stranger was coming—a giant from over the sea—and when we reached an open space from which the city could be viewed I heard cries of welcome and caught sight of an immense crowd.
 They had spoken of a city, and I expected to see such houses and streets and stores as we have in Slam. Instead of that I found about 800 huts on a plain, and the only streets were narrow paths.
 I don't know whether you have ever seen a muskrat house or not, but doubtless you have seen pictures of them. Well, these houses, as they called them, were hardly bigger than the homes of muskrats. They were made of mud and grass, just the same, and I could easily have jumped over any of them. The sight so tickled me that I began to laugh, and it was five minutes before I could stop. None of the people knew what I was laughing about, but all laughed with me.
 When we reached the city I was conducted to a double house in the center. This house stood in a sort of public square by itself, and in front of it stood a man of kingly bearing. With him was a little girl whom I afterwards found to be his daughter. Her mother had been drowned in the sea a year before my coming.
 I knew the man must be the ruler of the Pigmies, and, therefore, to be looked up to, and as I came face to face with him I took off my cap and bowed low and said:
 "Oh, King of Jolly Land, I have come to pay you a visit and make friends with you, and I hope you will not be displeased that a stranger has landed on your shores without being invited."
 "What is your name?" he asked kindly in reply.
 "I am called Joe Jolly Boy, your Majesty."
 "And where do you come from?"
 "A long way from here—from Slam."
 "I have heard of Slam," he said, "but I did not know that the people were such giants. You are so big and strong that I am almost afraid of you. You are welcome, however, and we shall do our best to make your stay pleasant. Why do they call you Joe Jolly Boy?"
 "Because, oh, King, I laugh so much. I laugh even when I stub my toe or fall down stairs. I have sometimes cut my finger or run a nail into my foot, but where other boys would have cried, I have laughed."
 "I am glad to hear that," said the king as he smiled, "and now may I ask you

to laugh for us? I want to see how well you do it."
 With that I stepped back and began to laugh, and it was such hearty laughter that before two minutes had gone by I had the whole crowd laughing with me.
 Each laughed his loudest, but my voice was heard above all others, and when the king finally lifted up his hand and commanded silence I knew that I was ahead of all.
 "Joe Jolly Boy," he said as he stood on tip-toe to lay his hand on my shoulder, "you are rightly named. We have been called the jolliest people on earth, but you can outlaugh us even when we do our best. I heartily welcome you to the island of Jolly Land, and I hope you will stay at least a year."



"You shall be my guest and occupy one of my houses, and my daughter, Chin-Chin here, shall wait upon you and see that you have everything for your comfort."
 "You must be tired and hungry after your long voyage, and now you shall rest and refresh yourself. This afternoon I will show you about and let you meet the people and see how we live. Come, friend, and have breakfast with me."
 The king took me by the arm and led me to his houses, but I drew back and said:
 "Excuse me, oh King, but I see no doors. How are we to enter?"
 "Oh, that is easily explained," he replied. "In your country you enter a house from the bottom, as I have heard. Here we enter from the top. Be pleased to follow me."

It was a strange way of entering a house, and the hole in the roof was so small that I almost stuck fast. In all other houses I ever saw, you go from bottom to top. Here one had to go from top to bottom. The ladder leading down cracked under my feet, but did not give way, and presently I found myself in a room about as big as an ordinary bedroom. It would have held a dozen Pigmies very comfortably, but with me in it there was hardly room for the king and his daughter to turn around.
 I soon told him that on the morrow, if he had no objections, I would set to work and build a house for myself, and he replied that I should have a hundred men to assist me.
 In my next story I will tell you how I built the house, and of some of the things I saw among the queer people.
 (To be continued.)

An Old Story With a Moral.

A recluse, it is said, living in the early ages of Christianity, betook himself to a cave in Upper Egypt, which, in the time of the Pharaohs, had been a depository of the mummies, and there lived to pray, to converse with the spirits of the dead, to mortify himself, eating only dates, and drinking only the water of the Nile. At length, becoming weary of life, he prayed one day more fervently than ever, and then, sinking exhausted into a profound sleep, there appeared to him a vision of an angel in a dream, commanding him to arise, cut down a neighboring palm-tree and make a rope of its fibres, after which the angel promised to appear to him again. Upon awaking, the hermit instantly resolved to obey the vision, and, traveling for many days from place to place in search of an ax, he found himself happier than he had been for many years. His prayers, though shorter and fewer than those he had been accustomed to offer, outmeasured them in fervor and effect. Having returned with the ax, he cut down the tree, and with much labor and assiduity for a long time prepared the fibres to make the rope, and, by daily occupation, after some weeks he had completed the command. According to promise, the celestial visitor that night appeared again, and said: "Dominico, thou art now no longer weary of life, but happy. Know, then, that man was made for labor as well as for prayer, the one being not less essential to his welfare than the other. Arise in the morning, take thy cord, gird up thy loins, go forth into the world, and let it be a memorial to thee that God expects from man, if he would be happy, a course duly adjusted both to his animal and to his spiritual nature."

A Young Artist.

James E. Meyers, Portsmouth, O., age twelve, was recently awarded first prize in a painting contest conducted by the Cincinnati (O.) Commercial-Tribune. Young Meyers is a born artist. Without the aid of a teacher he has for two years been drawing and painting pictures that show him to be possessed of remarkable talent.

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The President's WALDON

ARCHIE ROOSEVELT

Lively Son FAWCETT

A RCHIE ROOSEVELT has spent more time at the White House since his father became President than has any other one of the Roosevelt children, and for this reason he has become better known to the readers of the newspapers than any of his brothers. However, there are other reasons for the prominence into which Archie has come. For one thing he is a thorough-going American boy, always doing something and with enough ingenuity to very frequently plan enterprises of combined work and play that are decidedly original.

Archie is now between eight and nine years of age and he attends one of the public schools in Washington. It is a point in his favor that he never by word or action affects any superiority over any of his schoolfellows, and not long ago he was made thoroughly angry by a woman who asked him if he did not dislike to associate with the "common boys" he found in the public schools.

The President's son works hard at school and he also plays hard. During the summer Archie lives out-of-doors pretty much all the time. His father's summer estate at Oyster Bay, on Long Island, is a miniature farm with woods and meadows and the added advantage of a good water front. Young as he is Archie can swim, row and paddle with a skill that enables him to surpass many older boys, and he is very fond of fishing and crabbing. On one or more occasions each summer Archie, in company with his brothers, goes for a camping expedition in the woods adjoining the Roosevelt estate. Last summer the boys had their father for a fellow-camper one night and this was a genuine treat to them, for the President has been so mighty a hunter that no matter how many times his boys call on him for new stories he has always fresh tales to relate of thrilling adventures with bears and moose and buffalo.

Archie has not yet been permitted to own a gun of his own, but he is something of a hunter himself and his "menagerie" always includes in addition to dogs and cats and guinea pigs a number of pets such as rats, owls, squirrels and



THE YOUNGEST ROUGH RIDER

(Photo copyright 1903 by Waldon Fawcett.)

other animals which he has captured and domesticated. Until a short time ago Archie possessed a rabbit of which he was exceedingly fond, but the animal died and was buried with appropriate ceremonies, being replaced in his affections, to some extent, by a game rooster which is assuredly as plucky a fowl as ever came out of an eggshell.

Holidays are always observed most carefully in the Roosevelt family. Upon the occasion of the President's last birthday anniversary Archie

helped decorate a "birthday cake" for his father by placing on the cake lighted candles equal in number to the years of his age. On the night of the Fourth of July Archie always has a fireworks display, and Christmas is invariably celebrated with elaborate festivities.

On a recent Christmas Archie received from his father and mother a handsome bicycle. He was so pleased with the gift that he forthwith proceeded to ride it up and down the long hall at the White House, much to the terror of the servants who feared that he would collide with the furniture.

However, Archie's fondness for the wheel has somewhat waned now that he is the owner of one of the handsomest Shetland ponies in the country. He has given his steed the Indian name Algonquin, and indeed the animal strongly resembles, in color, the so-called Indian ponies of the West, his coat being a mixture of bay and white.

For riding purposes young Roosevelt has a costume that is strongly suggestive of the attire of the famous Rough Riders whom his father commanded in the Spanish-American War. The sombrero hat is of exactly the same shape as the headgear worn by the horsemen of the plains and Archie also has a miniature copy of a cowboy whip, but he wears a grey sweater instead of a flannel shirt and khaki coat. Young Roosevelt likes to cover plenty of ground when he goes for his afternoon gallop, but like his father he tries to be careful of his steed.

Archie has turned a considerable portion of the White House grounds into a playground for the use of himself and his boy comrades, but to this no one says nay for he is a favorite with all the policemen who are on duty at the President's home. This admiration is mutual. Archie is present at police "inspection" almost as regularly as any one of the blue coats, and when the guardians of the peace were photographed some time ago Archie was given a place among the officers in the front line.

American Boys and the Future—Roscoe Kiper

THERE never was a time when the future of the American nation depended so strongly upon the American boy as it does to-day.

We are now a prosperous and happy people, but the task of keeping us so rests with the boy of to-day. Through the loyalty and sacrifices of our ancestors, we were left a heritage of happy homes, stable government and prestige among nations. Their devotion to principles of human equality made a free nation, and keeping alive the spirit of freedom is the bulwark of our institutions.

America made strong, energetic and intellectual boys to grow and become patriots, endowed with the spirit of our fathers, to guard well the cardinal principles upon which our Republic is founded and to perpetuate the inspiration of their handiwork.

The patriotic statesman of the future is not the boy of to-day who cannot resist a temptation to do wrong, who yields to the baneful influence of evil companions, or becomes careless and forgets that he lives for good alone. The wide-awake, observing boy who sees the need of action and who educates himself to spurn the evil influences of life is the one who will rise to eminence in his calling.

The boy of to-day must cultivate the habit of controlling his will. The want of self-control has not only darkened the future of many who were otherwise qualified for good positions in life, but it is a prevalent defect in the character of some who have, by chance, attained high positions. If, by unhappy chance, men of such defective characters come into control of the affairs of this country, we shall undoubtedly meet the fate of the nations of the past.

No matter what may be the aspiration of the boy,

whether he desires to enter the professions or trades, on the farm or in the office, a strong will, supported by a sound and active judgment is sufficient capital to guarantee the success of that boy, regardless of position or wealth.

No other country holds out the promise for the future that America holds out to her boys. The only requirement is that they make themselves capable; and she helps them to fulfill this requirement by placing before them all the opportunities of the age. Our boys must become good citizens, because good citizens choose good officers and good officers make a wholesome government.

The surest way to make good citizens is to make good boys, and the future of this country is assured when the spirit of American patriotism is implanted in the young and buoyant hearts of our American boys.

AN ESCAPE from SIBERIA

ALTHOUGH much has already been written upon the horrors of the Siberian exile system and Russian political prisons in general, authentic facts have been difficult to obtain, and the revelations have been somewhat disjointed and vague in consequence. The accounts of the atrocious treatment of prisoners are fully corroborated by Felix Volkhovsky, a Russian journalist, who, after eleven years of exile, escaped several years ago from Siberia. This escape is the more remarkable as he was the first exile who accomplished the long and extremely difficult journey to the Pacific, eluded the vigilance of the police, and embarked for England via Japan.

Volkhovsky's story is a romance. He was committed to prison three times and, exclusive of his exile, spent a total of nearly nine years in solitary confinement. The first occasion of his arrest was while completing his studies at Moscow University in 1868. Without any information of the charge he was conveyed to St. Petersburg and lodged in the prison of the secret police. For seven months he was kept there in solitary confinement, a punishment inflicted upon all political exiles, who see no person except the warden who brings food once a day. The police eventually decided that no such society existed, and he was therefore released and returned to Moscow. To his disappointment, however, he found that, although he had studied for the law and passed his examinations, the authorities would not grant him his diploma, owing to the suspicion which had rested upon him. Without the diploma he could do nothing, and for a few months he remained in idleness.

Meanwhile Nechaleff, a prominent revolutionist, had formed a conspiracy, which in the following year was detected. Volkhovsky, who was known to be interested in politics, was at once re-arrested with a number of others whom the police accused of being implicated in the plot. He was taken before Senator Chemadiourov, and after being questioned was kept in solitary confinement in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul for upwards of three years. The cell was very small, cold, and ill-lit, but the general accommodation for prisoners was infinitely better than at the present time. Not until three and a half years after his arrest was he brought to trial at the Sudebnna Palata. With eighty others he was indicted under the court statutes of Alexander II., which were enforced on that occasion for the first time, although a law was soon afterward passed transferring trials of a special character to an exceptional tribunal consisting of senators appointed by the czar. Dispirited by the solitude, weakened by lack of exercise, and ill through want of proper medical attention, he was unable to stand when in court, and after a trial extending over two months he was once more liberated.

He then journeyed, first to Stavropol, in the Caucasus, and thence to Odessa, where he obtained an appointment as chief clerk in the town council. Soon, however, he commenced to carry on some propaganda among a circle composed of both educated persons and workmen. The propaganda was not revolutionary, but purely theoretical and critical, deploring the existing state of things in Russia and lamenting the lack of a representative body. This movement, Volkhovsky, with several others, carried on secretly, smuggling books from London and Zurich, and being compelled to hold meetings in cellars and other similar places for fear of detection. The police ultimately discovered it, and in 1874 he was arrested for the third time and conveyed to the fortress at St. Petersburg, which he states was far worse than before. Another three years of solitary confinement in a damp, subterranean cell, and then he, with one hundred and ninety eight other suspects, was tried by the special court of five senators whom the czar appointed. Such was the harsh and inhuman treatment to which they were subjected in the fortress that five of the accused died during their trial. Subsequently he was convicted of propaganda and sentenced to exile for life.

A month after being sentenced he commenced the journey to Siberia. This was fraught with but little incident, inasmuch as in the early days of the Terror the government endeavored to transport prisoners to Asia as speedily as possible, and instead of performing the whole distance on foot, as they do now, exiles were conveyed by train to Nijni Novgorod, and thence by barge to Perm, accomplishing the remainder of the journey on horseback. Being of noble birth, he was not fettered, nobles being exempt by law until they enter the mines, although many are put in chains by special order of the Emperor. Arriving in Siberia after a journey lasting several weeks, Volkhovsky was sent to Tukalinsk, a village in Tobolsk, and after being informed that he must expect a visit from the police at any moment, and that he was forbidden to go beyond the boundary of the village or he would be knouted, he was allowed to seek his living as best he could.

Without money, and with a knowledge only of literature and the law, he remained at this village for five years, earning a scanty livelihood as a house painter and performing odd jobs. The

life, however, was terribly degrading, for, besides being visited twice a day by the police, the inhabitants of the village were forbidden to associate with him, and the superintendent of police took an inhuman delight in rendering his life as hard and miserable as possible. After five years' residence he married, and was eventually fortunate enough to obtain permission to transfer himself to Tomsk. This he did without delay, being compelled to do the journey on foot, accompanied by his wife. Probably the terrible hardships ruined her constitution, for very shortly afterward she died, leaving an infant daughter.

The governor of Tomsk, the exile discovered, had been one of the officials of the Moscow University when he was a student; therefore their relations were friendly, and he had many opportunities of visiting the forwarding prison, about the overcrowding and horrors of which so much has been written. It is a hotbed of filth and typhoid, vice and immorality, engendered by the indiscriminate herding together of both sexes. For five years the exile lived in Tomsk. Volkhovsky's position was exceptional, for through the governor he obtained a passport enabling him to travel throughout Siberia in search of employment. While residing in the town he earned a living by writing for the one newspaper published there, but as this was shortly afterward suppressed and the governor died, he started for Irkutsk, performing the distance by traveling incessantly for eleven days. Again he devoted himself to literature, but in a short time the police, without stating any reason, ordered him out of the town. A dozen other towns and villages he en-



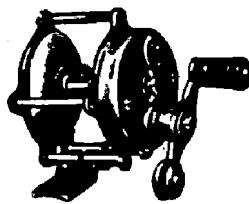
"The Land of Desolation."

ered, only to receive the same peremptory injunction, for it appeared that as the authorities could not consign him to the mines because hard labor was not included in his sentence, they persecuted him by the many means in their power.

While in Irkutsk he contrived to save about £30, and with this secreted he eventually travelled on foot in severe weather across the Yobloni Mountains to Troitskosavsk, a small town on the Chinese frontier. He intended to remain there a year, but after three days he was again expelled, and then for the first time he contemplated escape. Journeying east continually and always avoiding the villages, he reached the Pacific coast after a most exhausting and lonely journey extending over two months. His adventures are sufficiently numerous and interesting to fill a volume. On one occasion he met with a very severe contretemps, for, having passed Blagovestchensk in safety and completed four-fifths of the distance, he was on a small steamer on the Amoor when it ran aground, the water being too shallow for the vessel. A hundred miles further, near the junction with the Songari, was the Hanka Lake, which he was compelled to cross, but the boats ceased running on the last day of September until the following May. He had but a little over two days in which to do the journey and catch the last boat, therefore he was compelled to spend nearly the whole of his remaining money in the hire of two horses, which he was fortunate enough to obtain at Khabarovka. Arriving on the last day, he succeeded in crossing the lake, and then began another journey through the Oussouriskyrkal, which he describes as a beautiful but almost wholly uninhabited country, and lastly, entered the little port of Vladivostock. Here he assumed the guise of a trader and took lodgings for several days.

Avoiding the police, who would certainly demand to see his passport and would at once discover he was an exile, he casually inquired on the quay when the next ship would sail. It chanced to be an English steamer, and with the captain he entered into negotiations, explaining the true state of affairs. For some time the Englishman was unwilling to take him, but when earnestly appealed to in the name of freedom he consented, with the result that on the day fixed for

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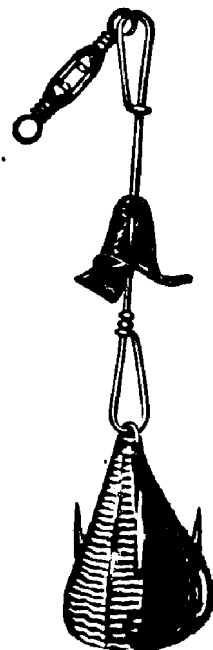
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sailing the exile took his baggage—much of which was artificial—on board. To his dismay he found that the ship could not start until the following day and that it was impossible for the captain to secrete him. He therefore had to return to his lodgings at great risk, spending a day and night of anxiety, feeling that the story he told the people with whom he lived was not believed, and fearing they might suspect and give him up to the police. However, he got safely on board, was secreted, and sailed

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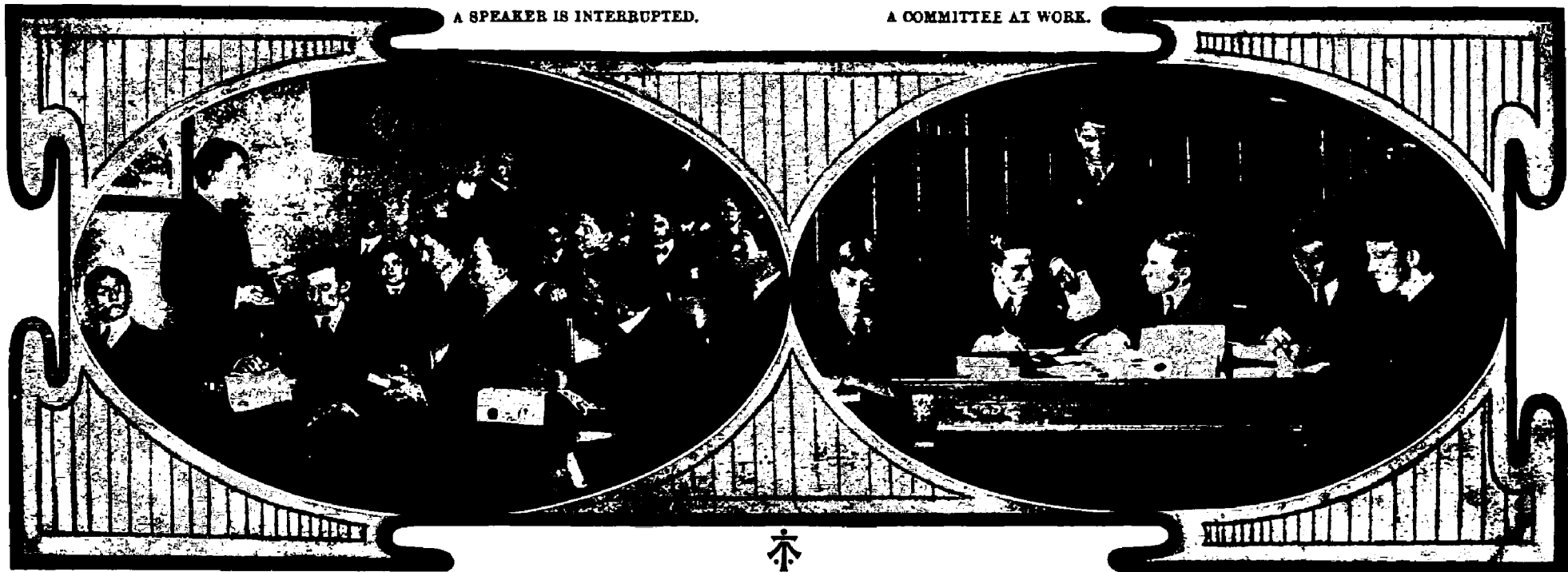
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A High School House of Representatives



PROFESSOR EDMUNDS,
Speaker.

A TRAINING school for embryonic legislators is the latest idea of that creative genius, the American boy. While Congress has been wrestling toilingly with the affairs of the country, a miniature House of Representatives, composed of the senior pupils of a Philadelphia institution of learning, has been cheerfully settling the affairs of the nation, committing the people to vast expenditures, formulating plans for extensive national improvements, and establishing new departments of government; doing

all this and much more, decorously and in strict accordance with parliamentary methods.

The President of the United States in this novel government is impersonated by Dr. Thompson, president of the Philadelphia High School, the Speaker of the House is Professor Edmunds, and the committees are formed entirely of boys of the senior classes of the High School. A room known as the House of Representatives is set apart for the use of the Boys' Congress, and here the youthful legislators meet to introduce bills, adopt measures, or tear to shreds with forensic fury objectionable propositions.

Each boy represents a state, that particular commonwealth in which, owing to family affiliations or some real or sentimental connection, he is most interested. When a bill is introduced that affects the welfare of one particular state or a group of states more largely than the welfare of the nation, then the representatives of that state or states are expected to lead the debates and to know more about the subject than the rest of the House. Before introducing a bill a member of the House must draft it in skeleton form and present it to one of the Committees. In Committee meeting the proposed bill is discussed and if deemed worthy of introduction it is beaten into proper shape, the leaders of the debate selected, and, notice having been given, the bill is presented to the House.

The Speaker, who has been furnished with the names of the leaders of the debate, recognizes only these in the opening discussion.

To the member who introduces the bill ten minutes is allowed. The speakers who follow must crystallize their thoughts into five minutes of time. When the leaders have had their innings, the rank and file may vie with each other for the privilege of the floor. Sometimes a debate continues furiously through an entire sitting; occasionally it requires several sittings to finally push a bill through or declare it hopelessly barred.

A curious feature of the voting, according to Professor Edmunds, is that the boys never vote on party lines. The Speaker on canvassing the political faith of the members of the House, and on studying the voting lists at various times, has proven that the boys ignore their political beliefs when approving or disapproving of a measure, and vote entirely in accordance with their views on the proposition itself.

Another interesting feature of this novel body is that while the boys will never try any coercive measures to whip members into line to ensure the passing of a cherished bill, they will privately "talk up" the proposed bill for days before it is introduced, button-holing their friends and eloquently pointing out the value of the idea, striving to enlist the services of volunteers to do the like, and earnestly endeavoring to argue opponents into changing their views.

When a bill has passed the House it is sent down to the President for approval. It is Dr. Thompson's practice to endorse all bills with his reasons for signing or vetoing. The only bill thus far vetoed was one providing for the appropriation of ten million dollars for the establishment of a governmental Department of Scientific Research, to which was to be attached a museum. The bill passed the House after a long and stormy debate, but was sent back by Dr. Thompson unsigned, the reasons given being that the money asked was extravagantly large and that such researches could be more satisfactorily conducted by private individuals. The magnificence of the gifts of American millionaires, Dr. Thompson pointed out, for the purpose of promoting scientific research, was too much in evidence to need more than passing reference, and while such an object was deemed a worthy one by American men of wealth, it would be needless for the United States government to assist in the matter. The boys considered the veto of this bill in a warm session and some were for passing the bill over the president's veto, but calmer counsels prevailed and the Department of Scientific Research with its ten million dollar appropriation died a natural death.

Bills that are now on the House Calendar provide for the following:

"The immediate independence of the Filipinos."

"The establishment of a Bureau of Biological Survey."

"The appropriation of \$2,000,000 for the establishment of a new National Museum."

"The impeachment of the representatives from Utah, Messrs. Mordell and Shoemaker."

Bills that have passed the debating stage include: Bill providing for the government ownership of railroads, and a bill for the establishment of a compulsory court of arbitration for the settlement of labor disputes.

The Speaker, Professor Edmunds, who is skilled in parliamentary procedure, selects a boy to act in his place, under his direction, at times, so that the members learn how to direct the course of a debate as well as how to take part themselves. Occasionally the House is informed that the rulings will be purposely given at random and by no means according to Hoyle. It is then the business of the members to catch the Speaker in error. The value of such a method is obvious.

The boys are thoroughly in earnest during the sessions, and youthful orators of marked ability have developed. Speeches are made that would do credit to Ciceros of maturer years. The boys feel at ease on their feet in public debate, where there are others as new to the experience as they, and confidence is gained rapidly in an environment calculated to dispel nervousness.

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY will be glad to receive information relating to other bodies similar to that above described, whether school bodies or not. Plans of organization and methods of procedure are of interest.



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN SESSION.

Fine Deeds by Brave Boys—H. Irving King

No. 4—WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE

AMONG the heroes of the American navy whose valiant deeds and high character are constant inspiration to the sailor boys of today, William Bainbridge occupies a place in the first rank.

He distinguished himself in three wars and, dying, left behind him a reputation for valor, uprightness, truth and probity.

Bainbridge was, in a way, as remarkable a boy as he was a man. He went to sea when he was fifteen and at nineteen he was a full fledged captain in the merchant service, having worked his way up to that position by sheer ability and force of character.

Few times in this world has a boy of nineteen found himself a captain of a big ship; but Bainbridge was equal to the position.

Young Bainbridge first went to sea as an apprentice boy. He lived forward with the sailors and did a sailor's work, but in addition he had to study certain hours every day and to learn mathematics and navigation. His seamanship was being taught him all the time.

Many merchant captains took apprentices to sea with them in those days who learned to be officers in the hard but practical school of the fore-castle. They were not usually made officers until they were of age—some of them were never able to get a berth aft.

But when Bainbridge had been for three years before the mast he had shown such remarkable ability that the captain with whom he was sailing offered him the position of first mate in spite of the fact that he was only eighteen years old.

The owners of the vessel, however, decided to give the young man the place of first mate on another one of their ships, the Cantor, sailing in the Holland trade. When the boy officer went on board the Cantor at Philadelphia he found the crew drunk and mutinous, and the captain unable to control them.

Bainbridge soon had the men under control, the ship hauled out into the stream and what liquor there was on board thrown overboard.

This crew was a tough one and had no respect for the captain, who, in turn, was always "nagging" them. When the Cantor dropped anchor in the harbor of Rotterdam the sailors managed to get in from one of the shore boats, and that night they got drunk and attacked the captain and second mate, intending to kill them.

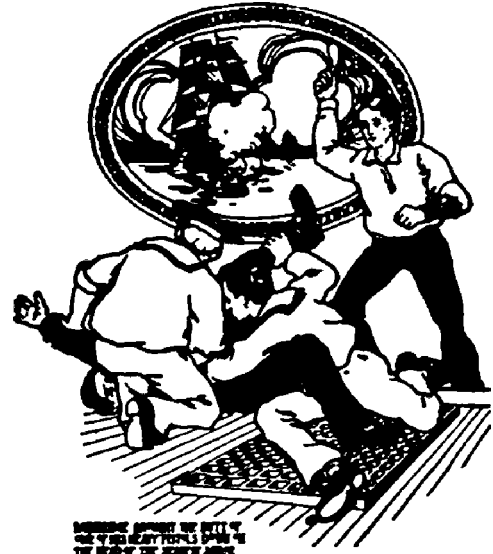
Hearing the noise of a scuffle young Bainbridge grabbed his pistols and

rushed on deck to find that the sailors had the two officers down and were just about to murder them with their knives.

Two men were bending over the second mate. Bainbridge brought the butt of one of his heavy pistols down on the head of the nearest sailor and, grabbing the other by his collar, tripped up his heels and sent him spinning backwards down a hatchway.

Before the men could recover from the surprise of the sudden and unexpected assault, the boy mate had brought down two more with the butt of his pistol.

As he raised his arm for another blow his foot slipped and he went down on



one knee. A man sprang at him with a knife and Bainbridge fired his pistol. But the powder flashed in the pan. The descending knife caught its point on one of the brass buttons of the boy's coat and, being thus deflected, made a long rip in the cloth, but did not reach the officer's body.

The second mate now pulled himself together and with the aid of one of the sailors who stood by the officers, they rescued the captain and drove the crew forward where they were allowed to get sober and repentant.

The captain, however, was scared by his experiences with the unruly crew and refused to go back to the United States in the Cantor.

So young Bainbridge came home in command of her and under him the crew behaved themselves all the way over.

His way was to treat the sailors squarely, feed them well and keep them busy; and so he always had a happy ship.

The owners of the Cantor were delighted with the way Bainbridge managed things, and as soon as he was nineteen they made him captain of the ship.

After making three voyages as captain of the Cantor, Bainbridge was made captain of a new ship, the Hope. On his first voyage in the Hope he had an encounter with a small British man-of-war, the captain of which desired to board the American vessel, and impress into the British navy such sailors as he took a fancy to—a little habit the English had in those days, and which finally brought on the War of 1812.

The Hope was armed with four nine-pounders, had plenty of muskets on board and Bainbridge had drilled the men in target practice since he had been in command, in anticipation of just such an occurrence.

He refused to heave to at the command of the British vessel and a shot was fired at her which passed through the deckhouse.

Instantly Bainbridge let go with his double-shotted guns and after two broadsides the British captain sang out that he had surrendered.

There being peace nominally between Great Britain and the United States at that time Bainbridge did not take possession of the English vessel, but after inquiring what ship she was and receiving the reply, "His Majesty's schooner Linnet, commanded by Captain Sir Philip Townes," he sang out, "Will Captain Sir Philip Townes please go about his business and report to his master that if he wants this ship he must send a greater force or a more skilled commander?" Then he sailed away for home.

Bainbridge could now no longer be considered as a boy captain, though still extremely youthful for important command, and the other adventures, triumphs and defeats which marked his most active and useful career are matters of history. He entered the navy and found himself in command of a gunboat at the age of twenty three.

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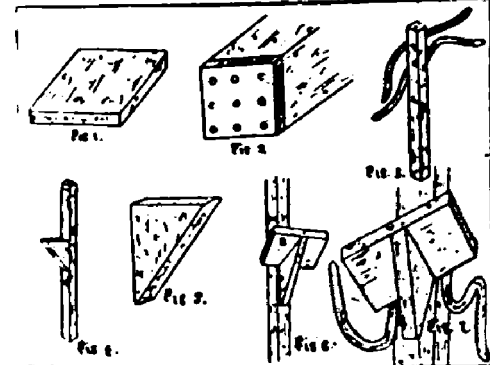
HOW A CLOWN DOES "STUNTS" WITH STILTS.

No boy can say why he finds stunts so fascinating, yet all boys do find them fascinating.

They spend hours on stilts trying to walk up and down steps, to walk a chalk line and to walk in many other ways more or less difficult.

At first sight it seems more reasonable for a boy to take off his stilts if he wishes to go up and down steps, because he can accomplish the act so much more easily with his limbs free; but there really is a very excellent reason why a boy should put on stilts.

It is one of mother nature's ways of teaching a boy perfect balance. She has used the method with great success for many generations.



It is difficult, indeed, to throw a graduate of this school from his feet. He who learns to be firm on stilts learns to be doubly firm without them.

It is a comparatively simple matter to put together a pair of stilts such as a clown uses.

In describing the construction of the stilts it is impossible to give exact measurements, because the length and the thickness must be governed by the size of the boy who is to use them.

A boy who can walk on stilts at all should not be too small to use stilts that are two feet long. Few boys, I believe, will care to walk on stilts that are longer than four feet.

The length of the stilts then will be somewhere between two and four feet.

The thickness should be a little greater than that of an ordinary broomstick.

The leg of the stilt—i. e., the long straight part as shown in Figure 3—can be either round or square as the owner prefers.

Cut the legs of the stilts from any sort of tough wood. Be careful to have them the same length, thickness and weight.

The boy who is making stilts must measure his own leg from the instep to the knee. Measure off the same distance on the leg of each stilt and fasten a brace there such as the one shown in Figure 5.

Figure 4 shows the brace fastened to the leg of the stilt.

Now saw a piece of board about four inches square, as shown in Figure 1.

Fasten it to the triangular brace to be seen in Figure 6.

Fasten leather straps or strips of canvas to the end of the leg of the stilt, as illustrated in Figure 3.

These are to be bound about the calf of the leg. Straps must also be fastened to the foot rest, as shown in Figure 7.

To prevent the end of the stilt from chipping off and wearing away it is well to tack a piece of leather or tin on the bottom, as illustrated in Figure 2.

In certain parts of the old country stilts are put to a very practical use. Shepherds wear them while tending their flocks. The stilts enable the shepherds to look far out over their droves of sheep. It also enables the shepherds to run with great swiftness.

There is an American clown touring with a certain big circus, who, at every performance, offers to run on stilts against any one in the audience. The clown's opponent is, of course, not expected to wear stilts. During the race the clown takes steps from twelve to fifteen feet long and usually wins from his rival with yards to spare.

Aside from racing there are many tests to try the skill of any one who professes to know how to walk on stilts, as, for instance, the trick of taking one stilt off and putting it on again or bending down and picking something from the ground without tipping over.

The performance on stilts, which a clever clown can give, is rather different from the work of an ordinary boy, but there are some boys who can fairly outdo a clown, for stilts are a boy's own peculiar treasure and it is hard to beat a boy at his own game.

School Boys of Hong Kong.

The model school boy is to be looked for in China. Eleven hundred college boys, all bound for Queen's College, Hong Kong and not one of them indulging in boisterous laughter, or even letting off his superfluous spirits by a run or a leap, is a sight to be witnessed any day in that Eastern city.

A correspondent stood in one of the streets crowded by these Chinese school boys and watched them as they passed. They did not hurry, but walked sedately



The stilted clown in action.

along with their books under their arms. The utmost exhibition of youthful feeling was a reserved smile which lighted up the face of a boy here and there as he listened to the conversation of his companions.

Boisterous behavior would have been considered by those Chinese lads as undignified and quite contrary to all ideas of schoolboy good form. The more sedate a Chinese boy is in his behavior, the more he conducts himself like a little old man, the more aristocratic he is considered by his school fellows, and the more praise he receives from his schoolmasters and his parents.

There was little variety in the color and cut of their dress. They wore no hats. Some had brushed all their hair straight back into their long queues; while others had a fringe of stiff bristles dividing the shaven from the unshaven territory of their heads.

Many Boy Artists.

Some very nice drawings have been received within the past thirty days from boy readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. We are sorry that we cannot reproduce them in our pages.

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5 and 6—SONS OF COMMISSIONER GARFIELD
7—CHILDREN OF SENATOR DOLLIVER

The Sons of Our Public Men—Waldon Fawcett

THERE has probably never been a time when the families of the nation's high officials at Washington included so many boys as at present. First of all, of course, comes the Roosevelt family, which now musters four lads, all old enough to indulge in the various boyish sports. Quentin, the youngest member of the family, is at an age when many youngsters find most of their enjoyment in the nursery, but not so this sturdy member of the Roosevelt family. He is emulating his brothers in all their sports and is even learning to ride the spirited little Shetland pony which was given to Archibald, his next older brother, a year or more ago. Theodore, Jr., and Kermit, the older lads, attend school at Groton, Mass., and indulge in football and other muscle-building sports. Archie attends a public school in Washington, riding back and forth much of the time on a bicycle, and his younger brother will probably attend the same school ere long.

The positions in the President's Cabinet are usually occupied by men well advanced in years, few of whom have young sons, but in the Cabinet of President Roosevelt are several comparatively young men, and in consequence there are in the Cabinet circle boys who are scarcely in their teens. Attorney-General Knox has three sons. Hugh Smith Knox, the eldest, is nearly twenty years of age; Reed Knox is aged about eighteen and Philander Chase Knox, Jr., is eleven years of age. Secretary Cortelyou, the head of the newly created Department of Commerce and Labor, has two sons and despite the fact that one of these lads is not yet in his teens, they relieve their father of many little household cares that mean much to so busy a man as Mr. Cortelyou. Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, the Secretary of the Treasury, has one son, Earl, a lad of eighteen, who is now attending the famous Culver Military Academy in Indiana. Postmaster-General and Mrs. Payne have no children of their own, but their residence has always been the second home of several of their nephews.

In the families of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, boys between the ages of twelve and twenty are ordinarily quite as much of a rarity as they are in the Cabinet circle, but in the former, as in the latter, the Roosevelt administration offers an exception. Easily the most interesting family of boys among the Supreme Court households is that of Justice W. R. Day, the last appointed member of the nation's highest tribunal. Justice and Mrs. Day have four sons, Luther, Rufus, Stephen and William L. Two of the young men are absent

from Washington attending college during the greater part of the year, but the other two are with their father, one of them, Luther, acting as his secretary.

Just here, it may be noted, that the opportunity to fill these secretarial positions for prominent men constitutes one of the advantages open to a lad in official life at the capital. There are many young men at the capital who serve as private secretaries or confidential clerks to fathers or uncles. Although the hours are sometimes long the work is not arduous, consisting principally of answering correspondence, and the salary is much better than the young man could earn in any other walk of life, the government allowing each Senator and Representative in Congress the sum of \$1,200 a year as salary for his private secretary or clerk. In addition to all this is the advantage that such a position gives a boy opportunity to meet many men of prominence in the business world, and if he shows aptitude he is certain, sooner or later, to have many chances for advancement presented to him.

Among the families of Assistant Secretaries and other high departmental officials there are many boys of all ages. Commissioner of Corporations Garfield, one of the most important officials in the new Department of Commerce, has with him in Washington two sons, the elder of whom is a most energetic lad, ever ready to go in for sport of any kind. First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne has two sons who bid fair to make their mark in the world, and Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, of Michigan, has two bright boys. Colonel Sanger, Assistant Secretary of War, has several children who attend the Washington schools, and the Commissioner of Patents Frederick I. Allen, has three sons, all of whom are attending school. The boy who comes to Washington with his father when the latter assumes a position under the national government will make friends more rapidly than he could do were the removal to any other city in the country than the national capital. The reason for this is found in the fact that every new official who takes office is speedily made acquainted with all the other prominent officials, and it naturally follows that his sons have an opportunity to form friendships with lads of like age in other official households. Moreover, all the acquaintances thus made are in addition to the chums with whom he becomes associated at school.

In the families of the Members of Congress are to be found a small army of boys. A large proportion of the Representatives have sons with them in

Washington, on the theory that life at Uncle Sam's seat of government is a liberal education for any lad, and not a few Senators have with them the boys of their households. Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, has four stalwart sons and Senator Foraker of Ohio, has two sons, one of whom acts as his private secretary. The new Senators who have lately been elected bring with them to Washington many recruits for the army of boys at the capital. Among these is the son of Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, a lad who has proven by his school escapades that he has any amount of pluck.

Probably no boy in Washington has a better time than the young son of Thomas F. Walsh, the millionaire, who, while acting as United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, gained fame by entertaining at dinner the Shah of Persia and many of the crowned heads of Europe, and who has the King of Belgium as his partner in his mining enterprise in the West. Mr. Walsh has just built a magnificent stable and in the second story he has fitted up for the use of his son and the latter's boy friends a complete theatre with scenery and all accessories such as would be found in a regular opera house. Young Walsh and his friends have formed a dramatic club and give regularly productions of plays which are complete in every detail.

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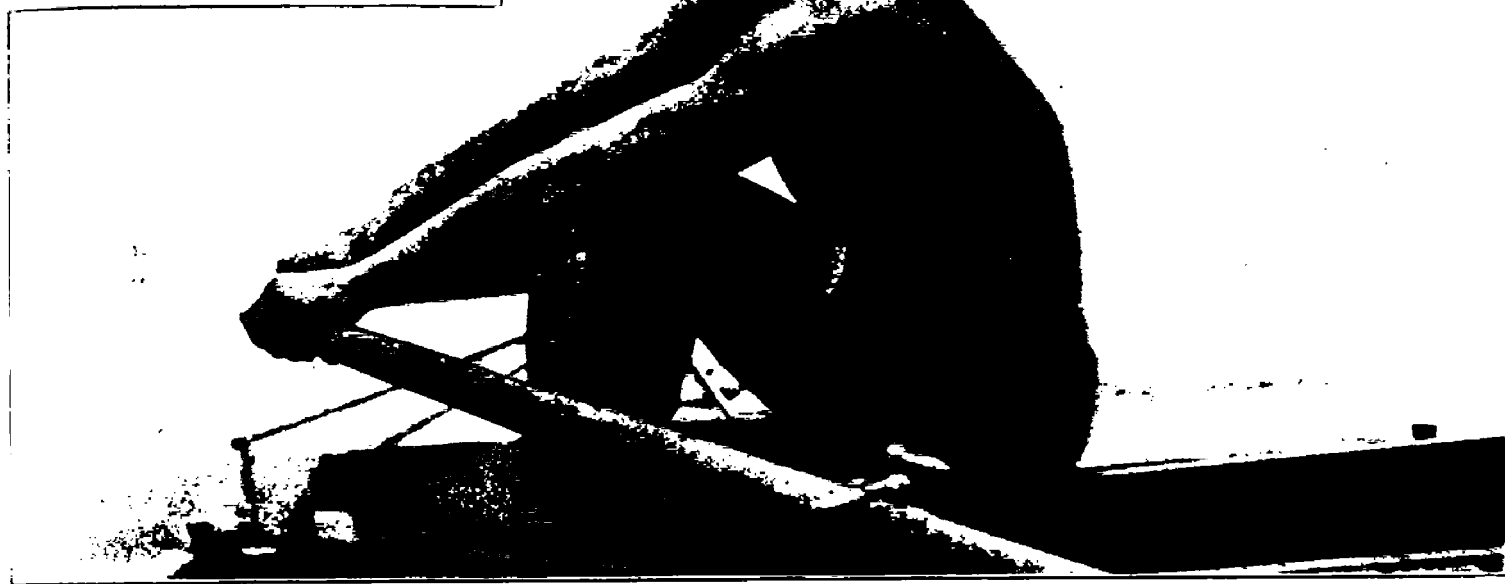
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Rowing enthusiasts gather daily on the banks of the Schuylkill to watch a single sculler send his boat skimming through the water. The muscular young man who is the target for so many eyes is James Juvenal, whose name has been sent to England as an American competitor for the greatest prize offered to single scullers at the most important aquatic meet in the world, the Diamond Sculls, rowed for annually at the Henley regatta in London. Juvenal believes he will win the sculls. Any critic who has seen his form since he began training will think twice before arguing the point, for the Vesper Boat Club's crack



JUVENAL—A CRACK OARSMAN.

seems to be and says he is in perfect condition.

Juvenal is a native Philadelphian, having been born in the Quaker City in 1874. He began to row when nineteen years of age, winning his first race, the single sculls, at the regatta of the Scranton Press Club, in 1893. The following year he won the intermediate race for single scullers at Scranton, and, in company with another comparatively unknown oarsman, carried off the intermediate double race, and, later in the afternoon, won the senior race for double sculls.

In 1895 Juvenal and Van Vliet rowed Rumohr and Russel, the Canadian champions, and defeated them after a hard

struggle. In 1896 Juvenal rowed against Cresser in the senior singles of the Schuylkill Navy regatta and defeated him. Aspiring to national honors, Juvenal won his heat at the regatta at Saratoga Lake, but in the finals lost to Whitehead, of the Riversides, Boston, who won the national championship. In 1897 Juvenal met and defeated McGuire of Boston at the Harlem regatta and at the Schuylkill Navy regatta won the senior single championship. Stroking the eight of the Pennsylvania Barge Club at the national regatta the same year, Juvenal brought the national championship for this crew to Philadelphia for the first time in ten years. For six years thereafter Juvenal won every

the Diamond Sculls

quarter mile dash in which he entered. Titus was beaten by Juvenal in the Harlem regatta of 1901. Titus is the present open champion of the United States, holding the national regatta championship, while Juvenal holds the association championship. In 1902 Juvenal defeated the Canadian champion at the National regatta at Worcester, lowering the fastest record time by seventeen seconds, and winning the association championship.

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Isadore Levy, of Rockaway, New York, was confirmed in the Jewish Synagogue at Rockaway on his thirteenth birthday. He contributed to the ceremonies himself with an oration on Judaism. After the confirmation, Isadore was led by his father into a room and surprised with birthday gifts whose value reached a total of \$50,000. The presents were from everybody of any prominence on the east side of New York. The father's gift was \$1,000. The other gifts included a piano, a fine writing desk, an iron safe, a gold watch, a diamond scarf pin, a diamond chain, a deed for lots worth \$3,000, a gold-headed walking stick, and a handsome library. The boy's father is Moe Levy, a wealthy New Yorker.



JUVENAL READY FOR A SPIN.

To Make Metal Soldiers.

Where is the small boy who does not enjoy setting up toy soldiers in mimic array? Boys can make their own soldiers with little expense and effort. First, buy a lead soldier as a model and some plaster of Paris. Then with some vaseline, a saucer, and two or three small square cardboard boxes you are ready to make your soldiers. Put a thin coating of vaseline over the lead soldier and put him to one side. Mix some of the plaster with water, and when it is thin enough so that it will just pour out, half fill one of the cardboard boxes. Wait a minute until it is just hard enough to support the model soldier without allowing him to sink down. Then place the model upon the surface of the plaster in the center of the box, with his stand resting flat against the cardboard on one side. Now gently press the soldier into the plaster until he is exactly half submerged, and then wait until the plaster is thoroughly hard. Give the top of the plaster a thorough coat of vaseline, taking care that no little puddles collect about the soldier. Mix up some more plaster and pour it gently upon the soldier until the box is full. Leave the box then until the plaster is hard. When this is so, break away the box and separate the two sections, and you have a model in which may be cast a number of perfect lead soldiers. Carefully lift out the soldier from his plaster bed, and with a penknife slightly enlarge the groove representing the barrel of the gun, and also widen the leg grooves a little so as to allow the free passage of the molten lead. Obtain some soft lead—piping is the best—and melt it in an iron vessel. Then fit the two sections of the mold securely and exactly together and bind them tightly with string. Pour the melted lead in the opening, made by the stand of the soldier which rested against the cardboard box, and let it harden, which it will do almost immediately. When the mold is opened inside will be found an exact duplicate of the model soldier. The boy can color it and make it look as nice as the original. After a little practice fine results can be had. When twenty have been cast in one mold a new one should be made.

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Three Good Cronies—Gabrielle E. Jackson

Chapter I—THE CAT

SAY, Bess, will you do it? It will be just dandy! Why, there isn't a girl in Totem Harbor who can ride as you do." "Maybe there isn't, but if she can't ride better than I can ride on that miserable old thing, I'm sorry for her, and that's all I can say," and Bess Clifton gave a disgusted poke with her foot toward a bicycle which lay upon the ground at her feet.

"O, but can't we fix it up? Do something to it that will make it hump itself just for that one day if it never humps again. I say, it's just going to be a shame if you've got to get left," and the boy flung himself down upon the grass beside the girl, and thumped the sod viciously to give vent to his feelings.

"Fix it up? If you could fix me down perhaps that would come nearer to setting matters straight. It isn't the bicycle that's all wrong; it's mostly me. Mother says that she will have to put a brick on my head to prevent me from stretching out any longer in order to keep me decently clothed, for no sooner does she get a gown finished than the one she made just before it has to be let down about a mile. Just look at that! I spent the whole blessed morning yesterday letting down that hem, and I'll wager five cents that next week it will have to be let down again. No wonder that the bicycle can't keep up with me. But I oughtn't to say one word against it, for I have had it five whole years, and if that wheel hasn't done stunts, no wheel ever did. But, oh, I do wish I could afford a new one," and Bess tossed back her hair impatiently, and then dropped her brown hands in her lap.

"Why don't you ask your mother for a new one? If she knew that you wanted one so badly for this contest I bet anything she'd get you one."

"Yes, and go without something she wants, or needs, dreadfully herself! Not if I know it! That's just it; I don't want her even to suspect how much I want it. You see, Bert Steward, that is the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee, if you want anything all you have to do is to ask for it, and your father can give it to you and not mind the expense. When I get anything new that little mother of mine has to just hustle for it, and I'm not going to let her hustle for luxuries; not if I know it. When it's necessities, I'll help to do the hustling. But hustling, or no hustling, we do have good times, and she's the best little mother in the land," and a very tender light came into brownie Bess's eyes as she looked off over the beautiful blue waters of Totem Harbor.

The boy beside her glanced up at her quickly, and then reaching over began to pull up handfuls of the clover growing all about them, and muttered, boy fashion: "You bet she is." Slang, to be sure, but ten times more eloquent than if he had said in the most correct English: "I agree with you."

Bess Clifton and Bert Steward were chums in every sense of the word. For several years their parents had spent their summers at Totem Harbor, each occupying one of the many pretty cottages which dotted the shore for several miles, although the Steward cottage was a far more pretentious one than that occupied by the Cliftons.

A warm friendship had sprung up between the two families, and almost in their baby days the boy and girl had sought each other, and the companionship so begun had ripened into a staunch friendship which apparently grew stronger as the children grew older, until at the ages of thirteen and fourteen they were as jolly a pair of chums as one could wish to see, sharing each other's pleasures, reading each other's books, laying plans together, and teasing each other as only a boy and girl can.

Unlike as possible in personal appearance as well as in disposition, they passed their days in the utmost harmony, for neither was given to carrying the tormenting to excess, and each had a pretty level head in spite of being an only son and an only daughter, whom pessimists asserted must of necessity be spoiled. But the spoiling process had certainly not begun yet, for a bonnier, happier, more courteous lad and lassie it would have been difficult to find, in spite of their fun and pranks.

Bess was tall for her age, with delicate features

and a perfect gypsy coloring, which the three months spent at the shore each year turned into "a regular little darkie," as Mr. Steward told her, "with only enough of the rose left in her cheeks to save her from being mistaken for Susan, the cook." Her hair matched the brown of her eyes, and was the trial of her life, for it was as straight as an Indian's and so fine in texture that it defied all bonds and flew at its own sweet will despite combs and pins and braids.

Bert showed the old English blood from which he got his name, and few boys of his age could boast such a figure and such skin. Five feet four in his stockings, and tipping the scales at one hundred and twenty two pounds, straight as a young sapling, and with a finely shaped head set upon a pair of broad shoulders, he was very good indeed to look at. If the head was thatched with a very curly golden thatch which its owner failed to appreciate, and labored most industriously to reduce to straight strings by sousing it in the wash basin at frequent intervals, and the blue eyes needed the aid of glasses to bring objects within their range of vision, nobody seemed to regard them as the least detrimental to the

"Oh, fudge, it can't be given up. It's just got to go through in some way. What's the use of your having worked all winter in a gymnasium getting up your muscle if you can't have something to show for it this summer? We've just got to think up a way, so stir up your noddle and do it."

They were sitting upon the grassy, wooded bluff overlooking Totem Harbor, with its myriads of pretty islands, dotted like emeralds upon a bed of diamonds, for the waters of the bay were dancing in the sunshine, and reflecting in their eyes, caused them to blink. Just then the sharp toot, toot of a whistle caused them to look toward the dock about a quarter of a mile to their left, to see a small launch put off and make its way rapidly toward an island which lay about a mile from shore.

"Wonder who's got left this time?" commented the boy, picking up a pebble and tossing it into the water below him.

"Someone, you may bet a round cookie on that. They always do. Wonder why they don't start just about two seconds sooner so long as they know that they've got to start anyway," replied the girl.

As though in answer to their questions a voice just behind them caused them to turn suddenly as a gentleman asked:

"Can you young people tell us whether there is any way of our getting over to Clarke's Island now that the launch has been incon siderate enough to leave us behind?"

There was a rapid exchange of glances between Bess and Bert, and their lips twitched, but they answered politely.

"We don't know of any way, for the launch makes but one trip a day, and will not come back until four o'clock."

"It doesn't look such a tremendous distance across," said the lady. "Don't you suppose we could find someone to row us over? I should not in the least mind going that way if I might go in such a beautiful little boat as that one down there," and she pointed to a handsome steel boat which danced as lightly as a feather upon the water just below them.

"Do you know whether it is a private or public boat?" asked the gentleman. "Perhaps we might hire the owner to take us over."

"That's my boat," answered Bert, "and I'll be very glad to row you over if you would like to have me. Bess and I were just thinking of taking a pull ourselves, and we'd as soon go to the island as anywhere."

"What is the fare?" asked the gentleman smiling.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the boy blushing at the thought of being misunderstood.

Quicker than her husband to note the blush and guess its cause, the lady interposed:

"Mr. Chester is a great tease. But we will accept your kind offer and feel very grateful for the service, too. Would you mind telling us your names that we may know to whom we are indebted?" and she smiled at Bess who was looking at her in her bright, happy way.

"My name is Bess Clifton, and I live in that little cottage just over there. His is Bert Steward, and that is his home," and she pointed to a pretty villa tucked away among the trees behind them.

"Well, we will go for a voyage with two B's, and that will be a unique experience of which none of the rest of our party steaming away so unconcernedly in that launch out yonder will be able to boast, and she laughed as she followed her husband and the young people down the steps to the little landing.

In a few moments Bert and Bess had their passengers safely on board, and each taking a pair of oars leaned back to the long, steady strokes which sent the beautiful little craft flying over the water. They made a pretty picture as their lithe, young figures swayed back and forth in perfect rhythm and their faces grew flushed and their eyes bright with the healthful exercise.

Clarke's Island was one of the show places of the harbor, and a favorite resort for those dwelling upon the mainland. A small steam launch made a daily trip to and fro, leaving Totem Harbor at ten each morning and returning at four. The island was owned by a man named Marion Clarke, who spent about five months of the year there, living the life



"I shall just have to give it up."

laddie's appearance. More than one older person would turn to look at the pair when, decked in their bathing toggery, they raced over the sandy beach to win first plunge, and, never caring a whit for the grown-ups, splashed each other and enjoyed life as it can only be enjoyed "when life is young."

It was the first week in July, and in August a fete was to be given at one of the large hotels in Totem Harbor, when all sorts of contests would be in order, and among them a bicycle race for girls between twelve and fifteen. Bess had ridden ever since she was a child of eight, and she and Bert had scoured the country for miles around. Bert expected to enter several of the boys' contests, but, with the exception of the bicycle race for the girls, there seemed, as yet, nothing for Bess, as she was not an expert at tennis, and her one other accomplishment, rowing, had no place in the girls' sports.

"I shall just have to give it up, and that's all about it," she said, "for get a new bicycle I just can't, and ride this one I canter! How's that for English?" and the red lips parted in a merry laugh to display a row of white, even teeth.

of a recluse, with an old housekeeper to look to the care of his house and the servants. Years before, while still a young man, he had bought the island, and built the handsome house in which he was now living, furnishing it luxuriously, and beautifying the land all about it. When it was completed he brought his bride there, and they spent a summer of unqualified delight, leaving it late in the autumn to go abroad for an extended trip. Years had passed without his return, and in the interval no expense had been spared to keep the island in perfect order, and as time went on it became a perfect fairyland, visited by those staying at the summer resorts all along the shore. It was about a mile and a half long, and possibly half a mile wide. At the east end a small pavilion had been built where the caretaker served a dainty little luncheon each day, and made a nice profit for himself and family, which consisted of his wife and little crippled son. The west end of the island was divided off by a high wire fence, which protected the owner from too curious visitors, and gave the seclusion he seemed to desire above all other things in this world. He was never seen by those visiting the island, and for some unaccountable reason, or no reason at all, for so things have a trick of shaping themselves in this odd world, had gradually acquired the reputation of being a parsimonious, disagreeable man.

He rarely left the island, and was never known to have a visitor. How he passed his time was entirely a matter of conjecture to his distant neighbors, and it is needless to add that their imaginations left nothing wanting.

It did not take Bert and Bess long to row across and land their passengers at the dock, where they were rapturously welcomed by the party which had preceded them. Mrs. Chester paused to bid the young captain and first mate good-bye, and to thank them for their kindness, and Mr. Chester drew Bert one side to say:

"If you will not name a price for your ferrying you must let me make a little present to you and the young lady. Invest it in a box of Huyler's and eat to our health," and he offered him a two dollar bill.

"Oh, no! You mustn't! We don't want to take anything for doing it. We are glad to. It was just fun," and Bert promptly put his hands behind him, and began backing off as though he feared personal violence. Mr. Chester began to laugh as he followed him up, saying:

"Oh, but you must; we don't have such pilots every day, and we wish to show our appreciation," and Bert felt that it would be useless to protest longer.

"I don't know what father will say. He'll think I'm a fine fellow to let people pay me for doing a little thing like this."

"Tell him I insisted upon it for the sake of the first mate," added Mr. Chester, bowing and waving his hand, as he turned to rejoin his wife.

"Come on, Bess," called Bert, and a moment later Bess had regained her place in the boat, and Bert was pulling slowly along the shore in the direction of Mr. Clarke's dwelling. They were barely ten yards from the shore, when, chancing to glance toward it Bess cried excitedly:

Oh, Bert, look quick! See that magnificent cat sitting on that rock over there! She must be watching for fish. Let's stop a minute and watch her."

Now, if there was one thing in this world which Bess Clifton loved more than another it was a cat, and if mystical discrimination may be assigned as one of that animal's peculiarities, cats certainly knew her weakness, and promptly took advantage of it upon all occasions.

Her surmises regarding this particular cat were correct, and the next instant puss reached a dainty paw into the water, drew it quickly back and landed as fine a catch as ever gladdened a cat's palate.

"Row ashore this minute!" cried Bess; "I've got to see that cat if Money-bags Clarke kills me for the trespass!"

(To be continued.)

Donald and the Agassiz Association

MRS. A. S. HARDY.

THE boys of Storyville were enthusiasts in their Agassiz Association. Their motto was: "The more things thou learnest to know and enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living." "Everyday we find how true our motto is!" exclaimed Donald Crosby to his Uncle Ezra, who had been the organizer of their society and had given them their motto.

The boys were learning to keep their eyes open and many were the discoveries they made in field and forest as well as about the little village in which they lived. The study of the birds and the squirrels, and the beavers and the long-eared rabbits they found gave greater pleasure than their hunting and trapping had ever afforded.

Notwithstanding all the resources of Storyville and its surrounding country, a new opportunity was to come to the Agassiz Association. Donald—their president—was to realize the dream of his life. He was to travel. With his Uncle Ezra, he was to visit some of the most interesting parts of his country.

"You will write us all about what you are seeing!" exclaimed one. "Keep your eyes peeled for the Agassiz Association!" It will be next to going ourselves!" said another.

Donald promised to write often and tell them of the things he saw.

His first letter was headed: "On board the steamer A. B. Plant; off the southwest coast of Florida," and ran as follows:

"Dear Fellows of the Agassiz Association:

"You would laugh if you could see the queer fishermen we have been watching since we came on board this little steamer. We first noticed them as they stood motionless and solemn on the rows of piles along the harbor watching for fish on which to make their breakfast.

"They are a homely lot, if my ideas of beauty are worth anything.

"But I may as well tell you, these queer fishermen are pelicans.

"Some swim close about our steamer, giving us a good chance to study their beauty. Since they are scavengers as well as fishers, they are not often disturbed, and their fearlessness makes me think of those birds on the unfrequented island, that Dr. Barrows told us about, who never having been harmed had no fear of man, and who, when the island was first visited, looked wonderingly into the eyes of their visitors and allowed their white feathers to be stroked.

"As our pretty boat went 'courtesying over the billows' we had little to do but to watch the pelicans getting their breakfast. Some ride quietly on the water till they spy the fish they want; others swoop down from the air, and under the water they go with a splash, coming up again with a fine fat fish.

"It has been fun to watch them whether they sat as figureheads on the top of the piles, or diving and splashing for their prey, but the most interesting part I have yet to tell you.

"In the wake of the pelicans or close to their sides we saw pretty gray and white gulls sailing. I wondered why they kept so close to the pelicans, so I asked the captain and he told me that it is because the gulls find that an easy way to get their living. The fish the pelicans bring up are generally larger than a pelican can eat at a meal, so he obligingly allows the gull to accompany him, and eat what he leaves.

"The captain said that he often had seen the gulls riding securely on the backs of the clever old pelicans as they went on their fishing trips, and because the pelicans are so kind in caring for the gulls and sharing their fish with

them, people call the pelicans 'the gulls' tenders."

"Every little while we come to small houses built on piles driven down in the mud where the water is shallow, though it is far out from shore. Our little steamer heaves to and stops at these little cabins that have the whole Gulf of Mexico for their dooryards. The captain told me they were Government postoffices and warehouses and shipping stations. At first I thought he was hoaxing me, but I watched and sure enough they did drop off and take on mail bags, and unload and take on cargoes at these little eight by ten houses. I learned afterward that in many places the water along these coasts is too shallow, even far out in the gulf, for anything but rowboats or sail boats to navigate, so these little houses are really government stations."

Later, Donald continued his letter from a little island in the gulf.

"We are on Sanibel Island right straight across from Cuba. The United States cable to Havana runs across the end of this island and during the late war it had its signal station."

"I am learning about jellyfishes—great pale green and yellow and blue bubbles they look like as they lie stranded on the beach.

"I am getting a collection of curious things for our Agassiz Association. I have got a shark's egg case, and some seaweeds that are related to corals, and sponges that are like vases; the name of this kind of sponge I have learned is



SHACKS.

'Neptune's Cup.' I have gathered other queer sponges too, that they call 'dead men's fingers,' because they are shaped like long uncanny fingers.

"My! but I wish all the Agassiz Association could be here to see the starfishes and the sea urchins and the lovely polished and tinted seashells.

"But I want to tell you of the sight we saw here yesterday morning—only the people who were up early saw it, and wasn't I glad that I was out on the beach bright and early!

"What would you fellows think to see fish in the air—a whole school of them—and flying together? That's what we saw! At least they looked as if they were flying. There were just hundreds of them, close to the shore. They flew or seemed to fly for a few yards and as they fell into the water hundreds more took their places.

"It was a strange enough sight, but was explained when we saw the sharp fins of sharks cutting straight up thro' the surface of the water. A school of red fish were being chased by sharks and in the heat of pursuit and flight, both had dashed in between the sand bars and were carried close to shore. As the sharks were upon them the poor fish in their terror leaped into the air to escape, only to fall back a prey to the ugly big-mouthed monsters.

"There is a hermit on this island, who has lived for years alone in a shack made of palmetto leaves. He has his garden

of palms and of oranges and lemons, of guavas and papaws, these last are queer things to see! Just imagine bunches of muskmelons growing up in trees, for that is exactly what they look like.

"We found the hermit kind and pleasant. He showed us his fruits and picked us a coconut. He gave me a long, curious pod that grew on his coconut palm. The pod is over a yard long and looks like a little canoe in which the baby coconuts sailed into this wonderful world. When the little coconuts grow too big for the pod it breaks open and hangs for a time beside the cluster of coconuts it has held, and after a while it drops off, being no longer needed by the tree.

One day Uncle Ezra and I went over to where some people who are called 'Crackers,' gathered oysters and baked them for us in a fire of driftwood upon the sand. As soon as the oyster shells began to open the people lifted them out of the fire with sticks and gave them to us to eat.

"These 'Crackers' live in houses made like the hermit's, of palm leaves.

"We sailed about the bay and from our boat we saw a party of buzzards having a second picnic where we had had ours. Three of the black fellows stood perched in a row on the top of one of the shacks. I thought they looked like sentinels, but Uncle Ezra said they looked grave and wise enough to be lawmakers.

"We are going to visit some of the finest orange and grape fruit groves in southern Florida, and we are going to see the pineapples growing in the covered pinneries.

"Oh, there is no end of interesting things to see here!"

"Tell me about our Agassiz Association."

"Your friend,

"DONALD CROSBY."

"P. S.—I opened my letter to tell you of the water hyacinths that threaten to stop navigation in some places here.

The bulbs of the water hyacinths float, and grow as they float, or catching in the shallows take root and establish a pretty little Venice of their own.

"But alas for the harmless looking little hyacinth town! It soon overruns the whole lagoon and in a little while so fills the channels thro' which the boats make their way that only by vigilance and labor is the passage kept open.

"It is said that a woman living beside a creek up one of the rivers, had at first a few of the water hyacinth bulbs growing in a tub in the edge of her creek; at high water these bulbs were washed out and carried down the river; now they have spread until it will cost the state of Florida thousands of dollars to conquer them.

"Queer, isn't it, that such a little thing should do such damage? Uncle Ezra says it is like a bad habit."

"D. C."

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Moose Hunting in the Maine Woods

—Preston H. Uberroth—

AL L the numerous species of large game to be found in the wilderness of northern Maine, there is none whose pursuit affords grander sport to the expert rifleman than the elk, or moose (*Alces Machilis*). His habitat being the region of dense forests, and possessing keen eyesight, fine sense of smell, together with his intense fear of his natural enemy, man, render him one of the most difficult animals to approach, and he who would get within

our heavy blankets and hug the fire closely as we lie down to catch a few hours sleep. During the afternoon we had a light fall of snow, which has covered the ground and tipped the spruces and birches and neighboring mountain tops with its white, fleecy mantle. Before midnight the heavy, gray clouds had broken away and the pale moon now peered through the rifts of flying scud. One of the Indians, who had been keeping watch while we slept, aroused our



And stands in all its glory before me.

easy rifle range of the moose must, indeed, be a skillful hunter, unless he is fortunate enough to have the peculiar condition of the weather and country through which he is passing greatly in his favor.

The moose is the largest of the genus, and at the fore shoulder is much higher than the average horse. The head measures two feet in length, and, due to the enlargement of the nose and nostrils, is clumsily shaped. Its eyes are small and deeply set in the head, the ears long and hairy, and from the neck depends a heavy mane, the throat being covered with long, coarse hair. Its body is well-rounded, short and compact, with a tail not more than four inches long. Its legs are long, but firm and cleanly cut, and, from its large, overhanging lip, was once believed to have walked backward while grazing. Its movements are heavy and awkward, and when running it proceeds in a shambling trot, tossing its head from side to side with nose well up and horns thrown horizontally back, straddling its hind legs in order to avoid striking the fore heels and tripping. It is a solitary creature and generally keeps out of sight and harm during the daytime. Its sense of hearing is very acute and it is the most shy and wary of all the deer species, and owing to this fact the art of moose hunting is considered the greatest of the hunter's acquirements.

During my autumn rambles in the Maine woods I have become convinced that the moose is increasing in number, wholly due to the stringent game laws that prohibit its wholesale slaughter at all seasons of the year. On a sandy, pine-girt beach where the cool, crystal-like water of the Kennebec winds its way about the foot of Squaw Mountain on its long journey from Moosehead Lake to the sea, we erect our temporary camp on a certain day late in the fall, and being tired and half famished, our appetites whetted by the out-of-door life of our wild and Indian-like existence, we at once set to work to kindle our fire and prepare our frugal repast with the greatest possible dispatch.

Our party consists of four white men and two Indian guides. The latter are fine, manly-looking fellows of cheerful dispositions, retiring habits, and as we gather about the warm and glowing camp fire, their brown, swarthy faces lighted up by its glare, I cannot recall when I ever saw so much laughter and bright, smiling eyes before.

We have with us two frail birch-bark canoes belonging to our guides, which are of the kind exclusively employed by the moose hunters who inhabit the shores of the lakes and rivers that skirt this vast, unbounded, and trailless wilderness. They are little crafts and so light in weight that one is able to raise one with one hand, but it is strong and roomy enough to carry four average men on an expedition of from five to six weeks.

It is a chilly, frost-laden night, and after a hearty supper on sweet venison steaks and a savory fry of speckled trout, we one by one roll ourselves in

party, and after reluctantly rising to our feet and donning our hunters' garb, we grasp our rifles and are ready to take to our canoes until daybreak. Jack, my guide, soon has the boat launched, and taking my seat amidships, my piece lying across my lap, we shove off and are soon paddling along near the edge of the river's bank into the stillness of the night. The second party lays its course down stream, while the third takes to the woods, where in the blackness of the forest the two hunters soon disappear from view. For more than an hour we glide quietly along, no sound meeting the ear, but the gentle dipping of the paddle astern and the occasional cracking of dry branches as little avalanches of snow come pouring down through the leafless boughs of the trees.

Now, as we dart round sweeping curves and past dark "logans," we surprise a stray duck or deer that has come down to drink, but at catching sight of us, both are off before I have time to raise my piece. Great stately trees overhang the banks, under whose sweeping boughs my guide turns the prow of the canoe, and now and then, as a clearing is passed I catch glimpses of the quartering moon, which, like the "twilight gray," has in her sober livery all things clad.

The wind dies away, the dark clouds pass over, and, one by one, the stars come out, until at last the blue canopy above is studded with myriads of scintillating lights. Now the current becomes more sluggish, and the water grows darker and deeper as we pass through forest pools bedecked with lily-pads turned crimson by the crisp autumn wind. Trunks of fallen spruce and cedar extend out to us from either shore their branches covered with decaying moss and driftwood. The opening grows higher and closer as we advance, the current increases in velocity, until we find ourselves skimming along over a rippling brook, which, by degrees, develops into a seething rapid, wherein the water grows shoaler, until at last our boat grates the bottom and is suddenly stopped by a mass of fallen cedars forming a platted and interlocked barrier directly across the stream.

Jack jumps out, I quickly follow him, and after toiling some time shoving away the debris and lifting and hauling the boat over it, we succeed in reaching deeper water where our canoe again floats. Our difficulty over, we continue on for more than a mile, skirting the banks of this labyrinth of our primeval forest, then gliding swiftly on over more pebbly bars, through rapids and cataracts with an almost eerie swiftness, the boat swirls round the broad crescent of a dark pool, and soon glides into the smooth waters of a lake environed by dense timber hills, over-topped by snow-crested mountains which stand out majestically in bold relief against the clear blue sky beyond.

"There might be a moose in that bog on the right," whispered Jack, raising his paddle from the water and permitting the canoe to proceed noiselessly toward the bank. I grasp my gun, the

bow of the boat grounds upon the shore, while the Indian draws out his birch-bark horn, and by a succession of sounds resembling the grunts of the cow moose, calls the beast, if one happens to be within range of the signal, down to the water's edge.

A more propitious night for hunting the moose rarely occurs, for there is a dead calm on the lake and nothing will prevent our call being heard in all directions at a distance of at least two miles; then, again, there is little danger of the animal scenting, or winding us, and refusing to be allured from the cover of the forest.

We sit in silence, no sound but the occasional grunts of the horn and the chattering of a squirrel overhead disturb the profound stillness. By-and-by, my guide thinks he hears an answer to his call. I listen, but detect nothing. The experienced ear of my man Friday, however, is not easily deceived, and suddenly a low bark comes from the silent wilderness. At each sound of the animal, a similar one is made on the horn, until at last it is evident that our much coveted prize is drawing nearer, for so distinctly does its bark reach my ears that I raise my gun as if to shoot. In a low whisper, however, my guide tells me that the moose is still a good distance off. After a time the cry seems to die away and then grow as loud as before, as if the animal had grown suspicious and is wandering away only to turn again and retrace his steps at the low enticing sound of the horn.

This frequently happens, for in his blind roaming he will lose the direction, or upon winding you, will turn back and keep under cover, much to the suspense and anxiety of the impatient hunter. In another moment the sound from the forest is heard again, this time so loud and clear as to be almost upon us. He has at last got track of the birch-bark cow moose, and is coming toward us in hot haste.

"Here he is!" whispers the Indian, and bounding through the underbrush, crashing and breaking the dry branches of the trees with his great heavy antlers, a shambling black mass plunges into the moonlight and stands in all its glory before me. There is time but for one single impulse and that is—shoot. Instantly I bring my gun to my shoulder and empty its contents into the monarch of the forest. The baffled beast as quick as a flash turns to retreat, and without a moment's hesitation, we leap out upon the bank and are after him. A few stealthy steps and we reach the edge of the wood. We pause to peer within, but nothing resembling a moose is to be seen anywhere. We pass from the moonlit waters of the lake into the deep gloom of the woods. The trees stand close together, their low, rotten branches making it exceedingly difficult to make rapid progress. I scramble on, eager to get one more shot at the animal. Jack is close behind me.

Through openings in the trees above, the moonlight pours in upon the snow, enabling me to discern crimson spots in

the moose's track, and satisfying me that my shot did not fall of its mark. It is necessary that we should make our advance with the utmost caution, for the rustling of a withered leaf or the crackling of a decayed twig is sufficient to alarm the watchful animal. The moose when tracked has a peculiar habit of turning from its path and taking up its repose at some point near its retreat. In order that it may hear the slightest noise made by those in pursuit.

We press on in silence for some time when a crashing near by causes Jack to exclaim, "Here he comes! he's makin' for the lake. Look out!"

Peering ahead, I see the wounded moose, his eyes glaring in the moon-beam that falls across his path. With head down, his large branching horns extending forward, the hair on his neck bristling like the mane of a lion and giving him a wild appearance, the incensed beast comes charging down upon us, leaving no doubt whatever in my mind that he is coming and that I must look out for myself.

The moose makes one dash for the Indian, who, being unarmed, scrambles up the nearest pine, just in time to clear the long antlers which fly by him. In an instant the enraged animal turns and begins stripping the bark from the tree by striking it with his horns and fore feet.

From behind a fallen trunk I take in the situation at a glance. In the excitement of the moment, all thoughts of danger and of retreat leave me. I swing my gun to my face as the brute becomes aware of my presence and makes one desperate plunge in my direction. I glance along the shining barrel with my finger on the trigger. I fire. The immense black mass falls with a heavy thud in the snow at my feet, pierced through the heart.

"Bravo!" shouts Jack, as he comes sliding down the trunk of the tree in which he had taken refuge. "Ain't he a stunner? Never saw th' likes o' him afore;" and he gives way to his joy over my victory in many sayings expressive of wonderment and surprise common to the vernacular of the backwoodsman.

Upon examination I find that my first shot penetrated the moose's left fore shoulder, the torture driving him desperate with rage and causing him to turn upon us. We at once set to work stripping the skin from the body, removing the head and legs, and cutting the remainder up into such parts as will permit our return with it to the canoe. After winding the huge pieces with stout withes, and having at last succeeded in stowing them in the bow, we shove off and are soon paddling over the lake with the prow of the boat turned toward the hunter's camp, greatly elated with the night's success.

It is midday when we arrive at the camp and find that the other canoe has returned, having met with luck equally as good as our own. Our moose weighs eight hundred pounds, his antlers forty pounds and measure six feet from tip to tip.



The Moose makes one dash for the Indian.



FRENCH BOYS AND THEIR SPORTS

BY THE SAINT MAURS
SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PARIS BY J.H. RUGGLES

WITHOUT, perhaps, just cause, the French people have, in a measure, been associated with effeminacy. Tribute to fresh air and exercise does not seem to have been paid by France with the alacrity of other nations; foil-dexterity has been the ambition of youth there from all time. Now, however, they seem to be finding out that all-round athleticism is better for moral tone and general health than fencing alone, and to get a young Gaul's heart in the right place and his head squarely in command of heart and body he must copy America much. England some, and go in for general muscle romping.

That Paris is alive now to the value of strong healthy children is proved by the fact that Monsieur Trautner lined up lots of rough young Parisians lately at the school on the Rue Etienne-Marcel for instruction in English boxing, shooting, savatte, of course, fencing and gymnastics generally.

La Savatte is the form of boxing peculiar to France and is little known in America.

It is, by the way, an open question with the few English-speaking experts of this very difficult practice whether it is not more valuable as a means of defense than restricted fisticuffs.

La Savatte is hand fighting or boxing with kicking added. Somehow there is an objection, more or less sentimental possibly, both with Americans and Englishmen, to foot blows. Yet the fire-arms in constant use here are surely worse than an occasional kick? Death is at the end of a gun; killing's poor curing, but sound kicks and cuffs often provide valuable emphasis.

What is not generally known is that no tramp with a pistol can hold up an accomplished savattist. A man may stand within three feet of you with a revolver pointed at your head and order "Hands up!" You can put your fingers in the air above your head, look your man straight in the eye and send him on his back so quickly he'll never know what did it until told when he is in bed at the hospital, his teeth held together with a light bandage. The trick has been explained thus:

Standing close in front of your hold-up, hands elevated, you have very gently loosened the left knee joint, shifted all your body onto this leg thus converted into a spring and suddenly shoot the heel of the right foot, weighted with the whole body, under the gun-holder's jaw, the revolver goes off in the air and its holder's cranium generally reaches the earth so vigorously that it makes a dent there, the earth returning the compliment by cracking the cracksman's skull.

Monsieur Trautner, director of the famous school at Marcel street, Etienne, to carry out his scheme of initiating young Paris in athletics, has got the willing assistance of a variety of swell young amateurs, who take time to teach the little gamins anything they excel in.

Many from the commercial schools assisted at the tournament illustrated. Apart from general exercises, star acts were introduced. Maitre d'arms Rochat's

five year old boy is already an expert with his fists, though hardly able to keep the gloves on his tiny hands. The little lad is forced when "milling" with a grown man to confine himself to solar plexus attacks because his diminutive "mawlers" will not reach any higher. But he takes up his position, does this baby, in front of a grown man, like a toy terrier facing a mastiff and has no feeling of fear. Courage thus becomes a habit instead of a virtue. By the way, it's quite astonishing how much more elegant and valuable virtues become when they are habitual instead of occasional.

No ordinary man could take up a foil, fall en garde and defend himself as a matter of course against any opposing steel without a thought of the age, sex or size of the wrist that guided the opposing blade. But this baby has the habit of crossing swords. Directly he feels steel with his steel, habit does the rest, helps him to such a matter of fact manner that roars of laughter result when the child takes up his position, his little brows knitted, the truffer's eye on his adversary's as an aid to his wrist, for, young as he is, his father has taught him that one of the hardest things a fencer has to learn is not to betray an arm's action with a wrist's flutter.

The boys are first allowed to see a bout with foils, gloves, or broadswords between experts. Those not engaged mix with the lads and explain the bouts, the meaning of the movements, the good or faulty strokes, passes, guards or blows. Soon the little men get eagerly interested, and, in an incredibly short space of time, become efficient judges of the skill displayed.

It is never necessary to ask one of these schoolboys to put on the gloves or handle a rapier. The lads' interest having been judiciously stimulated by what they have seen, they quickly offer their sincerest flattery—a desire to imitate.

Monsieur Trautner also deserves complimenting for the acumen he has displayed in his choice of teachers.

It is a curious fact that nearly every youth who excels in any special exercise experiences the keenest satisfaction if able to impart his knowledge to a willing pupil. Selfishness certainly prevails where an ability to make money is concerned.

Lots of us would doubtless be quite



willing to give Mr. Morgan fifty per cent of our life's work if he would teach us the valuable process (I had nearly written trick) of money making.

However, if it's hard to get rich, its getting easier all the time to be healthy. If the reader will not believe that health is happiness, let him find out how much money Mr. Rockefeller would give for a sound stomach.



Secretary Shaw on Boys.

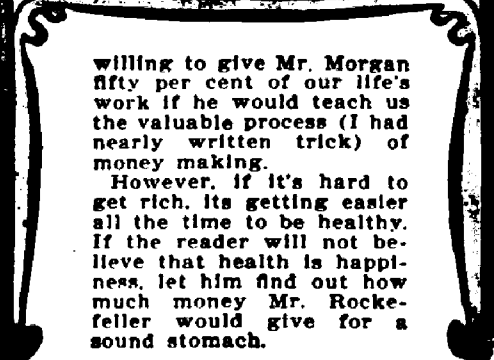
Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, in an address before the Y. M. C. A. at Washington recently, showed that he is a friend of boys. Among the "sparklers" from his address are the following:

"The world is producing a higher type of womanhood than of manhood. You know more young women whom you would welcome to your homes as daughters-in-law than young men whom you would welcome as sons-in-law. * * * There is nothing in the world so well worth looking after as the boy, and no being in the world so much neglected as the boy. He is welcome in the home as a baby and he is welcome as a man, but there is scant welcome for him as a boy. As long as he wears curls there are birthday parties for him, but not afterwards. * * * We chaperon our girls, and not too carefully, but we leave the boy to choose his associates and his environments with much advice and with very little guidance. * * * About the only door that swings with much welcome to the boy is where you do not desire him to go. * * * I remember a father whom I once knew who had spent most of his life in being a companion for his boy. The old man never amounted to much himself, but this boy did. The product justified the expense. * * * We are apt to criticize self-assertion, and yet a boy or a young man who thinks he is the whole thing is worth a thousand times more than one who thinks he is nothing. The one will probably discover his mistake, and he will get lots of assistance to that end, but the other will never discover his mistake, and few will care whether he does or not. * * * An employer in one of the largest retail stores in the world recently told me that he had had men looking through the departments to find young men who were worth promoting. The average employe goes along discharging his duties in the average way, without ever waking up to the consciousness of his individual worth."

Edwin M. Stanton.

Stanton was our Secretary of War in President Lincoln's time. In the great Civil War Lincoln was the wise Head of the army, Stanton its strong Arm, and Grant its active Hand. Charles A. Dana, the editor, knew Stanton well, and says of him:

"One of the first things that struck me in Mr. Stanton was his deep religious feeling, and his familiarity with the Bible. He must have studied the Bible a great deal when he was a boy. He had the firmest conviction that the Lord directed our armies. * * * There was never any cant in Stanton's religious feeling. It was the straightforward expression of what he believed and lived, and was as simple and genuine and real to him as the principles of his business."



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PRINTING POSTAGE STAMPS & CURRENCY

By Waldon Fawcett.



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GUMMYING POSTAGE STAMPS.

TO THE average boy who visits the national capital, the most interesting "show place" in Washington is the big red brick building which houses Uncle Sam's unique institution, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. This novel establishment is of particular interest to all boys who have ever collected stamps for the reason that here are printed all of the United States postage and revenue stamps, and even for the boy who has never been a stamp collector the big manufactory is especially attractive by reason of the picturesque manner in which paper money is here engraved and printed.

The principal product of the Bureau is, of course, the stamps. Of postage stamps alone there are printed each year nearly four billions. Considerably more than one-half of this great product of stamps are of the two-cent denomination. Enough two-cent stamps are printed—each being just an inch in length—to extend a distance of thirty nine thousand miles or more than one and a half times around the equator, provided the bits of paper during a twelve-month were placed end to end, forming one continuous strip. If the one-cent stamps issued each year were similarly arranged they would extend from New York City by way of Europe and Asia, to Bombay, India. Of course there are fewer stamps of the higher denominations, such as every stamp collector is so eager to secure. Nevertheless more than a mile of one dollar stamps are turned out at the Bureau every year and one-fifteenth of a mile of five-dollar stamps are printed. To convey in a little different manner an idea of the magnitude of this great annual harvest of stamps, it may be noted that if all the postage stamps printed by the United States government each year were placed one on top of another closely, they would reach to a height of twenty four miles or more than three times the height of the highest mountain in the world.

The engraving of the plates from which the postage stamps and currency are printed is a very delicate

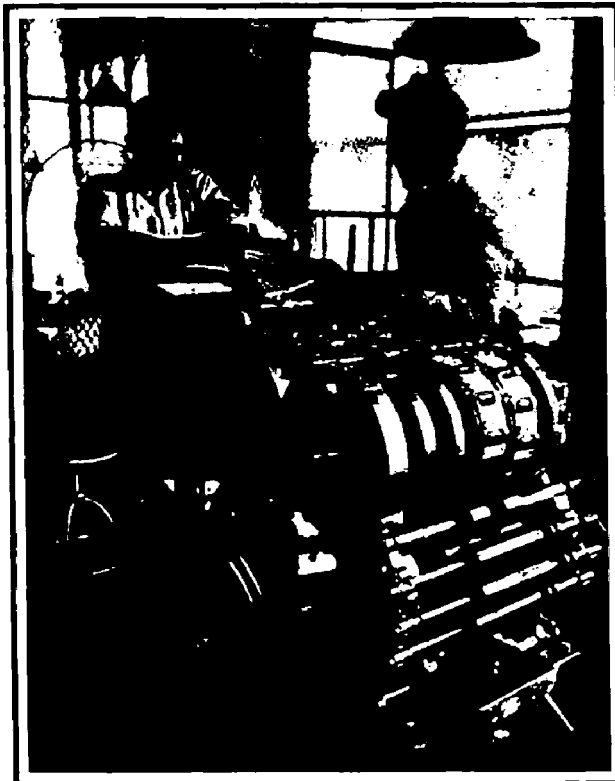
operation. Drawings or tiny paintings showing just how each stamp or piece of paper money will look when completed must be submitted for the approval of the high officials of the government before the engravers commence work. When the design is approved the work of preparing the plate is divided among a number of different engravers. One prepares the portrait, another makes the lettering, and so on. Each of these workmen—they receive salaries of from two thousand dollars to six thousand dollars a year—is an expert in his particular line of work, but no one of them would be competent to turn out a complete postage stamp or bank note.

After the various bits of a design have been cut separately, the dies are removed to a hardening room

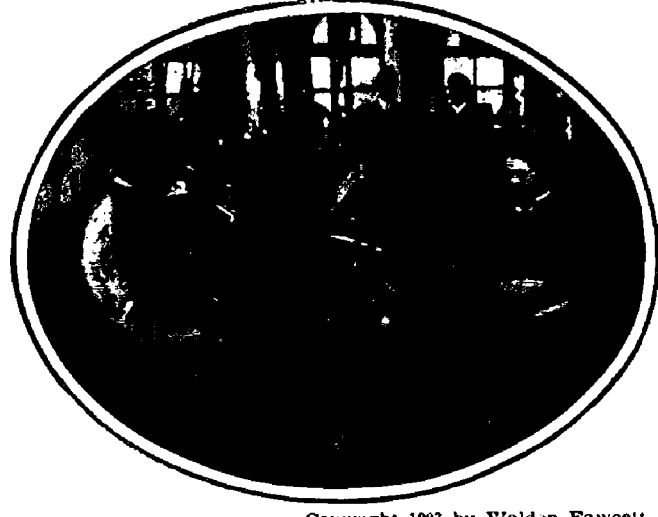


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EXAMINING AND PACKING CURRENCY FOR SHIPMENT.

where they are baked at white heat in a specially designed furnace. Then they are dipped in oil and become as hard as diamonds. A powerful press transfers the impressions of the various dies to a soft steel roll which is hardened by the process above described and then in turn conveys its impression to a steel plate which, after being subjected to a baptism of fire in a potash furnace is ready for printing. The object of this transferring and retransferring is to make it unnecessary for the government to print from one original plate. If merely the first plate engraved were used it would soon wear out and then it would be necessary to engrave an entire new plate and probably the engraver could not make this identical in every particular with his previous work. Moreover, the government desires to



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NUMBERING CURRENCY.



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PERFORATING POSTAGE STAMPS.

print many hundreds of stamps at one time, and by using a die to make countless other dies there is no limit to the printing capacity and all the stamps turned out will be exactly alike.

Interesting as are the operations of the engraving department they are surpassed in some respects by the printing branch of the institution. Postage stamps and currency are printed from old-fashioned hand presses. There are between three hundred and four hundred of these presses in a great room known as the "bee-hive." Each press has two operatives—the plate printer, as he is called, who polishes the printing surface with his hand, applies the ink with a hand roller, wipes away the surplus with a cloth, and gives a few quick turns of the wheel which secures the impression, and his feminine assistant, whose duty it is to place the blank sheet of paper on the plate after it has been inked, and remove the sheet of stamps or bank notes after the printing has been done. The printers are paid by the piece and an industrious workman will each day turn out twelve hundred sheets, each containing four hundred stamps or five pieces of currency.

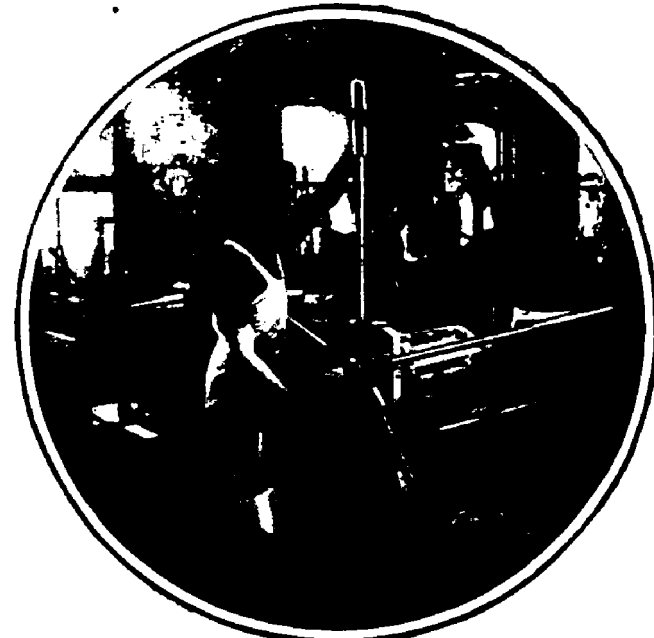
The sheets of freshly printed paper are, of course, very damp from the ink and from a thorough wetting which they receive in order that they may not scorch when placed upon the hot printing plates—kept warm in order that the ink may not drag—and so they are allowed to remain for a time in a drying room where the thermometer registers one hundred and fifty degrees. Then the newly printed sheets are taken to a number of expert examiners who go over them to make sure that none of the sheets of stamps or currency have been blurred or otherwise damaged in the printing. These examiners turn the sheets faster than the eye can follow them and yet they detect the smallest defect on any sheet, instantly withdrawing the spoiled piece of paper from the bundle and casting it aside to be later destroyed.

Up to this point the method of making the postage stamps and the currency has been exactly the same.

(Continued on page 261.)



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ENGRAVING POSTAGE STAMPS.



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PRINTING POSTAGE STAMPS.

STAMPS, COINS AND CURIOS

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Stamp Notes.

The drawing of the 6 cent stamp, with the face of Lincoln, is in the hands of the post office department, and will probably be approved within a short time.

Mauritius has come to the front again with a new lot of surcharges and there are more to follow to clear the store rooms pending the new King's head issue. The present issue has been surcharged "Postage and Revenue," and further surcharges will be made to render high values available for the lower values.

A stamp which will doubtless be rare is the present issue 2c Newfoundland, in an imperforate condition. One sheet of one hundred of these stamps was forwarded to a small post office in Newfoundland, where many of the stamps were used on letters before a collector came along and purchased the balance.

The bureau of engraving and printing at Washington is now printing the new 13c stamp, which will doubtless be on sale in many of the offices by the time this copy of THE AMERICAN BOY reaches its subscribers. At the last moment the department decided on a change of color, and the stamp is being printed in a mauve shade. The stamps are printed in sheets of four hundred, and each sheet has eight plate numbers, two on each quarter.

Recent stamp issuing countries are Niue Island and Penrhyn Island, surcharged on the stamps of New Zealand, and an issue for British New Guinea. The British New Guinea series are very handsome, showing a picture of a native boat, and are much larger than the usual stamps issued by the colonies. Each stamp is printed in two colors, the center of all the denominations being in black. Another recent issue is that of Labuan Colony. The ten values of stamps are all bi-colored, the center containing the picture of a crown in black, with the word "Labuan" above, and "Colony" below, in the center of the stamp.

To the United States belongs the distinction of having originated the first commemorative issue of postage stamps, the two centennial envelopes of 1876. Twelve years later the first regular commemorative series was issued by New South Wales to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the founding of the colony. The stamps are very handsome, the five shilling showing a map of Australia and the twenty shilling showing the portraits of Capt. Arthur Phillip, the first governor, and Lord Carrington, the governor when the issue was made. The next commemorative issue was made by Hong Kong by surcharging two cent to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the establishment of the English government of the port.

The design for the 8 cent stamp, portrait of Martha Washington, has been approved by the post office department, and the engravers are at work upon the die. The general appearance of the design is said to be very attractive. Martha Washington appears in an oval of the same size, as the new 2 cent stamp; a panel at the top contains the words, "Series of 1902." Nearly surrounding the oval is a wreath of laurel, with stems reaching to the bottom. On either side are figures eight in scrolls, and the name Martha Washington is found in an upward bending curve. The figures 1732 and 1802, the date of birth and death, appear in ribbons on the stems of the wreath.

L. L. Casey, Iowa: The 2c Columbian can be purchased for 10c per 100.—C. S. Girard, College, Philadelphia: We are unable to tell the value of your stamp unless we know the date of issue or catalogue number. Are you sure you have the right catalogue illustration in pricing the stamp? Send us fuller particulars and we will look the matter up.—T. H. Boulder, Montana: The 30c Columbian catalogues 55c unused and 35c used. We understand the price has been advanced in the last catalogue.—C. E. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.: The 30c due stamp of the 1879 to 1893 issues catalogues from 45c to \$1 according to shade. The 60c due of the same issue catalogues \$1 to \$1.50 according to shade. The 30c due of 1894 on unwatermarked paper catalogues 25c and the 50c catalogues \$1. Printed on watermarked paper the 30c is not priced and the 50c catalogues 60c. Prices are for used copies. The one penny Commemorative stamp of the 1895 issue of the South African Republic catalogues 6c unused and 15c used.—R. G. W., Des Moines, Iowa: The 2c Trans-Mississippi catalogues at 1c and the 8c at 6c.—W. P. M., St. Matthews, S. C.: Your stamp is the 1899 issue and catalogues at 2 cents.—C. W., Galva, Ill.: The Nevada State Revenues are not catalogued, but the lower and common varieties sell at 10 to 20c each, we believe. The unused 25c of Hawaii, with picture of President Dole, catalogue at 60c. The 10c red brown, surcharged "Provisional Government" in black catalogues 4c unused and 60c used. The 1c green and 2c Carmine Ross catalogues 3c and 4c respectively for used copies. The 3c U. S. 1861 imperforate catalogues 2c.—L. H., Clarksville, Tenn.: Your stamps are catalogued at the following prices: Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5 and 8 at 1c each; No. 3, 2c. and No. 7, 3c. We cannot place No. 2 without a fuller description, as the 1c stamps have shown the picture of Franklin since 1861.

Karl Hirsh, Galena, Ill.: There is no premium on the quarters or halves of 1853 with the arrow points each side the dates. The rare ones of this date are those without the arrow heads and rays about the eagle.—Leo M. Sullivan, Elgin, Ill.: There are two types of 1853 dime, with and without stars around the seated Liberty. The former is worth half a dollar and the latter twenty five cents. The half dollar of 1876 has no premium.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

We receive many inquiries as to the value of the large cents issued between 1793 and 1857. With the exception of 1815 we have a continuous line of issues, and they seem a favorite line of collecting with many collectors of coins. The earlier dates, or up to and including 1814, when in good condition, bring very fair premiums; but with 1815 and down they can usually be picked up at from five to fifteen cents each in from fair to fine condition. Fine or uncirculated specimens always command three to four times these prices with collectors, who are usually quite particular as to the condition of coins they place in their cabinets. This will answer many letters we have received. We will also answer many inquiries when we state that the Columbian half dollars of 1892 and 1893 still sell at the dealers for 75 and 67 cents each respectively. The nickel cents issued between 1857 and 1864 have no premium. The nickel flying eagle cent of 1858 only brings a premium; this sells at from \$4.50 upwards, depending upon condition.

Claude Morton: A good 1830 cent is worth \$1.50 and one of 1802 sells for 35 cents. Your coin of 1772 or 1775 must be an English half cent and is common.—Francis Keating: Your coin is a New Jersey cent. They were issued during the years 1786, 1787 and 1788. The 1787 is the commoner date and is worth a half dollar.—Fred W. Kampmeyer: 1873 trade dollar is worth face to collectors. See elsewhere for answers to your other inquiries.—Deane N. Brigham: Your drawing is from a common coin of Morocco (3 Falus). The date, 1289, is A. H. (after Mahomet), making it about 1873 A. D.—Earl W. Riley: Your coin with a square hole in the center is a Japanese sen. The small one with a round hole is a Hong Kong mill or cash. The Composition Spiel mark is a brass coin for "play money." It has no value. The two-cent pieces issued between 1864 and 1872, with the exception of the last date, which was issued only in proof, have no premium. The three-cent nickel coins issued between 1865 and 1889, with the single exception of 1877, are all common. Your 1889 is a kreutzer of Austria.—Harry A. Wilson: Your last rubbing is from a Chinese charm cash and has no value only as a curiosity.—Robert McClelland: Your drawing is of a Pennsylvania Colonial Bill, 1764, three pence. This bill is interesting from the fact that it was printed by Benjamin Franklin. It should be worth if in good condition \$1.50.—William J. Pils: Your rubbing is from a crown of John George of Saxony. These old German crown pieces are interesting, and yours, though old, 1823, is not so rare but that they are usually sold for about \$2.50.—Morris L. Showcross: The Congo Free State copper coins come in sets of four, 1, 2, 5 and 10 centimes, and sell for twenty five cents a set. Your English sixpence is worth only face value.—Charlie Moritz, Hugh Grunell and Edward R. Tracy: Your coins are only worth face value.—Edmund Huebner: Your rubbing is from a common half skilling of Norway, 1867.—S. A. McEachron: The half dollar of 1820 sells at the dealers for eighty five cents.—Earle C. Piper: Your coin with "millions for defense not one cent for tribute" is a hard times token, issued about 1837, and sells for twenty cents.—Carl Levin: Your half dollars of 1854 and 1854 have no premium.—Charlie S. Streeter: Your quarter anna is a common coin of British India.—Lancelo Dunn: The \$40.00 Continental bill of Sept. 26, 1778, sells for a half dollar. They are not scarce. Your coins are all common.—James K. Junkin: 1848 cent, ten cents; 1855 half cent, 15 cents; holed coins are only worth bullion value as a rule.—F. A. Potter: Your 1 ore is a common coin of Sweden.—E. E. Jack: The coin with "in unilate fortitudo, compositio spiei maie" is a common brass "play money" piece of no value.—Ray McGowan: The half dollar of 1862 has no premium.—Alfred Thompson: There is no such coin as a Lafayette half dollar. Only Lafayette dollars were issued. There are at least a thousand varieties of Chinese coins issued, so you will see how impossible it is for the coin editor to give you the value of one "about the size of a quarter." Your other coins are only worth face value.—Milton Harnist: It is safe to say that very little of the old Spanish silver will ever bring a premium. It was issued in immense quantities and early found a large field for its use in the Spanish possessions of the New World. Very little of it is found in condition to suit the critical collectors. Your large silver is a Portuguese dollar, or 960 reis, of John VI., and is worth a dollar and a half at the dealers.—(J. D. Zeliger and W. R. B. Cummings: Your queries are elsewhere answered.—L. E. V.: The Nova Scotia half penny of 1832 sells for five cents. Your other Canadians are common. (5) A rubbing from a bajocco of Pius VII of Rome. It sells at the dealers for a quarter. (6) Prince Edwards Island cent of 1855, ten cents.—Joe C. Sale: No premium on your pieces.—F. Kittleberger: A coin of Schleswig-Holstein, under Christian VII. (1766-67). Without a better knowledge of the condition of the coin and its size could not place a value upon it.—Mrs. F. A. Wilder: A Continental bill of \$60.00, of Sept. 26, 1778, is worth a half dollar, and for this price the dealers will sell to any one.—Paul Whitehouse: It is safe to say that the half dollars of 1866 and 1863 will be a very long time in bringing a premium. The New Orleans mint issued 3,683,000 alone in 1855.—Benny Cunningham: The V nickel of 1863 still finds it hard work to bring much over face value.—H. D. Lippincott: A good cent of 1800 sells for a dollar and a half.—Stanley McLean: The cent of 1803 is worth a quarter. The half cent of 1853 brings fifteen cents.—R. Dickey: All the gold dollars are now bringing a good premium, usually selling from \$1.75 upwards. Your other coins are common.—S. Robert Romage: An English penny of 1797, if in good condition, sells for half a dollar at the dealers. Eagle cents of 1851 and 1858 face value only.—Harry W. Brown: There is no particular premium on the twenty-cent piece of 1876. The only pieces of this denomination to bring a premium are those of 1877 and 1873.

Pay B. Williams: The 1836 dime sells for thirty five cents. The head on the obverse is that of Liberty.—Claude Thompkins: The 1851 quarter eagle, unless it is in fine or uncirculated condition, brings no premium.—Howard Howall: (1) An English medalet of George III. (2) A common Canadian sou or cent. (3) Half dollars of 1818 and 1825, eighty five cents each. Those of 1823, '24, '25, '26 and 1825, seventy five cents each.—K. M. D.: "The Federal Union, It Must and Shall Be Preserved." is a common war token.—Frank Dunbar: The 1865 half cent sells for forty cents.—M. DeWitt Herlocker: The "flying eagle" cents of 1857 and 1858 are only worth face value.—J. Melville Smith: A good

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1803 cent sells for from twenty five to thirty five cents.—J. D. G.: See answer to Claude Thompkins. Your other coins are quite common.—P. S. Clement: 1856 half dollar, face value only; Mexican dollar, 1874, only bullion value.—Thomas Spargo: The 1827 half dollar, eighty five cents; 1853 quarter and half, only face value. The rubbings you send are fair, but you can get better results by rubbing over the paper with the flat end of a lead pencil.—Claude T. Golvais: 1833 cent, ten cents.—Leo Muller: The only 1894 dime that is of value is that with the S (San Francisco) mint mark. The dollars of 1894 and 1895 are worth only face value, although only a limited issue was made at the Philadelphia mint.—H. Lichtwardt: The 1834 half eagle hardly commands a premium.—Ralph Allison: Your coin is an English penny of 1797 and sells for a quarter. It has a mate, a two pence, of same date, that weighs two ounces.—Robert Johnson: Your coins are all very common.—Robert North: The eagle cent of 1855 is only worth face value. The rarest U. S. coin is the double eagle of 1842. Next might come the 1844 dollar, and following this the '84 dime of the San Francisco mint.

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Boys in the School**The "I Will" Boy—J. L. Harbour**

Boys who have read Booker T. Washington's wonderful book, "Up From Slavery," or that other remarkable book, "The Making of an American," by Mr. Jacob Riis, must have found in these volumes much in proof of the old truism—"Honor and fame from no condition rise."

Every poor boy struggling in the face of great odds to rise from the low estate of ignorance and poverty to the loftier plane of intelligence and prosperity should read these two books which are truthful records of how two men of humble birth but possessed of the "I will" spirit have overcome the very lowest forms of poverty and have made themselves two of the most honored of American citizens.

One of them, Booker T. Washington, was the son of a slave and few white children in our country have ever known such degrees of poverty and utter ignorance as he knew in his childhood. One day the chairman of a lecture course committee said to me in a western town:

"We would give Booker T. Washington two hundred and fifty, or even three hundred dollars for a lecture in our town, but we cannot get him, so great is the demand for his services."

The time has been when this man who can now command such large sums for a single evening on the platform—the time has been when he worked from before daylight until long after dark for twenty five cents. The time has been when his only resting place at night was under a slightly elevated sidewalk. The story of his life should fill every truly ambitious poor boy with hope and courage, for it gives proof of the fact that the "I will" boy need not remain poor and obscure. It teaches that the race is not always to the swift, and that in our own America the poor boy and the rich have equal chances in achieving that which is of most value in life.

The boy who with manly determination says "I will" instead of "I can't" is the boy who will win in the battle of life. The "I can't" boy is likely to remain in the ranks of the ignorant, the poor and the obscure. The "I will" boy is sure to leave him far behind in honorable and manly achievement.

The "I can't" boy is ready to give up in the face of even trifling obstacles, before which the "I will" boy simply "girds up his loins" and says "I will," and overcomes them.

It is the "I can't" boy whose life is sure to be a failure.

It is the "I will" boy who is steadily going to the front.

Still Whining—Morris Wade

When I was a young man of twenty years I boarded for a time with a family in which there was a boy of about fourteen years of age who was always whining. He came down stairs every morning with a whine, he whined all through the morning meal, he whined because it was time for him to go to school, and he came home from school whining. He went to bed whining, and those who called him "Whining Walt" did him no injustice.

A few weeks ago I visited the scenes of my childhood and young manhood for the first time in twenty five years. While spending the day with some old friends I said:

"Does Walter H— still live here?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "and he is whining still."

"Then I fear that he has not amounted to much in life," I said.

"Oh, no," said my hostess, "and now he whines because all of his boyhood friends have succeeded better than he. He says that he has never had any 'chance' like other boys. He is a poor, shiftless, whining creature, and the nickname of 'Whining Walt' still clings to him. He has simply whined away his chances of success in life."

I fear that there are other boys who are doing this very thing, and I know that the whining boy is likely to make a failure of his life. I know that he is never a popular boy, and I know that a whining man is an object of ridicule and contempt. The boy who whines throughout his boyhood is very likely to be "still whining" when his boyhood years and the years of his young manhood are far behind him. Don't whine if you have any respect for yourself, or if you would have others respect you.

What Books Do Boys Read?

Professor A. E. Bostwick, chief of the circulation department of the New York Public Library, has gathered some interesting statistics. He selected ten of the leading authors for young people representative of what is regarded as trashy as well as of standard fiction, namely, Finley, Alger, Optic, Fosdick, Stratmeyer, Munroe, Trowbridge, Olcott, Meade and Clarke. Seven questions were asked of ten children, five boys and five girls, in each of the thirteen branches of the New York Public Library. The answers to the questions brought out the following: Of the sixty six boys fifty eight had read Alger, fifty two Optic, fifty Fosdick, fifty Munroe, forty three Trowbridge, forty Stratmeyer, and so on down, and a considerably less number had read the others. Alger got the highest number of votes in answer to the question, "Which do you like best?" Following him came in order came Stratmeyer and Munroe, Munroe got the most votes for writing the best English. The votes indicated that Alger, Optic, Stratmeyer, Munroe and Trowbridge are the boys' authors, and Finley, Olcott, Meade and Clarke the girls' authors. Out of one hundred and thirty four children sixty four had not read a line of Munroe, sixty nine had not read anything of Trowbridge and fifty one nothing of Olcott. Horatio Alger proves to be enormously popular. One boy remarked that "Some people say the Alger books are trash, but I don't care, they are interesting." One question asked was, "Name your favorite author not on the list?" Henty received twenty four votes, Richards fourteen, Ellis thirteen, Burnett ten, Dickens eight, DeLand six, Sidney six, while seventy two other authors received one or more votes.

Genius Versus Hard Work—Some Good Advice to Graduates—Will S. Gidley

Will S. Gidley, the short story writer and humorist, is a member of the school committee at Brookfield, Mass., and secretary of that body. He is a firm believer in hard work as one of the essentials to success, and improves every opportunity to say so. This is the straight-from-the-shoulder method in which he talked on his favorite topic to the graduating class of the Brookfield High School, at their closing exercises last June—a speech well worth reproducing, even at this late date:

"The certificates you will receive here to-night will carry you but a little way in this world, unless you yourselves are willing to put your shoulders to the wheel and work hard to achieve success."

"I wouldn't give a copper for all the diplomas in the world, unless the possessors of them have pluck, perseverance and the requisite energy to go ahead and do something for themselves."

"If you imagine because you hold one of these documents, Fortune is going to hunt you up and pour her choicest treasures into your lap, you are grievously mistaken."

"The world may owe you a living, but you will find that some work will be required to collect it—and hard work at that."

"Someone has said that hard work is only another word for genius. I believe this is true. At any rate, all the geniuses I ever heard of were hard workers. Look at Edison, sticking to his laboratory fourteen hours a day and never taking a vacation."

"I don't ask you to work like that, but whatever you do, do with all your might. Put into your work the best that is in you—earnestness, energy, thoroughness. If you do your work well you cannot help but succeed. There is always a place somewhere for the faithful, diligent, conscientious worker. We have too few workers of this kind in the world, and too many walking delegates."

"Don't be afraid to work! Ever since Eve got our first parents turned out of the Garden of Eden, mankind has had to earn a living by the sweat of the brow, but this should be regarded as a blessing rather than a curse. If Eve had had a little more work on her hands she wouldn't have had quite so much time for leaning over the back fence and gossiping with the serpent, who invited her to partake of the forbidden apple and then left, remarking that it 'looked like an early fall.'"

"As the poet puts it: 'Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do.'"

"Have an aim and a mission in life. Keep busy. Have faith in your own powers, and work hard to show that your faith is justified."

"Don't sit down with folded hands and wait until you feel the inspiration of genius before you resolve to do anything."

"Genius is the hare that falls asleep by the wayside; hard work is the tortoise that plods on and wins the race!"

"It was not genius alone, but skillful, intelligent labor, hard work, directed into the proper channel, that has gridironed our continent with railroads and telegraph lines; irrigated and cultivated the arid plains of the West, once known as the great American desert; built our great cities; constructed our magnificent battle-ships which have proved themselves superior to any that sail the seas; dug our canals; discovered and developed our mines; perfected the printing press and established our great newspapers and magazines; spread education and knowledge throughout the land, and made this the most enlightened, wealthiest and mightiest nation on earth."

"There is work yet to do, my young friends. Take up your share of it cheerfully and confidently with the resolve to be loyal to yourself, to your employer, to your country and your God. Be true to your manhood, to your womanhood. Have a purpose in life and remain steadfast to that purpose, taking no backward step, but ever advancing until you have reached the goal of your ambition, and made your life a success."

A Danger to Be Avoided.

The adoption of too high a literary standard for boys' books may drive boys to reading behind the barn rather than in the library. The reason why the Jesse James style of literature is popular with the unthinking boy is that there is something doing on every page. The boy doesn't like the criminality in it, but the robber keeps things moving. Some librarians are weeding out the works of Oliver Optic. There are worse books than the Oliver Optic kind; and when it comes to a choice between a yellow-backed story of crime and the harmless tales of Optic and some other current juvenile writers we might name, there is no question as to which is preferable. The standard of boys' books ought to be raised, but never above the plane of youthful interest. Excluding Oliver Optic is ultra-reform.

A Big School District.

There is a school district in Oregon larger than the whole state of Delaware. It is District 35, in Malheur County. The school is on Crooked Creek, 140 miles from the nearest railroad point. School lasts only four months a year, and the school population is seventy six boys and one girl. Part of the population of District 35 has to go fifty miles for its mail, and the sheriff has been known to ride 150 miles to summon a single juror.

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Walter T. Horton, Golden Bridge, N. Y., wins the prize for best list of answers to April Tangles.

Lot W. Armin, Sibley, Iowa, wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles received by April 20. Just a year ago he won the same prize.

The following sent in correct answers to all the Tangles, or new and original puzzles worthy of acceptance, or both: Otis Welsch, Harry B. Moore, Edward Langdon Fernald, DeWitt Gilles, Ralph W. Westcott, G. Haren, Harry M. Sawyer, Robert Nash, Edw. P. Jackson, Lynn Ernest Wolfe, Jas. Stock, Harold M. Lewis, Harold H. Van Natta, Elmer Lewis, Harold R. Norris, Charles Stewart, Maurice Adams, Clarence E. Senft, M. K. Dunkerley, Adam Gerlach, Theo. G. Meyer, Vernon Lovett, Neal R. Clark, Wm. S. Sayres, Jr., George H. Stanbery, Howard Wadell, Reuel Morean, Kenneth Clarke, Wallace W. Tuttle, R. P. Keese, Wilbur A. Nelson, Reuel C. Rixson, Robert Raymer, John H. Seamans, Gordon Andrews, Louis Hevn, Sherman Spurrier, George Yowell, Cornelius Hyatt, Ragnar Lunell, Oredon McGann, Eugene M. Stewart, Fred Mehrtens, Frank Holloway, Leslie L. Rogers, Earl Gibson, Joseph Phillip Smith, Nels W. Kindgren, Morton Mitchell, Roy Griffin and Raymond G. Helm.

Many others answered part of the April Tangles correctly, and still others sent in contributions which we cannot use.

The puzzles that Walter Legg "made" serve to illustrate the saying that "great minds run in the same channel," for Uncle Tangles has them all in a book, word for word, printed some years ago.

Tangle No. 36 in the April issue appeared in the Star Monthly of October, 1902, over another name.

At the head of this department is kept standing every month. "Send original puzzles only." If there are any who do not know what the word "original" means, they are respectfully (or otherwise) referred to any dictionary of the English language.

A book will be given for the best list of answers to the June Tangles received by June 20.

Two dollars will be given for the best lot of "original" puzzles received by June 20.

Answers to May Tangles.

38. The central picture is "Inn." The outside pictures are: Snare, Fancy (fan, C), Spire, Doors, Solence (sole, N's), Tense (tents), Violate (viol, 8), Centive (cent, iv).

ins N are
inf A ncy
ins p ire
ind O ors
insol ence
int E nse
invio late
inee N tive

The central letters spell Napoleon.

39. Baikal, Bogota, Bergen, Blanco, Camden, Calla, Branco, Sweden, Bangor, Boston, Balti, Cant, Ararat, Puello, Maume, Sautee, Lisbon, Otsogo, Odense, Pierre, Alaska, Nyassa, Oscoda, Nashua, Madras, Topeka, Ceylon, Staten, Brazos

40. Webster's Dictionary, Tabard Inn, Sir Satyrane, Rob Roy, Oberon, Nancy, Weird Sisters.

41. Angler, Reader, Barber, Orator, Reaper, Dipper, Artist, Yahoos. Initials spell Arbor Day.

42. 52 (chapters in Jeremiah) multiplied by 14 (chapters in Zechariah) minus 39 (books in Old Testament) plus 23,214 (verses in Old Testament) times 10 (chapters in Esther) from 592,439 (words in Old Testament) plus 929 (chapters in New Testament) divided by 5 (chapters in Lamentations) plus 3,317 (year B. C. that Methuselah was born) divided by 20 (sum of chapters in Leviticus, 27, Obadiah, 1, and Haggai, 2) plus 7 (chapters in Micah), divided by 40 (years Saul reigned) from 260 (chapters in New Testament) minus 18 (verses in the xxiv. chapter of Exodus), result is 180, Isaac's age.

43. Year, bear, pear, dear, near, rear, fear, tear, wear, gear, fear, hear, loar.

44. Napoleon, Alfred the Great, Peter the Great, Alexander the Great, Xerxes, Washington, Grant, DeWet, Julius Caesar, Phillip I., Phillip II., Pompey, Hannibal,

Genghis Khan, Charles I., Charles II., Charles IX., Charles X., Charles XI., Charles XII.

45. 1. Matln, main. 2. Maize, maze. 3. Louise, lose. 4. Lucre, lure. 5. House, hose. 6. Holly, holy. 7. Deter, deer. 8. Copal, coal. 9. Bairn, barn. 10. Basil, ball.

46. A R A L
R Y D E N
A D E N
L E N A

NEW TANGLES.

47. ILLUSTRATED PROVERB. From the Book of Proverbs. Give chapter and verse.



—Lot W. Armin.

48. DOLLAR BILL ACROSTIC.

Each word contains the same number of letters. The initials and finals each spell a person's name found on a U. S. one dollar silver certificate, series of 1899.

1. Where the Israelites first kept the Passover in the Land of Canaan. 2. U. S. Attorney-General under Jefferson and Madison. 3. The King of Naples in Shakespeare's "Tempest." 4. First name of the Lieutenant-General now commanding the U. S. army. 5. First name of the first U. S. Secretary of State.

—Queen Zero.

49. ANAGRAMS.

Some great men of the U. S. 1. Stung slayers. 2. Go, sing the war gone. 3. March on in a ball. 4. Let hero De Soto over. 5. Noah J's mad. 6. Win maple, Linn. 7. L, cry hyena. 8. K. Canard's no Jew. 9. A maiden shot so. 10. Knife in Maj. N. L. Barn. 11. Slam, captain.

—Nels W. Kindgren.

50. ROYAL CHESS.

Find 10 living European rulers on the following chess board by the king's move, which is one square only in any direction, using each letter as many times as needed, but repeating no letter without first moving from its square.

Chessboard grid with letters: E D I O U A E M, W A M L B D R M, R I H E T T O A, D L L M X C V N, V I N I T I L U, I M A S I L O E, I X O F N R A S, S A L O H C I N

—Edward Langdon Fernald.

51. GEOGRAPHICAL CRISS-CROSS.

The star path will spell the name of a city of the U. S., reading from above, downwards. 1. A city in Holland. 2. An African cape. 3. A Korean city. 4. A city in France. 5. A city in Japan. 6. A city in China. 7. A mountain in Africa. 8. A city in Switzerland. 9. A city in Oregon.

—Morton Mitchell.

52. DICTIONARY LIONS.

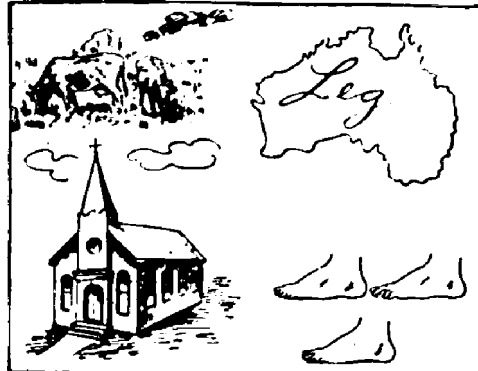
Example: A posy lion. Ans.: Dandelion. 1. The saddle lion. 2. The rich man's lion. 3. A red lion. 4. A dancing lion. 5. An army lion. 6. A lion who does

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mental work. 7. A lion tent. 8. A lion nearest the sun. 9. A fiery horse lion. 10. An uncoiled metal lion. 11. A nery lion. 12. A small painted lion. —Kenneth Trainer.

53. ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

A poem that will endure forever.



—Joseph Phillip Smith.

54. STATE ABBREVIATIONS.

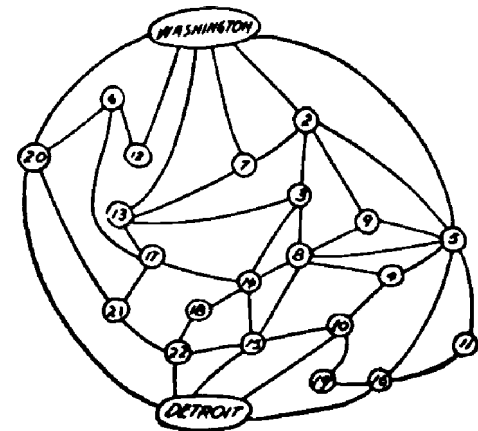
The common abbreviations of certain of the United States suggest the following interpretations. Example: A girl's name familiarly used. Ans.: Minn. 1. The most crowded state. 2. The state that prescribes medicines. 3. The state that is always sick. 4. The father of states. 5. The most maidenly state. 6. The state used by Noah. 7. The decimal state. 8. The most useful in haying time. 9. Where the untidy should go. 10. The two states of astonishment. 11. A state with a girl's name. —The Gopher.

55. DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

The two diagonals from upper to lower corners spell the names of two distinguished Americans who died in December, 1902. 1. The color of the favorite horse of King Richard II. 2. A signer of the Declaration of Independence from Delaware. 3. A lake and town of Lombardy. 4. A common batrachian, the American species technically known as Bufo lentiginosus. —Eugene M. Stewart.

56. PRESIDENTIAL ITINERARY.

The President on a tour of the country visits every city on the following chart once and once only. If he starts from Washington and ends at Detroit, give the order in which he will visit each numbered city.



—F. L. Sawyer.

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Boys in the Home

A Great Organization.

Over \$3,300,000 were expended last year for the current expenses of the Young Men's Christian Associations, local and State, and the International committees. This great organization conducted 1,550 bible classes, having 24,900 students. Thirty five thousand five hundred attended its evangelistic meetings, while 2,551,000 attended all its meetings. There were 7,200 active members on its religious work committees and 8,000 professed conversion. Among the notable bequests and gifts to this cause for the year are the following: One hundred thousand dollars each were given by J. Pierpont Morgan, J. D. Rockefeller, and W. E. and C. H. Dodge. In addition to this, W. E. Dodge gave \$150,000. There were twenty three new city association buildings dedicated in the year, which cost a total of over \$1,000,000.

There are 170 railroad departments, with 43,150 members, carried on at an annual expense of \$417,196, of which \$205,000 was contributed by the railroad companies and the remainder by railroad men. Ninety buildings are occupied exclusively by this department, valued at over a million and a quarter dollars. Seventy four railroad companies, controlling 70 per cent of the railroad mileage of the United States, are now giving toward permanent equipment and current expenses. There are fifty Indian associations with a membership of 1,800. There are 321 army associations occupying eighty nine rooms or buildings. Its religious meetings for the year had an attendance of 387,134. It has fifty four permanent libraries with 13,645 volumes, and 100 traveling libraries. There were 12,833 visits made to the sick and the wounded. The navy department carries on work for sailors at fifty places and there are organizations on seven war vessels. The educational department of the association enrolls 28,000 students, and expended in 1901 \$107,000. The physical department enrolls 80,000 men in its 507 gymnasiums, under the direction of 294 physical directors. Dormitories are provided by twenty nine associations for young men living away from home. The boys' department enrolls over 35,000 boys and 450 associations. Twenty five thousand boys were in the gymnasias during 1901, 150,000 in bible classes, and 225,000 in religious meetings. Seventy eight hundred social gatherings and 4,900 entertainments and lectures were held. Associations among colored men exist in sixty five colleges, twenty three among city young men, the total membership being 5,100. There are 666 student associations, with 40,000 members, owning twenty eight buildings valued at \$768,500. There are twenty three secretaries at work in seven mission lands, and \$50,000 was raised for this work in 1901. In the year just closed 279 men became association secretaries, physical directors, etc. Of these 161 came from business, thirty seven from professions, eighty one from a school or college, fifty nine were college graduates, and sixteen training school graduates. There are now 1,609 secretaries, physical directors, etc. It operates a training school at Springfield, Mass., where seventy four students attend, and one at Chicago, Ill.

A Girl's Advice.

Here is a letter from Lella Templeman, Fisk, Cal., a girl who is not afraid to write to a boys' paper. She says: "I wish you would devote a part of your paper to the question of parents. I think 'Father' and 'Mother' are the proper names to call our parents, and I would like for you to impress upon the minds of young boys that 'Father' and 'Mother' sound better than 'Pa' and 'Ma.' Some of the young boys whom I know, and who are almost men, say 'Paw' and 'Maw.' Don't that sound bad? Now I want to tell you I am a little girl, but I like THE AMERICAN BOY just the same. So does father and mother. They say it is just what our boys need. Good-by for this time."

The Boys of Detroit.

Detroit (Mich.) has no less than twenty thousand boys under eighteen years of age, at least four thousand of whom are known as working boys, that is, boys employed in stores, factories, etc. The Evening News, a Detroit newspaper, and the Newsboys' Association furnish recreation to about twenty five hundred boys, but do not attempt anything along religious or educational lines. The Riverside Club, Detroit, has a membership of two hundred working boys, who are helped along educational and working lines. Some of the churches of the city are doing a small work for their own boys, but practically nothing is done to reach the large number of boys who roam the streets.

The Story of Thomas Lipton, Grocer.

The Charleston steamer came to its dock and tied up. The passengers loitered about her, attending to their bags and baggage, but the gangplank was hardly down when a bruised, begrimed, ragged boy of sixteen or seventeen rushed on to the dock, and pushing his way through the crowd, lost himself in New York.

Nobody pursued him. It was thirty years ago that Tom Lipton came up gasping from the fire-room of the Charleston boat and ran into New York. He had known more kicks than halfpence from his childhood up, and the treatment he got as a stowaway did not break his spirit. It was just an experience more in a life of hard luck. Born of Scotch-Irish parents in Glasgow, who were poor as poverty, he struggled up to boyhood somehow. At last his heap of hoarded pennies had grown to be enough to pay for a steerage passage to America, and he ran away. He was a boy of fifteen years then, and small for his age, but there was that within him that kept him going when grown men would have given up in despair. This Glasgow rat starved in cities, slept in doorways, walked when he could not buy or beg a ride, and finally found himself in South Carolina. He got a job as a harvest hand on a rice plantation, and for two years he was a farm laborer, fighting with the newly freed negroes for a chance at the hardest work in the world.

But as he worked in the fields it dawned on the lad that not there, where the whole population was hunting riches, but in the old grooved life of his native city, lay his best chance of wealth. He would apply American methods to business in Glasgow and see if in the combination there was not something for Tom Lipton. Home-sickness was also driving him back. He had no money, but he had stout limbs and that undaunted spirit that recognizes no obstacles as insurmountable.

He walked to Charleston and begged a steamer captain to let him work his way to New York. He met a blunt refusal. Consequently, when the steamboat sailed she carried Tom Lipton hidden amid the merchandise in her hold. He took the blows and curses consequent on discovery uncomplainingly. His sufferings paid for his passage, and he disregarded them accordingly. Again Lipton found himself in New York, this time with a purpose and a plan in his mind.

He washed himself of his grime in a park fountain, earned a breakfast and began his search for work. The strong young boy, his thews stealed by the hard training in the rice fields, found little difficulty in getting work. Of course he thrived. He did not know any luxury, and but little rest, but he put by money. Before the year was out he had saved enough for a steerage passage, and was back in Glasgow.

His parents were a little better off than when he had left them. He told them his plan and they put in his hands all they had saved. The whole family fund amounted to \$400. Presently the staid Scottish city was astonished to see two monster hogs, groomed until their bristles glistened, decked with ribbons and led through the streets behind a banner labeled "Lipton's Orphans."

A crowd gathered and followed the huge swine to a little shop with the name of Lipton above the door. The young fellow was proprietor, clerk, salesman, bookkeeper and porter all in one. He lunched in the shop and dined not at all at first. The venture succeeded. He got a clerk, and presently, in another quarter of the city, there was another Lipton shop, an exact duplicate of the other.

Today there are four hundred and twenty Lipton shops scattered through Great Britain, sixty of them being in London. They are all alike, all gayly colored and illuminated, so that they stand out like light-houses on a dark night.

Lipton's tea comes from his own plantations in Ceylon, but a score of other food products also bear his label and swell his fortune. In the United States he owns a butchering plant that kills 3,000 hogs daily, and he has 600 refrigerator cars to carry the meat to the markets. His fortune is estimated at \$50,000,000, and he is not fifty years old. When his London interests were formed into a joint stock company, with a capitalization of \$12,500,000, \$5,000,000 of which was offered for sale, the stock was subscribed twenty five times over. For his charities he was knighted, and it is Sir Thomas Lipton who has made such a determined effort with his yachts to win the America's cup—Sir Thomas Lipton, who shoveled coal in pay for his stolen passage on the Charleston steamer.—New York Journal.



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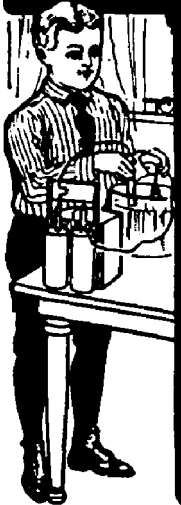
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Boy Money Makers and Money Savers

Jacob A. Riis on the American Boy.

Jacob A. Riis, whose services in looking after the welfare of the people in the slums of New York, and particularly the children, have so distinguished him as to earn for him the title, "the most valuable citizen of New York," recently delivered an address before Vassar Institute, in Poughkeepsie, on the subject: "True Americans." Among the many good things he said were these: "When you start to do something be sure you are right and then keep at it. Don't let any snag stop you. When you are doing right you are working with God, and you are bound to win with that sort of a partner. Of course you will make mistakes. I was often a regular lunkhead myself. President Roosevelt says the only man who never makes any mistakes is the man who doesn't do anything. You must learn by your mistakes, and when you have done the very best you can, don't cry over spilled milk. That's no good. The world was never so full of opportunities for one who is faithful as now, but we can't have a war every day in order to make heroes, and it isn't necessary. The beautiful thing about this country is that a man can do anything. He is not born in any particular class and told to stay there. He can turn his hand to all sorts of work. It is well to be well dressed but character is the main thing. Better be faithful than famous. The whole world is waiting for genuine men."

Mr. Riis spoke of his mother in Denmark who, he said, is the happiest woman in the world, although she has buried her husband and twelve sons, and he is the only one left and five thousand miles away.

"It is a great thing to be happy," said Mr. Riis, "and have all the fun you can. Mr. Roosevelt is the greatest man you ever saw for having fun when he is off duty. Not all true Americans were born in this country. There's my wife and I, we were born abroad. You were born here, but you didn't have anything to do with it, while we came here of our own choice. I think we may, therefore, be a little better Americans than you. A true American is the man who is right there when his country needs him, but it isn't always behind the drum. Sometimes it is in quite other ways. There was Teddy Roosevelt enforcing the laws as police commissioner in New York. He had taken the oath to enforce the law, and he understood that to mean that the law was to be enforced. Many prominent people, including some clergymen, asked him to use discretion, but he replied that there was nothing said about that when he took the oath. Thank the Lord for those who don't know anything about discretion in doing their duty. Isn't it easy to die for one's country? It is easy, but shan't we be willing also to live for our country?"

Printing Postage Stamps and Currency.

(Continued from Page 26)

but the task of finishing the two different products varies considerably. The postage stamps are gummed, and in this work great care must be exercised. The gumming is done by machinery, the sheets of stamps passing under glass rollers which spread on the mucilage, and then being carried by means of endless chains or belts through great boxes where a terrific heat is maintained so that the gum is dried in little more than a minute. Uncle Sam exercises great watchfulness as to the quality of the gum which is put on his postage stamps. The mucilage costs the government nearly \$50 a day and it is mixed very carefully in big kettles, each of which holds one hundred gallons. The mucilage used in summer is much harder than that used in winter. In order to equalize the effect of the weather on the adhesive. After the postage stamps have been gummed they are run through perforating machines, which are fitted with needles which puncture the tiny holes along the lines separating the stamps.

The sheets of paper money do not, of course, need to go through the gumming machine mentioned, but instead they are dipped in baths of glue and alum which give the paper the peculiar crisp, crackly character which makes new money so attractive. After this is done the notes are fed through an ingenious machine worked by a treadle which sets its own type and automatically numbers the notes from one to one billion, placing a different number, of course, on each bill.

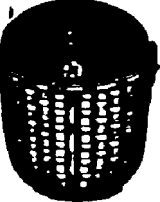
The Bureau of Printing and Engraving is one of the most closely guarded of the nation's workshops. Visitors are never admitted except between ten o'clock in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon. At night the treasure house is protected by a complete system of guards. Moreover, the government takes the utmost precaution to protect itself from dishonesty on the part of any of the twenty four hundred employees of the Bureau. On each hand press used in printing the postage stamps and currency is an automatic register, and if at the end of a day's work it does not show exactly the same number of impressions as sheets have been issued to the operator, he is not allowed to leave the building until he has either found the

missing sheets or paid for his loss. Thus, if a printer loses a sheet of two-cent stamps the sum of eight dollars is deducted from his salary. In branches of the Bureau where no single employee can be held responsible for a loss of this kind the entire force is kept imprisoned in the building until the lost material is found. On one occasion a number of workers had to remain until two o'clock in the morning before a mislaid sheet of currency was located.

Still greater precautions are taken to protect the steel plates from which the postage stamps and currency are printed. This is necessary because if any person secured one of these plates he could print postage stamps that would not in reality be counterfeits at all. What an immense task it is to care for these plates will be appreciated when it is explained that more than seventy thousand of them are in use in the Bureau. Every afternoon they are brought to two immense vaults and locked up for the night. The vaults are opened every morning at seven thirty o'clock by three men, each of whom has a separate lock to operate. If one of the three is absent it is impossible to loosen the bolts.

An office boy, whose employer had gone to a watering place for sea bathing, answered an inquirer who called at the office and asked for the employer by saying that he was away washing himself.

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The Syracuse Pony Club

HERE are a number of prize winning and exceedingly clever ponies and many accomplished whips among the juvenile drivers of Syracuse, N. Y. As equestrians the young people outpoint their elders in numbers, as the ponies are almost without exception combination harness and saddlers. In some instances there is more than one pony in a stable, and the children then drive out behind pairs and tandems.

At the recent horse shows at Kirk Park and at the New York State Armory in that city some of the best classes were those for ponies, and in most instances they were the best filled. They were all handled by their diminutive owners, who, whether in saddle or behind in trap or phaeton, were equally at home and rode and drove splendidly.

Little Miss Martha and Master Tyler Tift have two fine little animals in Jim Dandy and Dandy Jim, and a third pony, Prince, a five-year-old black gelding and standing eleven hands. Jim Dandy is an exceedingly smart little chap and shows off proudly. The children drive singly, as a pair, and tandem. Little Martha handles the reins well in tandem, despite the difficult driving due to the freedom of the leader.

Another pretty pair are those of Miss Margaret VanWagenen, who rides and drives equally well. Her little black ponies, Jimmie D., and Frankie E., aged eleven and ten years respectively and standing twelve hands, are well matched and very clever. She drives them tandem as well as in pair, handling the reins like a professional. Ginger owned by Frederic Perry is a bay gelding aged seven years and is eleven and a half hands. He has won his way into the good graces of judges and the public. He is well named, having lots of ginger, stepping as high as his diminutive legs will let him. This one is equally clever under saddle and generally trots out into the show ring with a ribbon fluttering from his bridle. The last honor won by Ginger was second prize among four hundred entries offered by a buggy company of South Bend, Ind., for the four best pictures of ponies put to a wagon of their make.

The children of E. N. Trump have an exceptionally nice pony in Tony, a seven-year-old brown gelding standing eleven hands. It steps off as smartly as any of the high actors, and has won prizes at three local shows and at the Boston Horse show this year.

There are many other pretty little turnouts in Syracuse, the ponies being the chief care and delight of their owners. The children all drive well, as they have little fear and seem to be in sympathy with their little animals. One thing to be commended in the riding of the young girls is that they all ride cross saddle, wearing divided skirts. It is far more comfortable for rider and

pony and considered much better for the health of the girls.

Perhaps the only pony which has not as yet found its way into the Syracuse Pony Club is Sorosis, the smallest and youngest. This little creature, a black and white gelding, stands but nine and a half hands and is only three years old. It was offered by the shoe department of D. McCarthy & Sons, to the child guessing the nearest to the number of pupils registered at the Syracuse public schools on March 26, 1903, and was won by Edward Baker of Marcellus. He was ill at his home when his guess was made. The trained nurse who was attending him came to Syracuse to purchase a pair of shoes and guessed within four of the correct number.

The officers of the Syracuse Pony Club are: President, B. W. Roscoe, Jr.; vice president, Miss Harriet Timmins; secretary, Wilbert Smith, Jr.; and treasurer, Miss Margaret VanWagenen.

Outings are taken into the country every Saturday by the club.

The following is an account that appeared in a local newspaper describing the club's first outing of 1903, taken to Liverpool, a distance of five miles:

Owing to the threatening weather only a few of the members of the Pony club went on the first outing of the season yesterday. Those who did go were caught in the rain on the way home in the afternoon. It was the first unpleasant day on which the club has held its outings since it was organized last summer.

It was the intention of the club to drive to the new home of Andrew S. White on the road to Fayetteville, where the members had been invited by the owner, but on account of the rain and muddy condition of the road it was decided to postpone visiting Mr. White until next week, the club voting to take a drive to Liverpool instead.

At ten o'clock Lewis Tallinger gave the signal with his bugle and twenty three young people, some on horseback and some in pony rigs, started. The procession was headed by the Perry pony, with Lewis Tallinger in the back seat of the tiny buckboard. The club made a pretty sight as it drove along, the bugle sounding every few moments. At half past eleven o'clock Liverpool was reached and the club went to the farm of James Loop, just outside the village. The ponies were tied in the orchard and after the boys and girls had explored the place they returned to their carts and ate lunch. They had hardly finished when it began to rain and as there was no place in which to put the ponies and rigs out of the rain it was decided to start for the city at once.

The ponies were soon hitched up and the journey homeward begun. When the stock farm of Harvey A. Moyer, where the club was so handsomely entertained last year, was reached the rain was coming down in torrents, so the club took

shelter in his large barns. The club was here over an hour and during that time the boys and girls amused themselves by petting the colts and making a tour of inspection through the large dairy. It stopped raining about two o'clock and the start homeward was made again. All went well until the city was reached, when it began to rain again, but this time the club kept on and the members reached their homes protected from the weather as best they could by blankets and robes.

Training Dogs.

In training a dog use system and regularity, taking a little time each day, and keeping your temper all the time. Begin by feeding him yourself, petting him, talking to him, playing with him. Teach him to come to you when called, first by offering him something to eat. If you haven't anything to give him when he comes, pet him. Don't whip him. Be careful not to cow his spirit. Love is better than lashes. Now teach him to lie down on command. Put one hand on each side of his head and say, "Jack, lie down," at the same time pressing steadily downward upon his head. Put his fore paws out before him and press his nose between them. Then say, "Get up, Jack." He will do this, probably, without any persuasion. Now teach him to fetch and carry. Repeat the name of the thing you want him to bring frequently. Show it to him. Open his mouth and close his jaw upon it, teaching him now to hold it. Then walk away, letting him follow you. If he drops the article put it in his mouth again. Throw it away a little distance, go with him to it, talking to him all the time, pick it up, put it in his mouth and return with him to the starting point. Do this over and over again. Do it ten times every morning and ten times every evening. Leaping over a broomstick, closing a door, and other tricks are all taught in the same way, first doing it for him, then doing it with him, and then having him do it alone. Keep your dog at your side as much as possible and talk to him. You will soon find that you will get on speaking terms with him.

Here is a girl's composition on boys: "Boys are men that have got big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and by. Men were made before women. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and then He made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR.
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

We regret that it seemed necessary to omit THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY department in this number of our paper. There is much company news in hand which will have to go over to the July number. In that number we shall hope to give THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY more than usual attention.

Twenty-four companies of the Order have been organized since the issuance of our May number, representing fifteen different states. Iowa and California lead with three each, and Ohio, Illinois, Texas and New Jersey with two each. The names of these companies will appear in the July number.

As announced in a circular letter to captains of companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, all of the companies will celebrate, May 23 as AMERICAN BOY Tree Planting day. We have furnished suggestions as to program and we hope to have good reports from the companies.

The remaining "Great Days" of the year for the Order are as follows: June 20—AMERICAN BOY FAIR; July 4—AMERICAN BOY INDEPENDENCE DAY; August 22—AMERICAN BOY CAMP FIRE AND CORN ROAST; September 19—AMERICAN BOY FIELD DAY; October 31—AMERICAN BOY HALLOWEEN; November 28—AMERICAN BOY CONGRESS; December 19—AMERICAN BOY ANNUAL BANQUET, PUBLIC MEETING AND ADDRESS.

Boys desiring to organize companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY may obtain a pamphlet from us containing directions. It is sent for a two-cent stamp.

There have been 176 companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY organized since January 1 last. The Executive Officers of the Order are getting up a form of initiation that shall be at the same time interesting and instructive. Suggestions from the members of the Order along this line will be gratefully received. We do not want to adopt a form of initiation like that of any other organization. Suggestions should be original and as unique as possible. We shall adopt only such as are innocent in their character and such as will teach a lesson and prove interesting to both the candidate and the members. Make a suggestion.

As the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, who is the President-General of the Order, will spend the summer in Europe, he will take occasion while there to confer with editors of boys' papers in Eng-

land on the advisability of planning and adopting a scheme for international correspondence among boys all over the world, so that every member of the Order may have, if he desires, a correspondent in whatever country he may select. Something definite regarding this will probably appear in our September number.

Companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY may avail themselves of the offer of The Home Magazine shown on page 238 without losing their identity and their connection with THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY; in other words, a company of the Order need not resign its connection therewith in order to accept the proposition made on that page.

PERRY CLUB FOR BOYS COMPANY, No. 19, Battle Creek, Mich., is in a very flourishing condition and has, at this writing, a membership of sixty. Meetings are held on Tuesday evenings at the Sanitarium Gymnasium under the direction of its physical director, C. J. Hopkins. The company yell is: "He, ho, he. Who are we? We are the boys of the O. A. B." At its annual election of officers, held February 25, 1903, Don Wilson was elected captain and the following lieutenants: Benny Dolby, Roy Voss, Carl Godfrey, Howard Nowland, Milan Rice, Leon Carl and Walter Pinch.

An Explanation.

There seems to be some confusion in the minds of our boys with reference to the degree ribbons and stamps given by us to the members of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, notwithstanding the fact that we have printed plainly from time to time the conditions under which these are given. Please note the following carefully:

Every member of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY is entitled, free of charge, to a badge or button, the captain's badge differing slightly from the private's badge. We give ribbon attachments for these badges to designate the degree the member has attained. Every member of the Order (private) is a First Degree member and is entitled, free of charge, to a First Degree ribbon for his badge. Every officer is a Second Degree member and entitled, free of charge, to a Second Degree ribbon. Every member, whether he be an officer or a private, who sends us one new yearly subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY is entitled to a Third Degree ribbon; when a member gets two new subscriptions he gets a Fourth Degree ribbon; for three new subscriptions a Fifth Degree; for five a Sixth Degree; for ten a Seventh Degree; for twenty five an Eighth Degree; for thirty five a Ninth Degree, and for fifty a Tenth Degree. It is the same way with the stamps. First Degree stamps are sent to every private, and Second Degree Stamps to every officer; and Third Degree stamps are sent to every member, either officer or private, who obtains one new subscription, and so on. When a member (private) of a company of the Order gets one new subscription he keeps his First Degree ribbon and gets a Third Degree ribbon in addition, wearing both. When an officer of a company gets one new subscription he wear two ribbons, one Second Degree and one Third Degree. When a member of a company, either officer or private, obtains two new subscriptions, he will return his Third Degree ribbon and stamps and we will send him a Fourth Degree ribbon and stamps, and so on.

REMEMBER, that degrees granted for obtaining new subscriptions are entirely separate and distinct from those originally granted to members of a company.

Pennants.

The demand for ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY pennants has been so great that we have finally made arrangements by which we are enabled to furnish them at small cost. Fifty cents will now buy a pennant in red, white and blue felt with the letters O. A. B. in blue on a white background. They are of the same size, material and make as the pennants of Yale, Harvard and other colleges and athletic clubs. Every member of the Order should have a pennant for his room, and every company should have at least one to decorate its meeting place. Any member of the Order or company going out and getting one new subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY can have a pennant as a premium for so doing.

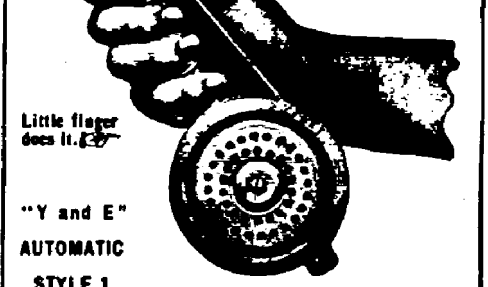
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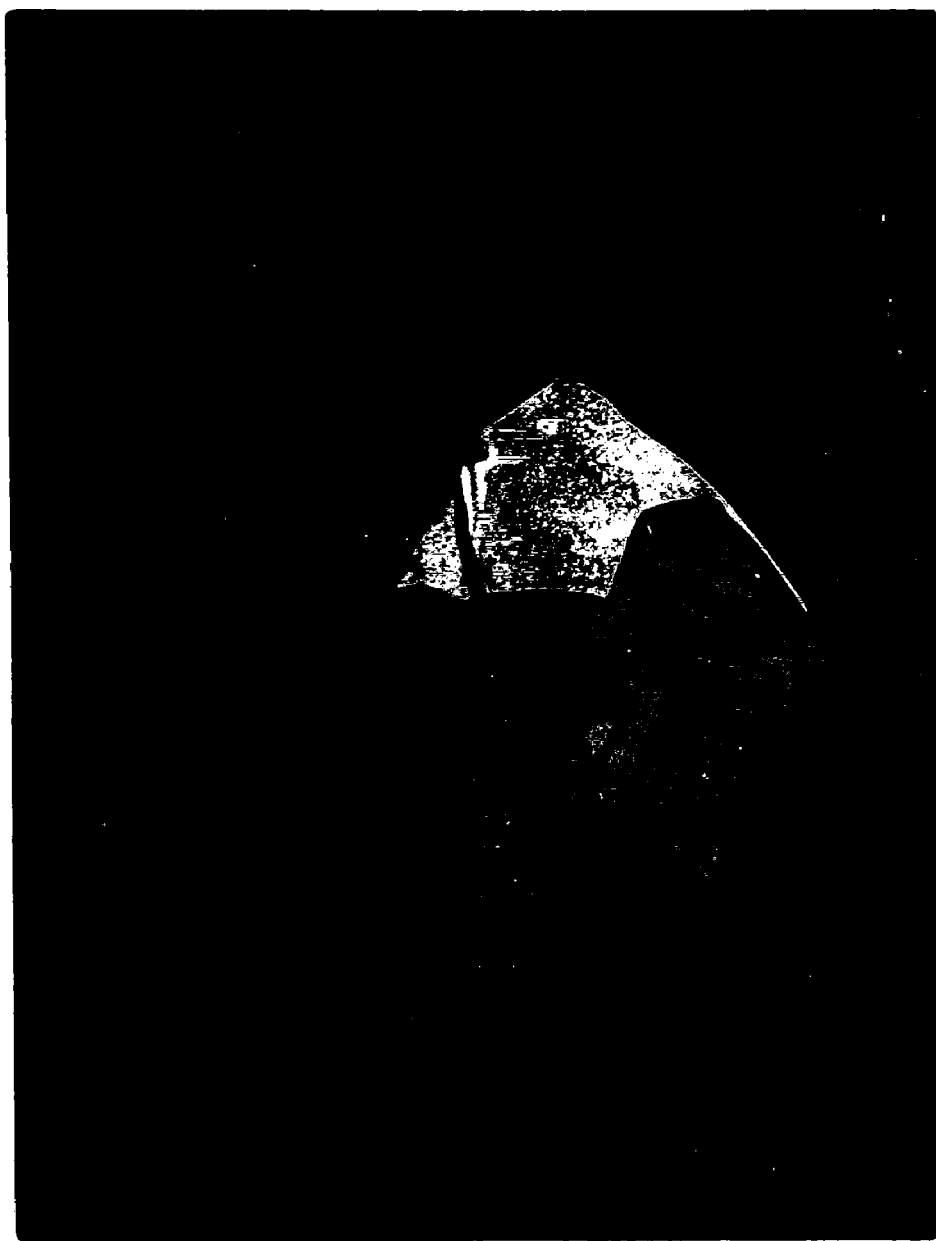
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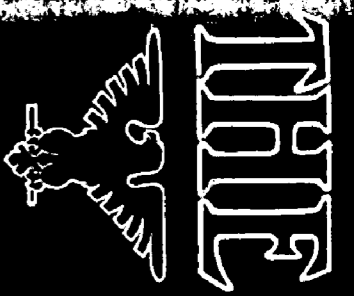
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THE AMERICAN BOY

JULY
1903

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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
DETROIT MICH.

Napoleon Bonaparte

A History Written for Boys by the Editor

CHAPTER XVIII.

ELBA—THE ONE HUNDRED DAYS—WATERLOO —ST. HELENA—THE END.

THE little island of Elba, the sovereignty of which the conquerors of Napoleon had decreed to him with a show of generosity, lay off the west coast of Italy two hundred miles from the coast of France, and boasted of a circumference of not over sixty miles and a population of about thirteen thousand. It was on May 4th, 1814, that Napoleon set foot within this little kingdom. What a fall was there from the Conqueror of Europe to the master of a little rocky island, not more than a prison at its best!

By permission of the allied powers the exiled emperor took with him eight hundred and fifty of the Imperial Guard, all picked men and all volunteers. With him also went Bertrand, Grand Master of the Palace, and some other intimate friends and servants, and later his mother, now seventy years old, and his sister Pauline joined him.

One reads with pathetic interest that while Napoleon was thus drinking the dregs of the cup of defeat, and turning his back upon his beloved France to suffer an ignominious exile, Josephine was dying at Malmaison with a prayer for him on her lips, and Maria Louisa and her son were enjoying the splendors of the court of the Austrian Emperor. By the terms of the agreement between the powers, Maria Louisa and her son were to be sent to Elba to join Napoleon, but through the intrigues of Maria Louisa's father, the Emperor of Austria, she was detained at Vienna, and finally permitted herself to engage in a folly that lost for her the reputation of a wife and mother. Constant, the son, grew up a dissipated youth and died at the age of twenty one of consumption.

Nor was this the only particular in which the conquerors of Napoleon showed lack of faith and disregarded their oaths. Napoleon was to receive a pension of \$400,000 a year from the French Government, but not a dollar of it was paid.

No sooner had Napoleon reached Elba than he set about with his accustomed energy to improve the condition of the people of his little kingdom, projecting great public improvements, examining every nook and corner of the rocky coast, studying the resources and capabilities of the soil and encouraging the people to work and to improve their condition. All this took money, and when the promised pension failed, he lost courage and patience. We may readily believe that this failure of the allies to do what they had agreed was what finally led Napoleon to formulate plans for a return to France and an effort to regain what he had lost.

The enemies of Napoleon, not being satisfied with robbing him of his wife and child and his pension, within a few months were found plotting to remove him from the island of Elba, which they suddenly decided was too near at hand, to the rock-bound prison of St. Helena, and hired assassins were sent to Elba and barely thwarted in their efforts to take his life.

Leaving Napoleon for the moment, surrounded by his seven hundred troops of the "Old Guard," in the company of his mother and his sister Pauline, trying as best he could with the little money at his command to keep up a show of dignity, and finding employment in the affairs of his little kingdom, let us turn again to France. Let us remember that it was Louis XVI. whose head had fallen from the block at the beginning of the Revolution. Louis XVII., as he is called, died as a mere boy. On the overthrow of Napoleon the Powers decreed that the brother of Louis XVI., who was then sixty years of age and living in England, should be King of France under the title of Louis XVIII.

It was on May 3rd, 1814, the day that Napoleon saw for the first time from the deck of the British vessel, "The Undaunted," his little island kingdom, that Louis XVIII. made his triumphal entry into Paris. But a few months passed ere the French, many of whom scarcely remembered the days of the Bourbon kings, got a taste of Bourbon rule. True, Louis XVIII., before taking the crown, had promised in writing, certain reforms; but scarcely was the ink dry upon the writing than he set about breaking his promises. Coming to the throne with the idea of the divine right of kings, and wishing to overthrow every semblance of authority that the people had gained, and to bring back the days of the old monarchy when the people had no right which the nobles were bound to respect, France soon awakened to a realization that something had gone out of its national life.

A congress of nations had been called to assemble at Vienna to settle matters of dispute that had arisen

out of the Napoleonic wars. While this congress was in session Napoleon, learning of the plot to remove him from Elba to St. Helena, determined that the time was ripe for him to return to France, rally about him his supporters, and seek to recover that which he had lost. It was a bold design, with less than a thousand men at his command and the armies of all Europe against him, but for months he had been secretly plotting with his friends throughout France and knew that the army was with him. He had given four hundred of his soldiers furloughs and, sending them to France, saw to it that they scattered themselves among the soldiery and revived the hope in the hearts of the heroes of Napoleon's battles that their old commander would soon return.

On the evening of February 25th, 1815, Pauline gave a ball to which all the officers of the Elbese army were invited. A brig and six small boats had been made ready and at midnight of that night the soldiers were mustered by beat of drum and found themselves on board ship ere they could ask for what purpose. When, far out at sea, they learned that they were bound for France, their joy was unconstrained, cries of "Vive l'empereur" arising on all sides. On March 2nd, after a perilous voyage during which the brig barely escaped capture, Napoleon and his men stood on the sacred soil of France. So quietly had the expedition been planned and so stealthily had it proceeded that not a soul believed it possible that Napoleon was present when a handful of men started on the road to Paris crying his name. Early the morning of their arrival the little force passed through the town of Grasse where the whole population was crowded out upon the road to receive him with every show of joy and affection. Two days later they reached Gap amid popular acclamations. Here he issued a proclamation with these ringing words:

"Soldiers, we have not been beaten. In my exile I have heard your voice. I have arrived once more among you, past all obstacles and all perils. * * * Take again the eagles which you furled at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Montmirail. Come and range yourselves under the banners of your old chief. Victory shall march at the charging steps. The eagle with the national colors shall fly from steeple to steeple—on to the towers of Notre Dame. In your old age, surrounded and honored by your fellow citizens, you shall be heard with respect when you recount your high deeds. You then shall say with pride: 'I also was one of that great army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, which took Rome and Berlin and Madrid and Moscow—and which delivered Paris from the stain printed on it by domestic treason and the occupation of strangers.'"

At one point Napoleon came upon a battalion sent to arrest his advance. Dismounting from his horse and followed by a hundred of his guard with their arms reversed, he strode forward to within a hundred paces of the enemy. Throwing open his surcoat and exhibiting the star of the Legion of Honor he cried: "If there be among you a soldier who desires to kill his general—his emperor—let him do it now. Here I am."

The miraculous influence of that voice and that presence drove every soldier in the opposing ranks into the arms of his old commander, and together they marched on toward Paris. Near Grenoble they came upon the Seventh Regiment of the line, and this, though commanded by an officer of noble family promoted by Louis XVIII., broke ranks, and shouting, "Long live Napoleon," joined themselves to the advancing columns, their commander himself placing upon his cap the tricolor cockade. Grenoble, itself, threw open its gates and Napoleon found himself dragged from his horse and borne aloft on men's shoulders to the center of the town. Now with 7,000 soldiers he advanced on Lyons, a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, but here, as elsewhere, opposition vanished at his approach. Lyons was the second city of France and he entered it in triumph.

An edict was sent out from Paris proclaiming Napoleon an outlaw and offering rewards for his capture. Then it began to dawn upon Louis XVIII. that the army and the people were with the "outlaw" and that nothing could prevent his taking possession of Paris itself. Indeed, at Lyons, Napoleon was issuing decrees and proclamations as of old, as the Emperor of the French. Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," volunteered his services and that of his troops to Napoleon, and on March 17th their forces were joined at Auxerre. On March 19th Napoleon slept once more at the chateau of Fontainebleau. On the 20th, in a carriage, Napoleon advanced toward Paris, right into the face of a large force prepared to defend the capital under Marshal MacDonald. No sooner was the person of Napoleon recognized by MacDonald's troops than they burst from their ranks and surrounded their old emperor with cries of congratulation and affection, MacDonald himself fleeing

to Paris. Already Louis XVIII. had heard the news and was fleeing to the frontiers of the Netherlands. On the evening of March 20th, barely twenty days since landing at Cannes, Napoleon entered Paris and was carried on the shoulders of his men up the great staircase of the palace of the Tuilleries. Never was such a scene witnessed in history, says Abbott.

The startling news that Napoleon was in Paris and that the king had fled broke like a bombshell on the congress at Vienna. At once on recovering from its surprise it issued a proclamation declaring that Napoleon Bonaparte had placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquility of the world he had rendered himself liable to public vengeance. Then Europe prepared once more for war.

A treaty was entered into by which England, Austria, Russia and Prussia bound themselves to each maintain 150,000 troops in arms until Napoleon should be either dethroned or reduced so low as no longer to endanger the peace of Europe. But so eager were his enemies, before sixty days had passed Napoleon found himself confronted by a combined army of over a million men, commanded by the Duke of Wellington.

After fortifying Paris Napoleon left that city on the 11th of June to measure himself against Wellington. At Beaumont on the 14th he reviewed his army of 135,000 men. On the 16th of June he announced two victories, those of Quatre-Bras and Ligny. In the former the English and the French each lost about 5,000 men, and in the latter the Prussians lost 20,000 and the French 15,000. In the former Wellington commanded the allied forces, and in the latter Blucher.

The allied forces now retired and took position near the village of Waterloo. The position of the Duke of Wellington was about a mile and a half in advance of the town on a rising ground having a gentle slope before it, and still farther on, a plain of about a mile in breadth. Beyond the plain were the heights of La Belle Alliance. The duke had with him 72,000 to 90,000 men. Blucher, with a like number of men, was but a few hours' march distant. Wellington formed his army into three lines, the first containing the best of his troops; the second such as had suffered in the battle at Quatre-Bras, and the third, the cavalry. The line was formed convex, dropping back toward a forest at either extremity in which in case of defeat it might find protection. Wellington had sent to Blucher asking that two divisions of Prussians be sent him, and Blucher had replied that he would march at once to his support. The roads were in horrible condition, the rain falling in torrents. Napoleon's purpose was to beat Wellington before Blucher could reach the scene. His army consisted of 70,000 men. Wellington's army had rested during the night; Napoleon's had been on the march. When Napoleon, from the heights of La Belle Alliance, saw the English army standing before him he cried:

"At last, then, I have these English in my grasp."

At eleven o'clock Sunday morning, the 18th, the French opened with their cannon, and Jerome Bonaparte, with 6,000 men, charged upon Wellington's right, with the result that the English withstood the onset and finally forced back the assaulting columns. Another attempt was made by a body of French infantry and cavalry on the English center, but without a result favorable to either side. Then another assault was made on the English right by the French cavalry. The English formed themselves in a double line of squares protected in front by a battery of thirty cannon. The French cavalry charged the artillerymen and drove them from their guns and then rode fiercely on the living squares, but they paid dearly for their bravery for the greater part of the attacking column was destroyed. By four o'clock the English had lost 10,000 and the French 15,000, five thousand men for every hour. It was then Napoleon saw that Blucher, at the head of his Prussian columns, had arrived, and it became evident that unless he could strike a decisive blow at once he must be overpowered. Forming his Guard—the flower of his army, the best fighting men in the world—into two columns, and putting at their head Marshal Ney he sent them against the English, who presented an unbroken front four deep, with the ends of the line moving forward. Into this concave line of living fire the brave heroes of Napoleon's army threw themselves with reckless abandon. Four battalions of the "Old Guard" had been left in the rear as a reserve about Napoleon. The Duke of Wellington placing himself at the head of his line gave the order to advance. Nothing could withstand the impetuous onset. Then Blucher, with his Prussians, struck the flank of the struggling Guards and sent them flying in every direction. Napoleon's last battle had been fought and his star had gone down. Forty thousand lay dead on the field of Waterloo.

Napoleon watched the course of events through his spy glass, and noting that his "Old Guard" had given way, shouted, "All is lost for the present!" and hurried off the field, riding toward Charleroi. Within twenty four hours he was in Paris, alone, and on the morning of June 22nd the following proclamation appeared, addressed to the French people:

"Frenchmen! In commencing war for the upholding of national independence I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills and all authorities. I had every reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the allies against me. Circumstances appear to be changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and to have aimed only at me! My political life is ended, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. The present ministers will provisionally form the council of government. Unite for the public safety if you would remain a nation. Done at the palace Elysee, June 22nd, 1815. NAPOLEON."

This terminates what is known as the second reign—"the one hundred days" of Napoleon. On the 24th of June the fallen Emperor retired to Malmaison, where he found himself watched by his enemies. On July 3rd he went to Rochefort with the intention of taking ship for America; but here he was informed that a British battleship was lying off the coast ready to intercept his passage. He now placed himself under the protection of England, voluntarily going on board the English ship, Bellerophon, and on the 23rd of July gazed for the last time on the coast of France. On July 31st an English officer appeared on board the Bellerophon and announced the final resolution of the British Government, namely: First, that General Bonaparte should not be landed in England but removed forthwith to St. Helena as being the situation in which, more than any other at their command, the government thought security against a second escape, and the indulgence to himself of personal freedom and all exercises might be reconciled. Secondly, with the exception of Savary and L'Allemand he might take with him any three officers he chose, as also his surgeon and twelve domestics.

Napoleon at once protested against being considered a prisoner of war, saying that he had come on board an English vessel as he would have entered an English village, voluntarily and not as a prisoner. He objected to the title given him, General Bonaparte, saying that he was as much the Emperor of Elba as Louis was King of France, and that the climate and confinement at St. Helena would kill him, ending with a statement that he would not go. Finally, however, he received with equanimity the word from Admiral Sir George Cockburn that he was ready to receive him on board the Northumberland and convey him to St. Helena, and embarked, taking with him Count and Countess Bertrand and their three children who had been with him at Elba, and four others, among them an Irish naval Surgeon. In addition, twelve upper domestics of the Imperial household followed their master, making twenty four in all. The British Government took possession of some \$20,000 which he had with him, announcing that

they would provide for his establishment. His plate, chiefly gold, and of much value, was left to him to do with as he pleased.

On the 15th of October, 1815, after a voyage of about seventy days, the Northumberland reached St. Helena. Landing, Napoleon took up his residence in a small cottage until a suitable abode could be prepared for him. In the course of two months a villa was made ready and the fallen Emperor took possession of it December 10th.

In this villa he had for himself a suite of rooms consisting of salon, eating room, library, billiard room, small study, bedroom and bathroom. He had a good library, superior servants and some \$50,000 a year, with the understanding that if he required more it would be forthcoming. With an officer in attendance, he was permitted to go over any part of the island to the extent of twelve miles, and without an attendant he could go for a distance of four miles. All of his correspondence had to pass through the hands of the governor of the island. His person was required once in every twenty four hours to be visible to some British officer.

Napoleon's life at St. Helena in ordinary times appears to have been as follows: He rose early and at once either took a horseback ride or dictated some part of the history of his life. He breakfasted about ten or eleven, read or dictated until between two and three, and then received visitors. He afterwards rode for several hours and then read or dictated until nearly eight, at which time dinner was served. A game of chess, a French tragedy read aloud, or conversation closed the evening. All through his life he had seemed to need little sleep, so that after he had retired he generally had some one read to him until far into the night.

Napoleon was very careful of his person; his dress at St. Helena was that of an emperor—a green uniform faced with red of the chasseurs of the Guard, with the star and cordon of the Legion of Honor.

From the spring of 1817 Napoleon's health gradually failed, and with the weakening of his health his mind weakened also. Fits of long silence and profound melancholy were now frequent. He was accustomed to saying, "Now I am nothing—my strength and faculties forsake me—I no longer live; I only exist."

During ten days in April, 1821, he occupied himself with drawing up his last will, in which he bequeathed his Orders and a specimen of every article in his wardrobe to his son. He gave directions that his body should be opened after death that information as to the cause of his death might be sent to his son. He described to the priests on the island the manner in which he wished his body to be laid out, saying: "I believe in God and am of the religion of my father. I was born a Catholic and will fulfill all the duties of that church and receive the assistance which she administers."

On the 3rd of May the last sacraments of the

church were administered to him. On the 4th and 5th a tremendous storm swept over the island, and at half past five in the evening of the 6th he pronounced the words, "France, the Army, Josephine," and passed away.

Napoleon's age at the time of his death was fifty two. The cause of his death was cancer of the stomach. It was his desire that his body should be buried on the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom he had loved so well, but this was impossible, so a grave was prepared near the villa in which he had died, under weeping willows, where he had long had his favorite evening seat. Prepared for burial the body was clothed in the uniform of the chasseurs of his Guard, and viewed by the whole population of the island. Each officer, pausing in turn before the body, pressed respectfully the cold hand of his dead commander. Over his feet was spread the military cloak which he wore at Marengo. A party of English Grenadiers bore the body to the tomb; the Admiral's ship fired minute guns, while the priest read the service of the church. Upon the coffin when lowered into the grave was placed a great stone.

Men will go on to the end of time discussing and disputing over the character of Napoleon. There was much in him that was admirable; much that deserves our respect and praise. How much of the errors of his life were due to a sincere love of his country and a desire to serve her, we shall never know. "Fortune spoiled him" might well be written as an epitaph on his monument. Before he was thirty years old he was the master of great power and the mover of great events. Without condoning his faults we can at least express a wonder that amid the glare of earthly glory and temptation this man should remain so strong, so brave, so resolute, so virtuous to the end. No one who studies the changes wrought in France and throughout Europe as a result of his life can say that his career was an unmixed evil. He broke down the barriers everywhere of custom and prejudice, and taught the equality of men before the law as they had never learned it before. Distinctions of caste built upon hereditary right gave place to distinctions grounded upon merit. Napoleon was a despot and a tyrant, but in the main, he used his despotism and his tyranny to establish law and order, to spread the blessings of education and to elevate true manhood and womanhood.

Nearly twenty years after the death of Napoleon (October 15, 1840) his sepulchre was opened, and the body of the illustrious dead carried to the French ship, Bellepoule, by the son of Louis Philippe, and borne to the shores of France. On December 8th the vessel reached the mouth of the Seine, greeted by the loving acclaim of a whole nation. Napoleon had re-entered France in glory. On December 15th, amid unequalled pomp and ceremony the body of the dead emperor was borne to the Invalides, where about it France gathered in veneration and love. On the coffin lay the chapeau the hero wore at Eylau, his sword and imperial crown; and over these waved the standards taken at Austerlitz. The resting place of Napoleon was at last upon the banks of the Seine among the people he loved.

A BOY WHO MUST BE A KING—By M. W.

Suppose that some of our American boys are unwise enough to think that it would be a fine thing to be a prince or a king, and that such a position must be infinitely better than that of a freeborn American boy. There is a boy across the seas who probably does not hold to this opinion. He is a prince and it is probable that he will some day be a king, and this fact keeps him from having anything like the good time enjoyed by hundreds of our bare-footed American boys, who are never likely to be anything more exalted in position than carpenters or farmers or blacksmiths or men of equally useful and honorable occupations. This boy is heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and he is in training for the time when his head must support a crown. If one of our American boys had to go into such training he would want to "throw up his job" after a few weeks of it and be just a plain, every-day boy without any of the "bother" of getting ready to be a king.

The life of a boy who is to wear the ermine and a crown is one of constant obedience to fixed rules and laws. He has little freedom of thought or action and all of his time must be spent in fitting himself for his future and wearing some duties, the duties that make true the words:

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Weary is the head of the young Prince Carl. From the time he rises in the morning until he goes to his bed at night every hour has its appointed duty from which there is no escape. He studies more hours a day than any boy of his years ever thinks of studying in America, and he has less than three hours in twenty four for pure recreation. His studying is done under the direction of tutors, and he has no boy associates. It would not be proper in the eyes of his future subjects nor in the estimation of his family for a crown prince to associate with other boys and share their sports and other pleasures, so young Carl's associates are all men. He attends a public school for a short time every day, but his tutor goes with him, and



CARL FRANZ, CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

he is not permitted to have anything to do with the boys of the school, because he is to be their future king, and it would not do for him to put himself on a level with them even in play.

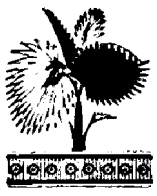
Life is not easy, it is not happy. It is not joyous for this little crown prince of Austria-Hungary. He has none of the real joys of childhood that make glad all the future years of a boy's life. He must even in his childhood years give his thought to the political situation in his country, and he must spend hours in listening to instruction regarding political problems. There are a great many different languages spoken in his country, and he must learn all of them so that he can converse with all of his subjects. He must be "posted" on everything that is going on in his future kingdom and he could tell you that it is anything but a "soft snap" to be a prince and a probable king. He knows nothing nor will he ever know anything of the delights of "shinny," of baseball, of going to the circus, of the supreme delight of going in swimming. He must be what no real boy of his years ever wants to be—dignified.

The life of the average American boy is about as free from care, as full of boyish happiness and the natural and rightful prerogatives of childhood and boyhood as the life of any boy on earth, and there is no happier boy than the one in the ordinary walks of life. Nor is there in all the world a more fortunate boy than the one upon whom there rests the responsibility of bringing all of the powers of his young manhood into play in the earning of his own living. The boy who does this and who does it well and faithfully has no call to envy any king or prince on earth. To be a man among men is to be more than a mere prince or a king.

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Nita—A Tomboy Soldier

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

THE answer was a volley of shots, to which the defenders of the temple did not reply, as they were anxious not to throw away a shot. Emboldened by the silence, the others gradually approached, keeping up a continued fire. When they were within eighty yards the defenders' rifles broke out with a steady and deliberate fire. By the time the magazines were emptied, the enemy were in full flight, leaving six dead upon the ground, while several of the others were wounded.

"I expect that will sicken them effectually," Carter said, "and that, at any rate, they will not attempt to renew the attack until it becomes dark again. I think we had better wait an hour and see what they intend doing."

The hour was just up when a white figure was seen high up on the hillside, making his way cautiously along the face of the precipitous hill.

"What is the distance do you think?" Carter said.

"Eight or nine hundred yards I should say."

"I suppose it is about that, well, they must be stopped if possible; and leveling his rifle he took a long, steady aim and fired. The man was seen to start as the bullet sung up close to him. "You can beat that, Miss Ackworth," he said, in a tone of disgust.

"I will try, anyhow," she said, "but the range puzzles me, the man being so far above us." She steadied her rifle against a stone and fired. The man was seen to disappear behind a rock.

"A splendid shot," Carter exclaimed.

"I am not sure that I hit him, I think he fell at the flash. However, there is a vacancy between that stone and the boulder ahead of it."

It was five minutes before any movement was seen, then the man started forward suddenly. Nita was kneeling with her rifle aimed at a spot half-way between the two stones, and as he crossed she touched the trigger. This time there was no mistake; the man fell forward on his face and lay there immovable.

"I have no doubt that they are watching down below, and when they saw him fall no one will care to follow his example. Now, I think we had better be moving. We must risk meeting people coming over the path. If we can get over the worst of it, we must seek shelter and then climb the mountain on whichever side appears easiest."

No time was lost. It was still early, for daylight was scarcely breaking when the attack had taken place. Leaving the temple they started at once, traveling as fast as the pony could pick its way up the steep path. Two hours later they crossed the summit and saw far in the distance two men coming up. There was fortunately some shelter near, where they lay hidden until the men had passed, and then continued their journey. They were three-parts of the way down the path when on their right hand side they found a slope that seemed passable, and they made their way up slowly and cautiously till they reached a plateau, the mountain still rising steeply on their right. All day they traveled along parallel to this, and late in the afternoon saw an opening in the mountain range. They halted now, lit a fire in a declivity and cooked some food, and then confident that they were well beyond the range likely to be searched, they lay down to sleep.

A start was made at daybreak. They found the difficulties in crossing the range enormous, and had frequently to retrace their steps, but at last struck the head of a small ravine and decided to follow it; and late in the evening found themselves at a spot where the ravine widened into a valley. They waited until morning when they were able to obtain a view of the valley. It was of no very great extent—about a quarter of a mile wide and half a mile long, and contained but a solitary village. They remained quiet all day and at nightfall moved along the valley to the side opposite the village. They found that a small stream ran through it and they decided to follow its course, the next morning halting well inside its gorge.

"It is strange," Nita said, as they settled themselves for rest, "how these narrow gorges can have cut their way through the mountains."

"Yes; it can only be that ages since these valleys were all deep lakes. At the time of the melting of the snows they overflowed—no doubt in some places the strata is softer than others—till each reached the level of the one next to it. Then, of course, the work stopped but the water would run off as fast as it fell.

"It must have taken an enormous time," Nita said,

"for the hills bordering the ravines must in some places be three or four thousand feet high."

"Fully that. It certainly gives us a wonderful idea of the age of the world, and the tremendous power exercised by water; in dry weather these ravines formed the chief roads of the country, though some no doubt are so blocked with boulders fallen from above, that they cannot be used by laden animals. I fancy there is not much communication between the valleys. They are governed by their chiefs and it is only in case of common danger that they even act together. They prize their independence above all things, and are ready to gather from all parts of the country for common defense. No white men except ourselves, I feel certain, have yet ever entered these valleys, and the inhabitants are absolutely convinced that their ravines and passes are impregnable. No doubt at some time or other the British will be driven to send an expedition to convince them to the contrary. I think that if there were no such things as guns their belief in their impregnability would be well justified, for they are brave and hardy, and thoroughly understand how to take advantage of the wonderful facilities of their ground for defense, and even in the most remote valleys they have managed to accumulate a store of first-rate rifles.

"How they have got them is a mystery. A good many, perhaps, have been carried off by deserters from our frontier regiments. Many of these enlist solely for this purpose. They serve faithfully for a time, but at the first opportunity make off with the rifles. Still numerous as these desertions are, they would not account for a tithe of the rifles in the hands of the tribesmen. Some, I fancy, must be landed by rascally British dealers, in the Persian Gulf, or on the coast of Biluchistan. Some have been imported by traders from India. At any rate it is unquestionable that a vast number of rifles are in the hands of the Afridis, and will give us a world of trouble when we set ourselves in earnest to deprive them of them."

"I wonder that the government doesn't forbid the exportation of rifles altogether," Nita said, with anger.

"It would be well if they did so, but there are difficulties in the way. The Indian princes buy them in large quantities for their followers, and nominally they are no doubt imported for that purpose, but when well up country they are taken north and disposed to the Afridis, who are ready to pay any price for them, for an Afridi values nothing as he does a good rifle, and he would willingly exchange wife or child to get possession of one."

"But nobody wants to buy a wife or child," Nita said. "It doesn't seem to me that they possess any sort of property that would pay for the rifles by the time they got there."

"I fancy they are paid for largely in cattle. Herds are driven down the country and no watch that we can keep can prevent the traffic, which is always nominally at some large town well past the frontier where the rifles can be privately disposed of in batches."

"I think it ought to be stopped altogether," Nita said, indignantly; "the people of the towns can do very well without Afridi cattle, and if not, they should be made to. It would be much better for them to have to pay an anna extra a pound for their meat, than for us to have to spend hundreds of lives and millions of pounds in getting the rifles back again."

"Yes, there are many things that we soldiers who are only here to do the fighting, can make neither head nor tail of. If India were governed by soldiers instead of civilians, things would be very differently managed. As it is we can only wonder and grumble. The authorities are so mightily afraid of injuring the susceptibilities of the natives that they pamper them in every way, and even then it is manifest that the whole of the community suffer by their so doing. It is more ridiculous, because, in the old days, their own rulers paid not the slightest attention to these same susceptibilities, or to the likes or dislikes of the tribes of any kind."

"It is all very strange," Nita said, "and very unaccountable."

"Every one on the frontier knows that sooner or later we shall have to deal with the Afridis and that it will be an enormously difficult and expensive business and will cost an immense loss of life."

"Don't let us talk about it any more; it puts me out of all patience with such folly."

The journey was resumed the next morning and continued day after day and week after week. Sometimes they were obliged to turn quite out of their

direct course and they had to run considerable risks to obtain fresh supplies for themselves and forage for the pony. Both were obtained by entering villages at night and filling their sack from stacks of grain and forage. The first they pounded between flat stones as they sat by their fire, and so made a coarse meal which they generally boiled into a sort of porridge, their saucepans being gourds cut in the fields. Meat they had less difficulty about, as Carter managed, when necessary, to kill a bullock and take sufficient meat for a ten days' supply.

They seldom caught sight of a villager when traveling through the valleys, for the Afridis had a marked objection to moving about after nightfall. Once or twice one or two of them approached them but Carter raised such a loud and threatening roar, that they in each case retreated in all speed to their village, which they filled with alarm with tales of having encountered strange and terrible creatures.

Gradually the difficulties decreased, the mountains became less precipitous, the valleys larger and more thickly inhabited, a matter which caused them no inconvenience, as they always traversed them at night. During the whole extent of their journey Carter had filled Nita's note book with sketches and maps, which, as the country was wholly unexplored, would be of great advantage to an advancing army when properly copied out on a large scale. He was clever with his pencil, and Nita used to be greatly interested in his lively little sketches of the scenery through which they passed.

"It will be very useful to me," he said, "and in the event of trouble, should go a long way towards securing me a staff appointment, for in such a case these sketches and maps would be invaluable, and I should get no end of credit for them."

"So you ought to," Nita said, "you have taken a lot of pains about them, and any one could find their way back by the route we have come."

"I have my doubts about that," he said, "that is if I were not with them to point out the places we have passed. I should find it difficult myself, for we have come by a very devious road. Of course, I have had no chance whatever of getting compass bearings, and have only been able to put them in by the position of the sun. And besides, a great part of our journey has been done by night. Although, of course, I can indicate the general direction of the valleys through which we have passed, our routes at night among the mountains are necessarily little more than guess work, for except when we had the moon we had practically nothing else to tell us of position, or the direction in which we were going."

"We had the stars," Nita said, severely.

"Yes, when I get back and work out the position of the stars it will, of course, help me a great deal, and the polar star especially has been of immense use to us. In fact, except when there was a moon, we could not have traveled without it."

"I am sure it will all come right when you work it out," Nita said, confidently, "and that you will get an immense deal of credit for it. It has been a jolly time, hasn't it, in spite of the hard work and the danger. I know that I have had a capital time of it, and as to my health, I feel as strong as a horse, and fit to walk any distance, especially since my feet have got so hard."

"It is a time that I shall always look back upon Miss Ackworth, as one of the most pleasant memories. You have been such a splendid comrade, that thanks to your pluck and good spirits, no words can express how much I feel indebted to you."

"Oh, that is all nonsense," she said, "of course I have done my best, but that was very little."

"You may not think so, but in reality I owe you not only my escape, and the various suggestions which have been of so much use to us, as for example, our hiding in that place close to the road instead of starting up into the hills, where we should have certainly been overtaken, but on many another occasion, too, to say nothing of the constant cheeriness of your companionship. It has certainly been very strange, a young man and a girl thus wandering about together, but somehow it has scarcely felt strange to me. The defense of the fort brought us very close to each other, and we were so far fortunate that it prepared us for this business. However, I agree most thoroughly with you, that in spite of the hardships and dangers we have had to go through, our companionship has been a very pleasant one."

"Oh, dear," Nita sighed, "how disgusting it will be to have to put on girl's clothes again, and settle down into being stiff and proper. Fancy having to learn school lessons again after all this."

CHAPTER VIII.

At length they came upon a burned village whose walls showed the marks of cannon shot and shrapnel. The towers had been blown up and the valley appeared to be entirely deserted.

"This is a good sign," Carter exclaimed; "this work is evidently quite recent, and no doubt is the result of a punitive expedition sent out to revenge the destruction of the fort. I expect from here onwards we shall find that every village has been destroyed. Of course, we must still travel cautiously; the natives will doubtless be returning and setting about rebuilding their homes—still, we are not likely to meet many of them."

Continuing their journey, they found traces of fire and sword everywhere. "The work has been done well and thoroughly," Carter said, "there is not a roof left standing. I have no doubt every village on our frontier has been visited and punished. It was the most serious attack that has been made for years on one of our border forts, and you may be sure that no pains were spared to make the punishment proportionate to the offense. There will not be many rifles left in this part of the country, and you may be sure that all will have to be handed in. I don't want to run any risks, but if we did fall in with the natives I should doubt if, after this punishment, any of them would dare to meddle with us."

Presently, indeed, they did fall in with a dozen natives. These were evidently returning to their homes. They were armed only with old muskets, and, seeing the three rifles carried by the strangers, they simply saluted and walked on.

"We may fairly consider ourselves among friends, at least among men who no longer venture to be enemies. I fancy I know this village. It is about fifty or sixty miles from the fort; I rode out here with a troop to demand the instant delivery of some cattle that had been stolen from across the frontier. The country is fairly open all the way, and we shall have no difficulty whatever in our journey."

They now pressed forward with all haste, traveling by day, and on the evening of the second day from leaving the village they saw, far out on the plain, a group of white tents. As they came nearer they saw that a considerable number of men were employed in rebuilding the houses in the fort and in adding additional works round them. The sun was just setting as they arrived at the edge of the camp.

Evident surprise was shown by the soldiers at the appearance of two officers in khaki. Their uniforms were in ribbons, and so dirty and travel-stained that it was difficult to make out that they were officers. Presently one of the soldiers recognized Carter and raised a shout, and immediately the soldiers flocked round them, cheering loudly at the reappearance of their officer, whom they had deemed had died months before at the capture of the fort.

No one noticed Nita, who, seized with a new shyness, followed Carter, who could move but slowly, for the soldiers pressed forward to shake his hand. Soon some officers appeared on the scene, and these, too, gave the lieutenant an enthusiastic welcome.

"Who is it you have with you?" one of these asked. "I will explain to you later on," Carter said. "At present I want to go to the major's tent. I hope he is here."

"Yes, he is here, poor fellow, but he is quite a changed man. He is frightfully cut up at the loss of his daughter."

"Did he find her body?" Carter asked innocently. "No, it was doubtless among those destroyed by fire in the mess-house. We thought that you were there also, but on uncovering the ruins we found nothing but a charred mass of bodies utterly unrecognizable. There, that is the major's tent. He is standing at the door, waiting, no doubt, to ascertain the cause of the hubbub."

As Carter approached the entrance to the tent, the major stepped forward, having gathered from the shouting who the ragged figure approaching him was. He shook the lieutenant cordially by the hand.

"I am glad, indeed, to find that you are alive, Carter," he said. "Everyone thought that there was not a single survivor of the massacre; though we did

hear that two Indian officers had survived, and only last week we sent off into the mountains to offer terms for their return."

"I will enter your tent, if you will allow me, major. I have something of importance to tell you."

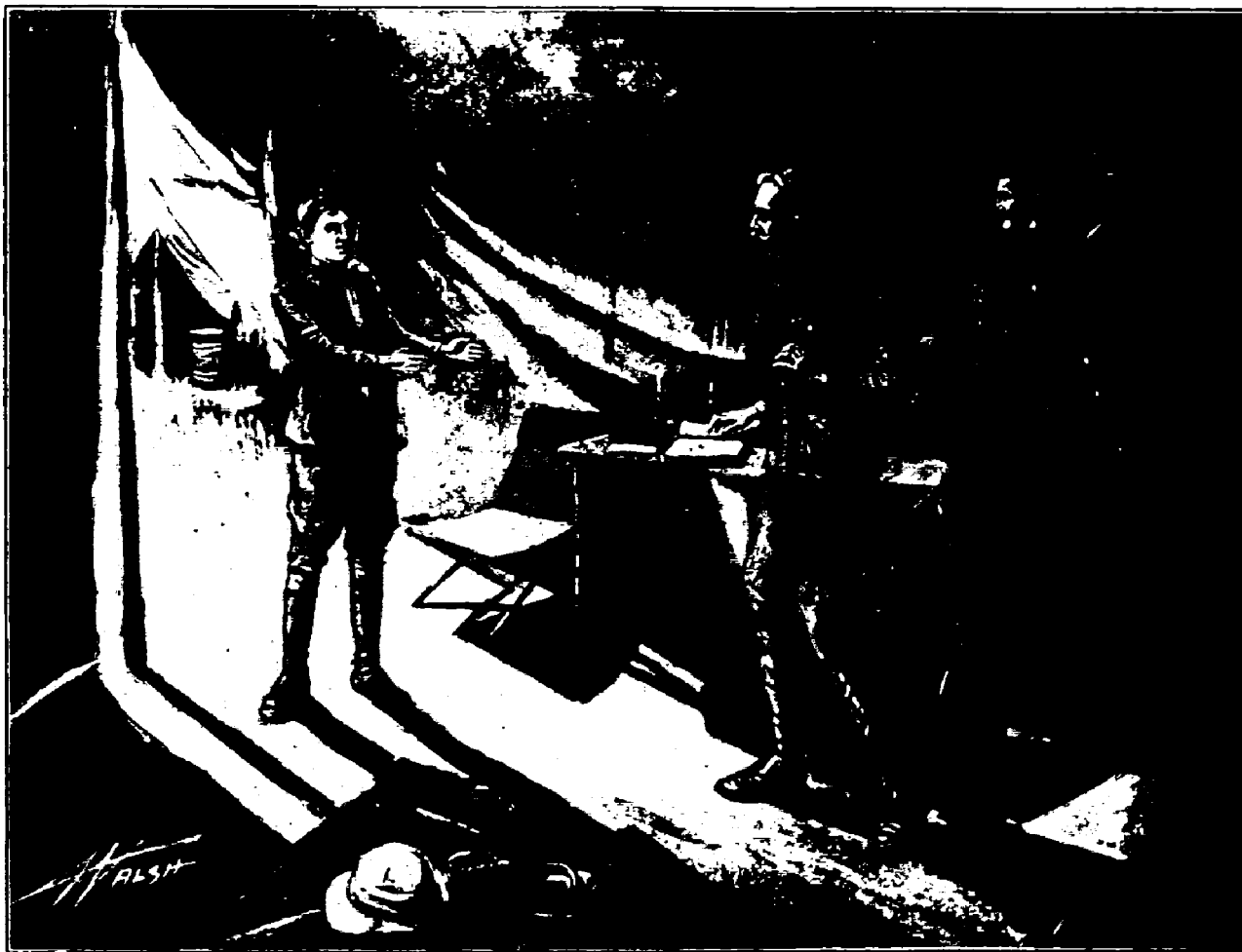
The major entered, followed by Carter, with Nita three or four paces behind him. The major, who had not before noticed the lieutenant's young companion, looked at "the lad" in surprise. Then he staggered a pace or two back as Nita, holding out her hands, exclaimed, "Don't you know me, father?"

With a hoarse cry the major held out his arms and Nita ran into them, while Carter at once left the tent.

For a time the major could only murmur exclamations of thankfulness, but as he calmed down at last, he asked, "What are you doing in this masquerade, Nita?"

"The explanation is this, father. When the place was attacked I dressed myself up in a suit of Carter's, because I was determined to fight till the last and be killed rather than be carried away a captive. I did fight, father, and was at the last knocked down with the butt end of a rifle, and left for dead, but by the next morning I recovered consciousness and when they examined the bodies they found that I was sensible; but Carter was still insensible. We were carried off, in different directions, the idea being, I suppose, either for ransom or to pacify you if you should bring an expedition into the mountains."

Then she gave a full account of their wanderings, keeping herself entirely in the background and giving all the credit to Carter.



"Don't you know me, Father?"

"But if you and he were carried off by different parties, how did you come together again?"

"I got away eventually and made my way over the hills to where I had learned that he was confined; and then he got away and joined me. We have been two months in the mountains together traveling all the time."

"But how did you get food?"

"I stole a good part of it, father. I suppose I ought to be ashamed of having done so, but it was absolutely necessary. Before I escaped I stole it gradually till I had a sack full; then I stole a pony to carry it, and a skin of water. This supply lasted us over a fortnight. Carter went down sometimes into the valley and killed a bullock, and kept us well supplied with meat. As to the grain, we occasionally rifled a village storehouse, so we really were never short of food, though I must say that I shall be very glad to have a piece of good bread between my lips again."

"I should not have known you in the least," the major said; "you are altered a good deal, but Carter is much more so. Of course, the lieutenant has had no opportunity of shaving since he has been away, and so has grown quite a respectable beard. Now, I suppose the first thing that you would like to do would be to get into your own clothes again. Your trunk with them is still in the inner tent."

"I should, indeed, father. Of course, I got quite accustomed to these when I was a prisoner, and have had no time to think about them since. But I did

not even feel strange in them when the attack upon the fort was going on. But it would be terrible to be seen again wearing a man's uniform here."

"Well, my dear, while you are changing I will go across to the mess-room. No doubt all the officers are gathered round there to hear Carter's story."

The major returned an hour later. Nita, except that her hair was still short, and her face and hands sunburnt, was herself again.

"Do you know, father," she said, as he entered, "I feel horribly uncomfortable in these clothes. Of course, I shall get accustomed to them in time, but at present they seem to cling about me in a most uncomfortable way."

"You would have been pleased, my dear, if you had heard the hearty cheering there was in the mess-tent when I told them who Carter's companion was, for he has kept a profound silence on the subject, and had simply told them that it was a fellow-captive. I never saw men more pleased, and it shows how popular you are in the regiment. But Carter has told us a very different tale from what you told me. He went, of course, much more into detail, and the details related largely to your doings. First of all he gave us a description of the siege and of the desperate stand made when the Afridis burst in, and how you fought until the last little group were overpowered. Then he told us how, when he recovered consciousness, he found himself carried along, and how, after some days' travel, he was imprisoned in the upper room of one of their fortified houses. He said that when he recovered consciousness he

found the captivity was exceedingly strict, and that no real hope of escape entered his breast until one morning he found a note from you fastened to an arrow lying on the ground.

"It told him that you would shoot another arrow in that night with a string fastened to a rope attached to it. Then he went on to tell how, when he got down, you took him to your camp, an hour and a half away, where you had a pony and a large sack of provisions. He says that during your travels you showed a marvelous amount of pluck and endurance, and that in the first skirmish that occurred you shot two out of the three of your assailants, and that, in consequence, you both became possessed of rifles which you used to good purpose when you were afterwards seriously attacked. He said that it was entirely due to your suggestions that you both concluded that large bodies of tribesmen would be at once sent out in search of you. You advised that you should take shelter among rocks but a few yards away from the spot where you were attacked, as it was not at all likely that your enemies would begin their search so near to the scene of action. Altogether, he gave you the highest credit."

"Then he was both foolish and wrong, father," Nita said, angrily, "and I am sure that you will admit that I always followed his advice without question, but indeed, except in the way of travel, and we did go through an awfully rough country, and had continually to change our course to avoid impossible difficulties, we really had no adventures to speak of. Of course, we were greatly helped by the Afridi custom of staying indoors after nightfall."

The next day Nita held a sort of reception, and was called upon by all the officers of the regiment. Whereas during her journey she had felt no feeling of shyness, she now felt timid and embarrassed, but, as her father told her, this feeling would wear off before long.

A few days later, however, the major sent Nita down to Calcutta to a school kept by an English lady. And it was two years before she rejoined the regiment. She found that several changes had taken place. Carter had obtained his company and had received very high credit for the sketches and maps that he had furnished of the hitherto unknown country. Of course, they could no longer remain in the same relation as before, but it was not long before it was evident that he had not forgotten their perilous journey together. Within a month they were engaged, with her father's complete approval, for Carter, in addition to his captain's pay, possessed an income of four hundred pounds a year. Since then he had passed through the Tirah campaign, where his maps proved of great value and gained for him a brevet majority. And with his cherished companion, who has become his wife, his life bids fair to be a perfectly bright and happy one.

[THE END.]

THE LOST CANNON

OR HOW
SANTA BARBARA
CELEBRATED
THE FOURTH



THE difference between the beginnings of civilization on the Pacific coast and on the Atlantic was as wide as the continent that separates them, though they had many points in common. The Pacific had its discoverers, its explorers, its Pilgrim Fathers from across the sea, its Mayflower and Plymouth Rock, its Indians and massacres, its hardships, privations and religious persecutions, its freedom to be gained from an oppressive mother country, and its internal difficulties—but all totally unlike those on the New England shore.

When the old Liberty Bell pealed forth its message to the world, the Mission bells of California were ringing another message to a people different from any ever known to William Penn or Captain John Smith. And strangely enough, each was unconscious of what was happening on the opposite side of the continent, and it was only when the eastern civilization spread to the west that the two were united and their histories became one.

Santa Barbara had originally been a populous Indian rancheria. Then it became a Spanish fort and mission, then a Mexican town, and finally the east touched the west and it became American, all these changes—from the arrival of the Mission Fathers at the Indian village to the possession of California by the United States—within a period of sixty five years. And one may see on the streets of Santa Barbara today the four successive races: Indian, Spanish, Mexican (or Californian, as we now say), and American; to say nothing of the Chinese and other nationalities that have since appeared.

When a territory is transferred from one government to another the people must go too, regardless of their wishes in the matter, and they often offer resistance, as in the Philippines, and have to be subdued. They do not like being handed over to the "enemy."

However, when their country was ceded by Mexico to the United States in January, 1847, the Californians accepted the situation with good grace, though soldiers were stationed at the different places to maintain the government and to guard against possible uprisings. Some three hundred soldiers were stationed at Santa Barbara.

It was about a year later, according to one version of the story, that the American brig Elisabeth was wrecked off the shore. Its cannon was among the articles saved, but having lost its carriage it was useless and was left on the beach, where for months it was a familiar object, no one dreaming of the trouble it was destined to make.

Then old ocean played a prank that threatened dire disaster, but through the sagacity of a Spanish resident, ended in a most glorious Fourth that made everybody happy, and still brings a smile to the face whenever its memory is recalled.

One day in May somebody observed that the cannon had disappeared. This filled the captain in charge of the soldiers with apprehension and alarm. A careful search failed to reveal its hiding place. The more the captain dwelt upon it the greater the mystery grew and he became convinced that the Californians had secreted the gun to attack his forces in case of a rebellion, which they were probably planning. At a cost of four hundred dollars, it is said, he sent a courier posthaste to the headquarters at Monterey with the ominous tidings.

As a result, orders were issued that the town be laid under tribute for five hundred dollars, to be assessed as follows: A capitation tax of two dollars on all males over twenty, the balance to be paid by heads of families and property-holders according to the value of their possessions.

The property was to be appraised by Colonel Stevenson, who was ordered from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara on or before the 25th of June, when, if the missing gun was not produced, he was to cause the contribution to be paid before July 1st.

Should any fail to pay the assessment, his property was to be sold at auction to realize the amount due and costs of sale. The document closed with

"By order of Col. R. B. Mason, (Signed) W. T. Sherman, 1st Lieut. 3rd Artillery; A. A. Adj. General."

(Little this young lieutenant then knew of the high place he was to occupy in the United States army, in history, and in the heart of his nation.)

This order, it was supposed, would insure the prompt return of the "stolen" gun; but it did not. Colonel Stevenson accordingly arrived on the 23rd. It was evident by this time that the Californians knew nothing about the cannon, which had probably been taken on board by some vessel that had called. Some one had blundered. But the fiat had gone forth. The dignity of the military authority must be upheld, and the tax, although eminently unjust, must be collected.

What would the Barbarenos do about it? Colonel Stevenson fully realized the situation. He remembered what the Americans did about unjust British taxation, and while there was no danger of a Boston tea party in the Santa Barbara channel, there might be a demonstration equally significant and far-reaching. The outlook was not reassuring.

In his perplexity Colonel Stevenson counseled with Don Pablo de la Guerra, a Spaniard, and one of the chief men of the town, who afterward distinguished himself in many ways in the government of the state. Don Pablo's father, born in Spain, had been commandante of the presidio at Santa Barbara and exercised an almost paternal government over the people.

Don Pablo also realized the delicacy of the situation, but promised every assistance in his power toward an amicable settlement.

After pondering the matter Don Pablo said: "Is not the headquarters of a regiment wherever the commander may be if he chooses to have it so? Can you not make this your headquarters and order your band up here?" adding sig-



THE COURT WHERE THE BAND PLAYED.

nificantly, "The people of Santa Barbara never heard a band, and I know of nothing that would give them so much pleasure."

The suggestion was acted upon. The full regimental band arrived from Los Angeles at dusk on the evening of the 3rd, by prearrangement, the time of payment having been deferred until 10 o'clock the morning of the 4th. Silently the band made its way in the gathering darkness to the court of Don Pablo's residence for a serenade, to which the dreamy tinkle of the Californian's guitar and violin would be as the rippling brook to Niagara.

Suddenly there burst upon the startled town the strains of the best-known Spanish air. The effect was magical. Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, they played, while the people flew to the windows and doors and then poured out along the streets, drawn by the irresistible music, until the entire population was gathered at Don Pablo's casa.

The De la Guerra family were at dinner, and while the band played, Colonel Stevenson called on the Don, who later appeared on the veranda and addressed the assemblage.

More music followed. Then all the important places in town were visited and it was nearly midnight before the serenading ended and the people dispersed.

The morning of the Fourth was ushered in by the firing of small arms—there was no artillery—the band again played and long before the appointed time the populace was concentrated at the place of meeting. Enthusiasm was at such a height that with few exceptions the money was paid without opposition. Colonel Stevenson in the meantime making an address that was translated into Spanish, and that night a grand ball was given in honor of the happy termination of the affair.

Whether it was the Californians' love for music, or their loyalty to Don Pablo, who advised the payment of the American tribute, or their respect for the United States government, or whether it was all these combined, certain it is that what threatened to be a serious matter, resolved itself into such a renowned Fourth as Santa Barbara never experienced before nor since.

Soon after that in the laying out of new streets in Santa Barbara, the event was commemorated by calling the street next to De la Guerra, Canon Perdido (lost cannon) street. Another was called

Quinientos (five hundred) for the fine imposed, and still another, Mason, for the governor who imposed it—names they bear to this day.

Furthermore, the first seal of Santa Barbara had in its center the picture of a cannon, surrounded with the words: "Vale quinientos pesos"—worth five hundred dollars.

Ten years later a high tide washed away the surface of the beach, and, lo—the lost cannon! It had been revealed by the same agency that had so effectually concealed it long ago, only at that time the sand washed in, instead of out, and buried it. But it was a thing of the past. Nobody cared for it now, and it was sold to a junk dealer for eighty dollars and taken to San Francisco.

Another story has it that the cannon was brought here by the soldiers to be taken to Monterey; that the Californians did appropriate it for the purpose of self-defense, but soon seeing their inability to cope with the Americans, buried it in the sand to escape the punishment sure to follow an acknowledgment of their theft.

Both stories are recorded in history, both have their firm adherents, and it will probably never be settled whether the Californians were or were not responsible for the mysterious disappearance of the cannon.

The old adobe house, with the court where the band played, still stands in the very heart of Santa Barbara. Except that the ends toward the sea have been faced with weatherboarding to protect the crumbling walls, it is not much changed, and it is still occupied by the De la Guerras, who are very proud of their ancestral home built by the Mission Indians when California belonged to Spain.

innumerable company of stars kept him company. He was a born climber; lith-in figure, swift in movement, quick assurance of step, with a vision at once accurate and far-seeing; framed for perilous adventure and heroic achievement, and with a heart that knew no fear because it was a clean as the snow.

Slowly the years went by and the boy became a youth, and his journeys grew longer and more daring, and he learned all the secrets of the mountains; for no man scales great cliffs and mounts to great heights until he has trained every muscle and mastered every kind of knowledge of the mountains and of himself.

Then the youth became a man, and, in the kindling glow of the awakening senses and imagination, the glory of life burst on him and his heart knew no thought save the highest peaks and the mystery of light that lay there—the sublime prize of the heroic climber.

And the day came at last when, being his own master and all the world before him, he set his feet on the rocky path and looked back at the old home and the fields where men toiled and the homes in which they loved and lived and suffered and died, and grew proud with the consciousness of a wider fortune and a nobler fate.

It was early morning, and he ran rather than climbed, so eager was he and so strong. Then the sun rose higher, and he slackened pace and walked more slowly and carefully, husbanding his strength for the higher passes. Day after day he climbed, for the mountains were vast as a continent in mass and bulk, and night after night the splendor of the stars drew nearer. There were weary hours and aching muscles, but these things were but the mist which the next rising sun dissolved in air; there were great perils of yawning gulf and trembling avalanche and uncertain path; but his heart laughed in the joy of measuring strength with the forces that oppose in order that they may evoke the power which masters. The radiant sky, the widening vision, the waxing strength, the glorious freedom from lesser and meaner ways and works and cares, thrilled the man's soul and gave him at times a consciousness of immortality which clothed him with invincible strength.

So he climbed, and grew in strength and power and vision until the upper heights were within his view, and his heart was full of the wonder of those higher reaches of knowledge, and what he should find there.

There came a day at last, after all the years of dreaming and toiling, when he stood at the point where the clouds gathered about the gateway of the ultimate heights; and he turned for a last look at the distant valley, so far below the place where he stood, in the lonely grandeur of perfect strength and unfettered life, that it seemed part of a lower world. And as he looked, out of his childhood a voice seemed to speak to him, and out of the fields a murmur seemed to rise, and out of the scattered homes a cry, so faint that it was almost inaudible, penetrated the clear, cold, stainless world. Long accustomed to silence, these sounds struck his senses painfully and smote his heart with a sense of something ominous. And as he hung there, waiting and still, the sounds seemed to flow together and become articulate, and he knew that he was hearing the cry of his kind—the appeal of their sorrows, toils, uncertainties, doubts, miseries, and weaknesses; the deep, compelling voice of the soul of man in the travail of its earthly life.

And the cry grew clearer and stronger as he listened, until the vast gulf of space seemed to be filled with it; and on the man's heart there fell an infinite sadness and on his face there came a look of agony. Above him were freedom, knowledge, mastery; the joy of the unfettered mind; beneath him were care, sorrow, work, limitation, misunderstanding, disappointment; on the heights the loneliness of unfettered solitary growth, in the valley the wisdom of the fellowship of service. He waited, struggled, hesitated; then he turned back.

A Pen Picture of Kubelik, the Wonderful Bohemian Boy Violinist.

This Bohemian boy is a little fellow with narrow chest, a dimple where his stomach should be, round shoulders and bandy legs. He measures five feet nothing, and three feet of him seems to be hair. This is monumental, and to the masculine sense irritating, for, so far from being ornamental, like Paderewski's aureole, it cries vehemently for a barber. Even its volume, falling like a hirsute Niagara over his sloping shoulders, does not conceal the fact that Kubelik's back head is concave. The glory and wealth of his hairness is a topknot which puffs and bellies like a main-sail in a stiff breeze, and writhes and quivers, like a nest of snakes, and falls over his face like a veil when he gets down to business on the fiddle. In the storm of playing he resembles a black poodle, all mane and no body. His astonishing coliffure and the sentimental effect it produces upon the ladies may be the salvation of Kubelik. At present he is all technique, the wonderchild of catgut and rosin. There is little soul in him. His performance ravishes the ear, but leaves the heart untouched. Some day some woman, seizing this childish Samson of the fiddle by his long locks, will wrench him after the fashion of Delilah. Then we shall have the music of Orpheus. The newly awakened heart of the boy will cry out, and its voice find an echo in his violin. Thus Paderewski suffered much, and his sorrow went into his fingers. Thus Kubelik, anguish-stricken, will pour his heart into the fiddle.—Hillary Bell in New York Press.

Knowledge or Life?

[An editorial in "The Outlook," May 24, 1902.]

His childhood was spent in a secluded valley, but his earliest memories were of the hills which rose, precipitous, vast, stainlessly white, against the blue of the sky. He was intimate almost before he could talk with the brook which ran, swift and foaming, near his father's house, fed by the snows which kept the purity of the upper air inviolate on the lonely summits; he knew in the earliest days, by the touch of the bare foot, every inch of the meadows; as he lay awake in his little upper room and watched the play of the moonlight on the bare wall he could count every tree within the circle of the hills; he knew the birds which came flying down every spring from the heights bringing the first soft breath of summer with them; all the faces, young and old, of the little scattered community of hard-working folk, who strove with the soil and wrung a bare sustenance from it, he knew, and every voice had a familiar sound in his ears. His childhood was sheltered by love and nourished by kindness, and the quiet of the valley and all the wonder of its changing life sank deep into his heart. But while his feet sought every by-path and knew the level of every field, and his hands were busy with that manifold activity in which the young life touches the new world and answers its mysterious voices with a thousand outgoing energies, his eyes were always seeking the hills, and his thoughts were always searching the far heights as if there were something there which belonged to him.

Little by little he lengthened his journeys of discovery, and when youth came he had already learned how to climb and had stretched himself with infinite delight on many a jutting rock up the mountain side, from which the valley lay spread out in its quiet and restful loveliness. Born in the shelter and safety of that protected place, and bred amid its peaceful scenes, the boy was, by nature and by the deepening passion of his soul, a climber. He longed for the joy and peril of the ascent, for the widening of the horizon which seemed as he rose, stage by stage, to make him the creator of a vaster world; and he dreamed day and night of the splendor of the summits where one could stretch out his hand and touch the sky, and open his eyes in the night and, behold! an



American Boy Lyceum.

Parliamentary Practice.

PART I.

All correspondence for this department should be addressed "Editor of Lyceum," care of AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich. Do not expect personal answers, and do not look for your ideas in this department too quickly. Copy is prepared a month or more in advance of the date of publication, and plans are laid for several months in advance. But the editor wants you to write, giving your needs, your likes and dislikes, reports of debates and prize-speaking contests. He will answer your questions and will meet your needs as far as space and the general plan of the department will allow.

Note From the Editor.

The plan of outlining debates, and presenting matter similar to that in former numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY will be resumed in the fall numbers. The work of the summer months on parliamentary practice will be consecutive and reference will be made to previous articles as the months pass. We hope the readers will keep their copies of THE AMERICAN BOY for reference.



HAROLD McNITT.

A farmer's son who represented Ann Arbor in the Michigan State High School oratorical contest at Pontiac last May, and won first honors.

Teacher—"Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him."
Johnnie—"Don't keer if ye do; he wrote it fer me."

POWERFUL.

A Pure Food Drink Has Great Sustaining Power.

The sustaining power of Postum Coffee when properly cooked is greater than most people imagine and it is well illustrated in the story told by a young Texas woman who says: "I almost lived on Postum Cereal Coffee for over a month and there was over a week I did not eat anything at all but just drank the food drink Postum and yet I grew stronger and gained weight."

"Our family physician examined Postum and decided to use it altogether in place of coffee. We all think it has no equal as a nourishment for the sick for, beside being pleasant to the taste it is so strengthening. My father and mother have always been coffee drinkers and suffered all kinds of troubles from the coffee until about a year ago a neighbor was praising Postum and mother decided to try it."

"They improved at once and have drank Postum ever since and mother, who used to be bothered with nervousness and sleeplessness particularly, is in splendid health now. She says the change came entirely from drinking Postum and leaving off coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The account of the High School House of Representatives in the June AMERICAN BOY, emphasizes anew the value of a knowledge of parliamentary practice. It is necessary not only on such occasions, but always in the Lyceum Club, in town meetings throughout the land, and in the hundred and one associations of people of every community for every conceivable object.

The term, parliamentary practice, is of English origin, and was the method of procedure in deliberative bodies based upon the practice of the English parliament. But all our manuals of parliamentary practice in America are based upon the rules of the House of Representatives at Washington, which differ in several important points from those of the English House of Commons. It must be understood that whatever rules any club has, are binding upon that club. The authority of the House of Representatives is in determining the more general questions of order, of precedence of motions; what motions can be amended, debated; what is the effect of the motion, etc.

If one is chosen to preside over any club, the least he can do to show his appreciation of the honor is to thoroughly learn the rules of the club, and to faithfully study some manual of parliamentary practice. He will need this knowledge when some of the members bring forward in an unexpected moment a series of motions and amendments. If he has a thorough knowledge of the rules and of the method of procedure in the case in hand, and keeps his head cool, he may prove his right to hold the office, and win a victory by bringing order and progress out of confusion.

But members, as well as officers, should study this subject. This knowledge will enable them to obtain their right at some critical point. It will go with them through life and will enable them to have a grasp of the situation in any deliberative assembly. It takes intellectual keenness to get the fine points of parliamentary practice and to make at the right time the most effective motion for the case in hand. But I have no fears for the future of those who will make a beginning with some of the simple things and put their knowledge into practice. Interest will increase, and skill will come with practice.

ORGANIZATION.

In the organization of a club or society the usual method is to choose a chairman and secretary and a committee to prepare a constitution and by-laws to be presented at a subsequent meeting, at which time the permanent organization is effected. Of course the assembly may be for such a purpose that only one meeting would be necessary, or again enough work may have been done in advance to secure the permanent organization at one meeting.

Here are some forms commonly used: Some one arising says: "The meeting will please come to order. I move that Mr. — act as chairman of this meeting." Another member says: "I second the motion." The first member proceeds: "It has been moved and seconded that Mr. — act as chairman of this meeting; those in favor of the motion will say 'aye'; those opposed will say 'no.' The motion is carried. Mr. — will take the chair." If the motion is lost the fact is announced and a call is made for another nomination. The chairman should say: "The first business in order is the election of a secretary." The motion and call for the vote should be similar to that just described.

The chairman may now call upon some one to state the object of the meeting. Before addressing the meeting upon any question a member must "obtain the floor," i. e., must rise and say, "Mr. Chairman," and wait till the chairman announces his name. Having obtained the floor, the member should state the object of the meeting in a brief form and offer a motion or resolution that a society be formed. The motion should be seconded, and stated by the chairman. The discussion would then come upon the motion, not before the motion, as is too frequently the case. If it is the sense of the meeting to form a club, some one may offer such a motion as this: "I move that a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to prepare a Constitution and By-Laws for this club, and to report at an adjourned meeting." It would be well for some one to move to adjourn to a fixed time. "I move that when this meeting adjourns, it adjourn to meet in this place at (naming the time)."

The chairman may ask, "Is there any other business to be attended to?" When the motion "to adjourn" is carried, the chairman says: "This meeting stands adjourned, to meet in this place at (naming the time)."

(To be continued.)

The Bell-Ringer of '76.

Anonymous.

Plain red-brick walls, the windows partly framed in stone, the hall door ornamented with pillars—such is the State House of Philadelphia in the year of Our Lord, 1776.

Why do those clusters of citizens with anxious faces gather around the State-House walls? There in yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the State House, stands an old man in humble attire, with white hair and sunburnt face. His eye gleams as it is fixed upon the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. He tries to read the inscription, but cannot. By his side, gazing at his face in wonder, stands a fair-haired boy, with laughing eyes of summer blue.

"Come here, my boy. You can read; spell me these words, and I'll bless ye, my good child." And the child raised himself on tiptoe, and



INDEPENDENCE BELL.

pressing his tiny hands against the bell, read these memorable words:

"Proclaim Liberty to all the Land and all the Inhabitants thereof."

The old man ponders for a moment on those strange words, then gathering the boy in his arms, speaks: "Look here, my child, will it do the old man a kindness? Then haste ye down stairs and wait in the hall by the big door, until a man shall give you a message for me. When he gives you the word, then run out yonder in the street and shout it up to me."

It needed no second command. The boy sprang from the bell-keeper's arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs. Leaning over the railing of the steeple, the old man looked anxiously for the fair-haired boy. Minutes passed, yet still he came not.

"Ah! he has forgotten me! These old limbs will have to totter down the State-House stairs, and climb up again."

Yet even as he spoke, a merry laugh broke on his ear. There among the crowd on the pavement stood the boy, clapping his hands, while the breeze blew the flaxen hair all about his face. Then swelling his little chest, he raked himself and shouted a single word, "RING!"

Do you see that old man's eye catch fire? Do you see that arm suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? The old man is young again, his veins are filled with new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell speaks out! The crowds in the street hear it, and burst forth in one long shout! The city hears it and starts up from desk and work-bench, as if an earthquake had spoken. Yes, as the old man swung that iron tongue, the bell spoke to all the world.

That sound crossed the Atlantic—pierced the dungeons of Europe—the workshops of England—the vassal-fields of France. That echo spoke to the slave—bade him look up from his toll, and know himself a man. That echo startled the kings upon their crumbling thrones. That echo was the knell of all crafts born of the darkness of ages and baptized in seas of blood. For under that very bell pealing out noonday, in that old hall, fifty six traders, farmers and mechanics had assembled to strike off the shackles of the world. And that bell that now voices the Declaration of Independence speaks out to the world:

"God has given the American continent to the free, the tolling millions of the human race, as the last altar of the rights of man on the globe, the home of the oppressed, forever more."

Rewards of Oratory.

"It is often said that the demand for oratory has ceased. An age of newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and books, it is urged, has neither time nor inclination for the orator. With logic apparently as convincing as that of the Oxford professor of mathematics who demonstrated that the laws of force absolutely forbade the curving of a baseball, it has been proved that the decay of oratory was an inevitable outcome of human progress. The truth is that esteem for the orator has not lessened. Today, as always, oratory is assured of speedier and richer rewards than fall to any other display of mental ability except military genius. By oratory we mean that eloquence which combines personal magnetism, a subtle voice and a gift of giving wings to words with clearness and depth of thought and an elevated style. Even the lesser gifts of mere eloquence win rewards out of all proportion to the effort expended. So long as men have senses that can be charmed, hearts that can be moved and minds open to conviction, so long will there be eager appreciation for orators; and so long as issues rise which require the genius of the orator, the race of orators will not become extinct"—N. Y. World.

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BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT

Game of King Can.

J. C. BEARD.

The game of King Can is very little known to boys throughout the country. It is played only within the limits of a very small district.

The boys seem to have invented it themselves and to them, therefore, is due the credit of having evolved a game which, in time, is likely to become very popular. Like all other games which boys invent, there is lots of dash and vim in King Can. Not so good a quality, but one which is also very characteristic of a game invented by boys is that the rules are not very well defined.

I have taken the liberty of arranging the rules so that they will not contradict each other and so that they will cover all disputes likely to arise.

The heavy black lines in the diagram show the outline of a field for King Can. There is no special size for the field. The size is governed by the space avail-

much time as they like about it, because the ball cannot be touched until they reach it.

The object of each side is, of course, to get the ball within their opponents' goal—that is, between the boundary stones A and B or D and C, as the case may be.

A ball must hit the ground after leaving the bat or no goal is counted. In other words, the ball must bounce between the boundary stones in order to count.

A goal counts five. If a ball goes into the can Y or I it counts fifteen. Thirty points win the game.

When a ball is knocked out of bounds it is put in play by the captain of the side which knocked it out of bounds. It is put in play just as at the beginning of a game.

If a can slips from a player's foot he must stop playing and keep out of the way until he has fastened it on once more.

The game will not be stopped on his account. Players cannot strike the ball unless they are to the right of it. A player's right means his right when facing his opponents' goal.

It is surprising how fast boys can manage to get about with cans strapped to their feet. Try the game. I think you will find it equal to anything that boys play.

The Santos Dumont No. 10.

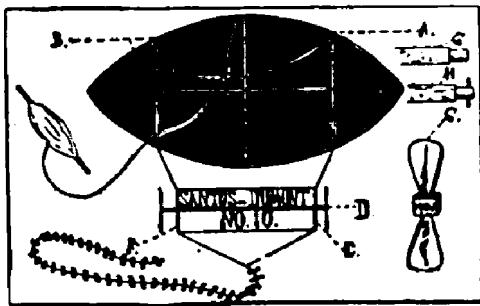
How Any Ingenious Boy Can Build an Airship that Will Really Fly.

J. C. BEARD.

The American boy who can make his kite mount the highest is considered, not a favorite of the spirits, but an example of what economy may accomplish, because he will be the boy who has saved up the most money and, in consequence, has the largest amount of string.

The question of string is always a serious one at kite time. The sort of string which a boy possesses, or the amount of money he intends to spend on string must determine the size of his kite.

It is not difficult to build a kite, which, in fierce winds, will break anything on the market. Boys do not seem interested, at the present day, in building kites which will be unique merely in point of size. Very large kites, unless built for



lifting or pulling purposes, have gone out of fashion. The tendency now is to build kites of strange and startling design—kites which will make people crane their necks to get a second look.

There are many kites, fish kites, butterflies, frogs, turtles, dogs, horses, in fact, almost every sort of animal kite. People today are much interested in flying machines. A kite which exactly represents a flying machine, even to the spinning propellers, will attract no end of attention.

Size is very deceiving when an object is at a distance. It often takes a second or even a third look to prove that the kite Santos Dumont No. 10 is not a "sure enough" air ship.

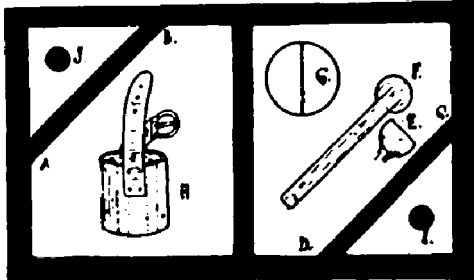
It can be seen in the diagram that the framework of the kite consists of one long stick, running horizontally through the center of the kite, and three shorter sticks, which cross the long one at right-angles. The curved edge of the kite is made by fastening either thin, light wire, or strips of rattan over the framework. The framework can be covered with either paper or paper muslin. I would not advise paper muslin unless the kite is at least four feet across.

The framework of the car, on which is printed Santos Dumont No. 10, is made of three sticks—the long stick D and the two short sticks E and F. Strings are run between the ends of the sticks E and F, and the framework is covered with paper like the framework of an ordinary kite.

C shows one of the propellers. The blades of the propellers are made from thin wood. The blades are fitted obliquely into a small square block, as shown.

If the kite is very small, ordinary paper pin wheels can be used for propellers. The propellers are fastened at each end of the stick D. Round off the end of the stick D, as shown by the figure G; then slip on the propeller and run a small plug through the end of the stick D, to keep the propeller from slipping off. The plug is shown in Figure H.

The car is fastened to the kite by strings from the end of the sticks A and B. Bellyband and tail are attached as shown in the diagram, and the kite is flown just like any of its brother kites. If there is wind enough to fly a kite,



The field and the goal.

able. The game can be played either on the hard stones of the city or the soft ground of the country.

Mark out a rectangle somewhere near sixty by thirty feet. A piece of chalk or coal will answer for a "marker" in the city and a sharp stick will do the work in the country. The width of a city street, from gutter to gutter, makes a very good width for a field.

Mark off a triangle in two corners of the field, as shown (see J and I). A line through the center of the field is convenient, but not necessary.

It will be seen that the boys shown in the illustration are wearing a curious sort of foot gear. This foot gear is nothing more or less than tin cans strapped or tied to their feet.

In the diagram shows a can with strap attached ready to be placed on a player's foot. The straps are attached by driving ordinary nails through the straps and can and then clenching the nails on the inside.

Boys sometimes strengthen the cans by fastening short sticks on the inside. These are indicated by dotted lines in the diagram.

The bat (shown as F in the diagram) can be whittled from any tough wood. There are two varieties of bats which vie with each other for popularity—one with a round head like F, the other with the head squared off like E.

An ordinary rubber ball, though it is sometimes used, is not a good ball with which to play King Can. A rubber ball is too light and bounces too easily. An ideal ball for King Can may be made by winding up worsted yarn until it makes a ball an inch and a half or two inches in diameter and then covering the worsted with either leather or strong cloth, as shown in G of the diagram.

To begin the game, select captains and let them choose up sides. By a toss-up decide which goal each side shall defend.

Place a can right side up at J and one at I, and place boundary stones or cans at A, B, C and D.

The side which wins the toss-up can either choose which goal it will defend



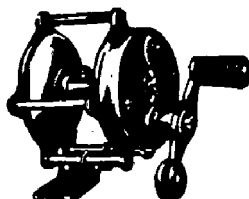
or it can take possession of the ball. At the beginning of a game the captains may arrange their men in any fashion they choose ON THEIR OWN SIDE OF THE CENTRAL LINE.

The captain will then step within his own goal, the triangle J or I as the case may be, and knock off—that is, set the ball in play by knocking it toward his opponents' goal. The captain may knock the ball into the air or along the ground, but he must knock it hard enough to cross the central line, because none of his side may touch the ball until it has crossed the line.

The moment a captain has knocked the ball across the line his side may charge after it. If a captain, at the first blow, does not knock the ball across the line his opponents may cross the line and come to the ball, and they may take as

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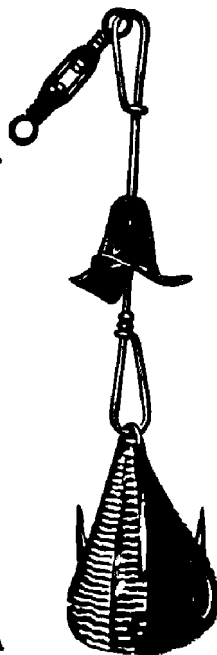
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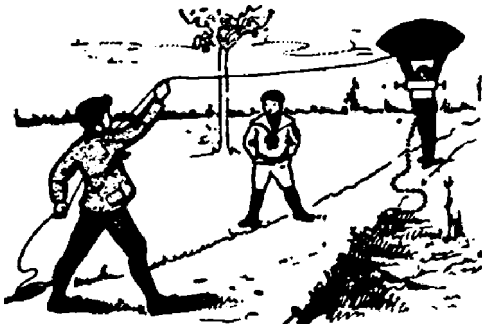
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there will be wind enough to keep the propellers spinning.

In one way the Santos Dumont No. 10 really is an air ship, for, in the opinion of many scientific men, an ordinary kite is much nearer the design of the ship which will ultimately solve the problem of aerial navigation, than that of the huge gas bags with which aeronauts are fond of experimenting.



Balance and Over-balance.

The only things required for the game here described are a large clothes-basket, a broomstick, two apples and two chairs. The broomstick is first put through the handles of the basket, and the protruding ends rested on the two chairs. The apples must also be placed on the chairs. A person then sits astride that part of the broomstick over the basket, with his feet resting in the latter, and endeavors to knock the apples off the chairs with a walking stick.

The occupant of the basket will invariably press one foot down more than the other, which causes the basket to tilt sideways and himself to be thrown out on to the floor.

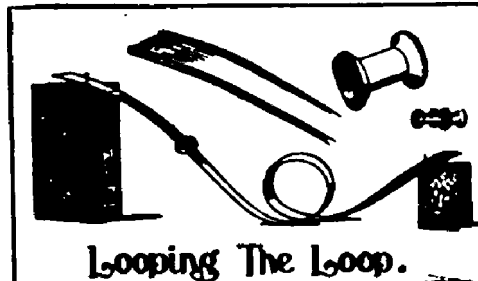
A Girl Record Breaker.

While talking about boys who are successful in athletics, let us remember that the girls are not far behind. Fifteen year old Lydia Carpenter, of the Normal College at Plattsburg, N. Y., holds the girl's record for high jumping in this country, beating Miss Wood of Vassar, the former champion, by four-fifths of an inch, her record being four feet, three and three-tenths inches. Miss Carpenter is five feet, two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds. She loves exercise, has strength and natural grace, and is absolutely fearless. She plays center on the school basket ball team.

Loop the Loop.

Cut a long strip of cardboard as wide as the inner part of a spool, or make the horizontal part of the strip as wide as the spool and bend the edges as shown in the illustration.

Bend the strip of paper to a loop (see illustration). Fasten one end with a pin to the top of a large book or ledger standing upright. Fasten the other end



to the top of a smaller book also standing upright.

Now your loop is all ready to be "looped." All you need is a common ordinary spool. Start it at the higher end and it will rush around the loop without falling off.

An improvement can be made by constructing a small car out of two spools, as shown in the illustration.

COMPLETE BASE BALL OUTFIT.

This complete full-size baseball outfit, best make, not trash, a complete Fishing Outfit, consisting of 27 pieces, or Daisy Rifle, 20 PUMPS, for selling 24 articles of our jewelry. Every article new. Everybody buys one at sight. Send name and address, we send goods FREE. **We Trust You** and with ease. When sold send us the \$2.40—we give you the baseball set, fishing outfit or rifle as above, or your choice of 100 Elegant Premiums SUITABLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Cost nothing to try. Order now. LAK SUPPLY CO., Dept. 924, CHICAGO.

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BOYS AND GIRLS, earn one of our many premiums, selling a few pkgs. of the celebrated Peerless Stove and Silver Potatoes. Among the premiums are Base balls, Air Rifles, Books, Ladies' Wrist Bags, Shirt Waist sets, latest styles, Carpet Sweepers, Silk Umbrellas, and many others. Write for our Free Premium list. PEERLESS MFG. CO., Dept. H, P. O. Sta. B, Toledo, O.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION THIS PAPER

The Boy Photographer

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.

Photographs by Moonlight.

Professor Herman Krone, of Dresden, calls attention to the possibility of producing true moonlight photographs. He mentions that the exposure by full moonlight must be about 6,000 times that required by ordinary daylight. Thus a bromide print required eight hundredths of a second in daylight or eight minutes in moonlight, and in another case a plate was about equally exposed by 1/4 second in daylight, or 25 minutes in moonlight. Camera exposure by moonlight may be from one to four hours. Ordinary care should be taken not to include artificial light, such as street lamps, because double images and halation result.—Der Amateur Photographer.

Photographing Colors.

Every amateur photographer knows that red and blue do not photograph well together. An exposure that is just right for red, is entirely too long for blue, and vice versa. That is why it is necessary to use orthochromatic plates in color work, particularly in taking photographs of paintings. To overcome this difficulty the skilled photographer coats his plate with the following solution:

Distilled water.....7 ounces
Cyanine.....30 grains
Chloral hydrate.....2 ounces

After heating the above in a water bath for half an hour, it should be well shaken, after which add two ounces of the strongest ammonia. Cyanine will be precipitated on the side of the glass. Decant the liquid and dissolve the precipitate of cyanine in six ounces of methyl alcohol and add quinine sulphate, 4 drams dissolved by heat in 4 ounces of methyl alcohol, and add enough methyl alcohol to make 17 ounces. For sensitizing take:

Distilled water.....11 ounces
Cyanine solution as above....34 minims
Strongest ammonia.....34 minims
Silver nitrate solution 1 to 40...105 drops

Sensitize by soaking the plate in the solution from four to six minutes after which it is rinsed under the tap and dried in a box containing a dish of strong sulphuric acid. Of course all these operations must take place in a very weak ruby light. The cyanine stock solution is also very sensitive and should be prepared and kept in as near perfect darkness as possible. Even the dark-room light affects it if it is exposed for any length of time.

With plates treated in the above manner, the amateur can get his picture of a "white horse and a red headed girl" with due regard to colors, knowing that both will show up in the right proportions; but the plate will be "slow," and great care must be taken in the developing.

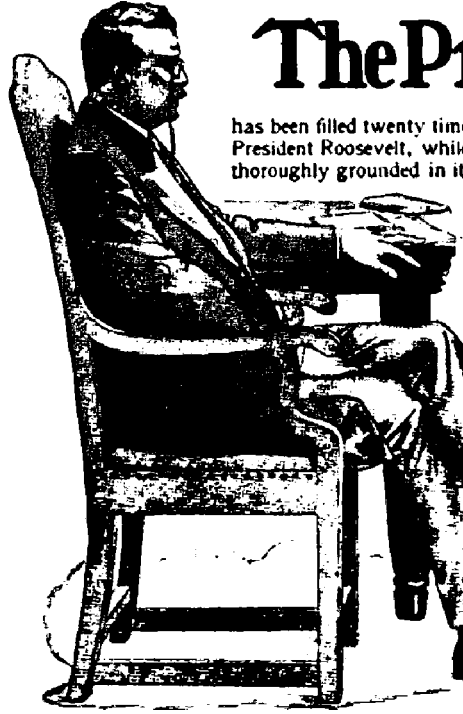
Amateurs Also Know These People.

Abraham Bogardus, in the St. Louis and Canadian Photographer gives the experience of a photographer with the characters who think the world would stop revolving if they didn't exist. Many an amateur photographer has had dealings with that kind of folk, and the right way to do is to see the funny side of the incident and store it away in the storehouse of the mind, to bring it forth sometime when swapping experiences with other amateurs. This is the way Mr. Bogardus tells the story:

A man comes in and putting on as much dignity as he can command, asks, "Is your apparatus in good working order this morning?" When told everything is right, he says: "I am Professor I. Gosling Bump, of the Magnum Bonum Institute. I have always objected to having my picture taken, but my friends insist and I have reluctantly consented. I shall expect you to be very particular with my likeness as I have been obliged to employ a dentist and my mouth is not in its natural shape. THIS I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO REMEDY." His mouth looks as though he had bought a second hand set of teeth because they were cheaper, and they do not fit. He spends some time before the looking glass arranging his "lady killer" curls. At length he is ready. After he is posed and you are about to open the camera, he jumps up and goes to the glass once more to see that his necktie and dry goods generally, are all right. Several sittings are made, all perfect. He is to call during the afternoon to see the proofs. On seeing them one by one he at once decides that they are not good and not at all satisfactory. After awhile he thinks he squares things by promising to call another day when he is feeling better.

Answers to Correspondents.

John Feala: Your "Brook in Winter" shows too great a contrast and a lack of detail. The greatest danger of photographing the winter landscape is over-exposure, therefore slow plates, a small diaphragm and a weak developer are indicated.—Chas. Atkinson: Unmounted photographs are not excluded from our contests. What you call "the gas light prints" are superior to the sunlight. "The Rock of Lake Michigan" is rather good.—A Subscriber: N. lantern slides are made from negatives by a special process. Henceforth, please sign your name; anonymous communications will not be noticed.—Clarence Ellsworth, of Heartwell, Neb., wants our subscribers to give him information about a paper



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has been filled twenty times out of twenty-five by men with legal training. President Roosevelt, while never a practicing lawyer, studied law and is thoroughly grounded in it. Not only in politics but in business, legal training is a tremendous advantage. Every business man is better equipped for great business undertakings if he is backed by knowledge of the law. Every young man ambitious for a career at the bar, in public affairs, or in business, should attend a law school, or if that is impossible, should

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"INSPIRATION"

First Prize Photo: Nick Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.

Making Up Solutions.

I was out last Saturday with my photographic chum, or rather one of them, and on the way home stopped at his house for dinner. He explained that he wished to mix up a new developer in order that it would be ready when he came to develop his negatives later in the evening. He weighed out four ounces of sulphite, dumped it into a wide-mouthed bottle; weighed out a like amount of carbonate of soda and put that in another, and then poured water into both from an ordinary pitcher. I was astonished. "Don't you know how much water you are adding," I asked. "Oh! sure; when I pasted the labels on the bottles I put them on so that their upper edges came even with the top of sixteen ounces of water. Now I never have to use a graduate. I put in the required amounts of the sodas and then fill up to the top of the labels." I think the hint is a good one and am going to do a little pasting on of new labels myself.—Exchange.

BRAIN BUILDING.

How to Feed Nervous Cases.

Hysteria sometimes leads to insanity and should be treated through feeding the brain and nerves upon scientifically selected food that restores the lost delicate brain matter. Proof of the power of the brain food Grape-Nuts is remarkably strong.

"About eight years ago when working very hard as a court stenographer I collapsed physically and then nervously and was taken to the State Hospital for the insane at Lincoln, Neb., a raving maniac. They had to keep me in a strait-jacket and I was kept in the worst ward for three months. I was finally dismissed in the following May, but did no brain work for years until last fall when I was persuaded to take the testimony in two cases. One of these was a murder case and the strain upon my nervous system was so great that I would have broken down again except for the strength I had built up by the use of Grape-Nuts. When I began to feel the pressure of the work on my brain and nerves I simply increased the amount of Grape-Nuts and used the food more regularly.

"I now feel like my old self again and am healthy and happy. I am sure that if I had known of Grape-Nuts when I had my trouble eight years ago I would never have collapsed and this dark spot in my life would never have happened. Grape-Nuts' power as a brain food is simply wonderful and I do not believe my stomach is so weak that it cannot digest this wonderful food. I feel a delicacy about having my name appear in public, but if you think it would help any poor sufferer, you can use it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There are desserts and desserts. The delicious health-giving kind are told about in the little recipe book found in each package of Grape-Nuts.

called Matalotype. Shade lower part of cloud negative, print from it first, then lay print from cloud negative over the landscape negative, and print into it. Take care to have your clouds high enough not to interfere too much with your tree tops.—Ulica "Subscriber": We do not believe a good camera can be marketed for the price given in the "ad." you enclosed. Better pay four times as much and get a good one. All cheap cameras are provided with single lenses, the uses of which are limited.—Ernest Widger: We are unable to give you directions for the solutions you mention until we know what kind of paper they are to be used on.—Stanley Nelson: We would advise you to buy the more expensive camera of the two.



IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.
Second Prize Photo: Harold J. Warner.

Our Portfolio.

W. J. Henne, of Reading, Pa., sends us a good picture of boys in camp tossing up one of their fellows in a blanket; Elroy Howells, of Miles, Ohio, contributes a funny picture of a snow-woman and ditto child; Harry Traxler's photograph of the Cathedral Spire at Manitou, Colo., is worthy of mention; a picture of an Icelanders' thatched adobe cottage at Springville, Utah, by Will Love, shows how closely foreigners adhere to home traditions; Paul T. Channon's "Away We Go," showing six boys on a bicycle at Oberlin, O., is clever, but poor from a photographic standpoint; O. Hawkins, of Chicago, submitted a good view of the telegraph station at the summit of Pike's Peak; the cloud effects in Ed. Hedemann's (Woodland, Cal.) seascape are very good—the picture would be improved by trimming at the bottom; the photo of a collier by Hiram C. Pratt, of Crowland, Ont., is noteworthy; the editor obtained a good idea of what a maple sugar camp looks like from a view submitted by Clarence Corp. of Corfu, N. Y.; Nick Bruehl, of Sherwood, Wis., was the photographer of a balloon ascension, showing the aeronaut seated on a trapeze; Earl T. Douglas, of McKeesport, Pa., exemplified the pleasures of surf bathing in two pictures; R. McGill Mackall is the artist of a view of the monument erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution at Baltimore; Jesse Cohen, of Albany, N. Y., is entitled to praise for his photograph of a stretch of the Delaware and Hudson River Railroad, among photos of poultry submitted that of geese by Bert Nicol, of David, Ia., was the best; Jerome, N. Y., represented by Edwin P. White, "took the cake" in pictures of cats; Clair Graham, of Kansas City, Mo., sent us a good photograph of a train in motion; "Four Playmates," by Homer Ross, of Jamestown, O., represents himself, two goats and a collier; H. J. Olsen photographed a dinner party of twenty eight at Mears, Mich.; Walter S. Lehman could improve his "Conestoga Creek in Winter" by printing it deeper and not toning it quite so much; "Moxahala Bridge," by Earl D. Sulzer, of Zanesville, O., is picturesque, but appears to be slightly under-exposed.

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Send us any photograph you want copied and we will return it unharmed with an exact copy on one of these pretty ribbon brooch-mountings for only 10c. All our Photo Miniatures are exact and perfect reproductions. We send this free sample for only 10c. To introduce our goods and send you free our large list price-list of photo-miniatures, jewelry, novelties. Agents wanted. CORONA MFG. CO., Box 1276, BOSTON, MASS.

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Send for 24 of our rich gold finished scarf pins to sell for 10c each. When sold send us the \$2.40 and you will EARN THE DELICIOUS SET OF BOXING GLOVES, which we will send you immediately. Send right away! Lots of boys are earning big sets.

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MONEY TO BURN!

Over \$2,000 in Confederate money and our Hey's Magazine 3 mo. for dime. Send for a pack and show the boys what a wad you carry. Friendship, Jr., Dep. H. CHILDS

In writing Advertisers mention this Paper

THE INSPIRATION OF A GENIUS.



THERE stands a youth looking toward the morning. The bright rays of the sun shoot above the horizon and make radiant his face—a face as clear-cut as a cameo. He feels in his breast a throbbing, a longing which he cannot understand. He is restless for action. He longs to know, to do, to dare the future. He is ready for his life work, but what is it to be and where is it to be found? Something has aroused in him a quenchless thirst for a noble career. He will be satisfied with nothing but his best. Give him a hint and he may go forward and achieve as only a young man can. If you cannot lead him perhaps you can guide him—indicate a road in which he can travel to success—the objective point in all lives.

"Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend."

The man who can discover talent in one of his fellow beings and point the way to its development is as much a benefactor of the human race as is the man discovered—if not more. He becomes the inspiration of genius.

Genius undiscovered, undeveloped, unexercised, is like a rose blasted in the bud. There must come an awakening, a quickening to action. With the inspiration come the results which astonish and electrify.

Dr. Werner Siemens' early life was spent in the army as an artillery officer, and the thought of being anything else but a military man was furthest from his mind. A stranger engaged him in conversation one day and learned that Siemens had considerable knowledge of electricity and telegraphy. The stranger was Herr Halske, a manufacturer of telegraph wire.

Halske made the young artillery officer what seemed a good offer and the latter resigned his commission and gave up his military career. By combining Siemens' knowledge of electricity and telegraphy with Halske's subtle business talent a prosperous firm was established, vast wealth acquired, and the name of Doctor Siemens has become a familiar word throughout the civilized world.

James Watt learned the trade of a mathematical instrument maker, and at one time was also well known as a maker of musical instruments. In the year 1759 his college friend, John Robinson, suggested that he employ his abilities to develop a steam engine. This was the start. Doctor Roebuck aided

him in prosecuting his researches by furnishing necessary funds to meet the expense of experiments. In 1769 Watt wrote: "I have met with many disappointments. I must have sunk under the burden of them if I had not been supported by the friendship of Dr. Roebuck. This was the second help. In 1773 Dr. Roebuck became financially embarrassed and sold his one half interest in Watt's steam engine to Mr. Boulton in consideration of being released from a debt of \$3,150 and of receiving the first \$5,000 of profit from the engine. Dr. Roebuck's assignees did not consider that he was rendered any the worse for his selling his share in the engine for they did not set any value whatever upon it. Even

Watt said that Boulton had got one bad debt in exchange for another. This was the third help and proved the turning point in Watt's fortunes. Mr. Boulton advanced money for further developments on the engine and at last it began to work. Orders began to pour in. Yet the capital advanced by Mr. Boulton amounted to some \$235,000 before any profits began to be derived from the sale of the engines.

We ascribe the benefits of the tireless force of the steam engine to one man, but should not the man who made the suggestion and the men who gave aid, when without such help the result would have been impossible, receive a goodly share of honor?

The Earl of Chatham, himself a man of character and force, gave to his second son William Pitt such an effective training for public life that the young man entered parliament and made his first speech before that body at the age of twenty two, in favor of Burke's plan of economical reform. The address was of such splendid excellence that Burke said: "It is not a chip of the old block, but the old block himself."

The elder Pitt deserved as much credit for his unceasing training of his son's faculties as did the younger Pitt for the display of his unusual abilities.

Benjamin West, the celebrated Anglo-American painter declared that his mother's kiss of approbation when he had finished a life-like sketch of an infant made him resolve to become an artist. Thus at the age of nine this Quaker boy painted a picture in water colors which he asserted in after years he had in some points never been able to surpass. His colors were made from leaves and berries and his brushes were made from a cat's tail.

A mother's kiss made possible the development of a son's talent for painting and gave to the world those inspiring canvasses: "Death of Gen. Wolfe," "Battle of La Hague," and "Christ Healing the Sick."

Had it not been for his teacher's encouraging words and deeds Oliver Goldsmith, doubtless, would never have given to the world that quaint poem "The Deserted Village"; the delightful comedy, "The Good Natured Man," and that master novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," the reading of which last made Goethe a poet.

Sir Humphry Davy, who stands in the front rank of chemists of this or any other age, the man who discovered potassium, sodium, barium, strontium, calcium, magnesium, and invented the safety lamp,

employed in handling such stones as they could manage, and in filling chinks between the large boulders; or possibly to the field to husk corn with frosted fingers, or into the barn to shell beans, or the cellar to pick over potatoes and apples. There was never a lack of work, or of a father or older brother to point it out.

In those days it was customary for tailors and bootmakers and sewers to go round from house to house and do such work as was needed in their lines. But boots made by real "bootmakers" were only for the men and older boys; the younger ones waited for their feet to be shod by some expert member of the family, generally the father. This usually took place after the turkeys were sold at Thanksgiving, when a side of leather would be brought home from the city. Old boot legs would then be collected for the uppers of the forthcoming shoes, and the thick new leather used for soles. These shoes, when made, were about as pliable as though fashioned from blocks of wood. But the children's feet were almost as hard as the shoes, and they looked forward to the new coverings with far more pleasure than the modern boy does to his patent leathers and russets.

HE FORGOT

Harvey M. Whipple

Three miles below the city of Port Huron, Mich., a "construction car" of the Rapid Railway ran on a siding to let a north bound passenger car pass. Most of the construction gang stood by the track, but the motorman was in his place. The

etc., etc., frankly admitted that his recognition of the dormant ability of Michael Faraday was his greatest discovery. The start given Faraday by Sir Humphry enabled the young scientist to overcome the obstacles of lowly birth, scant education, lack of fortune, and become one of the most distinguished chemists and natural philosophers of the century just past.

When Andrew Carnegie was a factory boy earning two dollars per week he was permitted by Colonel Anderson to use the four hundred volumes of his library. Of such great service were these books to the struggling youth that he resolved that if he ever became wealthy he would use his money freely in establishing free libraries, that other poor boys might receive opportunities similar to those enjoyed by him through the benevolence of Colonel Anderson.

The number of free libraries which Mr. Carnegie has established is increasing, and who can measure the good these repositories of learning will do to the reading generations of present and future years. All this the result of one man's kindness to a Scotch immigrant lad.

These few incidents show how our lives are influenced. An ordinary man, if his energies are put forth along lines congenial to his temperament, will achieve and conquer. The struggle will be great, maybe approaching the heroic, but the result will astonish the man who observes and thinks. Many a workman would become a philosopher if only some one or something would arouse him.

There is no greater service we can render to our fellow beings, and there is no more imperative duty than that of speaking the encouraging word, suggesting a healthy thought, pointing out the helpful way or lending pecuniary assistance.

Ofttimes an apparently trifling circumstance may change a man's career and lead him on to fortune or to failure. An accident, a word spoken, a look, a newspaper item, the cheering thrill of a breath drawn from a cool breeze, the passing of a gaily caparisoned rider, the turbulent roaring of a cataract, the frantic rushing of a railroad train, the quiet meditation of a leisure hour, have in them potent influences which may stir to action latent power where it was least looked for.

A study of biography, however, shows us that the greater portion of men and women who have achieved a niche in the temple of fame have received their inspiration from contact with the world of men and women around them.

There is scarcely a sane person who has not wrapped up in himself possibilities far beyond his expectation. His success may not lie in the direction pointed out by his environment or training, yet certainly, if he can but be put in his true sphere, he will accomplish great results.

But the getting in the right way, this pursuing an object congenial to one's taste and desire, "aye, there's the rub!"

Perhaps in some manner we can help an acquaintance to better his condition in life, to become a really great personality, by starting him in a work where he can labor along the line of least resistance. Let us live with eyes open to see, ears open to hear, tongue ready to speak, and hands willing to do things for the uplifting of our fellow beings.

A Fifty Years Ago Boyhood

Frank N. Sweet

Boys who grumble at bringing in an armful of wood or running upon an errand should know something of the boyhood of their grandfathers from 1835 to 1845, or even to 1850. There were no warm overcoats for the average farm boy in those days, no underclothing, no shoes until snow had been on the ground several weeks, perhaps, no coddling or lying in bed of mornings.

The boy of eight had his regular routine of farm work, the same as his older brothers and sisters. Out into the sharp morning air he went to feed the pigs or chickens, or even to help milk, with no light save the stars, or perhaps occasionally the moon, to guide him about the barnyard and outbuildings. I have heard my father say that he always hurried out as early as possible, even before the cows themselves were awake, so that when they rose to be milked he could place his bare feet upon the warm ground where they had lain. Then, when his chores and milking were done, he would scamper back to the house for a possible brief moment beside the big fireplace during the short time allowed for breakfast.

And then, with the sun still unrisen, they would all sally forth to the day's work, in the woods, perhaps, where the small boys could chop off the limbs of the great trunks as they fell, and pile up the cordwood as it was cut and split into lengths by the experienced choppers; or out to some wind-swept field to build or mend a stone wall, with the small boys busily em-

big passenger car came up, crashed into the sidetracked car and the motorman was killed. The switch had been left open! The "boss" of the construction gang had forgotten to close it after his car sided.

A man forgot—and his fellow workman was dead. That afternoon as I walked up Griswold street, in Detroit, I passed a little house with something black on the door. That day a wife had become a widow—because a man forgot.

I wonder if that "boss" began by forgetting little things. Probably. The little things had him well in training.

Boys, let us practice remembering things. Everybody is getting into a frightful habit of being heedless. Everything is rushing along so fast nowadays that we don't stop to think. I believe that awful things happen just to make people think.

If you forget things you are going to be very annoying and unkind to other people; you are going to cause yourself a lot of unnecessary trouble; you will be sure to drift into very unbusinesslike habits, because forgetting is, in itself, unbusinesslike and you will find that you won't be tolerated by truly business-like people; so for purely selfish reasons, if for no others, it does not pay to forget.

There is big satisfaction in always being equal to the occasion, in having every nerve and fibre alert and active, ready for any emergency. There is so much slipshod, half-way careless work that attentiveness, carefulness, precision, are at a premium. People are in demand who are "all here;" and these are people who do not forget.

If you forget the little things, sometime you may leave a switch open. Who knows!

A BOY OF THE REVOLUTION



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

IF THE boys who may read this should ever fare Bostonward, it would be well worth their while to take an electric car and ride out over the eight miles between Boston and the pretty old town of Quincy, in which was born of most honorable parentage this boy of the Revolution of whom I write. His name was John Quincy Adams and he was the son of John Adams, the second president of the United States. The houses in which both John Adams and John Quincy Adams were born are still standing, and when one has seen them one realizes how a boy may rise from the humblest surroundings to the most exalted position within the gift of the people in our own free America. John Adams well deserved to thus rise, for no other man in America did more to make his country free and independent. He has sometimes been called the "Father of American Independence," and the house in which he was born has been referred to as the "Cradle of Liberty." This same title has been given to the Old State House and to Faneuil Hall in Boston. If any private residence in America has a right to be called the "Cradle of Liberty" that house is the quaint old Adams residence in Quincy.

John Adams first saw the light of day on the nineteenth day of October, in the year 1735, the part of Quincy in which he was born being called Braintree at that time. His father was a poor farmer and also a cobbler of shoes, but he and his wife were ambitious for their boy, and they made every sacrifice to give him a college education in the hope that he would some day become a minister. It was the ambition of many parents of those days to have at least one of their sons become a minister. But John Adams did not have any inclination to enter the ministry after he left college. It was perhaps a disappointment to his parents to have him declare his intention of becoming a lawyer, for lawyers were not esteemed at all highly in those days.

John Adams married on the 25th of October, in the year 1764, Abigail Smith, the daughter of a minister in the town of Weymouth, near Quincy. Parson Smith was not overpleased to have his daughter marry a lawyer, and the Sunday after the wedding he preached a sermon from the following significant text: "For John . . . came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, he hath a devil."

This Abigail Smith who linked her fortunes with those of the young fellow whom her father intimated to be in league with the devil because he was a lawyer, was one of the noblest women America ever produced. She was worthy to become the wife of even a future president of the United States and the mother of a president.

John Quincy Adams, this boy of the Revolution, of whom I write, was the son of John Adams and of Abigail Smith Adams. He was born within fifty yards

of the spot on which his father was born. His birthday was July 11, 1767. If you should go to Quincy you might enter the room in which he first saw the light of day and you might also enter the room in which his father was born. These old houses are very well preserved and have undergone almost no change since they were first built.

Little John Quincy Adams came into the world in the midst of stirring times. His birthday was eleven years before the Declaration of Independence had become a reality, but the spirit of independence was already in the air, and men and women were beginning to whisper among themselves about the possibility of such a thing coming to pass. The English rulers were becoming more and more unfair and oppressive, and there was an air of defiance in all they did that was hard for the American people to bear, and they were growing more and more resentful. The spirit of independence ran high in the home of little John Quincy Adams. It was probably a daily theme of conversation, and the alert boy of ten or eleven years listened to it with eager interest.

The war clouds thickened. Paul Revere and other patriots were holding secret meetings in the old Green Dragon Inn in Boston. It was there that they planned the famous Boston "Tea Party," the news of which was received with approbation in the home of John Quincy Adams. Then came the battle of Bunker Hill, that momentous event in our American history. In front of the humble home of the little John Quincy Adams was a high hill called Penn's Hill. Charlestown is within sight of this hill and during the progress of the battle Mrs. Adams and her little son, John Quincy Adams, stood on this hill and watched with bated breath the rising columns of smoke that told of the devastation of Charlestown.

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THE CHURCH OF STATESMEN.

In this church lie buried John Adams and John Quincy Adams and their wives.

They heard the roar of the cannon and all of the dread noise of battle, little dreaming that it was but the forerunner of events that would make both the boy and his father presidents of the United States. One of the biographers of John Quincy Adams has said of him: "As a boy, standing there on Penn's Hill with his mother, his soul thrilling in response to the thunders of Bunker Hill, he was established in the elements of character that made the man. Dutiful, unselfish, sensible, fine in every instinct, wisdom his early, only choice," he was about as near the ideal child of an ideal Puritan home as New England might produce. He was a genuine boy, unhurt by the serious atmosphere of his home; full of life, loving the woodlands, playing at soldier with the colonials, who camped in his father's barn on their way to the front, and finding it hard among so many distractions to get down to his books. Indeed, he thought he would rather work on the farm than study, but after a day's test at ditching he went back to his dry Latin grammar with much content."

We are told that he was manly even in his earliest boyhood, and there was none of the prig about him. It is doubtful if any other boy of his years took a more eager and active interest in all that was going on in the world than he. He was well informed because there was always intelligent conversation in his home, and he knew all of the events of consequence that were happening in the struggle our country was making for freedom.

He was in his eleventh year when he made journeys from his home in Quincy to Boston on horseback to bring his mother the news of the day, for his father was at this time in Philadelphia as a member of the Continental Congress. When John Adams was sent on an em-

bassy to Europe, his son, John Quincy, went with him. Imagine if you can what an event this was in the life of a boy who had spent all of his life in a quiet little village. He visited the large cities of Europe and met many of the most noted men of the day, and he was not yet fourteen years of age when he began what one might really call a diplomatic career, for he became an assistant secretary to envoy Dana and went to Russia with him in that capacity. A little later he acted as secretary to his father, as well as to Jefferson and Franklin in Paris. You will agree with me that this was a very important and honorable position for a boy in his early teens to fill. It indicated that the young John Quincy Adams was no ordinary boy.

But life in gay Paris and in other capitals across the sea did not have the effect of making the boy forget his native land. He was ever loyal to it, and he went back to it gladly, little dreaming that it would one day give him the highest office within the gift of the people.

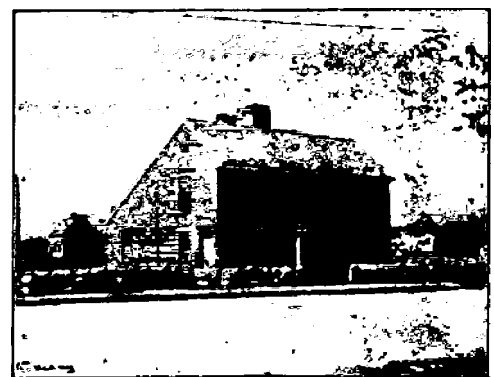
John Quincy Adams did as his father had done before him, he graduated from Harvard College and took up the study of the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1791, but in 1794 he went back to Europe as the American minister to The Hague, having been appointed to this position by President George Washington. In later years he was minister to Russia and to Berlin so that the little village boy who watched the battle of Bunker Hill from the summit of Penn's Hill was really rising in the world. But no distinction that had ever come to him equaled the distinction of being elected the sixth President of the United States. He could say with perfect truthfulness that he had not sought the office, but that the office had sought him. It is recorded that he said of his election to the presidency: "If the people wish me to be president I shall not refuse the office, but I ask nothing from any man or any body of men."

John Quincy Adams filled the office of President of the United States with great dignity and with unflinching honesty to his own convictions of right and wrong. He was a somewhat austere man and he made many enemies, but it is the fate of most public men to do this, and John Quincy Adams would not yield to any man against his own convictions of duty. He tried to serve his country faithfully. After serving one term as president he retired to private life, but later he became a member of the House of Representatives and it was while filling this office that he died. It was on the morning of the twenty third of February in the year 1848, Adams had risen to address the speaker of the house when he suddenly fell unconscious. He was carried into the speaker's room, where he revived enough to say weakly, "This is the last of earth; I am content." Then he breathed his last.

In the fine old town of Quincy is a dignified looking stone church called the "Church of Statesmen." This name has been given to it partly by reason of the fact that John Adams and John Quincy Adams lie buried beneath the church in a granite chamber with their wives beside them. You may read on a marble tablet at one side of the pulpit:

"Near this Place
Reposes all that could die of
John Quincy Adams,
Son of John and Abigail (Smith) Adams,
Born 11 July, 1767.
Amidst the Storms of Civil Commotion
He nursed the Vigor
Which nerves a Statesman and a Patriot
And the Faith
Which inspires a Christian.
For more than half a Century
Whenever his Country called for his
Labors,
In either Hemisphere or in any Capacity
He never spared them in her Cause.
On the twenty fourth of December, 1811,
He signed the Second Treaty with Great
Britain,
Which restored Peace within her Borders.
On the twenty third of February, 1848,
He closed sixteen years of eloquent
defence
Of the Lessons of his Youth
By dying at his Post
In her great National Council.
A Son, worthy of his Father,
A Citizen, shedding glory in his Country,
A Scholar, ambitious to advance Mankind,
This Christian sought to walk humbly
In the Sight of his God."

It is a noble tribute to a good man whose boyhood was such in its manliness and high ideals as we would like the boyhood of every American boy to be.

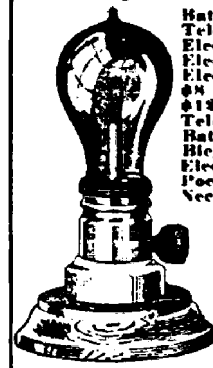


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All Boys Should Play Baseball

N. Y. EVENING JOURNAL

THE baseball season is about to begin, and we gather from certain indications and reports that in all ways it will be a season of unusual interest equally in professional and amateur baseball.

We are glad of it.

Every father of a normal boy should insist that his boy shall play baseball as often and as much as he can.

This is not only for the good of his body, but for the good of his mind and of his morals.

Of all the games ever devised for the development of healthful exercise of the human body, this is the best.

Baseball exercises every muscle, and, comparatively speaking, exercises all muscles fairly.

Of course, the pitcher gets more exercise for the muscles of one arm than for the muscles in other parts of his body. But with the other men the exercise is very evenly distributed.

They use the muscles of the arms in throwing and the arms and back and shoulders in batting, the legs in running, and all these in many different ways, so that a general and even development, which should be the aim of all healthy exercise, is more efficiently obtained from playing baseball than in any other way.

For the eyes there is nothing in the world like it. It continually trains and strengthens the vision. The fine discrimination required of the eyesight in batting, develops a very unusual faculty and tends to further strength and health of the eyes. The extent to which this faculty has been developed in some cases deserves a place among the wonders of human achievement. The skill and unerring precision of vision that enable a batsman to swing his bat so as to hit a swiftly curving ball for a base is a marvellous thing. When the batsman starts his stroke the ball is coming apparently straight for his head. He so times and aims his stroke that when his bat is swung forward it meets the ball at the level of his waist and drops it beyond the outfield. No more wonderful skill was ever attained by men's eyes and hands.

The accurate throwing of a ball, the catching or stopping of a batted or thrown ball, constantly exercise the eye until it learns to make such fine distinctions as would seem incomprehensible to the poor, benighted, unfortunate being that never stood by a home plate and faced a pitcher feeling like a king.

All of these exercises, minutely and incessantly varied, promote clearness and longevity of vision, so that old baseball players usually have excellent eyes long after other men of their age have been driven to spectacles.

Baseball is also most excellent training for character. It imperatively demands and develops and forces a swift and accurate judgment and the habit of quick thinking. It is the most mental of all sports. It is at least as much an affair of the head as of the hands.

Instant decision is the rule in this sport. The batsman cannot stop to make calculations where the pitched ball is likely to come. He must decide while it is flying through the air like a cannon shot.

The fielder cannot stop to argue as to where he shall throw the batted ball he has stopped. With the same motion and an incredible swiftness, he must throw straight to the home plate or to one of the bases, if he is to head off the runner whose flying feet seem scarcely to touch the ground. When a man looks up into the air to catch a fly he has to carry in his mind a photograph of the entire field and the exact state of the play, that the instant his hands touch the ball he may throw it where it will do the most good for a double play. When a man gallops after a long hit, he cannot stop to juggle with it—he must know where it is wise to land that ball.

It is the intricacies and complicated plays of baseball (so puzzling to one that does not know the game) that from first to last keep the mind in a full tension of alertness, studying and striving for combinations and effective turns, the nerves in healthy excitement, the muscles hard at work.

Then the blood runs swiftly through the veins, every square inch of the lungs is invigorated with fresh air, the brain clears up, the physical system gets into perfect working order, and the body glows with perfect health.

We owe a great deal to baseball. It has had a marked influence upon the national character. It is one of the reasons why American soldiers are the best in the world—quick-witted, swift to act, ready of judgment, capable of going into action without officers, as foreign experts observed with amazement during the Spanish war.

It is one of the reasons why American sailors on battleships are the best in the world.

It is one of the reasons why as a nation we impress foreign visitors as quick, alert, confident, and trained for independent action.

Every American boy ought to play baseball, and be proud of it as a great national institution.

Good physical health means good mental health, and good mental health means good moral health, and the three are tremendous elements in success and happiness.

Therefore play baseball.

How Edward Spent the Glorious "Fourth" — Della Hine Mertz

THE Fourth of July was ushered in by the boom! boom! of guns, the bang! bang! of fire crackers and the ringing of bells.

Edward, a very small American, was up by daylight adding his share to the din by shooting off the crackers, which his father had liberally bestowed on him.

Father, who was nothing but a big boy himself, was up, too, to see that Edward did not burn himself, or that a cracker did not go off prematurely in the small patriot's hand.

Grandfather, who made his home with father, mother, Edward and baby Katharine, after a short time joined father and Edward, and enjoyed the sport as much as did anyone.

All were surprised when the cook, a "hefo' de wah" darkey, came to tell her "white-folks" that breakfast was ready: saying, "I done rung the bell fo' times, but none ob you come."

The family went in to breakfast, the big folks to do ample justice to the delicious rolls, for which Becky, the cook, was famous: the amber coffee, fried potatoes, fruit and fresh eggs of, as the children said, "our own raisin'." The children were too excited to make but a pretence of eating and soon asked to be excused. Receiving permission, they left the table and were soon on the lawn and, being rejoined by their companions, spent a happy forenoon shooting crackers, running races with one another, playing tag and all the other games dear to childish hearts.

When the noon bell pealed out on the air, mother delighted the crowd by inviting them to stay to a picnic lunch. And how the little ones did enjoy their feast, sitting on the lawn which looked and felt like velvet, with the green trees waving their branches softly above them. Grandfather, father and mother officiated as waiters, as Becky, who wished to go to a picnic, had been excused from further service.

How those children did eat! "They licked the platter clean," sang little Katharine. After the small fry could eat no more, they went in a body to grandfather, who sat on the lawn near by and asked him to tell them something about the boy, George Washington. Now grandfather, who was a veteran of the civil war, and could remember asking his father, who had fought for the independence of our country, those selfsame questions, enjoyed nothing more than to have gathered around him a group of eager little faces, gazing with rapt attention into his while he told them of that great and good man, fitly called "The Father of His Country," whom all Americans revere.

"Well," said grandfather, turning to Edward, "which stories would you like to hear?"

"Commence with the hatchet," said Edward, "and tell as many as you can."

Grandfather's eyes twinkled, and he began: "The hatchet! All right. When George was about six years of age his father gave him a hatchet. He was delighted with the present and went about, like all small boys do, chopping at everything that he came across. One day while he was in the garden, after hacking his mother's pea-stalks, he cut a beautiful, young cherry tree so deeply that the tree, which was a great favorite of his father, never grew again. The day after the tree had been cut, Mr. Washington was walking in the garden and discovered the damage done to it. Returning to the house he enquired, with much warmth, who had killed his tree, adding that he would not have taken five guineas (about twenty five dollars in our money) for it.

"Pretty soon George and his hatchet appeared."

"George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?"

George was silent for a moment and then answered bravely:

"I can't tell a lie, father! you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet!"

"Run to my arms, you dearest boy!" cried his father. "Run to my arms! Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand-fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is of more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold!"

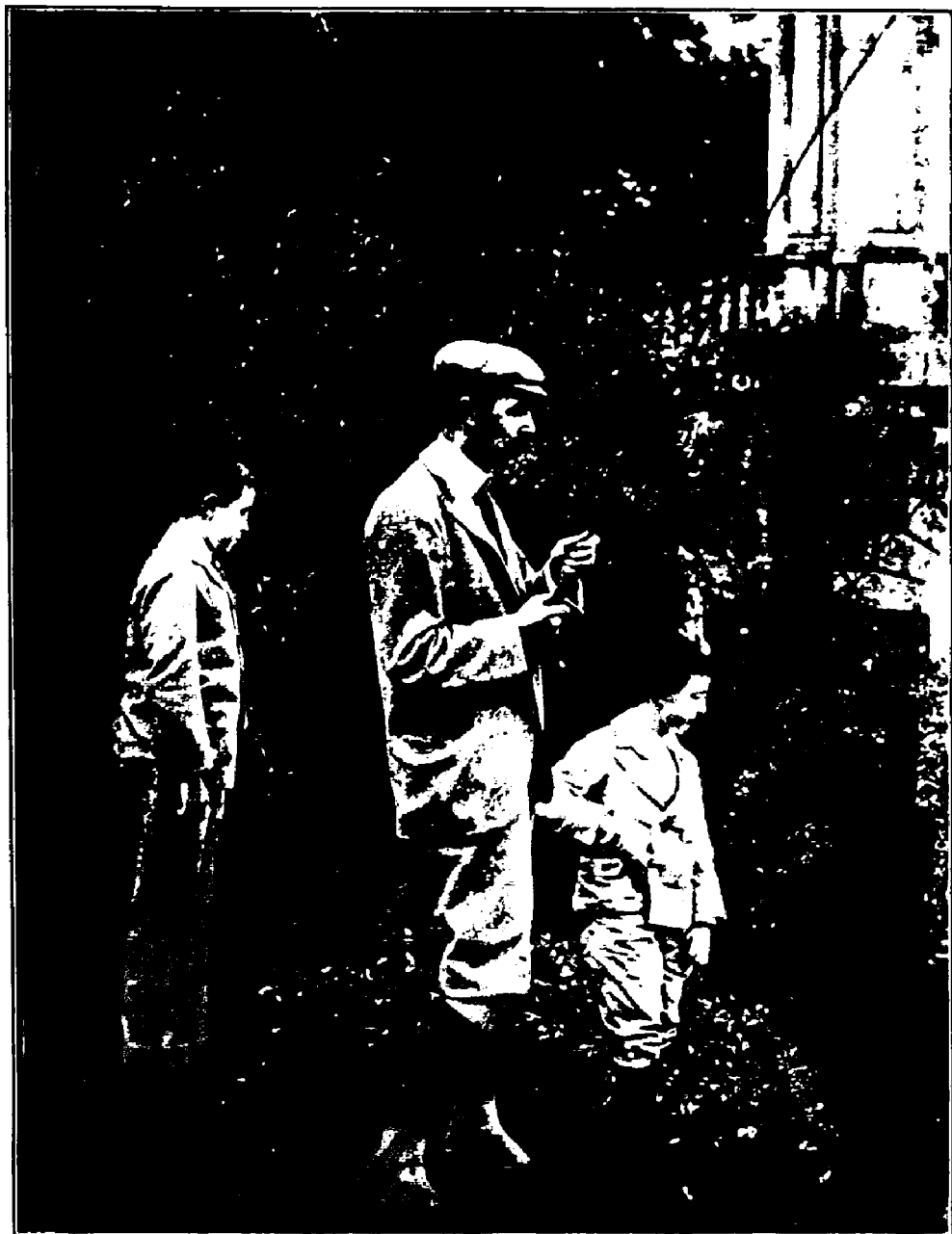
"Tell about the colt," said Edward.

"Here she goes," answered grandfather. "George's mother had a beautiful unbroken colt, of which she was very proud. One morning George, with some boy friends, was in the pasture where the animal was kept. He attempted to ride the colt and succeeded in doing so, but the undeveloped horse in its frantic endeavors to unseat its rider, fell, and broke its neck. At the breakfast table, Mrs. Washington, knowing that her son had been in the field, where her favorite was, asked how it appeared. 'Madame, your horse is dead,' replied our future general and president. His mother's face flushed, but in a short time the color faded and she said, 'I am sorry my colt is dead, but I am glad you did not tell me a lie and deny it.'"

"Now for the one where Mr. Washington puzzles George," prompted Edward.

Grandfather thought a moment and then told the interested children this tale.

"One morning George's father wrote in the finely-pulverized earth of his gar-



SIR MICHAEL HERBERT, WITH HIS TWO SONS, FISHING.
(British Ambassador to the United States.)

Chicago and Its Boys.

Fifty years ago—May thirty—not even a man of wealth could obtain for his son such a mental, moral and physical training as the city of Chicago now gives to the children of needy, neglectful or indifferent parents. An observer has said that he is convinced that nine-tenths of the sons of wealthy parents would be better off for the kind of schooling the city of Chicago is giving its wards in the Parental School, popularly known as the Truant School. It is said that the care and instruction of boys in this school costs the city five dollars a week per capita. In a word, the community is investing some \$260 a year, with two ends in view: First, to get its return in a productive citizen; second, by spending the money now to escape paying later the much larger sum which would be required for the capture, trial and imprisonment of a criminal who might be a criminal solely because his boyhood days had been passed in truancy and idleness.

The city has put into this enterprise, which is new, \$250,000. One million spent in extending this school, or in founding others like it in and near Chicago, would be worth \$20,000,000 spent on the courts, jails, police and reformatories.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"After George's father had enjoyed his son's surprise and listened to the surmises of the boy as to how his name could have been written there, he told George that he had planted the seeds and the manner in which he did so."

"George was fond of playing 'soldier,'" continued grandfather, "and when he was ten years old, attending a school taught by Mr. Hobby, he would divide his playmates into two armies, naming them, for distinction, French and American. A big boy at school, named William Bustle, was commander of the French, and George was the commander of the Americans. Every day at recess the boys would take cornstalks for muskets, and calabashes for drums, and march and countermarch, file off or fight their make-believe battles, all joining in the fracas with vim. George did not care for tops and marbles, strange as it may seem, but was fond of leaping, jumping and the throwing of heavy weights. And as to running, Weems, in his 'Life of George Washington,' says: 'The swift-footed Achilles could scarcely have matched his speed.'"

Then grandfather went on to tell his boyish audience of the courtesy and respect George always displayed towards his mother, as a boy and as a man, too. "George was a great favorite with his playmates, and they thought so well of his sense of justice that when a dispute arose among them it was always left to George to settle, and whatever he said the boys were willing to abide by."

As some of the children had been sent for by their parents and mother had appeared to claim her little folks for the "tub" and "slicing-up" process, the small company around grandfather "broke ranks," and after thanking the dear old gentleman for the good time they had enjoyed in hearing him tell of little George, they scampered home.

A Sight That Helped a Boy.

"Ian Maclaren," the famous novelist, says that one of his most vivid memories is of a review at Edinburgh he witnessed, just after the Indian mutiny. He was eight or nine years old at the time, and was in a carriage which, through influence or good luck, was quite close to the position of the reviewing general, a very famous warrior. One officer on horseback, in a gorgeous uniform, and glittering with medals, knew young Watson's father, and actually spoke a few words to the boy, who almost burst with joy and pride. To the tune of "The Campbells Are Coming," the famous Seventy eighth swept by, people shouting, "Well done, Seventy eighth." "You saved the women and children" (at Lucknow), and so forth; and the boy, who was watching, actually cried with the excitement of it all. "One thing is certain," says Ian Maclaren, "that a boy can never forget such a gallant sight, and its remembrance helps to make him a strong man."

A Difficult Task.

Get the merry-thought, or wishing-bone of a fowl, and bore a hole through the top part; then place it on the bridge of your nose, and try to put a piece of thread through the hole.

FOR A BOYS' "CIRCUS"—J. C. Beard

BEGUN IN MARCH—MORE TRICKS NEXT MONTH

THE CLOWN AS A STRONG MAN.

It is always the aim of a clown to prove the ascendancy of mind over matter. In all his performances, whether they be acts of buffoonery or real feats of skill and strength, it is the clown's business to find some eccentric method of doing them.

He must never use the obvious and apparent way of accomplishing anything. He must find some unexpected and unique path for arriving at his ends.

A clown never hesitates about making use of any outside accessory which may aid him, even though such help may be quite against the rules of the game. He

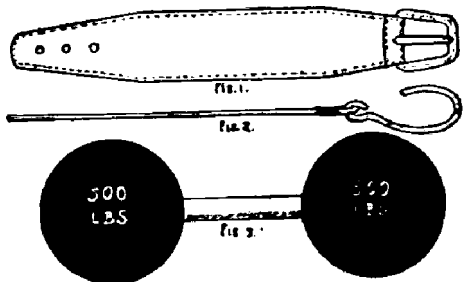


Diagram.

climbs the greased pole by means of a rope or a ladder; any way will answer for him so long as he gets to the top.

The clown, more often than not, is a really powerful man, but when he essays to make a show of his strength he always goes to such extremes that he makes his performance ridiculous.

He shamelessly uses numerous sorts of tackle for lifting his weights, though it must be said in his favor that he is always careful to make some blunder which will let the spectators know how the feat is accomplished.

By using ingenious devices, such, for instance, as a black wire against a black background, the clown is enabled to perform feats which might daunt Hercules himself, and, as I have indicated, he is far from depending upon his muscles to carry him through.

Not long ago, at a small country circus, a clown created quite a sensation by letting a heavy man stand on his outstretched arm.

The spectators were delighted at this phenomenal exhibition of strength; but in the midst of the applause another clown, who was evidently jealous of the attention his fellow was attracting, struck the strong man over the head with an inflated bladder.

The performer lost his temper and began to chase his jealous rival around the ring. The man whom he had been holding, instead of getting a nasty fall, hung kicking in the air.

He was suspended by a thin black wire, and immediately behind him was a black post. Under these conditions the eyes of a hawk could not have detected the wire.

If a black curtain is tacked against one end of a room the same feat may be performed by any amateur.

A screen can be placed in front of the performers until they have arranged their post.

Any one may safely suspend himself in the air by passing a belt, such as that shown in Figure 1, around the chest under the arms.

The belt can be stitched together easily from canvas or strong cloth. The buckle can be taken from some old trunk strap.

The shirt of the performer is put on over the belt. A hook such as that shown in Figure 2 is fastened to the end of the wire. The wire is slipped down the neck of the man who is to hang in the air and hooked to the belt.

Another feat which strong clowns are fond of performing is to lift over their heads a dumb-bell weighing one thousand pounds.

They lift with every appearance of nerve-racking effort. They seem to strain until it becomes almost painful to watch them.

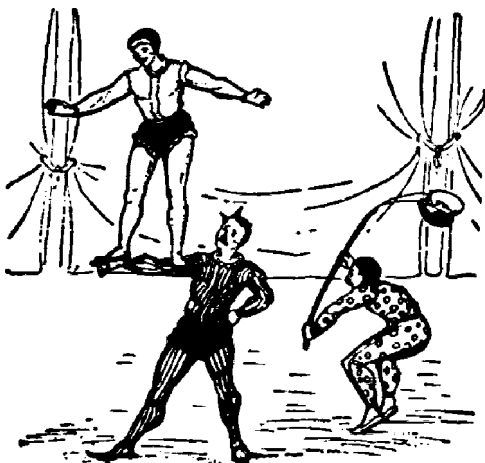
Then, after receiving their applause, they kick the dumb-bell aside with hardly an effort, or some small boy runs into the ring, catches up the dumb-bell and rushes away with it.

The dumb-bell, although it has every appearance of iron, is in reality nothing but light wood painted black.

The knobs of the dumb-bell are each marked five hundred pounds, as shown in the diagram, Figure 3.

The clown who acts as a strong man is always very careful to call attention to his muscles which are rendered wonderful in size and shape by his having stuffed quantities of rags and paper under his clothes.

It does not in the least matter to the clown whether or not his muscles are in the correct place or of the correct shape. So long as there are huge bunches on each of his arms and legs the clown is satisfied.



JOE JOLLY BOY

(BEGUN IN APRIL.)

IN WHICH HE TELLS HOW HE BUILT A HOUSE AND SAW VARIOUS THINGS OF INTEREST.

Next day, in conformity with what I had told the king of the Pigmies, I set out to build me a house. I selected a piece of ground opposite the palace, and the people helped me to cut a lot of poles for posts, and then lashed them near the top with strips of bark, and soon had the framework of my house ready.

Then I lashed other poles farther down, and by weaving long grass behind them, and by using the same for a roof, I had my house or hut completed before sunset. I used mud to plaster over the sides and roof, and when the mud hardened the hut was water-tight.

I left an opening for a door and hung a grass mat before it, and I made me a bedstead of poles and stretched mats across the frame. No one in Jolly Land had ever seen such a house before, and great was the wonder as the people stood around it.

When they saw me go in and out by the door, and took notice how handy it was, they clapped their hands and shouted as if it were some great thing. In deed, the king came across and entered by the door and said:

"Joe Jolly Boy, you are not only a giant, but the smartest man in the world. How on earth did you ever happen to think of a door like this? I can see that we shall learn many smart things from you, and I am glad of your visit."

I must now tell you more about the people.

When you or I are introduced to a person we bow and shake hands. When the king introduced me to his leading men they stood on their heads and waved their legs.

We eat our soup from a dish with a spoon. The Pigmies drank theirs out of

the dish, and used their spoons where we use forks.

If one of them wanted to go up hill he got down and rolled up. In going down he walked.

When they bathed in the sea they swam on their backs instead of their stomachs.

When they climbed trees they went up feet first, and when they went out in



their canoes, they sat facing the wrong way to use their paddles.

These little people did many other things exactly contrary to what we do, and during my first three or four days among them I was much amused every hour in the day.

There were goats on the island, but

A Most Delicious Dessert

How to Split the Biscuit

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit is made in the most hygienic and scientific food laboratory in the world. The wheat is spun into light shreds, containing thousands of open pores and is not crushed flat and dense as in the case of other foods. These pores absorb the digestive juices and provide far greater surface for their action than is given by any other food.

The following simple "course before coffee" is much in vogue with club men everywhere. The simplicity of preparation and the little cost, together with the delicious taste of the compotes, make this dessert in rare favor in the home.

Use Seasonable Fruit and

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

Split and slightly toast the Biscuit, then serve with berries, sliced peaches, bananas or any seasonable fruit. Simple, isn't it? Your verdict will be "Simply Delicious"

For Shortcake.—With sharp knife halve the Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit lengthwise, prepare pineapple as for sauce (or bananas or mixed fruit) and set aside. When serving, arrange halves in layers covered with fruit and add sugar and whipped cream.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

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THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

all had long tails, like cows, and their horns pointed forwards instead of back. The dogs were hardly larger than common rats, and were all bobtailed, the same as rabbits.

All the rabbits you ever saw had longer hind legs than fore ones. Nature made them thus so they could take leaps. There were rabbits in Jolly Land, but their fore legs were the longest, and when they started to run they hopped backwards.

The first time I saw one of them do it I laughed so loud and so long, and so many of the people laughed with me, that the king came out to learn the cause.

He soon began to laugh, too, and we were a merry crowd for half an hour.

There were some animals I had never seen before and had to ask the name of. Among these were pigs. Instead of having bristles, like all pigs I had ever seen before, they had fur like a woodchuck, and instead of rooting up the ground with their snouts, they scratched with their hind legs. There were many other curious and funny things to be met, and I laughed so often and so hard that my sides finally became sore.

One of the funniest things to me was that they should take me for a giant and think me so smart. I was neither larger nor smaller than any other boy of my age, but I could not make them understand it.

Their way of felling a tree was for a hundred or more men to climb to the top and bend it over until it was uprooted. One day I found an old ax which had come ashore in the wreck of a vessel. It had been thrown aside because none of them knew how to use it or were big enough to handle it. I sharpened the tool on a stone and then cut down three trees with it, and the people were so astonished that they even forgot to laugh.

When the king saw the chips fly and the trees come down he laid his hand on my arm and exclaimed:

"Joe Jolly Boy, this is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of, and if you will stay here with us I will give you my daughter Chin-Chin for a wife, and you shall help me rule my people and become king after I am dead."

I did not promise him. I was having good times, but I knew the day would come when I should want to return to Slam and my own people.

I ask you to be sure and read the next chapter, as I am going to tell you in that how I met and vanquished a monster of the sea which had long made the Pigmies afraid.

(To be continued.)

Taking Life too Seriously.

Taking life too seriously is said to be an especially American failing. This may be true, but, judging from appearances, it would seem to be world-wide, for, go where one may, he will find the proportion of serious, not to say anxious, faces ten to one as compared with the merry or happy ones. If "the outer is always the form and shadow of the inner," and if "the present is the fullness of the past, and the herald of the future," (and how can we doubt it?) how many sad histories may be read in the faces of those we meet every day. The pity of it is, too, that the sadness is a self-woven garment, even as is the joy with which it might be replaced. Ruskin says, "Girls should be sunbeams, not only to members of their own circle, but to everybody with whom they come in contact. Every room they enter should be brighter for their presence." Why shouldn't all of us be sunbeams, boys as well as girls, all along the way from twenty five years and under to eighty five years and over?—April "Success."

AIRGUN FOUNTAIN PEN

LOOK

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Salmon Fishing

MARY H.

THE open season of the Columbia River salmon fisheries continues through the spring months. The run of chinook or king salmon, varying only with the earliness or lateness of the season, is at its prime during this time.

That of the other varieties of salmon is not so marked. Of these there are five distinct species that swim and spawn in the Columbia, making it world-famous in this respect.

The vastness of this river, and the variation in its depth, make necessary the use of numerous and varied fishing appliances. Some of these are entirely local in construction and manipulation, while others—as the pound-nets, which are similar to those used on the Great Lakes, and the seining apparatus—are common to many waters.

Ichthyologists tell us that salmon, when tiny fish, leave the headwaters of the river and go out to the ocean to live. Staying there almost three years, they come back and swim up the great river to spawn and die near the very place where they themselves were hatched.

It is on this return trip when the salmon, having taken on pounds of firm pink flesh, having acquired a delicious oily flavor, and a shining coat of silvery scales, are seeking their native waters, that the fisherman reaps his harvest.

At the estuary of the Columbia, where the salmon, fresh from the ocean, run in by the thousands, are numerous drifts—clear reaches of water of fairly equal depth—where are floated great nets; at night, before high-water mark, these are set out.

With a mesh small enough to catch by the gills all fine large chinook that head toward it, the net-



A RIPE FISH.

one hundred to four hundred fathoms in length, the depth being forty meshes at one end and increasing to three times that number as the other end is reached. The net is so set that it forms a semicircle, the shallow end of the net on the bar and the other some distance off-shore. Clever and quick work done by the men, and well-directed pulling on the part of the horses, beaches the seine, which has been so guided that it circles around and stops the salmon as they are coming in.

The men, protected by long boots, wade, often waist-deep, into the water to remove the fish. Then the nets are laid out again, usually three and sometimes five hauls being made on a tide.

Set-nets are smaller than drifts or seines, and are moored in the river. They are operated night and day, the cork line on the surface of the water dipping when a gilled fish weighs it down.

Up the river, where there is a steady current, the fisherman, guided by experience, selects a site for his fishwheel. Hoping to hit upon a salmon "trail" where the fish run in shoals, he sets up the gear.

The wheel itself is composed of a series of wire-netted scoop paddles which are turned by the velocity of the water. Always moving, these scoop up the fish as they attempt to pass.

The movable fishwheel may be changed from one site to another, while the permanent sort, although built on the same plan, have not this advantage. The permanent wheel, however, has leaders stretching out into the water, which direct the course of the fish to the point where the wheel captures them.

Wonderful catches are reported being made by these wheels. It must have been a day of a good "run" when, considering the other wheels and nets in the river, one wheel is recorded to have taken thirteen thousand salmon in a single day.

On Sundays during the open season all fishing is prohibited. The nets are hung high and dry, the traps of the pound-nets are open to let the fish pass through and the wheels are raised above the surface of the water. Many fish thus escape on that day, as also during a freshet in the river when the salmon

On the Columbia

O'CONNOR

will cling to the bottom or swim over the water covered lowlands on either side out of reach of nets and traps. Ever bearing up stream with the on instinct of reaching their spawning grounds these fish arrive at the cascades and the dalles where, at many places, the velocity of the water is great and the channel narrow.

Here, on platforms or rocks jutting out over the water, are men operating entirely different gear from those in the deep waters of the lower river. Along such places was the favorite fishing spot of the Indian tribes that for generations camped on the banks to catch and cure salmon for the winter's food.

Seeking places where they can more easily pass, the salmon, struggling for freedom, are here literally dipped out of the water. A twenty-foot pole, with hooped net-bag, dexterously handled, will land many salmon during a plentiful run. Even in an off year dip-net fishing is remunerative.

Squaw-nets, as the name suggests, were originally managed by Indian women. It was simply a weighted net attached to a floating pole and securely fastened to shore, where the squaw could quickly see when a prize was caught. Today the white man manages both dip-net and squaw-net at the same time.

Landing the catch at the canneries and cold storage houses from the many fishing posts along the great river is an affair of importance. It is work that must be done quickly in order to assure the arrival of the fish in good season.

Boats, small steamers, and launches carry the salmon to the firms that have arranged to receive them. The drift-nets being lifted at night their contents are disposed of in the earliest morning hours. At the fishwheels, the catch from them being greater than by any other single method, the salmon, often as many as five hundred, are fastened to casks and sent down stream to the canneries.

Sometimes the run of royal chinook has been concentrated into a short period—one of nature's vagaries—and in consequence the fish come in such enormous quantities that the nets and the strength of the fishermen are tried to their utmost. As contracts are made with the cannery men and packers to accept the fish at a stipulated price before the season opens, these are taken to them in shoals.

Unable to handle the supply, many thousands of dead fish are tossed back into the water, and the season coming to a close, with the fish still running, the canneries must shut down and it is declared an "off year" for them although the actual run of chinook may have been far above the average.

Packers depend largely upon the steelhead salmon, as it may be caught plentifully throughout the year and is more satisfactory as a shipping fish than the chinook, retaining better its firmness of flesh after freezing. The frozen fish trade has assumed great proportions on the Columbia in the past few years.

It requires a number of processes to reduce a shining, darting fish to a bit of merchandise; cleaned thoroughly, inspected, packed in cans and put through a bath of scalding water, the tops of the tins soldered on and the contents well cooked.

Gas and water must be allowed to escape through holes in the tins and the cooking must be thorough else at the final test the can will be pronounced a "swell-head" instead of "sound."

The loss of life among fishermen of the Columbia has been at times most appalling, and it is claimed that accidents are more frequent on this river than at any other point along the western coast. At the

(Continued on page 282.)



DIP-NET FISHING.

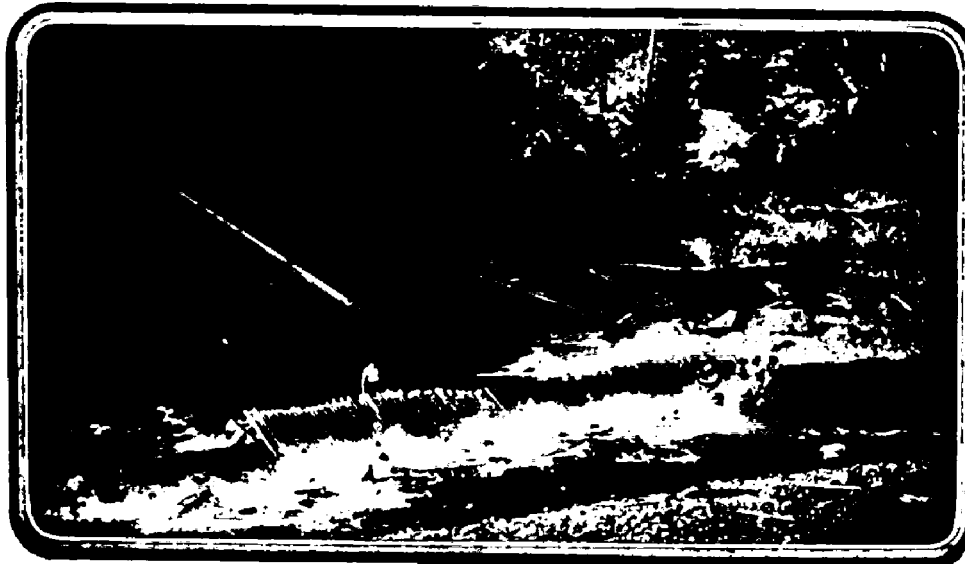
ting is large enough to allow the small and less desirable fish to escape.

Carried with the current for an hour after high-tide, these nets, two hundred fathoms in length, the upper edge floating by means of a cork rope and kept vertical by lead sinkers, are hauled into the boat and relieved of their weight of fish.

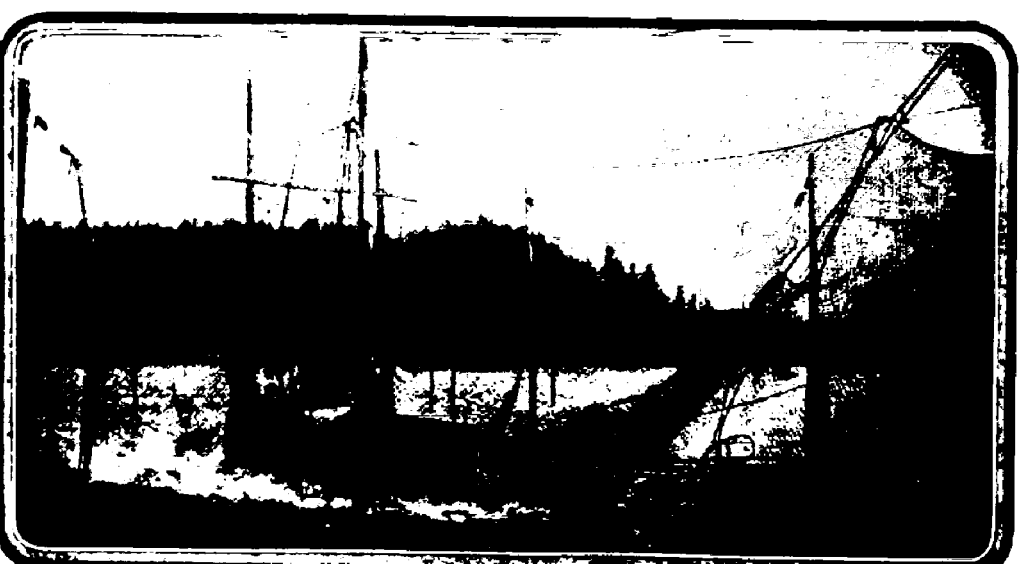
Besides these drift-nets, there are placed pound-nets in the lower river. These latter many a fish would pass by if it were not for the leaders of twine that, running at a length of four to six hundred feet out from shore to shoal, coax the salmon to change their course and run directly into the crib or pound, which once a day at low-tide is emptied.

Seining is here, as elsewhere, an important business, and a gang of experienced men are engaged to manipulate the nets, boats and horses essential to a successful capturing of salmon by this method.

When the flood-tide comes in operations begin at the seining grounds. A dory and a boat are used to set the seines against the tide. The seines are from



TRAP TO CATCH SPAWNING SALMON.



TRAP NETS.

Surf Riding in Old Hawaii

Mrs. H. A. Townsend



AMONG the sports of Old Hawaii none were more enjoyed by the natives than surf riding. The Hawaiians from time immemorial have proved themselves conquerors of the surf. In early childhood both sexes became fearless swimmers; they always felt at home in the sea, and were passionate lovers of it.

Exhibitions of surf riding were among the popular amusements of the old days when the monarchy was in power. The visits of royalty to the smaller islands were memorable occasions. The natives delighted to do honor to their kings. Their subjects brought all sorts of gifts—flowers, ferns, pigs, fowls, fruit, eggs, money—in fact, everything they raised or possessed was freely offered to show their loyalty, and even the smallest gift was graciously accepted by the sovereigns. The kings and queens of Hawaii were very accessible to the common people, and entered into the sports and festivities prepared for them with true native joy.

When notice was given that there would be an exhibition of surf riding in honor of the king, the people gathered from far and wide, and before the appointed hour the beach was crowded with men, women and children, waiting eagerly for the sport to begin.

The performers were usually about a dozen men who volunteered for the occasion. Divested of all unnecessary clothing—in fact, wearing only the native malo, they appeared, each carrying a surf board under his arm. This was a flat board about two feet wide and from six to nine feet long. It was usually made of the wood of the non-bearing bread-fruit trees, and was thin and light in weight. The men leaped into the ocean, wading or swimming out for a considerable distance, and were soon lost to view for a few moments, and then were seen riding fearlessly in to the shore on the top of the waves.

Great skill and practice were needed to catch an incoming wave at just the right second, and to balance the board on the top of the breaker and ride, as it were, on the edge of the wave, as the slightest curving to the right or to the left would often unseat the most accomplished swimmer. Some would ride the board face downwards, as the boys in this country do their sleds, but the more bold and expert would sit, or even stand in the center of the board, and with arms extended fly swiftly in to the shore. The spectators grew intensely excited as they watched the men trying to mount the waves, and when one failed and disappeared under the rushing waters the seeming element of danger only added to the delight when the shining head appeared again and, success assured, the victor rode in triumph to the goal amid the shouts and plaudits of the multitude. Masters of the sea, indeed, were these indolent, fun-loving, tropical people.

But old Hawaii is no more. The days of kings and queens, with all the petty pomp of royalty, have passed, and even the love for the old sports is dying out. Surf riding, once so popular, is now seldom seen. Football, baseball and other games more dangerous, have taken its place. Canoeing is also becoming popular among the natives, and their training makes them the most expert canoeists in the world. If surf riding should become a lost art in Hawaii one of the most exciting and exhilarating of sports will have given way to the march of civilization.

Borax.

Borax is found in this country only in California and Nevada. These two states furnish more than one-fourth of the world's production of this article. Borax is used in the preservation of meat and silk. Porcelain contains borax. Door-knobs, hats, calico dresses, white paper, and many other things derive their polish from its use. It is found in California in a region known as Death Valley. A number of years ago, it is said, prospectors found the dead body of a woman lying on the sand there. The body had been preserved for years, and scientists ascribed

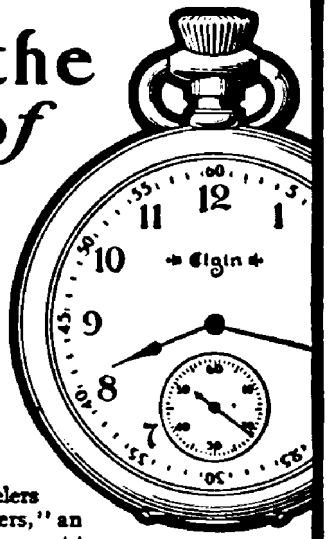
the preservation of the flesh to the action of borax, and soon mines for the product were in operation. This is a strange story and we cannot vouch for it. Borax is worth \$160 a ton. California and Nevada produce 6,000 tons annually.

A Word of Caution.

Much trouble is made in the office of THE AMERICAN BOY by boys failing to note carefully our directions with regard to contests, badges, premiums, prizes, puzzles, etc. For instance: In our May number we said that we would give three dollars for a photograph which we deemed suitable for a front cover illustration for THE AMERICAN BOY. The meaning of the word "photograph" should be plain to every boy, and yet scores of boys sent us pen and ink drawings, wash drawings, and written suggestions, and expressed the hope that they would get the three dollars. It was photographs only that we wanted.

When asking information regarding items which have appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY, it is requested that inquirers mention date and page of number which contained the item.

Always on the right side of a question of time—the ELGIN WATCH



Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

Not All Yellow.

Yellow Journalism is not all yellow. Many people look upon the New York American and Journal as a typical yellow journal. If you are not familiar with it you will be surprised, perhaps, to know that it is not all yellow. Here are some extracts from one of its leading editorials of a recent issue:

Do not blame a child or punish it for being cruel. Cruelty with children is natural. Educate it.

Before the age of seven character is formed to cruelty or to gentleness.

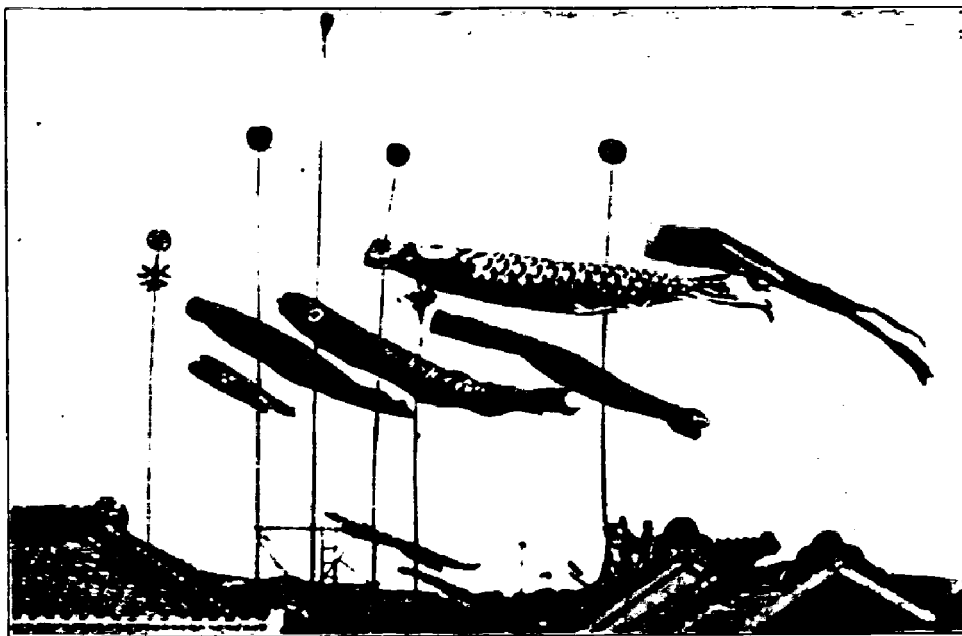
Your child represents continued life on this earth for you. As you incline your child's mind to-day it will influence other human beings after you are dead.

The first thing is to teach kindness to animals.

The real foundation of gentleness and progress is sympathy for human beings.

Do not make sport of physical suffering nor assume beggars to be insincere when your child is listening.

Above all, do not treat your own child brutally. The child that is treated brutally hands down brutality to the next generation.



THE JAPANESE BOYS' PAPER FISH.

The Boys' Holiday in Japan

—W. Frank McClure.

What is known as "Boys' Holiday" is a unique feature of the year in Japan. On this day, over the residence of every family in which there is a boy, there flies to the wind at least one paper fish. These fish, in construction, resemble carp. They are of many sizes and are highly colored. Sometimes they are five or six feet in length. On the day previous to Boys' Holiday, bamboo poles are raised and to these the head of the fish is attached, as shown in the accompanying photograph.

Thousands of these paper fish may be seen in the big Japanese settlements on Boys' Holiday, which, by the way, comes early in April. Strange to say, the number of flying fish over a dwelling does not necessarily indicate the number of boys in the family. A Jap with one boy may have a half dozen fish flying to the breeze, while the one with a half-dozen sons may make no greater display. These fish can be purchased in the native stores at prices ranging from ten cents up to seventy five cents.

On Boys' Holiday in Japan all the playthings of the little lads are brought out. The children of Japan have many play-

things, but they are usually kept hidden away during all but festal days. Then they are brought forth and placed in an array for exhibition only.

The younger boys and girls in the towns and cities of Japan play in large numbers upon the streets. Often the thoroughfares are thronged with children. At Yokohama, one of the amusements of the little folks consists in climbing an 100-step staircase on the mountain side, and then running down it as fast as their little wooden shoes will carry them. Japanese children are seldom quarrelsome. A street fight among them is almost unknown.

Admiral Sampson's Boyhood.

Admiral Sampson, of the United States Navy, who recently died, was the son of a laborer, and, like so many famous Americans, rose from the ranks. His parents were too poor to educate him properly, so he went to school when he could, and at other times, while helping his father to cut wood, tried to complete his education in his spare moments. He was energetic and persevering, and at seventeen, in spite of great obstacles, obtained an appointment as midshipman in the United States Naval Academy. In four years' time he graduated first in his class.

PRIZE PUZZLE



Who is it?

This is one of the Presidents who always used Williams' Shaving Soap

How many bright boys and girls can tell who it is?

To any one sending the correct name, with a 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, postpaid, a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty in the shape of key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day. Handy for the chauffeur, the bicycle rider, for opening cigar boxes, watch cases, for automatic air valves, etc.



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"Wouldn't Take 50 Cents for It."
"I have received the Triplet and like it very much. I would not sell it for 50 cents if I could not buy another."
"Just the Thing I Have Been Looking For."
"Thank you very much for the Triplet. It is just the tool I have been looking for, for years."
"A Most Convenient Pocket Companion."
"The Triplet is the most convenient pocket companion I have ever carried."

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Tools, material and instruction, without jewelry, " 1.00

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BOURNE, THURMAN CO., 100 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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25 Cents a Bottle by all Druggists.



ONE CLUB JUGGLING

THE fact that I know of only one attempt to give a series of movements in club juggling in print, has induced me to give a full course of exercises that can be readily understood. As club juggling is an art, as well as a bodily exercise, which calls into play all the muscles of the body, you must not expect to be able to go through this series of exercises without dropping the club, until you practice the same faithfully for a week or more. The different movement and combinations that one can arrange from this course, seem to be without number. The best balanced club for juggling with is one weighing about three or four pounds.

Exercise 1. Starting position, heels apart, grasp the club in right hand, above the knob, start with right arm at the right side of the body, level with right shoulder, swing arm down in front of thighs, as club swings to the left side of body, throw the club one full turn in the air before catching, turning the far or butt end of club toward the body so that all circles of the club in the air are inward circles unless stated otherwise, catch club with left hand at left side of body, arm raised to nearly level with left shoulder.

Exercise 2. Repeat exercise 1 to the right.

Exercise 3. Repeat exercise 1, making two turns in the air before catching.

Exercise 4. Repeat exercise 3 to the right.

Exercise 5. From starting position same as in exercise 1, swing club to the left, at the same time raise left knee, so that you swing the club under left knee, at the same time throw club one full turn in the air before catching at the left side of body, same time return foot to the floor.

Exercise 6. Repeat exercise 5 to the right, see figure 1.

Exercise 7. Repeat exercise 5, making two turns in the air before catching.

Exercise 8. Repeat exercise 7 to the right.

Exercise 9. (a) From starting position as in exercise 1, swing to the left, and make one full turn in the air, the club turning near the left shoulder, catch the club with right hand, placing right forearm back of body, see figure 2. (b) Swing right arm from back of body to the right level with the shoulder, and make one full turn in the air before catching club at right side of body in right hand.

Exercise 10. Repeat exercise 1 to get club in left hand.

Exercise 11. Repeat exercise 9 to the left.

Exercise 12. Repeat exercise 2 to get club in right hand.

Exercise 13. Repeat exercise 9, making two turns in the air before catching.

Exercise 14. Repeat exercise 3 to get club in left hand.

Exercise 15. Repeat exercise 11, making two turns in the air before catching.

Exercise 16. Repeat exercise 9b with left hand, making two turns in the air before catching club at left side of body.

Exercise 17. Swing left arm to the right, at the same time place right hand under body of the club near the end and make one full turn in the air before catching club at the right side of body, with right hand assisting only in the progress of the turns.

Exercise 18. Repeat exercise 17 at left side.

Exercise 19. Repeat exercise 17, making two turns in the air before catching.

Exercise 20. Repeat exercise 18, making two turns in the air before catching club.

Exercise 21. Swing left arm to the right, place right arm just above the left hand on handle of club, and make one full turn in the air, away from body, or outward circle of the club, before catching at right side of body.

Exercise 22. Repeat exercise 21 to the left.

Exercise 23. Repeat exercise 21, making two turns in the air before catching at the right side of body.

Exercise 24. Repeat exercise 23 to left.

Exercise 25. Swing left arm to the left side of body, holding right arm slightly flexed, see figure 3, and make one-half turn in the air, catching club in a balance on right forearm as in figure 3; let the club fall outward by lowering right arm, at the same time making one-half turn with club in the air, catching club

by the handle as it is about to touch the floor, with right hand.

Exercise 26. Repeat exercise 25 to the left.

Exercise 27. (a) Swing the left arm to the right side of body, holding right arm slightly flexed, make one full turn in the air, catching club in a balance in the palm of right hand, see figure 4. (b) Make one full turn in the air from 27a, making the turn away from the body, catching at right side of body, with right hand.

Exercise 28. Repeat exercise 27 to the left, see figure 4. From the foregoing combinations, you have the beginning of a very artistic club juggling system of physical culture. For illustration, throw club under right leg, raising right knee, catch club to the left side of body, by raising left knee and catching club with right forearm under left thigh. Try the same running two or more steps, before catching club.

On exercises 25, 26, 27 and 28, you can throw club from under legs or back of body to the balance on forearm, and back and palm of hand. And by a little study you will find it a fascinating and beneficial exercise.

The illustrations are taken from photographs of F. E. Miller, who held the championship of the North American Gymnastic Union from 1893 until 1897, when he was barred from contests on account of being a professional.



The Youngest Chauffeur.

A glance at the accompanying cut will serve to convince the most skeptical that age and mechanical skill are not necessary to successfully manipulate a power driven vehicle.

Master Hubert Ogden was born August 25th, 1899, and has up to the present time confined most of his automobiling tours to the public streets and suburban roadways of Columbus, Ind., at which place his father, Mr. Dore Ogden, is manager of the Western Union Telegraph Co. and to whose mechanical skill the building of the clever little vehicle shown herewith is due. The vehicle is driven by a one and one fourth H. P. gasoline motor placed in front. The fuel tank located under the seat is of one half gallon capacity, which gives the little carriage a radius of about thirty miles at a varied speed of from one to seven miles per hour. In every detail the automobile, small as it is, is a perfect reproduction of the large heavy machines.

The running gear is 38 inches long, and from the ground to the seat is 26 inches. The wheels are 20 inches in diameter, with one and one half inch pneumatic tires. Weight of machine complete about 75 pounds. Young Mr. Ogden is not only capable of directing the machine, but can start and stop the motor at will, and as a further protection, he at all times rides with his feet upon a powerful leverage brake acting on the equalizing gear of the rear axle.

While the age of the chauffeur may be a trifle below the average at which most men are deemed competent to manage a motor vehicle, it certainly demonstrates that the handling of an automobile is not a thing so complex that only mechanical geniuses or trained engineers may hope to successfully accomplish it.

Harrison W. Dubbs, son of William H. Dubbs, Standard, Pa., age ten, read the Bible through before he was ten years of age. He has won distinction also for being a close student at school,



never having been tardy nor appearing in classes with lessons unprepared. He expects to be a minister of the gospel.

Prepared for Emergencies.

A little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him—just to see what he would say—to give them one or both of his pets.

One day he told a gentleman present he might have his colt, reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked:

"Why, Jacky, why didn't you give him the dog?"

"Say nothing—say nothing, mother. When he goes to get the colt I'll set the dog on him."—Exchange.

An Envied Son.

Before the boys now on the Hartford left the Newport Naval Training Station, for a trip, recently, one of their number was agreeably surprised by the visit of his mother from Philadelphia. The boy happens to be one who is very proud of his little mother, and she, in her eagerness to spend every minute in the company of her boy while she had a chance, sat with him in the dining hall. The following is from the first letter she received from him after she returned home:

"The boys came up to me the evening you left here and said: 'Say, but you got a fine mother; and say, wasn't it great her eating with us—gee-whiz, I wish I had a mother like that.' Maybe I didn't feel proud of my little mother!"

A Champion Hunter.

Walter Ganster, Esterly, Pa., age fourteen, is an expert hunter. His hobby is raccoon hunting. With the aid of his two dogs, which are his constant companions, he spends hours in the forests of Berks County looking for raccoons. He claims to have shot the largest raccoon ever found in Pennsylvania. It weighed exactly twenty one pounds.



WALTER GANSTER, ESTERLY, PA.

The coon was resting on a tree one hundred feet high when Walter brought it down. On the same day he killed two others, one of fifteen pounds and the other of ten. The boy's record at trapping is hard to beat. During the past four years he has captured fifty one rabbits, seventy two opossums, sixty five skunks, besides a score of raccoons. His friends have given him a seventy five dollar gun and he now claims to be able to hold his own against all comers.

Wrong Direction.

Recently during a dense fog on Long Island Sound a steamboat took landing. A traveler anxious to go ahead came to the man at the wheel and asked why they stopped.

"Too much fog, can't see the river."
"But you can see the stars overhead."
"Yes," replied the pilot, "but until the hiler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fine Deeds by Brave Boys—H. Irving King

No. 5—JAMES CRICHTON

One of the most remarkable boys the world ever knew was the Scottish boy, James Crichton, known to fame as "the Admirable Crichton."

He was scarcely more than boy—only in his twenty second year—when he was killed, leaving a fair fame which endures to this day.

It is doubtful if, before or since, two such titles indicative of learning have been conferred upon one so young.

Crichton now devoted two years to the study of philosophy, music and languages.

At this time the education of no young man was considered complete until he had made what was called the "grand tour"—that is, visited the principal cities of the continent—and young men of good family, as Crichton was, went from court to court with letters of introduction where they were well received by the reigning princes and acquired a knowledge of the world.

When Crichton set out on his travels he was familiar with twelve languages, could play on a variety of musical instruments and sing beautifully, besides being familiar with military science and having his mind stored with a great fund of learning of various sorts.

At the age of seventeen this accomplished boy appeared in Paris to become the wonder of his own and all succeeding times.

It was the custom in those days for the learned men to hold public discussions in which they argued over the most difficult and profound questions of science and philosophy.

At first the people thought that this was a joke of young Crichton's and when they found that he really meant it they were astonished at his boldness.

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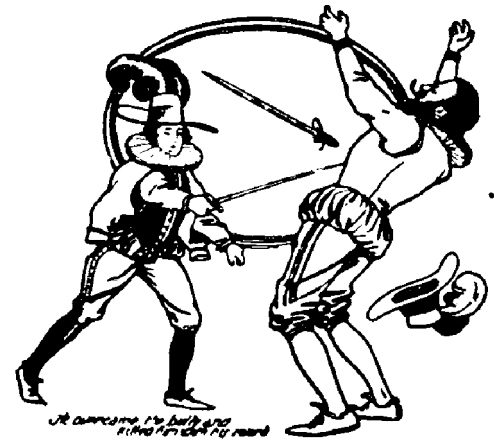
At first the people thought that this was a joke of young Crichton's and when they found that he really meant it they were astonished at his boldness.

extraordinary youth, and learned men came from many places to debate with him at the appointed time and place.

The debate was held before an immense audience and Crichton not only more than held his own in it, but astonished all who heard him by his profound learning, his wit and his keen, clear mind.

No one of the learned men was able to cope with him in argument, and he was praised and congratulated publicly by the president and the professors of the college.

At that time the King of France was Henry III., and his court was the most brilliant and gay of any in Europe.



To this court the boy was invited and he distinguished himself in all feats of arms.

In the tournaments and trials of skill few competitors could approach him in excellence, and in the whole court none was possessed of such good manners and so many accomplishments.

He displayed such a knowledge of military affairs that he was made an officer of the King's army and he stayed in France for two years, his fame increasing all the time.

At the age of nineteen he resigned his commission and went to Italy. At Rome he published a challenge similar to that which he had issued when he entered Paris, and, in the presence of the Pope and many of the cardinals, he met and

vanquished in argument some of the most learned men of the time.

Then Crichton went to Venice, where he astonished everybody as he had at Paris and Rome.

A writer of those times says of him: "His memory is so astonishing that he knows not what it is to forget, and whenever he has once heard an oration he is ready to recite it again, word for word. He possesses the talent of composing Latin verses upon any subject that is proposed to him, and in every different meter. Such is his memory that, though these verses have been extempore, he will repeat them backwards, beginning from the last word of the verse.

Leaving Venice, the boy went to Padua, where there was a celebrated university. He announced publicly that they were teaching things all wrong at this university and that he could prove it.

From Padua Crichton journeyed to Mantua. In that city there had arrived a man of great size, powerful build and immense skill with the sword, who went about provoking people to fight with him, when he would kill them invariably.

When Crichton arrived the giant had just killed three of the most popular men in the city and was boasting of it while all the people mourned.

But the brave Scottish boy was not afraid and in a fight which was witnessed by all the court of Mantua, he overcame the bully and killed him with his sword.

Crichton, now turned twenty years old, was engaged by the Duke of Mantua as companion and teacher for his son, Prince Vincenzo, and stayed at the Mantuan court more than a year.

Then came his sad death. One night as he was returning from a party through the moon-lit streets playing upon his guitar and singing as he went, he was set upon by a band of masked revelers. With his great skill as a swordsman he soon put them all to flight except the leader, whom he disarmed and seized.

What was his astonishment on tearing off his captive's mask to see that he had caught his pupil, the Prince. Asking pardon for the rough manner in which he had handled him, Crichton dropped on one knee and, taking his sword by the point, presented the hilt to Vincenzo. The Prince, being of a revengeful and sullen temper and also being flushed with wine, grabbed the sword and plunged it through the breast of the noble Crichton.

His Position.

"You have been with your firm a long time?" said a man to his old schoolfellow, "Yes," answered his friend, with a patient expression of countenance.

"What's your position?" "I am an employe."

"Yes, but what do you do?" "Well, I am a doer, and the others are tellers. It's like this. When the gov'nor wants something done he tells the cashier, and the cashier tells the book-keeper, and the bookkeeper tells the assistant bookkeeper, and the assistant bookkeeper tells the chief clerk, and the chief clerk tells me."

"And what then?" "Well, I haven't anybody to tell, so I have to do it."

First Cannibal—"Our chief has the hay fever."

Second Cannibal—"What brought it on?"

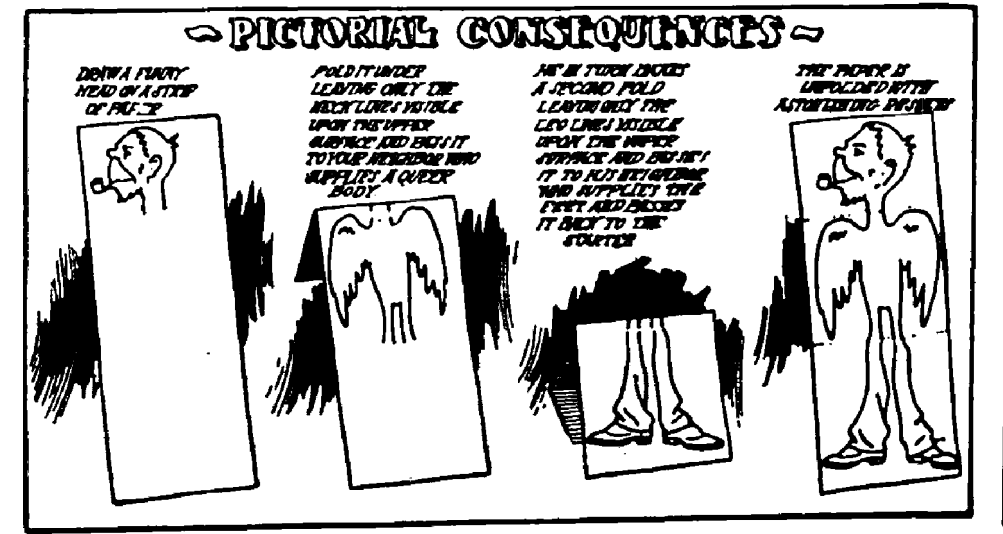
First Cannibal—"He ate a grass widow."—New York Sun.

Boy Mechanics and Artisans.

FRANK STORY, Pomeroy, O., sends us a drawing and description of a combination lock of his own construction. We are sorry we haven't room to reproduce the drawing.—WILSON CORNWALL, Spencer, Ia., wants to see instructions for making a cheap canvas-covered canoe. In the November, 1902, number of THE AMERICAN BOY, there is an illustrated article on "How to Make a Canoe for One Dollar."—FREDERICK CUNNINGHAM, Cleveland, O., sends a plan of a gun he has made.—GEORGE W. BETTES, Sparta, Mich., sends a photograph of his workshop, but it is not clear enough to bear reproduction. He says that he makes and mends everything. He has a small engine in it, and calls it "The American Boy workshop."—GEORGE CABLE, Shannon, Ill., wants to know how to make a gas engine.—HAROLD PRICE-HARD, New York City, sends us a beautifully written letter telling about the Gebhard astronomical clock, which is now on exhibition in New York City. It consists, he says, of 15,000 distinct parts. In its center are ten dials, giving the correct time of the ten principal cities of the world. The clock shows the movements of the heavenly bodies. It shows a globe representing the earth revolving on its axis. It gives a complete calendar of the days, months and years, and gives both sun time and standard time. The planets are all shown revolving in their orbits. The striking apparatus is notable. The first quarter of the hour is announced by the appearance of a miniature child, the second quarter by a youth, the third by a middle-aged man, and the fourth by an old man. At the completion of the hour death appears with an hour glass. At twelve o'clock the twelve disciples appear and the music box plays a hymn. The clock is ten feet high, ten feet wide, and three feet deep, and weighs 6,000 pounds. The inventor was born in Germany. He completed the clock in 1896, after thirty years' labor.—W. DOLPHIN, Harrison, N. J., wants directions as to how to make a small gasoline engine of ten horsepower.—RAYMOND OWEN, Newark, N. J., wants directions for making a one eighth or one quarter horsepower engine.—WALLACE BLOOD, Kalamazoo, Mich., is interested in engines and machinery, his father being superintendent of the Michigan Automobile Company.—G. K. WATERS, Nadine, Mo., wants to get a book or paper telling how to make steam, gas and gasoline engines.—R. B. NASH, New York City, is interested in electricity. He is studying telegraphy and trying all kinds of experiments with motors.—RANDALL S. HOUGH, Sibley, Ia., wants to know what horsepower it would take to run a small automobile.—WENDELL HINDS, Santa Cruz, Cal., with a young friend, two years ago put up a telegraph line between their homes.

Since then others have joined, and now they have organized themselves into the Occidental Telegraph Company with twelve members. The line is now about four miles long, running on poles and houses. He and his friend are now fixing up a telephone line. He puts up his own electric bells and has put an electric light into his home.—ALFRED BIRKS, Cornland, Ill., wants to know how to make a small electric motor which can be run with about three batteries also what kind of batteries to use.—JIM HORNBERGER, Heber, Ark., wants to know where he can get a small steamboat propeller—one about fourteen inches long, with four six-inch blades on it. He wants to correspond with boys on the subject of steam engines.—FREDOM WIGGINS, Eau Claire, Wis., age fifteen, is interested in machinery and is now building a one quarter horsepower engine. He wants to know how to fix running water in a photographic dark room. Freedom has a fox shepherd dog which climbs a ladder, plays baseball and football, each at a table, and carries bundles.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."



THE GOAL to SUCCESSFUL ATHLETICS. Can be reached through my course in Athletic Training. BOYS start training for football and other athletic work in the summer time so that when the candidates are called out in the fall you will be ready to take your share of the hard knocks with comparatively no danger of accident. If you are a month ahead of the others in condition you are a year ahead in ability. For the past fifteen years I have successfully trained athletic teams at Cornell University and Amherst College. Do you want the benefit of my experience? Write to me E. F. NELLIGAN, Amherst College, AMHERST, MASS.

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Earn a Watch BOYS here's a chance for you to get a fine watch free. It is a splendid timekeeper, reliable and accurate. It is handsome and useful—a watch to be proud of. We will give you this watch absolutely without a cent of cost to you if you will sell 25 packages of "Rubbed Violet" perfume at the rate of JUST TWO HOURS' WORK. It will cost you to own a fine watch, and if you sell the perfume within one week from the time you receive it we will also give you a fine chain, absolutely free. Write at once for outfit and instructions. This is FREE. KAMHART & BARNHILL, 561 1/2 Fullerton Ave., Chicago.

The New Protector Revolver \$2.50 The Bicycle Pocket Companion. The Protector is a new device in small firearms. The photograph will give a good idea of this new and effective weapon. It is a Hammerless Action, with Safety Trigger, which prevents a premature discharge. It can be carried in the hand without attracting attention. A sure protection from Dogs and Tramps. It is a 7-shot, using 32 cal. cartridge; nickel plated, rubber sides, \$2.50; pearl sides, \$4.00 each. Sample by registered mail 3c extra. Send six cts in stamps for 24-page catalogue No. 119, K. of Sporting Arms and 48-page Booklet of War Relief for household decoration. CHARLES J. GODFREY, 4 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

A Shotgun for your Vacation Direct from the factory \$5.00 Freight prepaid. Single barrel ejector, 30 or 32 in. barrel; weight, 7 1/2 lbs. Best American Walnut stock and fore-end. Frame and lock parts best steel. Thoroughly reliable and a good shooter; \$7.50 at retail anywhere. Guaranteed against defects. Write for catalogue. THE FRANK MINER ARMS CO., Toledo, Ohio.

\$1.95 TENTS Made Wigwam style of 10 oz. duck, absolutely waterproof. 11 1/2 ft. high, 36 sq. ft. of floor space. Large enough for 3 six-foot men. Portable, weighs 7 lbs. Can be pitched without poles. Larger ones for \$3 and \$5. Send for illustrated booklet on camping, wigwams and wall tents. McFELY & GORDON, 5629 Lake St., Chicago.

LATEST NOVELTY IN FOB CHAINS Leather Fob Chains, 5 1/2 inches long, seven interlocking links with centre strip, made entirely of genuine Call Leather, has Stirrup or Horseshoe ornaments (nickel). Neatest thing in the line of Leather Fobs on the market. Mailed postpaid on receipt of Twenty-five cents. With each Fob we will give Free of charge one of our new Mastering Nail Files. C. H. F. & F. A. NORTON, 142 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

\$3.00 COASTER BRAKE Especially desirable for old wheels, as it can be screwed on any bicycle hub in place of the usual sprocket and lock-nut. Requires no change or fitting of hub or wheel. Made in all sizes. Anyone can apply it. Address, CANFIELD BRAKE CO., CORNING, N. Y.

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION THIS PAPER

Salmon Fishing on the Columbia—Continued from page 278

mouth of the river, almost any time, a gale may overtake the fleet of boats swamping them or carrying them out to the breakers of the Pacific.

A loss of boats and nets is often a serious one to their owners. The drift-nets cost up to three hundred dollars, the pound-nets one thousand dollars, the fishwheels eight thousand dollars, and the seines about six hundred dollars.

Fifty million pounds of salmon captured in one season by all these methods is not an unusual catch, and considering the number of fishing plants in the river—it is reckoned there are three hundred per cent more than a quarter of a century ago—it is not surprising that tributaries where years ago sal-



THE HATCHERY.

mon ran in great numbers are today practically fished out.

Even in spawning the chinook has not a fair show, as but ten per cent of its eggs are successfully hatched by the natural method. Being food for every variety of fish, few escape, and those eggs that are hatched as tiny salmon have a hard time evading enemies.

These conditions have made necessary the establishing of hatcheries in the upper river to ensure the preservation of eggs, to facilitate their hatching and successful care for the fry until old enough to take care of themselves. Operations at the hatcheries begin when the open season for fishing is over.

Chinook do not feed after entering fresh water, depending upon the reserve of flesh acquired in the ocean to sustain them until they reach their spawning grounds.

Passing up the several tributaries the fish again are in the power of man. Into a rack they swim—thousands of them—placed there to prevent them going too far up-stream, and then into a small trap for the more convenient handling when the critical time has arrived.

Expert spawn-takers, who know at a glance whether a fish is "ripe" or not, now take them in hand.

If ready for "stripping," the eggs and the milt are poured into the same vessels. Chinook average five thousand eggs each, although frequently twice that many are obtained. As salmon die on the grounds after spawning, it is as well to end matters up quickly now, and a blow on the head is more expeditious and practical than the slow work of nature.

Placed in wire baskets, which are hung in wooden troughs, the eggs are kept in constantly flowing water, the temperature of which is gradually lowered.

During the third week they reach the "eyed" state, and then the healthy eggs, which are of a pink or amber color and semi-transparent, can, if it is so desired, be packed in moss and transplanted to any waters in which the introduction of quinnat salmon is practical.

Very slowly do the eyed eggs develop any indication of life and three weeks more pass before the tiny eggs escape from their shells.

Attached to each is an oval sac, containing food for forty days; thus nature ensures nourishment. The hatching trough, if it be still their home, gives protection and the miniature fish thrives.

Owing to the labors of the culturist ninety five per cent (instead of ten per cent) of the season's spawning are now sent forth to fight for life and food and make their way during the first year to an ocean home.

During one season's work eleven million fry were released in the Columbia River basin which added materially to the run three years later.

To prove the fact that fish do return to their native waters, experiments were made at one of the hatcheries. A few thousand fry were marked by amputating the adipose fin of each fish before turning it out. A close watch was maintained each succeeding season and when three years had passed many of the fish returned. Varying in weight from ten to fifty seven pounds they were unmistakably branded, thus proving that the chinook does return, and at a certain age, to add to the wealth with which nature has endowed the rivers of the Northwest.



SEINING.

Oxford University

This ancient and renowned seat of learning has suddenly become of interest to the youth of America by reason of the last will and testament of Cecil J. Rhodes, and a few particulars of its history may not be uninteresting.

Tradition avers that King Alfred the Great founded a school at Oxford in 872. Lectures on the civil law were given in Oxford during the first half of the twelfth century and many students from abroad were attracted to them. The various religious houses established at Oxford in very early times had schools attached where instruction was given gratuitously to those who desired to fit themselves for the service of the church. In time there arose also schools of more general and liberal instruction. The name university was applied to it by a statute of King John in 1201. Monarchs and parliaments have since that ancient day granted the university many powers and many important privileges. To-day it consists of twenty one independent colleges governed under somewhat the same laws as the United States. In Oxford, however, the colleges rule the university. Distinct colleges have been the rule in Oxford since the thirteenth century. The names of the colleges are: University, Balliol, Merton, Exeter, Oriel, Queen's, New Lincoln, All Souls, Magdalen, Brasenose, Corpus Christi, Christ Church, Trinity, St. John's, Jesus, Wadham, Pembroke, Worcester and Keble, the first of these was founded in the year 1249, while the last mentioned bears the date of 1870. Of the many great buildings of the University the most important are: The Bodleian Library, almost the finest in the world. It was founded by Sir Thomas Bodley in 1602, and is filled with books, MSS. and rare pictures and portraits. The Ashmolean Museum dates from 1683 and contains a superb collection of antiquities and the celebrated Arundel marbles. Then there are the theater, the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, the Botanic Garden, the University observatory and the Taylor building, where may be seen the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Turner and many other famous artists. From the doors of Oxford have gone out men who became eminent in all the higher walks of life, and the influence of Oxford has been such that many of the great movements and changes which have affected Great Britain have had their inception and their impetus at this great University.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey

Judge of the County Court (Arapahoe County) Denver, Colo.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, is making a record at home and abroad for his splendid work as Judge of the County Court of Arapahoe County, particularly in his dealing with juvenile offenders. Reference has heretofore been made to the fact that Judge Lindsey brought it about that one hundred copies of THE AMERICAN BOY should be at his disposal in dealing with delinquent and dependent boys that come before him. In his printed report,



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY.

recently issued, he speaks of the effect of THE AMERICAN BOY on the boy culprits that are brought before him, saying, "The wholesome and beneficial effect of the publication upon these boys has been unexpectedly noticeable and gratifying, well-nigh completely eliminating the dime novels (sold for a cent each) and cheap literature originally

found to circulate all too freely among many of the boys."

Judge Lindsey, in a letter to us, writes: "It may interest you to know that our scheme of distributing the one hundred copies monthly of THE AMERICAN BOY among the poor boys on the probation list in this Court has worked splendidly, and it is quite the favorite with them of the literature we have been able to supply."

Judge Lindsey is very popular with the boys who are brought before him. Recently the boys of a certain Denver school were asked to write for a visitor three proper nouns. In a bold round hand one boy wrote—"George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Lindsey."

President Andrew Jackson

Among the illustrious men whom the American people have honored by election to the Chief Magistracy of the nation, few stand out in bolder relief than Andrew Jackson, the soldier, lawyer, statesman and true patriot, and it is right that the American boy of today should keep his name in fond remembrance. His parents, of sturdy, independent Scotch-Irish stock, emigrated from the north of Ireland and settled in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in 1765; two years later, March 15th, 1767, the future President was born there. His father dying within a few days after his birth, the mother and her young boy moved across the border, less than a mile distant, into South Carolina. At the early age of fourteen young Jackson fought in the revolutionary ranks. In 1786 he began the practice of law, and having moved to Nashville, Tennessee, became in turn United States attorney for that district, United States Senator, and judge of the Tennessee Supreme Court. As major-general of the Tennessee militia he in 1814 successfully overcame the Creek Indians. His greatest military achievement was, however, his victory at New Orleans in 1815, the anniversary of which is observed in Louisiana each eighth of January. Resigning his military commission he became governor of Florida in 1821, and in 1823 was again elected United States Senator. The year 1828 saw the defeat of John Quincy Adams for the presidency, and Andrew Jackson was elected to that high office, being the first president elected by the Democratic party. He obtained re-election in 1832. History records that the United States, both in its domestic and foreign affairs, had never experienced such prosperity as marked the close of Jackson's administration. His character was a strong one, firmness of decision, stainless integrity, honesty and truth were inherent in his nature. In 1837 he retired from public life, taking up his residence at "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tennessee, where he died in 1845 at the ripe old age of seventy eight years, sincerely mourned by the people whom he had served so faithfully and well.

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Annual Bowl Fight at the University of Pennsylvania



FRESHMEN BEFORE THE FIGHT

ALL the inter-class contests that take place at our establishments of learning the annual Battle of the Bowl at the University of Pennsylvania is probably the most remarkable. To begin the story of this sensational struggle at the beginning, that is, to go back to the origin of the fight: One day, several years ago, a group of festive sophomores, pining for some opportunity to relieve the monotony of a featureless hour between lectures, espied a freshman whose youthful appearance suggested the schoolboy, rather than the university student.

"Look at the baby," called out a sophomore. "Why, he ought to be in the nursery," said a second. "Let's give him his pap," suggested a third. The idea was received with unanimous approval. The unlucky freshman, kicking and struggling, was carried to one of the dormitories. A bowl was procured from somewhere, filled with molasses, and with the biggest spoon that the tormentors could find, the freshman was forced to swallow syrup until he was almost ill.

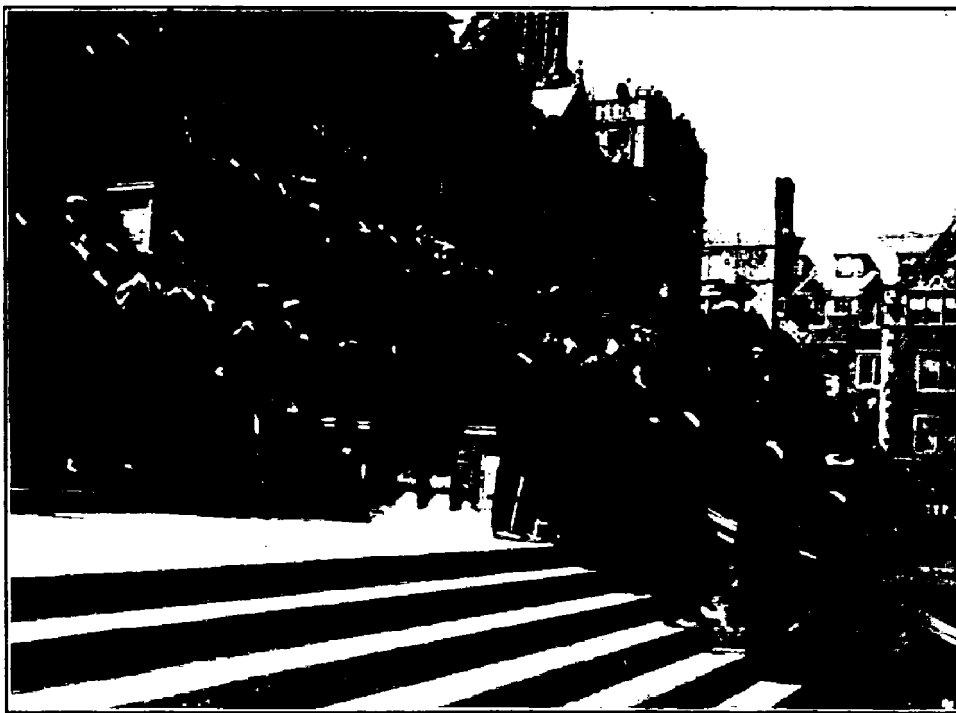
Meanwhile the report of his treatment had spread around the college and freshmen came pouring into the dormitories bent on rescuing the victim. A fierce fight ensued. The freshman was rescued, very much the worse for his experience, and the battle waged so long and earnestly that the seniors had to interfere and put a stop to the strife. The following afternoon a sophomore was caught by a mob of freshmen and given a dose of the medicine administered to the little victim on the previous day. Another fight ensued. It began to look as though this bowl business would disturb the peace of the college to such an extent as to interfere with the studies. The daily fights over the spoon and the bowl began to be a nuisance. Then the seniors put their heads together and decided, as the freshmen and the sophomores insisted on getting up bowl fights, the bowl fight should be conducted on set lines, with regular rules, the battle to

be an annual event of the college, and on no account to be extended to private vendettas that would interfere with the regular routine of college life. In this way the Battle of the Bowl was added to the programme of annual events at the University of Pennsylvania.

The bowl is a shallow wooden affair, inscribed with the crests of the classes and the graduation years of the men engaged in the fight. There is no spoon in the fight as conducted now. The battle is divided into two halves. In the first half the sophomores and freshmen are arrayed against each other on opposite sides of the field. Most of the boys are stripped to the waist. Those who do not go into the fight divested of all superfluous clothing, usually end up with only a few shreds of garments left to them. The seniors act as marshals of the fight, a referee is appointed, and the freshmen

Bowlman to the front, the referee sounds his whistle as a signal for the fight to begin. In the first half it is the business of the freshmen to rush their Bowlman through the crowd of sophomores between them and the fence, or else spirit him around the end of the opposing party, before the sophomores can touch him with the bowl. If the Bowlman is over the fence before the bowl touches him the freshmen win the half. In the fight that has just come off the Bowlman was over the fence, thrown over bodily by the enthusiastic freshmen. In a minute and a half after the whistle blew, the sophomores having been induced to follow another man gotten up to look like him, while their real Bowlman was rushed back of the line and then around the end and so over the fence.

In the second half the sophomores and freshmen are allowed to struggle for ten



STUDENTS WITNESSING THE FIGHT.

are ordered to produce their Bowlman. The Bowlman's identity is not disclosed until the moment when the fight is to begin. If the freshmen are wise, if the sophomores find out his name, he is usually missing on the day of the fight, having been kidnaped and hidden in some inaccessible place under guard. When the freshmen have brought their

perspiring minutes around the bowl. When the time expires the referee counts the number of hands that still hold to the bowl. If there are more sophomore hands than freshman hands, then the sophomores win the half; if the freshmen have a majority of hands on the bowl, then they win. This year the freshmen won the second half also, having thirty five of their men holding to the bowl at the end of the half, while the sophomores had only eighteen of their men clutching it.

The tactics of the freshmen in the second half were to drag as many of the sophomores as could be forced from the central fight, to the outskirts of the struggling crowd. Freshmen of weight were then detailed to sit on the captives until the ten minutes were up. If the captive sophomore was a man of muscle, then two or three freshmen were assigned to sit on him, and rub his head in the dirt if he struggled too hard. The freshmen being much more numerous than the sophomores superior numbers told and the freshmen won.

One sophomore, the son of a prominent Protestant Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia, was so seriously injured in the fight that he hovered between life and death for several days in the University hospital. He was knocked unconscious at the beginning of the second half of the fight, and being in the center of the ruck, was stepped on and kicked by so many of the contestants, that when the fight ended and he was finally picked up, it was found that he was suffering from concussion of the brain.

The fight is conducted with the approval of the faculty of the university and not a few well-dressed women witness it from the seclusion of the dormitory rooms that overlook the battlefield.

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Three Good Cronies—Gabrielle E. Jackson

Chapters II. and III.

CHAPTER II.

JUST AS EASY AS—AS—

AS THE boat approached the beach the cat looked up from her feast, but did not evince the least fear as it drew nearer and nearer. The little fish was promptly disposed of and with a final contented gulp puss eyed her unknown visitors and awaited developments.

"Pussykins, pussykins; oh, do come here, kitty," called Bess enticingly, as she scrambled out of the boat, and walked toward the cat with hands extended.

"R-r-r-r-wow," warbled puss in the throaty meow which cats give voice to when in a particularly affectionate mood, and arching her back, rubbed herself against Bess's gown.

"Oh, you dear," cried the girl, reaching down and lifting the cat gently into her arms. Then took place a little scene with just one person for audience, but he was so completely hidden by the trees that neither Bess nor Bert suspected his presence. Nearly half an hour passed before puss and her visitors had admired each other to their mutual satisfaction, and then with a parting hug and a kiss upon the cat's silky fur, Bess put her back upon the ground and returned to the boat. But the cat was evidently loath to have her new friends depart, and after they were in the boat ran along the shore mewing for them to either return or take her with them.

"I wish we could take you with us, pussy," Bess called back, but we mustn't, for I dare say you belong to Billy Dixon, and he hasn't much to make him happy, poor little chap. You can't possibly be Mr. Clarke's, because you are on the wrong side of the wire fence, and that runs straight into the water. Besides, I don't believe that he would look at a cat, do you, Bert?"

"If he had any sense he'd look at that one. I never saw such a dandy. Wish you could have it."

"We'll row over as often as ever we can to see it, and—," but before she could finish her sentence Bert burst in with:

"Bess, I've the biggest idea you ever heard of! What a chump I was not to think of it before. Listen. You know that people come over here every day, and hardly a day passes that someone isn't left, and then there's a pretty fuss. Nobody has ever thought of starting a rowboat ferry to tote over the lag-behinds, so what's the matter with our doing it and earning the cash for a new wheel? We needn't expect to get a dollar a fare as we did today, but I bet a cent that we could get ten cents just as easy as anything, and that would count up pretty fast if we stuck to it," and Bert leaned forward to peer eagerly into Bess's face and note the effect of his words.

"And make you work every day for something that wouldn't be yours after all? That would be a fine thing to do, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, nonsense! That's all right. I want you to enter the contest just as much as you want to do it yourself, and it's just fun to help. I think it's just a dandy scheme; will you do it?"

"It would be all very dandy at first, but some day you'd want to go off with some of the boys, or with your father in the auto, and then all the dandy of it would fly away, for you'd give them up to keep your bargain with me, and I'd feel meaner than a fiddler crab for letting you," and Bess shook her head solemnly, although her eyes had begun to sparkle at the thought of earning a bicycle by her own efforts.

"Oh, see here now, you've just got to. It's such a splendid chance, and, honest, I'd love to do it with you. Will you?"

"I don't question that you'd like well enough to," assented Bess. "What have I known you all these years for not to know that? But if we got the wheel in the end it would really be half your earning, and I'm not going to do it, so there, now," and Bess settled herself upon the stern seat as though her resolution were as firmly taken as her seat.

"Then I've just got to make you say 'yes,' and that's all about it, so here goes," and without more ado splash went the oar into the water and a shower bath flew over Bess's clean gingham sailor suit.

"Oh, you villain! Quit! Stop! You've just drowned me!"

"Don't care a cent! Mean to! Just what I'm going to do 'till you yell 'yes!' Will you do it? Will you do it?" and souse, souse flew the salt water.

But Bess was pretty capable of sustaining her own side of a battle, and catching up the sponge from the bottom of the boat promptly dipped it into the water and let a shower fly. For a few minutes the water splashed wildly over each occupant of the boat, and then defeat overtook Bess, for overboard flew her hat, and went calmly sailing away toward the Atlantic Ocean.

"Quick! Quick! Catch it before it sinks," she screamed.

"Not 'till you promise! Will you?" demanded Bert, skillfully dropping his oars into the rowlocks and holding them poised for the stroke to be made the instant the promise was given.

"Get my hat! I promise! You've soaked all the starch and all the spunk out of me, too. Go on you good for nothing boy," and Bess collapsed into her seat. The next instant the floating hat was fished

beach in front of Bess's home, and a voice from the piazza of the cottage called:

"I've caught bluefish and blackfish in these waters, but never before have I seen red-snapper and whitefish landed. I'll come right down to inspect the new varieties."

"She's the snapper. She pretty nearly took my head off before I could get her to promise something that she ought to have promised without arguing a single word, and meantime she nearly drowned me!"

"And herself as well for sweet friendship's sake?" queried Mrs. Clifton, as she walked down to the beach, and leaning over the boat as the boy and girl sat looking up at her, gave each ear a playful tweak.

"That's for misbehaving while beyond my ken."

"Yes, that's right, Mrs. Clifton, just give it to her, and then listen to me while I tell you how outrageously she's been acting. It was just awful, I tell you," and out scrambled Bert to put a very moist arm about Mrs. Clifton's shoulder, while Bess slipped another about her waist from the other side, thereby snaring their affection and their salt water most impartially, while both talked as hard as their tongues could wag, and Mrs. Clifton did her best to make beginning or end of their story.

Twenty minutes later Bert ran down to the beach again, calling out: "I did right to make her promise, didn't I, Mrs. Clifton? I'm going to take the "Nautilus" up to the buoy, and get everything shipshape for our first trip. Good-bye, Mrs. Clifton! Tra-la, first mate."

"Dear liddle," said Mrs. Clifton, as he pulled off, and then drawing Bess to her side kissed the soft forehead and added: "Mother's thoughtful little daughter."

"The very bestest mother I ever had!" cried Bess, flinging her arms impulsively about her mother's neck, and then breaking into a merry laugh, off she ran to her room to get into something less suggestive of mermaids.

July had nearly passed and the date of the fete was drawing near. For four weeks Bess and Bert had plied their ferrying, and met with even greater success than they had ever hoped for. At first their passengers consisted of the "left overs," as Bess called the belated ones, but little by little the guests at the hotels about learned of the new ferry and, novelty proving alluring the world over, patronized it from choice. It was sometimes hard to give up some trip or fun planned by their friends, and stick to business, but neither the boy nor the girl were of the sort which will give up a cherished object simply for want of perseverance in the winning. So back and forth they pulled, once, twice, and often three times in a day, and the pile of dimes grew marvelously. Bert was cashier, and tucked away their earnings in an old safe deposit box his father gave him.

The first day of August they "took account of stock," so to speak. The box was opened and the contents counted. Sixteen dollars had been earned, which they carried to Mr. Steward and received a crispy ten, five and one dollar bill in exchange for their dimes. Locking these carefully in the box, they rushed down to the beach, to give vent to their joy by preparing for a swim, for nothing short of a vigorous splash could work

off steam. A few moments later each emerged from a bath house and rushed for Bert's canoe, which was always pressed into service when a dip was in order. Scrambling in each took a paddle and struck out for dear life. Away shot the feather weight craft, and when out about a hundred yards from shore Bert demanded:

"Didn't I tell you we could do it just as easy as—!"

"That!" cried Bess, giving a sudden, dexterous twist to the canoe, which instantly turned it bottom side up, and sent them splashing and laughing into the water, to swim about like a couple of young porpoises.

CHAPTER III.

THE TROPHY.

It was a week before the contest, and although Bert and Bess had plied their ferrying most faithfully, the necessary sum was still incomplete, and it seemed as though failure must be their lot in spite of all their struggling. Neither suspected that Mr.



Sent them splashing and laughing into the water.

out of the water and landed dripping in her lap, thereby putting the finishing stroke to the ducking.

"Now, for mercy sake, take me home and let me get into something dry. There isn't a rag on me that isn't sopping."

"How about me?" and Bert shook his soaking shirt sleeve, and pointed to his duck trousers.

Then the sky cleared and peals of laughter went ringing over the water to the leafy covert on the island where sat an elderly man who had watched the scene with absorbing interest, and as the squabble progressed, a faint smile curved his lips, to vanish almost instantly in a pathetic sigh, and into his eyes crept a look of such intense longing that even the light-hearted occupants of the boat would have been touched by it could they have noted it. As the boat with its laughing crew passed from his sight and hearing the man turned wearily toward the west end of the island murmuring softly to himself: "Just the age, and so like my little Heartsease. God help me and bless them."

A few moments later the boat ran upon the sandy

Steward had already resolved to get a wheel anyway, meaning to make up the amount needed, and have the wheel ordered in ample time, lest the disappointment of a late arrival should spoil their plans should they contrive to earn the money at the very last moment. But he said nothing about it, feeling that a little wholesome effort would only enhance the value of it if won, but, feeling, also, that they had certainly struggled hard enough to deserve some assistance.

But neither knew this, and one hot, sultry morning they pulled over to the island with their load of passengers, and after landing them, rowed to a little cove farther up the shore where they were welcomed by the cat, which had learned to watch for their coming, and to greet them daily. Pulling the boat well up on the beach, the boy and girl threw themselves upon the grass under a splendid elm, and began to pet the cat, which promptly ensconced itself in Bess's lap. But puss must have detected a want of warmth in the attentions given her that morning, and seemed to try to supply the lack herself by being more gracious than usual, for she rubbed and warbled and purred like a galvanic battery.

"Yes, pussy, you are just as dear as ever you can be," said Bess, aloud, "but I am cross and horrid today, and all because I can't have something I want very much indeed, and do something I want to do just dreadful," and unconsciously, Bess lifted the cat up by its forelegs and gave it a vigorous shake, which puss instantly resented by giving a surprised squawl and bounding out of her arms. The squawl and spring brought Bess back to her senses, and with a voice filled with contrition she bounded up and ran after the cat, calling as she ran: "Oh, pussy, dear, dear pussy, I didn't mean to be cross to you. Please come back. Poor kitty."

But Madam Pussy's dignity had been grievously outraged, and she meant to leave no doubt of that fact. So on she tore with Bess in hot pursuit, scrambling under the thick foliage and calling imploringly, until the next thing she knew she had plunged headlong into a pair of very substantial arms.

"My goodness! Oh, I beg your pardon!" she gasped, "I didn't see you."

"So I conclude," answered the owner of the arms, at the same time re-establishing the young lady's equilibrium, and then stepping back to smile an odd, sad smile at her. Bert had by this time overtaken her, and promptly doffing his hat, said:

"We frightened the cat and were trying to get her to come back. She is such a beauty and meets us every day. We think that she belongs to Billy Dixon, although we have never seen her at the dock. She is a beauty, isn't she?" for the cat had now settled contentedly upon a rustic seat near by, and Bess was making her peace with her.

"Have you ever seen her before?" she asked, looking up into the gentleman's face as only Bess could look, for she was as wanting in self-consciousness as any little child, and took the world kindly.

"Yes, I have seen her before. She is a very handsome cat."

"Isn't she?" and off Bess launched upon the cat's many winning qualities, telling at length how she came to meet them each day, and how fond the trio had grown of each other. From time to time the gentleman let fall a question, or made a leading remark, until before the young people knew how it happened they were seated beside him upon the rustic seat, telling him all about their ferrying and why they were doing it, even to the state of the exchequer, while puss luxuriated in Bess's lap, and their companion almost drank in their words, and looked at them as a starving man looks at a feast which is just beyond his reach.

"Do you come over here often?" questioned Bess, looking up into her new friend's eyes.

"Yes, very often. It is a pretty place to visit, don't you think so?"

"Just lovely! I don't wonder that people come every day. Bert and I never suspected how lovely it was until we started our ferry, but now we find something new nearly every time we come. Of course, we never go up to the other end of the island, although we're just dying to, for we know pretty well what sort of reception we'd meet with at Money-bag's Castle." Bess did not note the slight start the man gave when she mentioned the name by which half the young people in Totem Harbor spoke of the owner of the island.

"No, asserted Bert, "we take good care to keep on the east side of the boundary wire, although we often row clear around the island in the hope of catching a glimpse of old Money-bags Clarke. He must be a great old codger to stay stived up on this island all the time, and never have any visitors, or do a thing with all his money."

"How do you know that he does not do 'a thing' with it?"

"Oh, everybody knows that. Why, only last summer the people over on shore were getting up a benefit for a family that was just as poor as they could be; father had been in the New Haven hospital for months and months, and there were kids enough for half a dozen families. The mother did washing till she got sick, too, and they had an awful time. Some of the people thought that Mr. Clarke ought to help, and so two or three of them came over here to see him, and what do you suppose he did? Just let 'em talk and talk till he found out all about it and then said that he never attended functions of that sort and guessed he didn't want any tickets. Now, what do you think of that for an old skinflint with piles of cash?" and Bert wagged his head, and snatched off the cap he wore to shake it viciously, as though that would have been his method of dealing with the parsimonious Clarke.

"Yes," broke in Bess, and wasn't it funny, the very next day a check came to the people at the hotel for a hundred dollars, with a note to say that it came from an unknown friend in New Haven who had learned of the benefit to be given. It was signed with the name of the bank cashier, and no one was ever able to find out whether he sent it, I mean, drew it, or whether he did it for somebody else. Mamma said that she had a pretty shrewd idea where it came from and when some of the ladies begged her to tell she just nodded over toward this island. You ought to have heard them laugh at the idea, for one of them had been with the party that called upon Mr. Clarke. But they couldn't change mamma, and, well, it's nice to think that it may have been him, isn't it? I hate to think unkind things of people. It makes one feel so much more comfortable to think nice ones, don't you think so?"

(To be continued.)

ELECTRO-PLATING FOR THE BOYS

L. H. WILSON

SOME of the boys who like to make things, may be interested in a few suggestions in regard to electro-plating.

In this process a current of electricity is used to deposit a closely adherent layer of metal upon the object to be plated. A large piece of the metal used for plating (copper, silver, gold, nickel, etc.) is suspended in a bath in which some of the metallic salts of the same metal are dissolved. This piece of metal is known as the anode, and is connected to the carbon or positive end of the electric battery. The object or objects to be plated are also hung in the same bath and are connected to the zinc or negative end of the battery.

By the action of the current some of the metal is transferred from the anode through the bath and deposited upon the surface of the object. This is a gradual process, and at first the coating is very thin and could easily be polished off; but as the process is continued the layer of deposited metal becomes thicker until it will take a good polish and withstand the wear of use.

I will leave you to look into the chemistry of this most remarkable process in books upon the subject, when you have become more interested in the process, and have made a few experiments, which will help you to understand what you read.

There are a surprising number of things in everyday use which are finished in this manner, and such a finish always makes them more desirable and often preserves them.

Many of these can be well plated by the amateur with the aid of simple apparatus which he can construct for himself.

First comes the source of the electric current, which in plating establishments is usually a small dynamo, but which in this case will be an electric battery.

One of the following cells will be enough for copper or silver plating, and two or three for nickel. The jars should be about six inches high and four across. They may be of glazed earthenware such as table salt is sold in, or made from large bottles or demijohns. The upper third of these may be cut off by first scratching all around with a wheel glass cutter, having tied a string about the bottle for a guide. Then soak the string in alcohol or kerosene and tie over the cut. Set this on fire in several places and before it has burned out the glass will crack under the heat and follow the scratch all the way around. Instead of the ignited string a hot poker may be drawn slowly along the scratch, which will also crack the glass off evenly.

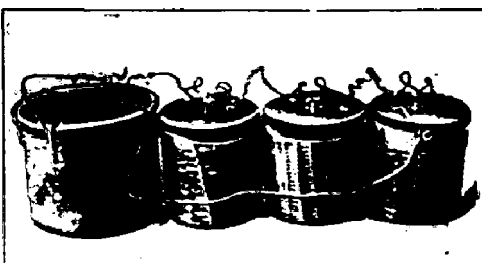
The elements in the cell are carbon and zinc.

The carbon rods used in electric arc lights are excellent.

There should be three of these rods for each cell, secured in a wooden cover. Cut three holes in the cover just large enough to admit the rod being pushed through. Then screw in a brass screw between the carbon and the wood to which attach a copper wire, best by solder. The three carbons must be connected to one another.

The zinc rods which are two in number may be such as are used in ordinary bell batteries, or may be cast in plaster of Paris or sand moulds. Ends of old zinc rods or scraps of zinc are melted in an iron pot or ladle and poured carefully into the mould, which should be so dry at the time that a cold looking-glass held above it does not fog. The molten zinc will fly out of the mould if it is at all damp. The mould should be dried on the stove or in the oven.

A piece of wire hooked at the end may be laid in one end of the mould so as to be imbedded in the zinc when cool. The holes in the cover through which the zincs pass should be large enough to permit the zincs being readily lifted out



of the jar as soon as the current is no longer needed. This should always be done as the zinc is dissolved even if no current is being drawn off.

Fill the jars to within about an inch and a half of the top, and add slowly in a thin stream one-tenth or one-eighth the amount of commercial sulphuric acid, being careful to spill none, and that none runs down the outside of the bottle upon the hands. If more current is desired two ounces of bichromate of potash may be dissolved in each cell. Never add water to sulphuric acid, always add the acid slowly to the water.

The plating bath is contained in a large jar or tank according to the size of the articles plated. A glazed earthen crock answers very well.

The bath is most satisfactorily prepared by buying the crystallized salts from a platers' supply house, and dissolving them in water.

It is best to have two anodes, one on either side of the jar. As before stated these are connected to the carbons. The object to be plated is suspended between

the two anodes by a fine bare copper wire hung from a rod resting across the jar known as the object rod which is connected to the zinc.

Before plating articles must be scrupulously clean.

Articles of brass, copper, etc., are just boiled for two or three minutes in a strong solution of lye. Then washed in cold water and scrubbed with a soft brush and whiting. Have the hands as free from grease as possible. Handle as little as possible and only then if the hands are wet, as the smallest amount of oil from the skin prevents a good union of the plating.

Articles of iron should hang in the lye eight or ten minutes. Rinse in cold water, then in dip of muriatic acid and water equal parts, keep in a covered jar one minute, then rinse in cold water and scrub with hard brush and powdered pumice stone.

The better the cleaning and polishing is done at this stage the better will be the polish of the finished product. If a polishing lathe is available much better work can be done and in much less time.

A homemade lathe can often be made from the wreck of an old sewing machine, or modeled after the pattern so commonly used by the scissors grinder.

A general rule is to have the anode surface submerged in the bath equal or slightly exceed the combined areas of the articles being plated at one time. With a weak current only a small surface can be well done, but as the current is increased more work can be plated at once.

For nickel plating sufficient current should be used to show bubbles of gas adhering to the objects, but not enough to make them rise rapidly to the surface.

Copper, silver and gold plating require much less current. Use only one cell for small objects. As mentioned before the current from a small dynamo is often used for this work, and if the reader owns a well constructed electric motor large enough, a current may be obtained from it by running it in the opposite direction and changing the brushes to point the other way. A small water wheel would furnish sufficient power for this purpose.

Remarkable.

"Do you see that old fellow over there?" asked a youth of a number of friends with whom he was taking a stroll. "Thirty years ago he came to London with a penny in his pocket; he also had a basket of apples which a farmer had given him. He sold the apples and thus earned ninepence. How much do you think he is worth now?"

"Oh, a million and a half," said one. "Two millions," said another. "Six millions," was the estimate of a third.

"I give it up," remarked number four. "How much is he worth?" "Not a farthing; and he still owes for the basket," was the quiet reply.

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The Run-Around Member

FRANK H. SWEET



THE "Do What We Can" circle of the "King's Daughters" were discussing their work for the ensuing month.

"I don't know of any urgent need in our own neighborhood," said May Whitely, pursing her lips and trying to look wise. "We've fitted out the Joneses and McDuggans, and have sent a ton of coal to Widow Cracken. There's old John Smithers," doubtfully, "but he traded the last flour we sent him for whiskey. I don't suppose it would be worth while to send him any more?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Clara Goodrich. "If we can't find anything more deserving than that we'd better give our money to some other circle. I don't propose to skimp my pin money for such an old reprobate as Smithers."

Kate Markham, who was sitting by the window, now looked up from her sewing. "I don't think we need bother about our next work," she said, quietly. "If I'm not mistaken it's coming toward us now."

Several of the girls left their sewing and hurried to the window. Coming down the opposite side of the street was a small boy of ten or twelve, his hands deep in his pockets, and his feet keeping time to some merry tune which he was energetically whistling.

"He doesn't act as though he was overburdened with care," one of them remarked. "But I do believe he's coming here."

The boy had stopped and gazed across the street inquiringly. Then he came running toward them.

"Who is he?" asked May Whitely.

"One of Ben Carter's children," Kate answered. "Ben is the lame man who used to peddle clams around the village. He lives somewhere near the salt ponds. Our hired man was down that way yesterday after a load of seaweed, and he stopped at Ben's to ask about the tides. He says they need help. Ben was in bed with the rheumatism and hadn't done a day's work this winter. And there were two small boys and a sickly woman, I heard Peter tell papa that they had absolutely nothing in the house to eat except a few small potatoes. He said he told them about our circle. I suppose that is what brings the boy here today."

"We shall have to make some inquiries before we give assistance," observed Miss Leeson, the president, gravely.

Quick footsteps on the stairs put an end to further conversation. A moment, and there was a light knock upon the door.

"Come in," said Miss Leeson.

The door opened and a bright-faced, merry-eyed boy stood before them. His clothes were patched and his shoes were worn, but his shoulders were well thrown back and his eyes did not shrink or waver as they looked into those of the president.

"Be you the—the club that helps folks?" he asked.

"Yes, what can we do for you?"

The boy shut the door carefully behind him without answering. Then he came and sat down on a chair near Miss Leeson. Some of the girls looked at him and nodded pleasantly. Instantly his own face rippled into quick returning smiles.

"I've come to jine," he said, modestly. "Join—what?" Miss Leeson let her sewing fall into her lap.

"Why, your club, of course," eagerly. "Pete Gunny was down our way yesterday and told us all about it. He said them that jined hunted out poor folks an' the whole club pitched in an' fixed 'em up. Now, we've got a poor family down our way—desprit poor!" emphatically. "an' we need somebody to help us look after 'em. I couldn't seem to hit on nobody till I heard o' your club. That settled it."

Miss Leeson shook her head.

"I'm sorry, my boy, but we can't take you in," she said, smilingly. "Our circle is only for girls, and, besides, it is limited to ten members and we are full already. But we shall be glad to help you."

"An' you can't let me jine, no way?" He smiled persuasively, but his smile vanished at the positive refusal on her face.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, dismally. "I'd counted for sure on it. An'—an' I kinder promised a pair o' shoes to that little Eytalian." He gazed thoughtfully on the floor for a few moments, then his face suddenly brightened.

"I s'pose you have consider'ble runnin' round to do?"

"Yes," wondering what was coming next.

"Well, s'pose I jine as a run-around member? You see," complacently. "I don't care shucks for mud and slush and rainy weather, an' all of 'em would be mighty hard on your nice dresses an' pretty shoes. I could run arrants an' fetch an' carry things; an' I'd be great on findin' poor folks. Now what do you say?" and he looked at her so confidently that she forgot the ragged clothes and poverty, and only saw the brave, earnest soul looking through the clear eyes. Her gaze wandered to the girls, questioning. May Whitely came promptly to the rescue.

"Fellow members!" she cried. "I move we create the office of member extraordinary in our circle." She paused until an "I second the motion," came from somewhere in the room.



A big bright faced * * boy stood before them.

"Good?" said Miss Leeson, catching the girls' spirit. "It is moved and seconded that the office be made. All in favor of the motion please signify by the usual sign."

There was a quick uprising of hands, accompanied by smothered laughter.

"Contrary minds the same sign. It is a vote. Anything more?"

"Yes," May went on: "I further move that we appoint Mr.—glancing inquiringly at the boy.

"Lish," looking at her a little doubtfully.

"Mr. Lish"—

"Carter," added Kate Markham.

"Mr. Lish Carter," said May calmly, "to the office just created." The president put the question and the new member was unanimously voted in.

"Now," went on the irrepressible girl, "let us inquire regarding the philanthropic enterprises in which our colleague is interested."

The boy looked at her with a puzzled expression on his face, but detecting an undercurrent of merriment in the room he took courage and bowed his thanks.

"Be I a reglar member?" he asked beamingly as he rose to his feet. "an' can I fetch in my poor folks?"

"We shall be very glad to hear about them," said Miss Leeson.

There was not the least trace of embarrassment in the face of the boy, nor any hesitation in the eager voice which poured forth the story of the "poor folks." Even the girls felt themselves coming under the influence of his enthusiasm as he proceeded.

"Are they actually starving?" asked one of the girls, as he paused for a moment's breath.

"No," promptly. "Pap's been sendin' 'em taters off an' on, an' Ben an' me give 'em most of our walnuts and chestnuts. An' then I dig 'em a few clams now an' agin, when the weather lows, an' hunt wood for 'em. But they're desprit off, most desprit! The father an' mother's sick, an' there's five small children, an' none of 'em ain't much good for anything. You see," patronizingly, "they're Eytalians, an' only come here last fall. They don't know our talk yet, nor how to scuffle round for vittles. They jest huddle up close to the fireplace an'—an' famish," knitting his brows for a suitable word. "An', would you bleeve it?" excitedly: "there ain't a blessed shoe in the whole famby! Them children paddle round in the snow and water barefoot, an' when it's awful cold they wrap their feet up in old rags. The biggest boy helps me some, and it's him I want to get shoes for. That's why I jined the club," glancing around the room as though he wished to impress this fact upon them. "I couldn't see no way to get 'em alone."

"Do they live near you?" asked Clara.

"'Bout half a mile. But their house ain't got any floor, like ours. They live right on the bare ground."

"Hasn't anybody helped them besides your folks?" Clara asked again.

"No'm; but we've got along pretty well

so fur. You see," proudly, "my pap's a real good provider. Last fall he chopped wood enough to last all winter, an' he worked round 'mong the farmers an' took his pay in small taters—hog taters. They call 'em," in smiling explanation. "We had 'most four barrels full. An' I sold clams myself an' bought salt an' a barrel o' turnips. I guess we'd had plenty to stand us clean through the winter if it hadn't been for so many mouths. Eight Eytalians can eat a pile o' stuff when they're hungry."

"Yes," assented Miss Leeson, when he paused as though waiting for confirmation of his statement.

"I heard pap ask Pete Gunny yes'day," the boy resumed, with another smiling glance around the room, "if he know'd anybody in the village who'd be willin' to help a poor famby. That's what made Pete tell about your club. Pap know'd the taters was 'most gone, an' I guess he thought Ben an' me couldn't scratch round lively enough to keep two families goin'. You see, pap's down with rheumaticks."

"Yes, so I hear. But was it just quite right for you to give away all of your potatoes?" If you are not careful you will need help yourselves."

"Oh, we're all right," answered the boy carelessly. "There's only four of us, an' Ben an' me's both well. We ought to be able to look arter our famby. But how 'bout the shoes for the Eytalian? S'pose we'll be able to get 'em?"

"Yes," answered Miss Leeson, "the children shall have shoes. Haven't we some on hand?" turning to one of the girls.

"There's the lot Mrs. Briggs sent in. They are almost as good as new. And there are some jackets and other things."

"Very well. And if any of you have shoes or underclothing or anything at home which you think will be useful, and which you do not need, suppose you send them in tomorrow morning. The committee will make a selection. We shall have to buy some provisions, and perhaps a few other things. Now," turning to the boy, "suppose you tell us how old the children are, that we may have some idea about providing for them."

"You don't mean all of 'em?"

"Yes, all."

"Won't they be jest tickled!" he cried, enthusiastically. "Shoes all round, an'—an' other things! Why, they won't know what they're walkin' on, they'll be so set up! The lame one'll want a jacket, if it can be squeezed out. He ain't nothin' but a caliker waist an' short britches."

"How shall we send the things down?" asked Miss Leeson.

"I can get papa's carryall," said Kate.

"That will be just the thing! Suppose you and May Whitely act as committee to deliver them and see what more is needed. Can you be here tomorrow?" to the boy.

"Yes'm. Tain't much over a mile."

"The girls will want you to act as guide. What time?" to Kate.

"Ten o'clock."

The next day was pleasant, and when the girls arrived they found the new member waiting patiently on the steps. He insisted on carrying all the packages and stowing them away in the carriage, and then he climbed up on the front seat beside Kate and took the reins which she smilingly offered him.

"I suppose you know how to drive?"

"Yes'm; pretty well. I've often driv' horses for the seaweeders."

After leaving the village the road wound across the fields and down along the sandy shore of the salt ponds, and finally dwindled into little more than a footpath. At length the boy stopped in front of a small cabin.

Springing from the carriage he turned to assist the girls; then he took an armful of packages and started toward the cabin.

It required but little investigation to prove that the family was in dire need. Kate took out her notebook and made copious entries. When they returned to the carriage she and May looked very grave.

"We will go to your home now," she said to the boy, as she took the whip and touched the horse lightly. "We want to be introduced to your mother and Ben."

"They'll be awfully glad to see you," he said, delightedly. "I told 'em all about our club last night."

"We would have blundered sadly if we had offered to give that boy anything," said Kate, as she and May drove home.

"But I have spoken to papa about it, and he is going to give him some odd jobs to do. Lish shall have new boots, as well as his 'Eytalians'."

Some Puzzles to Unravel.

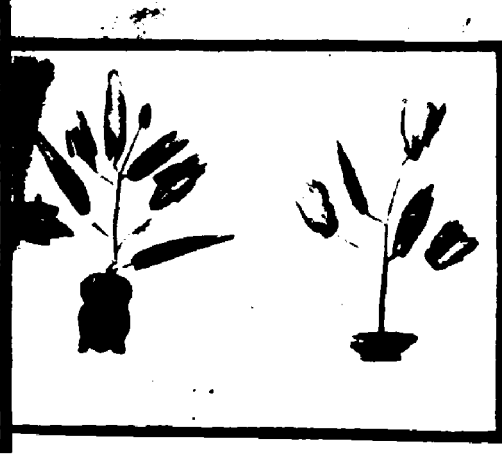
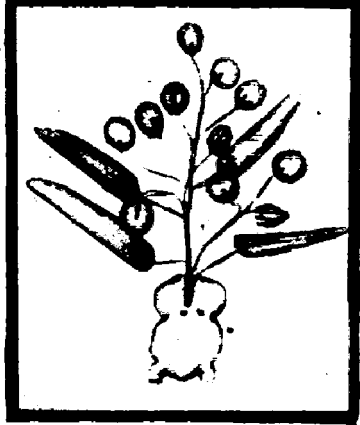
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JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS

Myra Kline

HAVE you ever thought of what may be the sports and pastimes of the boys and girls of far away lands? Many of the games, both indoor and out, which you enter into with so much enjoyment, are played by the children and youth of almost all nations the world over, that is, of course, where civilization has spread, and a few of them, perhaps you may be surprised to learn, are common to the youth of savage tribes. In the latter case, no doubt, it is safe to say that the sport has been first known to the savages; some daring traveler has brought home the knowledge, and has told his tale of the man-



fine myself to just one in the present instance, and will try to explain to you all about the wonderful Japanese water flowers, which some of the pictures with this article will help you to appreciate. No doubt you have heard of the Chinese water lilies, which are bulbs that you place in water, and, in due time, some weeks later, see sprouting and growing into pretty flowers. But the Japanese variety are not going to take weeks to grow or to blossom. You just put them in water, and almost before you can say Jack Robinson, there is the flower with its leaves and blossoms before you. The Japanese, as I suppose you know, are a remarkable people in many ways. An intense love of the beautiful is inborn, and they are naturally artistic to the very finger tips, as it were. As craftsmen, they attain to a skill that is marvelous in any pursuit they follow, and this is due largely to the refined and patient nature of the people. Take these water flowers, for example, in which the children of the far-away land find many an hour's delight. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more sweet and simple and delightfully entertaining to young people. To look at as you open the little silver-bound box in which they are packed, they look like so many tiny vari-colored shavings or slivers of wood. You will wonder what they can be. If you have never seen or heard of them before; but drop them one at a time into a little water; a plain white plate with some water on it shows them off to the best advantage. You will be greatly amazed and amused at what follows. Gradually, as they absorb the moisture, you will observe them expand—a leaf will fly open, then another, then perhaps a blossom will unfurl and next the flower pot itself, and so on, until what was a moment before a mere sliver of wood, now lies before you a pretty tinted flower set in a pot, with green leaves and red or vari-colored blossoms.

It is not flowers alone that are made in this way; many other designs are executed, some of them quite intricate. Boats, fishes, flags and birds, and even a man fishing in a boat as one of the photographs shows. When you think that all you see there was compressed to about the thickness of a dime, it becomes more amazing, does it not? One cannot but marvel at the deft workmanship, at the extraordinary skill of the cunning fingers that have wrought such delicate designs and compressed them into so small a compass, only to expand into full bloom, as it were, at the magic touch of a drop of water.

These expanding water flowers are made possible by the use of a peculiar native product which is only to be found in the far East. A plant grows in Japan which has a pith that is very strong, yet soft in its fiber, permitting of much handling and working, and readily compressed into a very small space. It is used for many purposes by these ingenious people, but surely for none more strange, yet pleasing, than this of making flowers and other objects which expand so prettily when placed upon a dish of water, and for no other purpose than to give amusement and pleasure to the young people of that land. It is not known even by the Japanese who was the genius who invented this amusement. They have been known and have given pleasure to the youth and to the adults of that country for many, many generations.

Thinking that many of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY may like to have some of these Water Flowers for their own use, so that they may see how pretty and interesting they really are, we have arranged with a Japanese importing house to supply them to us. We shall be pleased to send a box of these Japanese Water Flowers to any reader upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. Six boxes will be sent for fifty cents. Letters should be addressed, The Water Flower Editor, Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.



How to Become President of the United States.

There is no certain road to achieve this high desire. Very good and very able men have striven for it in every way known to them and yet have failed.

Henry Clay and James G. Blaine, two of the ablest and brightest and most magnetic of American public men, made the attainment of the presidency the aim of their public careers, and both had their lives embittered by the disappointment of defeat.

In a general way, what a boy can do toward becoming President is to fit himself for the highest type of citizenship.

First of all, let the lad of such high ambition see that in growing up he grows to be a MAN.

Let him attend well to his school days, taking all of them that he can get and improving every one.

Education comes so easy now that its

opportunities are too frequently neglected. It was worth earning to Lincoln, who absorbed all the learning the poor backwoods of Illinois afforded and groped in his spare moments for more. It was worth earning to Andrew Johnson, who learned the alphabet while at a tailor's bench as an apprentice. It was worth earning to Garfield, who trudged long miles to a log schoolhouse in Ohio between his doings of the farm chores.

Do in your boyhood, my boy, as each of these Presidents did in his. That is, improve your shining hours.

But don't get the idea that one must run all to brain to be fit for the presidency. Body is essential, too.

A sturdier physique might have given William Henry Harrison a full administration instead of an early death in office. Washington was of athletic tendencies, and both he and Lincoln were unbeaten wrestlers. Garfield's early woodchopping and other outdoor work fitted him for that gallant struggle against the effects of an assassin's bullet.

The office of President is one of heavy responsibilities and worries. No man need be afraid of being too strong for the place.

Good exercise, good sports, good company and good cheer may play their parts in making good Presidents.

Washington and Jefferson loved the dance. Cleveland was fond of fishing. Arthur was excellent company and a graceful host. Garfield, in his youth, was a husky hustler for the red ear and a blushing girl's kiss at the corn husking.

Back to the first proposition: The ideal President is a MAN.

He should have opinions and principles—not prejudices—and know why he has them. "I would rather be right than be President," said Clay. Better for the healthful, ambitious youth of today that he may wish to be both right and President. Then he will be sure to serve his country well.

And believe things, my boy. Believe in your country. In your God and in yourself. Infidelity has prevented the ad-

vance of many an otherwise well equipped man. No unbeliever has ever been President, and in the present state of earnest public faith no such ever will be.

To a man who one day asked him what was the cost of his atheistic library, the late Colonel Ingersoll answered: "The governorship of Ohio." It would have cost him also any higher office for which he might have tried.

Once more as to education. Let the boy with the presidency in mind see to it that he knows his country's history well. There is instruction in every line of that history and of the Constitution for him who would some day steer the ship of state.—New York World.



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Gin'ral Putnam *By* J. L. Harbour

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY



WOULDN'T take a corner lot in Gotham for that old gun, no I wouldn't," said Deacon Peel to the visitor to whom he was showing a heavy old weapon of the blunderbuss type.

"That old gun fit at Bunker Hill," added the deacon. "It come down to me from my grandfather on my mother's side, and it shall never go out of my family if I can help it. I have willed it to my son Ben, and he will leave it to his boy Billy here."

The boy Billy was standing by his grandfather's side. He blushed and grinned and thrust one finger into his mouth in the embarrassed manner of some boys of his age when reference to them is made in the presence of strangers. And yet Billy Peel was not a very shy nor alarmingly modest boy. His grandfather, who was very fond of Billy in an undemonstrative way, often admitted that Billy was "considerable forward" at times and that there were other times when Billy needed to be "taken down a peg or two" for his own good and the happiness and peace of others. But the deacon was usually willing to condone the boy's milder offenses on the score that he was "growin'."

"Ye have to give a growin' boy considerable latitude." Grandfather Peel frequently remarked, "specially when it comes to eatin' and sleepin' and screechin'. Seems like a real active, growin' boy is holler clean into the ground when it comes to eatin', and he loves to lay abed so of a mornin'. It's a kind of a moral triumph for 'em to get up at all; and when it comes to screechin' it appears like as if he was own first cousin to a hyena or a cattymount. It's all because they're growin' and their lungs and appetites is expandin'. They'll get over it when they get their growth. A boy don't get real human till he's about fifteen years old."

Billy was then fourteen and the other members of his family were looking forward to the time when Billy should have attained his full growth, for the "expandin'" process had a good many nerve and patience trying features. His parents and others who were compelled to live in the same house with him sincerely hoped that there was something in Grandfather Peel's theory that a boy "begun to git kind o' human" at about the age of fifteen. Previous to that age the deacon admitted that a boy was "mostly wild animal."

"I call the old gun 'Gin'ral Putnam,'" resumed the deacon to the visitor who was examining the ancient firearm. "I call it that in honor of old Gin'ral Israel Putnam because it is writ down in our family records that Gin'ral Putnam has held this gun in his own hands."

"Has the gun been fired recently?" asked the guest.

"No, not right lately. I don't vally it much for real shootin' purposes. It's a turrible gun to scatter and if you want to hit anything with it, it's best to aim at something else. I'm counted a purty good shot, but the last time I tried to kill a woodchuck with old 'Gin'ral Putnam,' blamed if I didn't kill a blooded rooster standin' thirty feet from where the woodchuck was."

"Is the gun loaded?" asked the visitor.

"No; it ain't safe to keep loaded guns 'round. Billy here would be firin' 'Gin'ral Putnam' off ev'ry day if we kept it loaded, eh, Billy?"

Billy grinned and reached out a not very clean hand to lay hold on the gun.

"Hands off! Hands off!" said his grandfather. "I've told and told ye, boy, that ye couldn't handle old 'Gin'ral Putnam' until your sixteenth birthday. If you are a good boy you kin fire the old gun off then."

Billy chafed under this restraint. He had a great desire to "blaze away" at something with "Gin'ral Putnam" every time he looked at the old gun. His grandfather, however, kept jealous watch and ward over the gun, and the only time Billy had ever received a trouncing at the hands of his grandfather was on the day the old gentleman surprised him in the act of climbing out of the bedroom window with the gun in his hands. What had followed was still a painful memory to Billy.

"Wnat you doin' with 'Gin'ral Putnam'?" the deacon had asked in a terrible voice.

"There's a—a—polecat—over in Dan Norman's hen house," said Billy falteringly.

"It kin stay there forever if it waits to be drove out by 'Gin'ral Putnam!'" shouted the irate old gentleman. "And I'll let you know, boy, that a gun that's fit at the battle of Bunker Hill ain't goin' to come down to the low estate of fightin' polecats!"

Billy hated the sight of the old gun for some weeks after this episode, but gradually his love for it returned and it had for him all the fascination a forbidden object usually has for a boy.

The town in which the Peels lived was but a small place and exciting events were few and far between. Even holidays were unproductive of anything of special interest. No attention was paid to Washington's Birthday, and Decoration Day passed unnoticed. The spirit of patriotism was interpreted by the boys of the town as a conscientious effort to make all the noise possible on the Fourth of July. The day was therefore one of tumult from early morning until after nightfall. No one restricted or reprimanded the boys very much on this day, but at noon Mrs. Peel, whose sensitive ears had been assailed all the morning by the tumult of tin horns and firecrackers and torpedoes and nerve-thrilling shrieks, remarked in a weary way that she "hoped those boys would take themselves out of reach of human ears and eyes for the afternoon."

Billy had been "letting himself loose" since the earliest dawn of day, and at high noon this peculiar form of patriotic "looseness" had so increased that he had been requested by his family to "clear out" for the rest of the day.

"He must go away from the house with his firecrackers and his powder before we ride out to Uncle Henry's this afternoon," said Mrs. Peel. "I would not dare go away and leave him on the place, dry and inflammable as everything is. He would be sure to set fire to something."

Mrs. Peel's anxiety was relieved by the fact that Billy had planned to go out to Codman Hill after dinner in company with nine-tenths of the other boys of the town. This hill was about a mile from the village. It was high and rocky and treeless.

"S'pose we go out there and play that it was old Bunker Hill," said Teddy Hawkes. "Half of us can be Britishers and the other half Americans, and we'll have a sham fight."

"Let's take a lot of powder and some fuse and blow up the old stone fort we built there last summer," said Leroy Barker.

"Yes, let's!" cried out Jeddy Tryon. "And let's take out all of the firecrackers and other noisy things we can scare up. I've got all of my biggest cannon crackers left."

"So have I!" shouted Dan Drew.

"And we can fire blank cartridges and whoop and yell and make it seem awfully real!" screamed Harry Rodgers.

"It will be great!" agreed Billy Peel in ear-splitting tones, for no boy could be expected to speak in an ordinary tone on the Fourth of July.

The plans for the afternoon had been perfected before the boys went home for dinner, and Mrs. Peel was glad to know that Billy would be far away from home during the afternoon.

The other members of the Peel family had planned an afternoon drive of four or five miles to the farm of Mrs. Peel's brother Henry. Billy was so late in reaching home that he found dinner over and the family nearly ready to start for the farm. But his mother, with the unfailing consideration and affection of most mothers, had set out a good dinner on the kitchen table, and she said to Billy as she left the house.

"Now, lock all the doors and fasten the windows before you go away. And do be careful not to get hurt up there on Codman Hill. You boys are so reckless. I shall be glad when this day is done."

They drove away and left Billy with his dinner. He fell upon it after the manner of hungry boys. His napkin lay on the floor, his elbows rested on the table, while his sturdy young legs were wound around his chair. His cheeks were bulging out with three times as much pie as the average mouth is expected to contain at one time, and his hand was reaching for more when a boy of about his own age appeared at an open window behind Billy and, putting his fingers to his mouth, gave vent to a sharp and penetrating whistle.

Billy turned, his mouth still full of pie, and mumbled:

"Hullo, Harry!"

"Hullo!" replied Harry. "Ready to start for the hill?"

"Wait till I eat the rest of this pie. Come in and have some, won't you?"

Harry said he "guessed not," but nevertheless he lost no time in climbing in at the window and in reaching the table. He had just gorged to repletion in his own home, but he drew a chair up to the table and took the offered pie and a piece of cake that had not been offered. The boys talked rapidly as they ate.

"Tom Dexter has taken his rifle up to the hill," said Harry, "and Joe Hall is going to take his gun, and—O, wouldn't it be just great if you could take your granddaddy's old 'Gin'ral Putnam'! What a sensation you'd make with a real Bunker Hill gun! Why don't you take it?"

"Grandfather would go crazy if I did, and, anyhow, it's locked up in his room there."

He nodded his head toward a door at the right and Harry said:

"Why, that door ain't locked!"

Billy craned his head around and saw to his surprise that the door of his grandfather's room was slightly ajar.

"That's funny," he said. "I never knew grandfather to go off and leave his door unlocked before. He has forgotten it; that's all."

"Maybe he left it unlocked so that you could get the gun if you wanted it," suggested Harry.

"I guess you don't know him as well as I do," said Billy, as he went to the door of his grandfather's room. Harry followed him and said:

"There's old 'Gin'ral Putnam' hanging over the mantel."

Billy's eyes sparkled and there was a kind of an itching sensation at his fingers' ends.

"It's going to be your gun when your father and grandfather are gone, isn't it?" asked Harry.

"Yes, but they haven't gone yet."

"Oh, well," said Harry lightly and cheerfully, "they will be some day, so the gun is in one sense yours now."

Billy's moral perceptions were dulled by the very sight of the gun, and Harry's weak argument seemed strong and forcible. He made no objection when Harry mounted a chair and took the gun down.

"We won't stay up on the hill but a couple of hours, and your folks ain't coming home until after dark, are they?"

"N-o-o," replied Billy, slowly.

He knew what Harry's words implied and he made a feeble attempt to resist all further temptation, but this wise and good effort came to naught when Harry said:

"You'd be the hero of the day with old 'Gin'ral Putnam.' We'd all stand back and have you fire a salute with it."

The end of it was that "Gin'ral Putnam" rested on Billy's shoulder when he climbed Codman Hill that afternoon. The old gun, as Harry had predicted, attracted a great deal of attention, and Billy incurred some bitter though temporary enmities by declining to allow ten or twelve of the boys to load and fire the gun.

"I am going to fire it myself," he announced with cheerful selfishness. "And I've only ammunition enough for one or two loads."

He did not know that his grandfather had loaded the gun heavily the day before with the intention of firing a salute on the morning of the Fourth. The morning, however, had brought a severe headache to Grandfather Peel, and his patriotism had subsided so that the salute was not fired and the very generous charge which Billy rammed into the old gun, added to the one it already contained, made it a dangerous weapon.

It had been settled that Billy should stand on the low wall of the fort and fire the salute. But the gun was too heavy for him to hold steadily and Harry had claimed the privilege of having it rest on his shoulder.

"You know you wouldn't have brought it if I hadn't coaxed you into it," he said, "so I have a better right than any one else to help fire the salute."

The result proved the poetic justice of this arrangement.

Billy and Harry climbed upon the walls of the fort with the ancient weapon. The other boys assembled on the slope of the hill to hear the salute.

"Old 'Gin'ral' Putnam' is going to speak to you now!" shouted Billy. "He'll let you know what a gun of his day was like and that there is good stuff in him yet!"

The gun was adjusted on Harry's shoulder, and Billy, with his hand on the trigger, shouted:

"One to make ready! Two to prepare! Three for to go—fire!"

"Gin'ral Putnam" had spoken in a voice that was heard in the village more than a mile distant. He had not only spoken, but he had acted. Harry and Billy turned a back somersault over the wall the instant the gun was discharged, and the stock of "Gin'ral Putnam" lay on one place and the barrel in another. Billy and Harry were found bruised, weeping and bleeding behind the wall. Billy's right hand was bloody and Harry, dazed by the fall, asked as he rubbed his shoulder:

"What—what—hap—happened?"

"Look and see," said George Raymond, holding the barrel of the gun in one hand and the stock in the other. "O-o-o-h! What will grandfather say?" said Billy with a gasp.

"What will he do you'd better ask," said Joe Luce.

What he said and what he did are not a part of this tale. Although Billy has long been a man he remembers to this day the intense embarrassment of his return home with the gun. The gun has long been his and when it is not in sight he has a constant reminder of it in some scars on his right hand, commemorative of the just punishment he received the first and only time he ever fired "Gin'ral Putnam."

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STAMPS, COINS and CURIOS

Stamp Answers.

B. P. Bloomfield, Iowa: The San Marino registration envelope of 1894, printed in brown, red, yellow, blue, green and gold is catalogued but not priced by Scott.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Many inquiries come to the coin editor asking the values of the various half dollars. Most of these since 1806 are catalogued by the dealers at from seventy five to eighty five cents each in good condition.

Rare American Stamps.

A great rarity among the American stamps is a United States 3-cent of 1861 surcharged "C. S. of A." issued by the Confederate government immediately after the breaking out of the war of secession.

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**"Yankee Boys Beat English Boys,"
Says An Englishman.**

An English writer in the Pall Mall Gazette compares the English boy with the American boy, basing his opinion on observation. He thinks that the American school and college system gets a tighter hold on the average lad and forces him to take larger doses of the unpalatable food of information than does the English public school system. He also thinks that the American boy is the equal of his English cousin in strength and bodily development, saying that more careful attention is paid in America to the development of muscle. In general health, robustness of constitution and endurance, he says the advantage is with the English boy, his food being simpler and more healthful, and his nerves less liable to excitement. Something in the air of America exhilarates, but wears men out quick, making the boy fearfully nervous, even in his games. He says that he saw a crew of eight stalwart men after a defeat in a boat race all sobbing like children. An English crew would never have done that.

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BOYS IN THE SCHOOL

Slow and Sure Boys.

The boy who "goes slow" is the boy whose chances of success in life are greatest, for the boy of this kind is apt to be pretty clear-headed, and he will be sure to look before he leaps. He is given to thinking things over in a careful way, and he is something of a plodder, but he knows that it is the boy who plods along slowly and surely who accomplishes most in this life. If you will investigate the matter you will find that most of the really successful men of our day have been slow and sure in their boyhood and young manhood, and that very often an apparently sudden rise to wealth and fame is but the fruition of years of slow and patient effort.

The boy who is all dash and go and who does everything with a rush is not always to be depended upon, for he often lacks the balance and the stability of character of the slow and sure boy.

I have noticed that these rushing boys are often inclined to be visionary, and that their heads are full of schemes for getting rich quick. They have a certain contempt for the plodders, and when they become men their heads are full of great schemes in the carrying out of which they will become nothing less than millionaires, but somehow their "schemes" hardly ever "pan out well."

I know two brothers one of whom has always been a quiet, careful, plodding boy while the other from his youth up has had the reputation of being "smart" because he was all dash and go. These brothers are in middle life now, and while the slow-going plodder has a comfortable home, a handsome bank account, and is reckoned as one of the "solid" men of the town, his "smart" brother lives in a showy but heavily mortgaged house and has never had a bank account, and the business men of the town would rather not sell him anything on credit. He has launched several business enterprises which were going to make millionaires of all concerned in them, but somehow they failed to bring about this result. The patient and plodding brother has had to come to the front once or twice to save his "smart" brother from financial ruin.

If you will investigate the matter carefully you will find that it always pays to "make haste slowly" in all important matters, and that it is true that the patient waiter is no loser. You will find that it is the slow and sure boy and the slow and sure man who has the confidence of others, and who is most in demand.



SALUTING THE FLAG.

One thousand two hundred boys and girls saluting the flag and saying: "I give my hand, my head, and my heart to my God and my Country," at the laying of the corner-stone of the Willard Memorial Building, Ottawa, Kansas.

—Photo by Robt. Grierson, Ottawa, Kans.

West Point Class of 1903.

Ninety seven members comprised the Class of 1903 that graduated from the United States Military Academy in June and became second lieutenants in the United States army. Douglas A. MacArthur, son of General MacArthur, commanding the department of the East, stood at the head of the class. Well toward the top was Ulysses S. Grant, son of General Frederick Grant and grandson of the distinguished General of the Civil War.

Recipe for a Millionaire.

Cesare Lombrose, who has been studying American millionaires, gives the following as essential to the making of a millionaire in America: Quick perception of the value of a deal, quick decision in making it, perfect mental equilibrium, thrift approaching stinginess, absence of general culture, insatiable thirst for profit, comparative honesty.

How to Camp Out.

The Chicago Tribune gives some very interesting items of information to those who will camp out this summer. "To camp out properly," the writer says, "a river is badly needed, so the first thing to do is to find the river; then put up your tent. Refrain from doing any hard work, like cutting wood or washing dishes. After you have your camp established rig up dummies made out of old suits of clothes stuffed with straw and set them around the camp fire. Then, quickly steal a blanket and slip away to some quiet place and build a neat little tent out of the blanket and have your real camp right there. The mosquitoes will think that the place where your big white tent stands is your real camping ground and all the mosquitoes will hustle over there and proceed to get busy. You should have a gas range stove. Secure your gas from the nearest town to your camp, carrying it out through common garden hose. If you do not have to lay over five or six miles of hose you will find that the expense will not be much more than you imagine. Brass bedsteads are nice in camp and you should also take out a couple of sofas and some nice leather library chairs. Remember, too many comforts will spoil all the good you ought to get out of a camp. Do not take more than twelve or fifteen suits of clothes. Good homely food, such as you could procure from any farmer, will be most appetizing. If you don't care to fool the mosquitoes in the way suggested, the best thing to do is to catch them one at a time and tie their bills shut with small pieces of twine. Better yet, have some good tinsmith make you four or five hundred muzzles and slip them over the heads of the mosquitoes, fastening the muzzles on by small straps buckling behind the creatures' necks.

Boys Books Reviewed

LUCKY NED, by Edward S. Ellis. Mr. Ellis's popularity among boys will be increased by this story. It is full of all kinds of incidents, humorous, pathetic and heroic, which every boy likes, and the whole tone of the book urges true manliness, and courage and generosity without being at all of the "sickly sentimentality" order. Illustrated by J. W. Kennedy. 363 pages, ornamented cover. Price \$1.00 net. Dana, Estes & Co.

THE BOY LAND HOOMER, by Captain Ralph Bonehill. The scene of this story is laid in Oklahoma Territory prior to its being thrown open to the settlers in 1889. There is plenty of excitement and Dick Arbuckle and his land-boomer friends who are on the borders preparing for a rush into the forbidden lands have innumerable adventures and narrow escapes in the course of their enterprise. Illustrated by W. H. Fry. 233 pages. Picture cover. Price \$1.00. The Saalfield Publishing Co.

A BOY ON A FARM, by Jacob Abbott, edited by Clifton Johnson. The editor presents under the above title two stories, "Rollo at Work" and "Rollo at Play," written many years ago by Jacob Abbott. Parents and teachers could hardly place a more helpful book in the hands of the young people, as the stories are not only exceedingly interesting, but are unusually fitted in training the young mind to right things in a thoroughly natural and healthful manner. There are many pleasing illustrations, and Dr. Lyman Abbott writes the introduction. 182 pages; strongly bound. Price 45 cents. American Book Company.

LOST IN THE LAND OF ICE, by Capt. Ralph Bonehill. This is the story of a trip to the South Pole in search of a treasure ship, made by two boys and a hardy crew on board the yacht "Arrow." Expeditions to the South Pole have not been so numerous as those to the North Pole, and the vivid account here given of the wonders of that Land of Desolation, together with the many exciting and dangerous adventures which the "Arrow" and her crew meet with in pursuing their search will interest, instruct and please its readers. Illustrated. 241 pages. Picture cover. Price, 50 cents net. A. Wessels & Co.

THE OTHER BOY, by Evelyn Sharp. We can frankly and truthfully say we like this story. The children are natural and real children and they talk and act in a real and natural manner. There is lots of fun and hearty enjoyment in it, and there are also many good lessons to be learned without preaching. We feel sure the young readers will be delighted with Ted and Charlotte, we beg pardon, Charley, and Tony and Nancy and "Nibs" as well as Aunt Theodosia, and even the "grown ups" will have many a laugh at the amusing sayings and doings recorded in the book. Illustrated by Henry Sandham. 230 pages, good paper; large, clear type; strongly bound. Price \$1.25. The Macmillan Co.

STILLMAN GOTT, Farmer and Fisherman, by Edwin Day Sibley. The want of space forbids more than the shortest reference to this book, the reading of which we have truly enjoyed. Mr. Sibley has given us real scenery and real men and women. The character of the fisherman-farmer is a fine one, and although the love story which runs through the story and the other characters are well portrayed. Stillman Gott's quaint philosophy, pungent yet good-natured and inspiring wit, and his nobleness of heart, will make the reader better for the reading. The account of the trial is unique, we should say, in the conduct of courts of justice. Altogether it is a book which should be welcomed in every American home. 360 pages, gilt top, uncut edges. Price \$1.50. John S. Brooks & Company.

BOB, THE PHOTOGRAPHER, by Arthur M. Winfield. We confess to feeling somewhat bewildered at the multitude of adventures experienced by Bob Alden. They came upon him "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa," but with a sameness in each which, to our thinking, deprives them of the stimulus of healthy excitement which the reader might otherwise feel. There are a great many improbabilities which savor somewhat of the Deadshot Dick and One-eyed Pete type of character, and one of the purposes of the book, according to the author, of telling the reader something of photography, has been almost forgotten in the recital of somewhat improbable and unreal situations. The book is nicely illustrated. 325 pages, with picture cover. Price, 90 cents net. A. Wessels Co.

LARRY BARLOW'S AMBITION, or the Adventures of a Young Fireman, by Arthur M. Winfield. The hero of this story is a boy whose ambition is to become a fireman. He is a member of the local fire brigade of the little town in which he lives. He is an orphan or supposes himself so, and lives with his sister. Brave work and the rescue of a little girl from a hotel fire, gets him a position in the New York fire brigade, where he proves his courage and ability. His invention of an extension ladder to assist in fighting fires brings him fortune. The book is interesting and gives the reader some idea of the method and working of a large city fire department, including the school of instruction from which the embryonic fireman must graduate. The difficulties and perils attending a fireman's life are graphically illustrated. The illustrations are by W. H. Fry. 250 pages. Ornamental cover. Price \$1.00. The Saalfield Publishing Co.

BOYS OF BUNKER ACADEMY, by W. O. Stoddard. Pat Nolan jumps into the East River at New York to save a little girl from drowning. Sol Rogers also plunges in for the same purpose. Between them the little girl is rescued and Pat Nolan, a poor boy, becomes of interest to Mr. Rivington, the wealthy uncle of Sol Rogers, and father of Van Rivington, and to the parents of little "Katrina" whom he helped to rescue. The three boys are sent to Bunker Academy where, during one term, which the story covers, they have quite a number of adventures, and a "high old time" generally. Perhaps some of the pranks in which they indulge may be considered a little trifling, but they only show that the exuberance of youthful spirits must find vent, and they are never done through spite or ill nature. The diligence with which Pat pursues his studies is a good example for boys in general. 383 pages, nicely bound and aptly illustrated. Price \$1.00 net. George W. Jacobs & Co.



Answers to June Tangles.

47. Proverbs xxiv., 7. Wisdom is too high for a fool.

- 48. Gilgal, Rodney, Alonzo, Nelson, Thomas

Initials spell Grant; finals, Lyons.

49. 1. Ulysses Grant. 2. George Washington. 3. Abraham Lincoln. 4. Theodore Roosevelt. 5. John Adams. 6. William Penn. 7. Henry Clay. 8. Andrew Jackson. 9. Thomas A. Edison. 10. Benjamin Franklin. 11. Isaac Pitman.

50. Edward VII. Nicholas II. Alfonso XIII. Carlos I. William II. Wilhelmina. Christian IX. Abdul Hamid II. Emile Loubet. Victor Emmanuel III.

- 51. Delft, Verde, Fusans, Reims, Kioto, Pekin, Kenia, Berne, Salem

The criss-cross letters spell Des Moines.

52. 1. Pillon. 2. Millon. 3. Vermillon. 4. Cottillon. 5. Battalion. 6. Scullion. 7. Pavillion. 8. Perihellon. 9. Stallion. 10. Bullion. 11. Ganglion. 12. Medallion.

53. Gray's Elegy. Written in a Country Churchyard. (Grazed). LEG written in a country (Australis). church. yard. (3 feet).

54. 1. Mass. 2. Md. 3. Ill. 4. Pa. 5. Miss. 6. Ark. 7. Tenn. 8. Mo. 9. Wash. 10. La. and O. 11. Ida. 12. Me. 13. Mont. 14. Ind. ("Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.")—Milton.) 15. Conn. 16. Ore. 17. Col. 18. Kan.

- 55. ROAN, READ, ISEO, TOAD

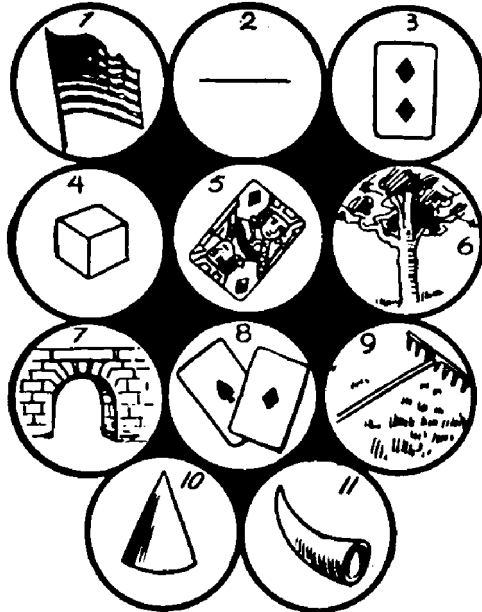
"Roan Barbary" was the favorite horse of King Richard II.

The diagonals spell Reed and Nast.

56. Starting at Washington, he visits the cities in the following order: 12, 6, 20, 21, 17, 13, 7, 2, 9, 5, 11, 16, 19, 10, 4, 8, 3, 14, 18, 22, 15, Detroit.

3. FOURTH OF JULY ZIG-ZAG.

Interpret the eleven pictures by words of four letters. When these words are written in numerical order, the zig-zag letters, as indicated by the diagram, will spell a Fourth of July accompaniment.



—Frank T. Sisco.

4. REVOLUTIONARY ANAGRAMS.

Some battles of the Revolution and the American commander of each. The italic letters are to be used for the commanders' names only.

- 1. Pony, ye want to sin. 2. Still great waste. 3. Expel king or rant. 4. Go, Edwar can't lead. 5. Does brown win anything? 6. O grin, thin wasp on vent. 7. Wan hons trotting on.

—Lot W Armin.

5. HISTORICAL LABYRINTH.

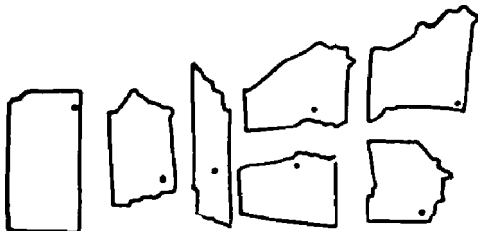
Beginning with a certain letter and using adjacent squares in continuous order, using each square once only, find a Union victory in July and the date of its occurrence.

Grid for historical labyrinth puzzle with letters N, D, W, T, Y, X, S, E, O, E, E, T, N, I, R, R, S, R, H, T, E, V, U, O, T, H, O, E, I, F, O, R, O, F, I, S, C, U, J, Y, U, E, K, B, U, L, R, T, H

—Edward Langdon Fernald.

6. INDEPENDENCE GEOGRAPHY.

In each outline map of a state is shown the approximate location of a town having the same name as a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The united ages of these signers, in years, taken at the time of the signing, gives the number of days that elapsed between the signing of the Declaration of Independence and a defeat of the American troops by Gen. Burgoyne.



—G. W. Hodgkins.

7. PATRIOTIC PUZZLE.

Beginning at a certain letter and proceeding in a certain direction, taking every third square until all are used once only, obtain the customary name for the date that appears in the center and the name of the great American who drafted the document that makes that date memorable.

Grid for patriotic puzzle with letters O, M, E, N, A, N, S, D, O, S, N, H, R, E, T, E, P, Y, F, E, A, F

—John Hendricks Ketcham.

8. MOVE THE BOOKS.

Move certain books to the right and others to the left until a perpendicular row of letters, comprised of one letter from each title, shall spell the name of that signer of the Declaration of Independence who was the first to sign after the President of the Provincial Congress.



—Tilly Slowboy.

9. GEOGRAPHICAL TANGLE.

Each word contains the same number of letters. The final letter of each word is the same. The initials form something that all American boys know well and make use of every day.

- 1. A town on the coast of Sicily. 2. A province of British India. 3. A bay of Crete. 4. A river in Russia. 5. A town in Knox Co., Mo. 6. A city and river of Germany. 7. A city of Italy. 8. A volcano in Iceland. 9. A river of Chili. 10. A town in Palestine. 11. An Asiatic country. 12. A town in Peru. 13. An island in the Mediterranean. 14. A country in Northern Africa. 15. An island near Venezuela. 16. A town in Ohio. 17. A town in Indian Territory. 18. A town in Phelps Co., Mo. 19. A city of Bulgaria. 20. A county in New York state. 21. A city in New York state. 22. A Russian river. 23. A town in Hawaii. 24. A city of Ohio. 25. A river in Colorado. 26. A town on the Osage river, Mo.

—Louis Heyn.

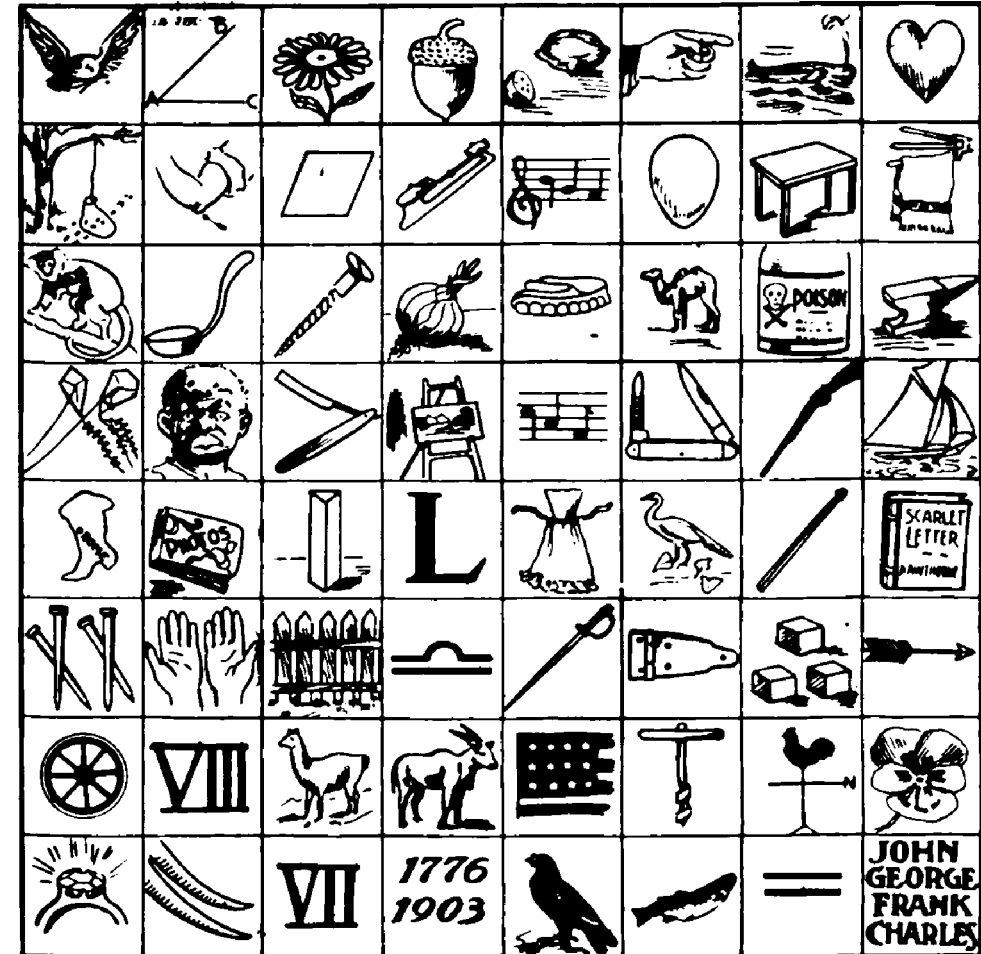
Tommy (after he had been to church for the first time)—"What did you get out of that funny little silver plate, mamma? I only got a dime."—Harvard Lampoon.

NEW TANGLES.

1. PICTORIAL CHESS.

The illustration on each of the 64 squares of the chess board is to be interpreted by a word of five letters. The initial letters of the correct words will spell the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence by employing the kind of chess which is one square

dered to the British in 1812 but was recovered in 1813. 4. What happened in Boston March 17, 1776. 5. The general who commanded the British forces at the battle of New Orleans. 6. Christian name of the American patriot, colonel of the "Green Mountain Boys" who captured Fort Ticonderoga from the British. 7. Site of a famous American battle, Jan. 8, 1815. 8. A river made famous by Gen. Washington's daring. 9. An American lake on which a battle was



only in any direction, using each letter as many times as needed, but repeating no letter without first moving from its square. —Clement Barnes.

2. HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

The initials, taken in order, spell an American holiday.

- 1. That for which our forefathers fought. 2. Christian name of the American patriot who said: "I regret I have but one life to give for my country." 3. An American city that was surren-

fought Sept. 10, 1813. 10. Where the American army disbanded in 1783. 11. The battle in which Gen. Morgan defeated Gen. Tarleton, Jan. 17, 1781. 12. The fort near which Jane McCrea was killed by Indian allies of the British July 27, 1777. 13. A famous New England college that was originally opened six years before the Declaration of Independence was signed. 14. Christian name of the leader of the Americans at the recapture of Stony Point. 15. Where Cornwallis surrendered, ending the Revolution. —Lawrence J. Rossiter.

Advertisement for 'To All Young People' watch. Includes image of a pocket watch and text: 'A Strictly First-Class Watch', 'Engraved and Gold Finished Snap Back Case...', 'THE NATIONAL ADVERTISING CO., 4621-23 Frankford Av., PHILADELPHIA, PA.'

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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION THIS PAPER

BOYS IN THE HOME

Boys Will Be Boys.

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

"Boys will be boys," drawled out a professor who pulled his pipe out of his teeth long enough to utter his saw. "Yes," retorted the president, "Boys will be boys. And there is just where our hope lies. But the question is, What is it to be a boy? Is it to be a loafer or a law-breaker? I do not believe any such instincts are in boys, or that boyhood involves any mean things. The grandest thing in this world is a boy, just in the vital spring of his being—bubbling full of promise. What we want is to see to it that the young fellows don't get your idea, that there is any natural obligation in their make-up to do mean things. No, sir! I have seen eighteen classes of college boys; and I tell you I can count on my fingers every ingrained natural scamp in the whole crowd."

I ventured to ask the president why so many boys were damaged, if not spoiled. "I will tell you," he said. "We have just begun to recognize the need of moral training in American education. Oh, yes," he added, "please do not interrupt me. I know that there has been a good deal of religious training, perhaps too much of it. No man can go before me in my estimate of the value of the Bible as an educator. If correctly taught. But I am getting to be pretty well convinced that a perfunctory religious training is of little value. A routine of college prayers and sermons, with Bible instruction, will not of themselves cure the end that we desire. We must take these boys that are sent to us right to our hearts. We must not only teach them, we must also love them. We must make them love us. The first lessons they get, the first spell-bind, must be moral. They must see that, above all else, we care to see them manly; and our ideas of what is manly must be positive. If this work is done or begun at once, as soon as the boy enters the college, we shall be able to forestall all sorts of mischievous traditions. We can create a new spirit in our institutions. Of this I am thoroughly satisfied; that, if we set to work, having in mind to save as well as to educate, to ennoble as well as to inform, we shall not make a failure."

A professor put in at this point that he believed strongly in creating an institutional dignity, so that the boys would not wish to disgrace the institution. "Institutional fiddlesticks!" said the president, with some impatience. "You mean make them love the college instead of us. It cannot be done. You may dress them up in gowns, and you may add all the flummery you like. There is no salvation but in man. You and I must gather these fellows to us, give them the warmth of our soul as well as the truths of our minds. Our colleges need a new inspiration."

Much to my regret I was compelled to leave the train at this point; but the conversation has gone with me. I think I know college boys somewhat; and I hold that they are, as the president said, the very flower of our youth. It is very rare indeed that a lad goes to college with vicious instincts. Not over one in thirty inclines to wrong-doing. Why does this small percentage attract more attention than all the rest? Because the wrong-doing is exceptional and those who go wrong make more noise than the quiet fellows who are attending to their business.

Fourteen Mistakes.

An English paper gives a list of what it terms "the fourteen mistakes of life." While there are undoubtedly other mistakes than those mentioned, the list is a fairly comprehensive one.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to yield all immaterial matters; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. And the last and greatest mistake of all is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

If You Mean to Be President.

W. C. STILES.

There are about seventy five million people in the United States. Of these fifteen millions or thereabout are voters. Of these again about eight millions are over thirty five years of age. To be president of the United States you must belong to this latter eight millions. But of these eight millions, probably five hundred thousand were not born in the United States and are ruled out. Another million cannot read nor write, and they will furnish no presidents. Every boy who lives to be thirty five years of age, allowing that the population meanwhile does not increase, might have one chance in about six million, therefore, to be president.

But the chances of a well educated boy are much greater than this. Of the men who have actually been elected president, sixteen have been college men, and only two have been men of very limited education—Fillmore and Andrew Jackson. Grant was a West Pointer, John and J. Q. Adams were Harvard graduates, Madison went to Princeton, and Jefferson to William and Mary. Pierce was a Bowdoin man, Garfield a Williams man, and Cleveland a Hamilton graduate. Benjamin Harrison graduated from Miami University, and Hayes from Kenyon College. W. H. Harrison was forced from poverty to leave college before graduating. Abraham Lincoln was self-educated, but possessed more book learning than many college graduates.

If a boy wished to be president of the United States the favorite road would be political, though Grant and Andrew Jackson became presidents, also Taylor, by reason of military eminence. No other office seems to have been so near on the way to the White House as that of Secretary of State. Six Secretaries of State have become presidents—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Van Buren and Buchanan. But history would warn us not to seek any other cabinet position if we want to reach the presidency, as no other cabinet officer has ever been made president.

It is doubtful if an atheist could be president, as all our presidents have been more or less religious. No one has been a Roman Catholic, and no avowed infidel has ever come to the presidency. Yet only five of them have been active communicants in Christian churches. These were Washington, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt. Nearly all of the presidents, however, were attendants upon the services of some church and helped to support religion.

A majority of our presidents at one time or other practiced law. It is not recorded that any of them were ever sent to prison for crime. If a boy were to set out in life with the determination to be president, according to these facts, he would better observe the following advice: He should study law, engage in politics, advocate religion, avoid crime, go through college, and attempt to become Secretary of State. Among the few who would belong to all these classes his chances would be greatly increased. In the present day it goes without saying that he also must be either a Republican or a Democrat.

Sunday Play for the Little Ones.

There was a time when it was deemed wicked for a child to play on Sunday. The toys had to be put away Saturday night not to be brought out until Monday morning. All day Sunday boys had to sit up straight and think about Heaven, until none of them ever wished to go there, for the thought of it was associated with the blankest, dreariest, lay of their lives. A revolution has taken place, and now even the church is teaching that it isn't wicked to play on Sunday. The Puritans of old would probably shudder at the sight, but in many a church on Sunday the children are not only permitted to play, but are actually encouraged.

At the Thirteenth Street Methodist church in New York city the basement has been utilized for a nursery. Every last Sunday in the month is known as "Mothers' Sunday." The pastor preaches a sermon written particularly to interest mothers, and while they listen in the auditorium the babies are looked after below stairs. A trained kindergarten teacher, with two assistants, is on hand to assist in amusing the children, and the sound of the merry-making frequently penetrates to the auditorium above. The children build houses of blocks and play with rubber balls, and dolls and stuffed bunnies. They are provided with a lunch consisting principally of cookies, dear to every boy's heart and stomach. The Sunday school of this church has a "Cradle Roll," on which the name of every little child is entered, and opposite the date of the birth. The names are put on the cradle roll from the time the children are one week old until they are three years old, when they are eligible to the regular school, but they are still continued in the nursery until they are old enough to sit through the service. A physician comes every Sunday with a well-filled medicine case, and if a baby has even the colic he gives something good for the ailment.

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TAUGHT BY MAIL. "The first thing to be done by a man who would learn to speak and write well," says an eminent rhetorician, "is to increase his vocabulary." True; but how? you may ask. We have prepared a systematic course of Vocabulary Lessons which will, with out fail, enrich and enlarge the vocabulary. Thousands of expressive words will be added to your present stock. The fee is very low. Write for catalog and information.

UNIVERSAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, 628 Steinway Hall, CHICAGO, ILL.

BOYS AND GIRLS!

EARN A BEAUTIFUL TALKING AND SLEEPING DOLL, or an elegant STEM-WINDING AND STEM-WINDING WATCH, guaranteed to keep perfect time. Simply send us your name and address and we will tell you how you may obtain one of these beautiful premiums absolutely without cost.

C. M. DECKER & CO., NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

Toasts

HERE'S TO YOU! The Four Hundred TOAST BOOK; Patriotic, Gay and Witty. Postpaid, 85 Cents.

THE COMIC CO., Dept. A, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

LEARN TYPESETTING

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND REMUNERATIVE OCCUPATION. WE FURNISH COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR PRACTICAL WORK. SEND STAMP FOR PROSPECTUS. Chicago School of Typesetting, 547 Orchard St., Chicago.

Advertise in THE AMERICAN BOY. IT PAYS

Selling Wild Flowers as a Way to Earn Money.

One of the great western florists began his business career by selling wild flowers. His story is an inspiring one. Any bright boy can follow his plan.

Every Saturday he went into the woods and dug up wild plants, which are easily transplanted, as hepaticas, bloodroots, columbines, and many kinds of ferns. These he sold to people who had gardens at prices ranging from ten cents to a quarter of a dollar each. He made from three to five dollars every Saturday. When winter came he had a bank account of seventy five dollars. He continued at this work the next year, and when the end of that year came, his bank account had grown to two hundred dollars. He then hired a horse and buggy and transplanted shrubs from the woods. He made a special study of botany in the High School. When he was graduated, he had over one thousand dollars in the bank. He borrowed money and purchased a tract of land outside of the city. There he built a greenhouse and laid out the grounds for raising trees and shrubs. His success was almost immediate. Now his firm is one of the best known in the Northwest.

Any boy can take up this kind of work. He needs no capital aside from his muscle and brains. He will have no competition from men in business. His plants will cost him nothing. Almost all of our native wild flowers can be easily transplanted and will thrive when cultivated in gardens. This kind of work brings immediate returns. Every boy who lives near a place where wild flowers grow may easily try it. It will pay in more ways than one.

\$110 on Two Steers.



Our picture shows Lester F. Weeks, Alna, Me., and a pair of steers, which took first premium at the Lincoln County (Me.) Fair for two years in succession. They were the property of Lester, he having bought them with his own money when he was eleven years old and when the steers were calves. He sold them last year for \$150, clearing \$110 on them.

Keep the Boy Industrious.

Put your boy to work if he is not in school. If there is nothing else for him to do put him to whitewashing the back fence. Keep the lawn mowed, and even cut the winter supply of wood. Anything is better for him than loafing about town at the head end of a cigarette stump, learning all the evil and contracting all the vices which the devil keeps afloat to catch idlers. No honest labor will hurt your boy, but by evil habits he may kill his soul and poison his moral nature so as to make him a detriment to the community in which he lives and bow down his gray-haired parents with sorrow. If the fathers and mothers of today would learn the importance of training their sons to be industrious and keep them off the streets, the coming generation would be inestimably better off.—Sunshine.

How to Retain Employment.

Be prompt in your attendance to business hours.
 Try to see how much you can do and how well you can do it, regardless of your wages.
 Be courteous to every one at all times.
 Keep yourself posted up to date in your business. Knowledge is power.
 Attend strictly to business during business hours.
 Never leave one situation until you are sure of another.

It Pays to Be Careful, Boys.

Business men are continually watching for bright, honest boys, and boys often make a good or bad impression when they do not know they are being watched. It would be an easy matter to guess what kind of an impression a boy with a cigarette between his lips would make. The shrewd merchant of today would never choose him. He could not afford to. The boy with a clean collar and a frank, open countenance is the one who is chosen and he is in demand. It pays to be careful, boys, for you do not know who is watching you.—The New Era.

Boy Money Makers and Money Savers

A Queer Way of Making Money.

Some boys in California make money hunting tarantulas, according to the New York World. The boys sell them to curio dealers, who in turn sell them to tourists at twenty five to fifty cents each. The boys get about two and one-half cents apiece for them. The boy hunting the tarantulas supplies himself with a large water pail, a pair of pincers, and a large number of tin cans or glass jars with covers. Each tarantula when caught must be kept in a separate receptacle; otherwise fierce combats take place between them which result in their destruction. When the boy finds the tarantula hole he pours in a quantity of cold water, which brings them out, when they are immediately grabbed by the pincers and put into confinement. The next thing to do is to take their lives, and then to embalm them and mount them on cards, but as our boys generally will not have the opportunity of engaging in this questionable sport, it is not necessary to describe the process.

California tarantulas are large, sometimes covering a space as large as a man's hand. The legs, five in number on each side, are four jointed and range from two to three inches in length. The body is covered with hair. The mother tarantula carries her eggs enclosed in a cocoon of white silk of very close tissue. She supports the cocoon underneath her by means of the antennae. When pressed by enemies she abandons the cocoon temporarily. If she survives the battle she returns to it. When the little tarantulas are born they are white. Sometimes two thousand issue from the same cocoon, but of the two thousand only six or ten of the stronger ones survive, the weaker ones usually being eaten up by the rest of the family. In a battle tarantulas are fierce. When attacked they rise on their four hind legs. The fore legs are supplied with sharp claws which in fight are murderous. The only animal of which the tarantula stands in awe is the tarantula hawk, an immense wasp two inches in length which stings its enemies and poisons them. Even rattlesnakes have been known to come out second best in a fight with a tarantula.

Early Rising Proverbs.

A father was telling his son of the advantage of early rising, which he emphasized by using the well-worn (but much appreciated) adage, "It is the early bird that catches the worm." The precocious juvenile replied—"All right, Father; you get up in the early morning, and catch the worms; and I'll go fishing with them in the afternoon." Charles Sothorn (of illustrious memory) in his famous character play of "Lord Dundreary," used to quote the proverb: "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," on which he commented as follows: "Now, there's my brother Sam; he used to go to bed early—sometimes as early as four o'clock (in the morning), and he was not particularly healthy. As for being wealthy, he would borrow a half-crown from anybody, without the slightest hope of being able (or even willing) to pay it back. And I never knew him to be wise, but confoundedly otherwise."

If Out of Employment.

Spend eight hours each day looking for work. If you had a position, you would expect to work that many hours, at least.
 Be neat in your dress, finger-nails clean, smoothly-shaven.
 Remove your hat as you approach to make your request.
 Wear but little, if any jewelry.
 Fumes of tobacco or liquor on your breath will usually be fatal to your request.
 Expect to find work at every place you apply.
 Never get discouraged, or if you do, be careful not to show it in your face.
 Never plead poverty or necessity. Stand on your merits.
 Carry a smiling face.
 Never advance your plea as an argument for being hired.

Mark Twain's Start.

Mark Twain thus tells the story of the first money he ever earned. "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the use of the birch-rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of five dollars or public chastisement. Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the five dollars. At that period of my existence five dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so—(here the humorist reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar)—well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first five dollars."

The Golden Chain of Duty.

A little story is told of that great, good man, Bishop Phillips Brooks, that is worth passing along. He was visiting at a friend's house, and holding a little daughter of the family on his knee. After a while she looked up into his face and said: "Bishop Brooks, you ought to see my dollie."

For a moment he said nothing; that simple speech seemed to set him to thinking. Then he answered slowly: "I—ought—to—see—your—dollie! Well if I ought, I must, and I will."

Three great words linked together by conscience—the chain of duty.

What a good motto for an American boy to wear.

I OUGHT, I MUST, I WILL!

BOYS Here's a Chance To Make Money

by taking up the work of putting in **Telephones, Electric Lights, Bells, Buzzers, etc.** We will make you specially low prices on all these goods and we will start you in a profitable business on a very small capital. Write to us and let us tell you how we do it. This is not play—it is business, and we will teach you how to make an excellent income from it. Any boy can succeed and make money by our plan and with our goods, which are not toys, but are entirely practical and useful. Write at once for full information.

INTERNATIONAL SPECIALTY CO.,
 75 W. Jackson Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

WASTE not your vacation in idleness. Sell Famous Flavoring Powders (triple strength) and Fruit Colors and double your money. All flavors, and six colors. Other boys make \$100 and more per day, and you can. Your mother and other mothers will buy. Write for terms. **KAMEE CHEM. CO., SOUTH BEND, IND.**

BOYS! EASY MONEY

DURING VACATION. Beautiful Medallion; everybody wants it; enormous profits. 10c. for sample prepaid.

Mercentile Supply Co., Wash. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Agent's Outfit Free.—Easysweep Dust Pan. Handled with foot, dirt emptied without litter. Large Catalog very latest household articles, rapid sellers.

RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. 12 BATE, N.Y.

FREE SAMPLES TO AGENTS

Famous Basket Bank

Finished in nickel; beautiful ornament, and "it makes you save" means on first coin; opens only at each \$5.00. Holds \$50. Biggest selling, most popular Bank in market. We want every American Boy and Girl to be our agent.

KEYLESS BANK COMPANY,
 Dept. "D," DETROIT, MICH.

HOT SELLER for Agents

Sells everywhere and to everybody. A bonus for picnic, fair, show and street salesman. Wonderful invention.

CYCLONE ROTARY HAND FAN

It's a summer cooler and generates a strong draft of air with no gears except a slight movement of the thumb. Fan is made of aluminum, has few parts. Light, simple, portable and artistic. MILLIONS will be sold. **50¢** Price postage paid to agent. Agents and dealers WANTED. Big profits. Write for terms and "Bonus" list of up to date, but "worked-to-death" orders. Address

A. M. KRUEGER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY. Invest 1 cent by writing us 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, without previous experience, from **\$700 to \$1,000** a year sure money. Write to-day

J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Ill.

TIME TO STOP! WORKING FOR SMALL PROFITS. Men like you are making \$3 to \$5 per day selling our famous "Pocket Atlas of the World." This handy volume contains maps of every state, territory and country on the globe; official 1900 census; concise, convenient and correct in every particular. It makes money for us—it will make money for you. Sells probably in every city, town, village and farmhouse. Send us 25 cents for a sample Atlas and start taking orders right away. Send, **McNally & Co., Chicago.**

\$15 WEEKLY

MEN AND BOYS—LEARN BARBERING AT HOME and earn \$15.00 weekly. Tools FREE.

O. W. ZUBAR, Box 28, ST. CHARLES, MO.

BOYS Does your father keep a grocery, drug or notion store? I can start you in a business that will pay you well. No trouble, no canvassing. Write for particulars.

H. B. MARTIN 72 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

OUR PLAN for starting beginners in profitable MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS is remarkably successful. Some we started only three months ago now receive 200 letters daily. Our plan covers every point. WRITE FOR IT. Address with stamp, **CENTRAL SUPPLY COMPANY, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.**

BOYS MONEY EASILY—MADE—distributing samples. Write for information.

Israel Hildeman Co., New York.

Advertise in THE AMERICAN BOY.

Boys who make Money

Any boy can do it

IN A DAINTY little booklet, which we will send to any boy free, twenty-five out of more than three thousand bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of

SELLING The Saturday Evening Post

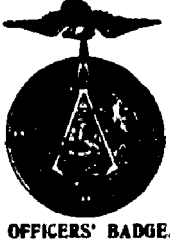
Pictures of the boys—letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours,—interesting stories of real business fact.

Some of these boys are making \$10.00 to \$15.00 a week. You can do the same. No money required to start. We will furnish 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.

\$225 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES will be distributed NEXT MONTH among boys who sell FIVE OR MORE COPIES WEEKLY.

If you will try it we will send the copies and everything necessary.

The Curtis Publishing Company, 418 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

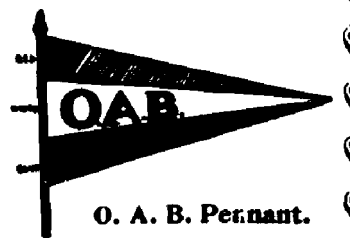


OFFICERS' BADGE.

The Great American Boy Army

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.

EVERY ENERGETIC AMERICAN BOY SHOULD BE A MEMBER OF "THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY."



O. A. B. Pennant.

COMPANY NEWS.

GOLD NUGGET COMPANY, No. 5, Cripple Creek, Colo., is getting along nicely. It has rented a room in the Masonic Temple. A platform has been erected at one end of the room for the captain's chair, and at the other end of the room the vice captain sits. The vice captain writes: "Our room is not furnished very elaborately yet, but hope to have it so soon." The company has a number of books, magazines, etc.—**DANIEL WEBSTER COMPANY**, No. 1, Lebanon, N. H., has two front rooms in a large building and a library of 150 books and a number of magazines. Company dues, five cents per week.—**LIBERTY ATHLETIC COMPANY**, No. 13, Jerseyville, Ill., holds its meetings every other Friday evening.—**NORTH STAR COMPANY**, No. 35, Detroit, Mich., is getting along nicely. The captain writes: "We spend the cold evenings at the home of our sergeant-at-arms, in boxing, bag-punching, swinging on trapeze, wrestling and many other games." He promises us a picture of the Company soon.—**NEMAHA VALLEY COMPANY**, No. 11, South Auburn, Neb., is growing rapidly. The captain writes: "We have a good room for our literary programs and business meetings, but are not allowed to box or have any sports that make much noise as it disturbs the banking business above us." The company expects soon to purchase a punching bag and also some caps for the members.—**KIKISTUWA ATHLETIC COMPANY**, No. 8, Owatonna, Minn., has constructed a small club room, where meetings are held. It has a burglar alarm attached to the door, and this is connected in some way with the treasurer's home, so that no one can enter the room without his knowledge.—**FLICKERTAIL COMPANY**, No. 5, Devils Lake, N. D., at a recent meeting held the following debate: "Resolved, That the American Republic Will Cease to Exist Before the End of the Twentieth Century." John James and Treasurer Robert Cairns took the affirmative side and Captain Harlan Fancher and Joseph Glerum the negative. The judges decided in favor of the negative. Some very good points were made by both sides.—**BUFFALO HILL COMPANY**, No. 29, Fairfield, Ia., holds its meetings each Friday evening. It has organized football, baseball and basketball teams.—**OHIO VALLEY COMPANY**, No. 28, Bellaire, O., at its meeting held on the evening of March 27, took in \$2.30, making a total of \$10 in its treasury at this time.—**SENATOR O'NEIL COMPANY**, No. 15, Washburn, Wis., has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. Company dues, ten cents per month. Mrs. Sheridan, mother of the captain, has been chosen advisory counsel.—**GENERAL SAM HOUSTON COMPANY**, No. 2, Comanche, Tex., has organized a military company, composed, at this writing, of thirty nine members. The company drills once a week. The captain suggests that this would be a good thing for other companies of the Order as it helps the boys to hold up their heads and gives them an erect carriage.—**RED STAR COMPANY**, No. 12, Nappanee, Ind., is an athletic company. It has a Whittely exerciser, three pairs of dumb-bells, two pairs of Indian clubs and a punching bag, and every member is required to take some exercise at each meeting. The company has a drum corps composed of three drums and two fifes. A short time ago the boys gave a party to which a few of their lady friends were invited. They write: "We had a very good time, for we tried hard to show the ladies that boys of the O. A. B. are the stuff for entertainers."—**ANDREW CARNEGIE COMPANY**, No. 23, Marion, Ia., has organized a baseball team and is scheduled to play the Bengal Tigers of Lisbon at a near date.—**GOPIER ATHLETIC COMPANY**, No. 6, Winona, Minn., marched in a body to the station to see President Roosevelt on his way through that town on April 4, and listened to a short speech by him, which the boys enjoyed very much.—**MINNEQUA CLUB COMPANY**, No. 7, Pueblo, Colo., has at this writing about thirty books in its library.—**HUCKEYE TIGERS COMPANY**, No. 35, Martinsburg, O., has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. Meetings are held weekly, and at each meeting a literary program is carried out.—**OCEAN VIEW COMPANY**, No. 15, San Pedro, Cal., holds its meetings every Friday evening at the home of Treasurer Harry Weaver, where a club room has been fitted up. Company dues, fifteen cents per month, payable on the first of each month, a fee of five cents being charged for every week that a member allows his payment to lapse. The company hopes soon to have enough members to organize a football and also a baseball team. The secretary promises us a picture soon.—**KANAWHA COMPANY**, No. 4, Charleston, W. Va., expects soon to move into its new club room, located at the home of Private Sidney Laidley. On the evening of March 27, the company held a magic lantern entertainment, an admission fee of five cents being charged. It has recently purchased a silk flag and will have its charter framed.—**LIONELL WELL**, a member of William J. Sanford Company, No. 8, Opelika, Ala., is a great traveler for one so young. He has been to Europe twice, and was in London at the time King Edward was crowned. He has been in Germany, France, England, Italy, Switzerland and several other foreign countries, and has also visited nearly all of the large cities in the United States.

AMERICAN BOYS ARRANGE PROGRAM FOR THEIR FRIENDS.

There will not be a meeting of Golden Gate Company, ORDER OF AMERICAN BOY, tomorrow evening. Instead of the regular session the members will give an entertainment and fair at the home of C. E. Margrave, 2620 Santa Clara avenue. The residence has been decorated artistically for the occasion. The boys anticipate that the attendance will be large.

The organization is one which deserves encouragement. It is in a prosperous condition and its members are taking a deep interest in its affairs.—From an Alameda (Cal.) local paper.

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.

NEW COMPANIES ORGANIZED.

Zachary Taylor Company, No. 1, Division of Louisiana, Lafayette, La.—The Hermes Company, No. 16, Division of Kansas, Concordia, Kas.—Rose City Company, No. 20, Division of California, Santa Rosa, Cal.—John F. Lacey Company, No. 31, Division of Iowa, Oskaloosa, Ia.—Napoleon Company, No. 42, Division of Ohio, Leontia, O.—Admiral Dewey Company, No. 17, Division of Kansas, Holton, Kas.—Father Dixon Company, No. 32, Division of Illinois, Dixon, Ill.—Hustlers of the Golden West Company, No. 19, Division of California, Point Arena, Cal.—Rattlesnake Company, No. 18, Division of Texas, Brownsville, Tex.—Red River Valley Company, No. 7, Division of North Dakota, Hillsboro, N. Dak.—Cabrillo Company, No. 20, Division of California, Avalon, Cal.—Winfield Scott Schley Company, No. 56, Division of Michigan, Marine City, Mich.—Monarch Company, No. 32, Division of Iowa, Keota, Ia.—General Armstrong Company, No. 6, Division of New Jersey, Princeton, N. J.—Now or Never Company, No. 7, Division of New Jersey, Woodbury, N. J.—Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 7, Division of Connecticut, Hotchkissville, Conn.—Chehalis Valley Company, No. 5, Division of Washington, Elma, Wash.—Hooligan Company, No. 43, Division of Ohio Jersey, O.—



NORTH STAR COMPANY, No. 35, DETROIT, MICH.

Qui Vive Company, No. 18, Division of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Wis.—Senator Allison Company, No. 33, Division of Iowa, Walker, Ia.—Multanmah Company, No. 13, Division of Oregon, Portland, Ore.—A. S. Johnston Athletic Club Company, No. 2, Division of Mississippi, Corinth, Miss.—Prairie State Company, No. 33, Division of Illinois, Maywood, Ill.—Texas and Pacific Coal Company, No. 19, Division of Texas, Thurber, Tex.—William McKinley Company, No. 2, Division of Louisiana, Florien, La.—Lake Superior Campmates Company, No. 51, Division of Michigan, Marquette, Mich.—Rogue River Company, No. 14, Division of Oregon, Grant's Pass, Ore.—Iron Brigade Company, No. 19, Division of Wisconsin, South Milwaukee, Wis.—Grove City Hustlers Company, No. 27, Division of Pennsylvania, Grove City, Pa.—Admiral Sampson Company, No. 34, Division of Illinois, Wilmette, Ill.—Cream of the West Company, No. 15, Division of Oregon, La Grande, Ore.—Fortune's Favorite Company, No. 11, Division of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.—Mountain Laurel Company, No. 19, Division of Massachusetts, Brookline, Mass.—Buffalo Bill Company, No. 21, Division of California, Santa Rosa, Cal.—Sego Lily Company, No. 3, Division of Utah, St. George, Utah.—Uncle Sam's Company, No. 5, Division of South Dakota, Milbank, S. D.—Illinois Chiefs Company, No. 35, Division of Illinois, Woodstock, Ill.—Lancaster Athletic Club Company, No. 27, Division of New York, Lancaster, N. Y.—Noah Webster Company, No. 8, Division of Connecticut, West Hartford, Conn.—Black Hawk Company, No. 34, Division of Iowa, Des Moines, Ia.—Eugene Field Company, No. 12, Division of Missouri, St. Louis, Mo.

LIBERTY DAY EXERCISES.

The Cavalier Company, No. 12, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, gave an American Liberty Day exercise in honor of George Washington's birthday, last Saturday evening, in the parlor of the M. E. church. A short program was given, after which Rev. W. J. Perry gave a brief address on "Washington as a Patriot." The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent playing games, after which refreshments were served. The room was decorated with national colors. Over thirty guests were present.—From the Oakfield (Wis.) EAGLE, of February 28, 1903.

WHAT LOCAL PAPERS SAY.

A club of twelve boys has been organized in Columbus under the auspices of THE AMERICAN BOY Publishing Company. It is the Sidney Lanier Company, Division of Georgia. This is the second one of the kind in the state, one being at Culloden, Ga., although there are about three hundred in the United States. The company elected the following officers: Julian Lumma, captain; Richard Bruce, first lieutenant; Mose Butt, second lieutenant.

The company will hold its first social meeting tomorrow night at their club rooms on Third avenue.

The ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, a newly organized club for boys, will entertain a small number of their young girl friends tonight at their club rooms on Third avenue. THE AMERICAN BOY club will probably meet with great success in Columbus, as such literary and physical clubs are quite popular, this one being on this plan.—From the Columbus (Ga.) ENQUIRER-SUN.

A new organization, which deserves encouragement, was given its inception Monday night in Woodbine, when a number of "Young America" met and organized Bob Evans Company, No. 25, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. This is a national non-secret society for boys, and already embraces nearly one hundred thousand members. Its object, briefly stated, is: "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." A resolution was adopted condemning tobacco and profanity. Following are the charter members: Max Weiss, Captain; Guy Mintun, Vice Captain; Clyde Snyder, Secretary; Howard Peters, Treasurer; Jake Weiss, Librarian; Henry James and Sam Grieder, Edward and Fred Cox, Rudolf Weiss.—From the Woodbine (Ia.) CHRONICLE of March 12, 1903.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, one of the most popular organizations of its kind in the city, has from its founding a few weeks ago, made a remarkable showing. It has increased rapidly both in numbers and interest, and its influence is widespread and of the most healthy character. The boys desire to make the following statement of the purposes of the order:

The object of this order is to promote mutual and helpful friendships among boys; to give wider circulation to high-class boy literature; to cultivate in boys physical, mental and moral courage, and develop them along social, intellectual and moral lines; to cultivate purity of language and actions; to discourage idleness, and encourage honest sport and honest work; to cherish and emulate the examples of great and good men; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country; to prepare boys for good citizenship; to cultivate reverence for the founders of our country, and to stimulate boys to all worthy endeavor. The order in this city is composed of many of Bellaire's most enthusiastic younger boys. The club will meet Friday evening at the home of George Nicholson, on Gravel Hill. Several new members will be taken in at this meeting. As the club is growing rapidly a room, will be secured in a few weeks.—From a Bellaire (O.) local paper.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY is becoming well known throughout the country by the interest which young boys take in organizing under the direction given in the official organ, THE AMERICAN BOY. Every member is entitled to a badge.

Through the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Miller, of State street, a club of this order has been organized among the boys in the Fourth ward, and they have given the use of a room in which to meet.

The charter members, including officers, are as follows: Lanson Miller, captain; Rollin Oswalt, vice captain; Merle Messenheimer, secretary; Harry Morrison, librarian; Ralph Miller, Lawrence Conrad, Claude Alexander, Virgil Oswalt and Albert Scott. Kenneth Alexander, aged six years, is the mascot.

In selecting a name the choice fell on that of Andrew Carnegie, who seems nearer to the boys because of his gift of a beautiful pipe organ to the Union Avenue church, and his generous donation to the new library building—than other noted men of whom they have only read.

This Andrew Carnegie Club of the ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY has added clauses relating to the abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco to the requirements for membership. They have a small circulating library and hold meetings every Tuesday night. The boys are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Miller for their kindness and assistance and deserve and would appreciate encouragement and attention from others. On next Tuesday evening, April 7, a program will be given at the regular meeting.—From the Alliance (O.) Daily LEADER of April 6, '03.

MAPLEWOODS COMPANY'S BANQUET.

Maplewoods Company
Order of The American Boy,
No. 17
Division of Iowa.
We cordially invite you to attend the
First Annual Banquet
to be given at the home of
Marcus Schlieper
April 30, 1903, at 7:30 p. m.
Ida Grove, Iowa.

Gold Nugget Company, No. 5, of Colorado had its second meeting at Marley Moore's residence Friday evening. After the transaction of business refreshments were served. The purpose of the organization is to advance the interests in which Young America is interested and to work on general lines for his pleasure and improvement.—From the Cripple Creek (Colo.) Daily Press.

The following is a copy of the invitation sent out by Cavalier Company, No. 12, Oakfield, Wis., for its AMERICAN BOY LIBERTY DAY EXERCISES: The Cavalier Company, Order of the American Boy invites you to be present at AMERICAN BOY LIBERTY DAY EXERCISES, to be held at the M. E. Church Parlor, Oakfield, Saturday Evening, Feb. 21. 7:30 to 8:30 o'clock. Admission Free. American Boy Party After the Program.

Ohio Valley Company, No. 28, Bellaire, O., celebrated Washington's birthday the evening of February 20, and a local paper gives the following account of it:

This company met last evening at the home of George Walters, Jr., Gravel Hill, and the following Washington birthday program was rendered: Salute to Flag.....Order My Country 'Tis of Thee.....Order Essay, Washington's School Days.....Frank Jones Essay, Washington When a Boy.....Geo. Walters Piano solo.....Sylvan Blum Essay, Lafayette, the Brave and True Friend of Liberty.....Chas. Dickens Essay, Uncle Sam's Porto Rican Children.....George Nicholson Essay, First in the Hearts of the American Boy.....Sylvan Blum Selection, Washington.....John Knight Salute to Flag.....Order

Some of the papers were very interesting and showed considerable talent on the part of the boys. Mrs. Walters served refreshments after the program. The next meeting will be at the home of Sylvan Blum, on Feb. 27.

A new organization for boys has sprung into existence the past few weeks among the young men on Clifton Heights. It is known as the ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. Its object is social gatherings of an instructive nature, and athletics. It starts with seven members. Officers have been chosen as follows: Captain, Forest Hasey; secretary, Leo Monk; treasurer, Merton Foss; librarian, Everett Davis. There are two privates, Irving Holmes and Wilbur Child. Headquarters are made at the home of Harold Seshong, Copeland street. Here the members have a room for their club, and there is also a library in connection. Wednesday evening the club gathered at the home of Mr. Seshong and held a parents' evening. The boys invited their fathers, mothers and other members of the families. A social time was enjoyed and refreshments were served. Musical selections were given, prominent pieces being cornet solos by George Joyce and Leo Monk. The club is planning for another social the last of this month.—From a Campello (Mass.) daily paper.

O. A. B. PENNANTS

We have procured a supply of ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY PENNANTS, same size and material as those adopted by YALE, HARVARD AND OTHER COLLEGES AND ATHLETIC CLUBS,

being made of Red, White and Blue Felt with the letters O. A. B. in Blue on White Background. Every O. A. B. member should have one for his room. Price, 50 cents, delivered, or given for one new subscriber.

(See small picture top of this page.)

ADDRESS:

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

THE AMERICAN BOY

THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Postoffice as second-class matter.

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 32 pages. Its subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for The American Boy when sent by mail, should be made in a Postoffice Money-Order, Bank Check, or Draft, Express Money-Order, or Registered Letter.

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Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to The Sprague Publishing Co., Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The Editor of The American Boy WILL SPEND THE SUMMER IN EUROPE

The Managing Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY sailed from New York for Europe on June 26th, to remain abroad till early in September.

It may be confidently expected that THE AMERICAN BOY will be bigger, brighter, better, for its Editor's summer in the old world.

THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST BY AN EDITOR

The publishing of a paper is not as easy a thing as one might think. I have edited and published a small paper for almost two years and can say that if I had not been thoroughly inoculated with the spirit I would have quit long ago.

Nothing suits the lively amateur more than the getting out of a good, interesting set of editorials. The stories he leaves to those who like them, but the editorials—well, they are a part of his very being.

No one ever did or ever will make a name for himself as a great journalist unless he takes his pen in a firm hand, makes a strong resolve, and goes forth into the world of criticism with a courage and determination to win.

Reviews of Amateur Papers.

THE NEWS, Wellington, O., Arthur B. Avery, editor, is another of the papers printed without the use of a printing press. From its appearance we should judge that it was printed from a mimeograph, a machine which prints through stencils prepared on a typewriter.

THE REVIEW is an eight page magazine with a cover, published by Clyde Leigh, Hutchinson, Kans. The Review is not a very pretentious publication, its pages being 4 1/2 inches, so it does not contain very much matter, but it is growing, as the pages of the first issue were only two inches square.

printer to account if he hires that work done.—The Texas Amateur Press Association has an official organ called THE TEXAS OFFICIAL, M. E. Bockman, Burleson, Tex., being the official editor.—THE CHARTER OAK PRINTING COMPANY, No. 5 Florence street, Hartford, Conn., was started recently by three AMERICAN BOY subscribers.

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Learn Lettering. Write Show-cards at home. Our book of Sample Alphabets, Rules and Complete Instructions, enable you to become a proficient show-card letterer with reasonable practice in a short time. Mailed postpaid for 50c. Sample chart and general instructions, with coupon entitling you to buy the book for 30c, sent on receipt of 20c. Boys can utilize some of their spare time, during the summer months, for practice, thereby adding to their business qualifications, and thus become more valuable to their employers.

OUR PRIZE OFFER TO AMERICAN BOY READERS

WE OFFER to the readers of this publication a valuable prize (which requires no cash outlay on their part—which cannot be said of most other prize offers) if they are able to copy this famous drawing, which we have reproduced in the center of this page. We have given this drawing the title of "FOR WANT OF WORK." We offer you this prize because we are anxious to come in touch immediately with every person, young or old, who has a talent for drawing.

Our Offer is this: If your copy of this famous drawing is even forty per cent. as good as the original, we will give you, absolutely free, a six months' subscription to the AMERICAN ILLUSTRATOR AND HOME EDUCATION, an illustrated monthly magazine. It is our plan to leave the decision to the three Art Editors of the American Illustrator and Home Education. Please remember this: There is no money consideration whatever about this prize offer; anybody and 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.

We have a specially-prepared system in all branches of **Illustrating**, which you can learn at home during your spare time. We believe there are very many clerks to-day who could be Illustrators. They earn, perhaps, six to ten dollars per week, where they should be earning twenty-five to fifty dollars per week. The demand for good Illustrators is far greater than the supply.

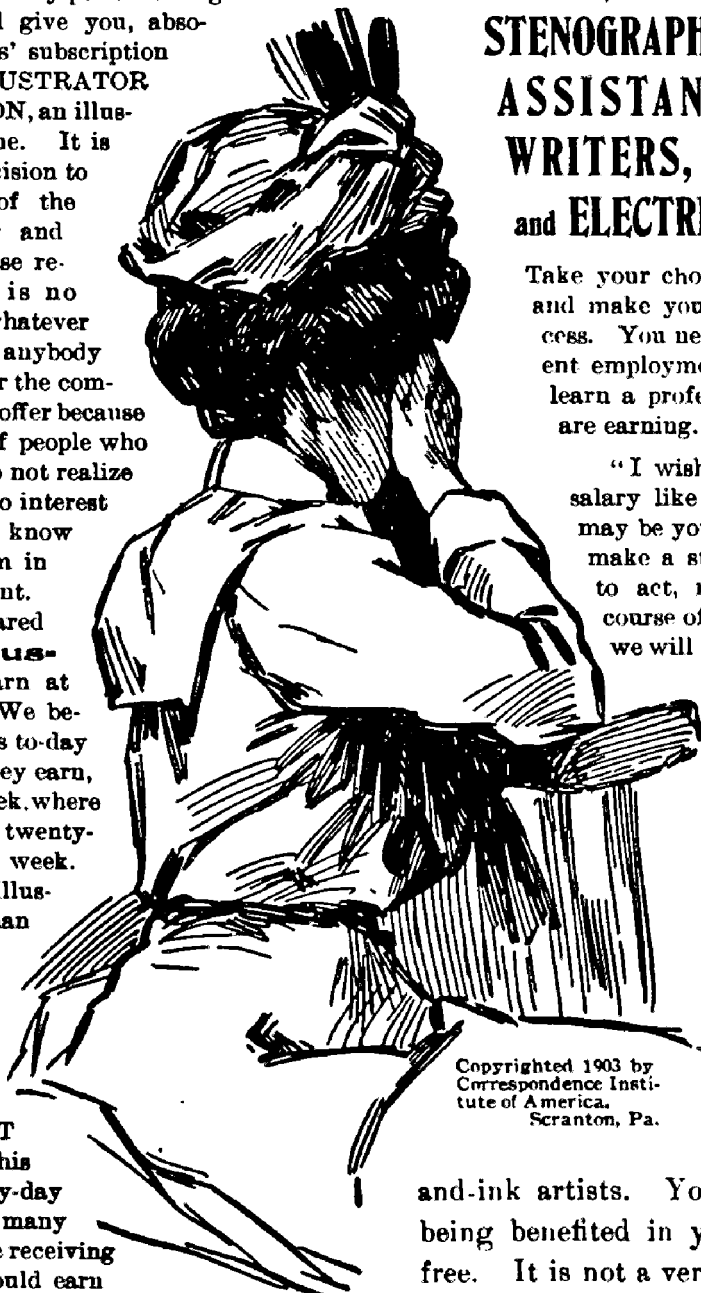
Perhaps you are wondering why we are led to publish a reproduction of our famous pen-and-ink drawing, "FOR WANT OF WORK." We do this because it tells an every-day story. There are too many wage-earners to-day who are receiving small salaries where they could earn larger ones; not only that, but they hold uncertain positions. They cannot tell when they will be out of work. When hard times come to the merchant and the business man, the first expenditure he cuts down on is the salaries of the employees, and many, even, are thrown out of employment.

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For Want of Work.

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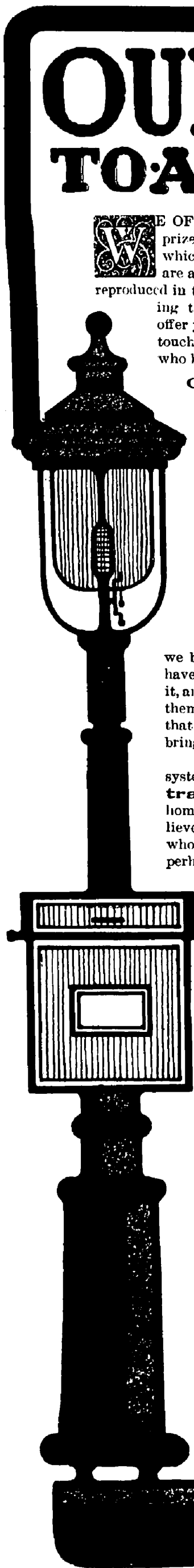
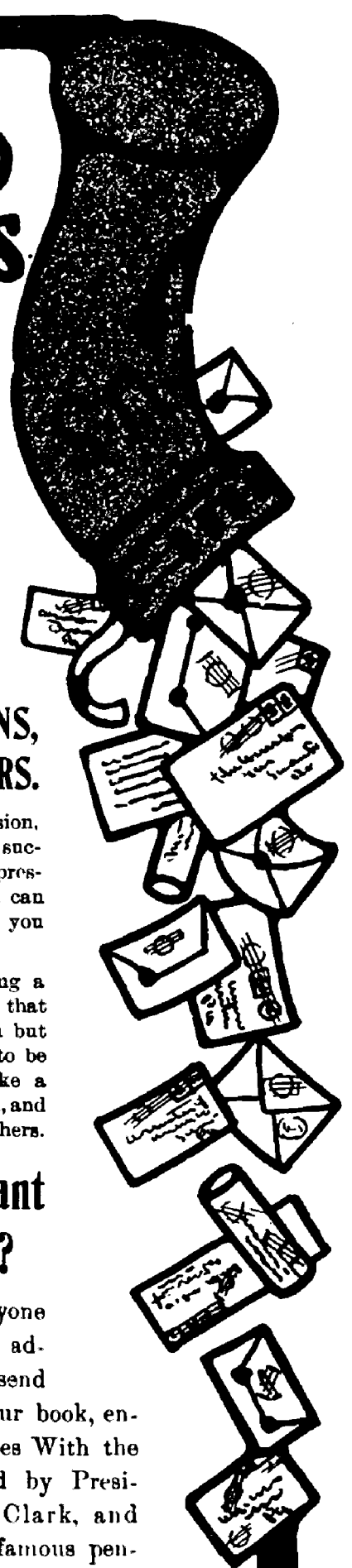
We want everyone who reads this advertisement to send for a copy of our book, entitled "Struggles With the World," edited by President Alt. F. Clark, and illustrated by famous pen-and-ink artists. You cannot well read it without being benefited in your life work. This book we send free. It is not a very large book, but is full of practical suggestions. It may be the means of advancing you to fame and fortune. When writing, we would suggest that you mention the profession

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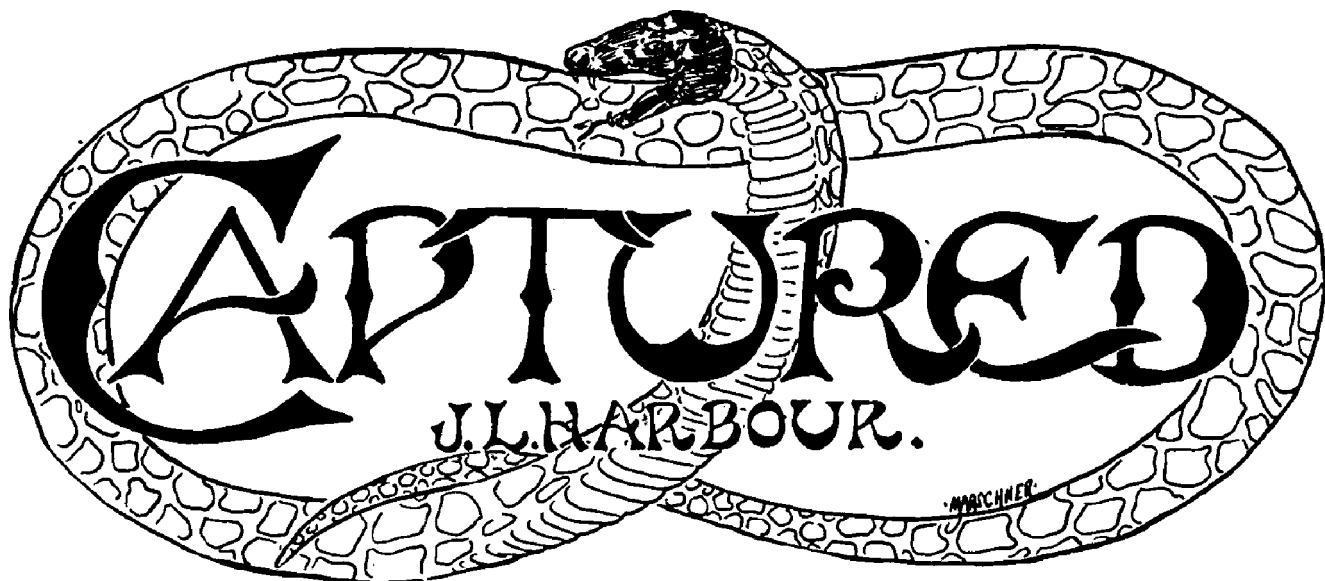
The American Boy

August 1903.

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VOL. 4. No. 10.

DETROIT, MICH.
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DETROIT, MICH.



THE two Hite boys, Joel and Adoniram, were engaged in the work of grubbing out a five-acre tract of ground on a western farm. It was the hardest kind of work, and the boys were "pegging away" at it with perspiring brows and aching muscles. The weather was midsummer and the thermometer was far up in the nineties.

"You're red as a lobster, Ad," said Joel as he tugged away at a particularly obstinate root in the dry soil.

"I could say the same of you," replied Ad as he wiped his brow on the faded sleeve of his hickory shirt. "If there is any harder work than grubbing I hope I'll never have any of it to do. Look at my hands."

He held out his hands as he spoke. The palms were red and calloused and blistered.

"Mine can match 'em," replied Joel, holding out his own toil-worn hands.

"I tell you, Joel, we took this grubbing for too little money. We are not making more than fifty cents a day apiece with all of our hard work."

"But we'll have to stand by our contract now that we have made it, Ad."

"Oh, of course; but I can't help worrying because we shall make so little out of it. I hoped we'd clear at least fifty of the hundred dollars we must have by the first of November to pay on the mortgage old man Baker holds on our place. You know that we'll simply have to pay it or lose the place. Baker has given us warning that it is the last extension of time that he will give us, and it will be of no use to ask a man like him for more time."

"Well, I've got to rest a few minutes if the place goes to pay for it," replied Joel. "It is so blazing hot and I'm completely fagged out. I reckon the Harley and the Simpson and the other boys around here are having a high old time at the circus in town today."

Joel gave a little sigh as he said this. It was a cruel fate that ordained that a boy of sixteen should work all day at grubbing, with a circus in the town but four miles away, and all the other boys in the neighborhood in the full enjoyment of it.

"You know that I wanted you to go to the circus, Joel," said Ad, who was a year older than his brother.

"Yes, and leave you to work here all day. No, sir! If you couldn't afford to go I couldn't, and neither of us could really afford the time nor the money the circus would have cost with that mortgage staring us in the face. I wish that—but what is the use of wishing anything?"

"If wishes were horses then beggars might ride," quoted Ad as he drove his axe into a stump and dropped to the grass by his brother's side in the shade of a tree. "I'll have to rest a little while my own self. There is really danger of sunstroke in such burning heat as this. Hot, old fellow, isn't it?"

Ad's last remark was addressed to a big yellow dog panting, with lolling red tongue, on the grass near the boys. The dog thumped the dry grass with its tail and snapped its teeth at a cluster of flies buzzing around its nose.

The two boys were the only sons of their mother, who was at that moment preparing their frugal dinner in the old farmhouse nearly a mile from the place in which Joel and Ad were at work. Their father had died the year before, leaving his family nothing but the old house with the twenty acres of ground around it, and there was a mortgage of two hundred dollars on the place. Ad and Joel had set themselves the difficult task of freeing the old place from debt.

"When that is done," said Ad as they sat under the tree, "we can get along very well. They say that it is settled that a great summer hotel is to be built over on the lake shore only two miles from our place, and there are a lot of summer cottages to be put up there and the place is to be made a regular summer resort. When that is done we can turn our place into a fruit and vegetable garden and make a

good thing out of it. You know that we can—what ails you, Tobe?"

The old dog had risen to his feet with an ominous growl.

"Great Scott!" Joel exclaimed, grasping Ad by the arm and pointing toward the edge of the timber a few yards distant. Ad looked in the direction of Joel's outstretched arm and finger and saw something that caused his pulse to quicken while his mouth opened in amazement, but no sound came from between his lips.

"Do you see?" asked Joel in a whisper.

"Yes," replied Ad with a nod of his head.

What they both saw moving slowly along at the edge of the timber was an enormous snake larger by many feet than any snake they had ever seen outside of a menagerie. The great reptile had its hideous head raised as it glided along, and the blood of the boys turned cold when the snake stopped and turned its head toward them. The reptile tarried for but an instant and then moved slowly on its way.

"Your room is better than your company," whispered Joel to Ad as the snake crept away. "Where in the world did the thing come from?"

"Sh-sh-sh!" said Ad. "It has stopped again."

The great reptile lifted its head fully two feet into the air and looked around in all directions.

"We'd better shin up this tree," whispered Joel.

"Oh, I guess it will let us alone if we let it alone. Look at old Tobe! Brave, isn't he?"

The old dog had crept behind the tree under which he had been lying and was peeping out at the snake while he seemed to be trembling in every limb.

"I don't blame him," said Joel. "Now the thing is moving on again."

The snake crept on while the boys watched it with bated breath.

At the lower edge of the space the boys had been clearing there was a half dead tree that they had cut down the day before. They had cleared the half



"Great Scott," Joel exclaimed.

hollow trunk of its branches, and had converted them into stove and cord wood. The trunk lay on the ground where it had fallen.

"Look!" exclaimed Ad. "The thing is creeping into that old tree trunk!"

The snake thrust its head and two or three feet of its spotted body into the hollow tree trunk. Then it withdrew its head and looked around as if deliberating regarding its future line of conduct. After a

moment or two of apparent hesitation it crept slowly into the hollow tree trunk.

"Isn't he a buster?" said Joel.

"He's that, all right," replied Ad. "The thing that puzzles me is to know where he came from. No such snakes as that grow around here."

"No, we don't cultivate that variety, and I'm glad of it," replied Joel.

"He's bigger than the eight-foot blacksnake old Hiram Moss says he killed here twenty years ago, and every one thinks that Hiram adds a little to the length of his blacksnake the older he grows. No one would believe us if we told about this buster of a creeper. He must be a good fifteen feet in length."

"Every inch of it—longer if anything," replied Joel. "He must be some 'furriner' on a tour of the country."

"He seems to want to travel incognito, doesn't he? I wonder where—O Joel! I'll bet you a quarter that I know where he came from!"

"Where?"

"I'll just bet you anything that he has got away from the circus that is showing over in Lintonburg! You know it said on the billboards that they had three of the biggest snakes in captivity."

"So it did. And I guess they are shy one of their 'sarpients' today."

"Yes, sir; they are! That spotted gentleman has gotten away from them in some way or other and is touring the country on his own account."

"Wouldn't be surprised if you were right, Ad."

"I'd be surprised if I wasn't. Yes, and I'd be surprised if there was not a handsome reward offered for his return."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going in for that reward."

"But you are not going into that log after the snake, are you?"

"No, I'm not. He hasn't quite scared the little sense I ever had out of me. But what's the matter with us trying to plug up the end of the log and taking log and snake and all to town?"

"You reckon we could do it?"

"Yes, I do; and we would probably get more for it than we can earn here in two weeks, and it will be far more interesting work."

"Yes, it will be interesting enough, particularly if his snakeship happens to get out while we are plugging up the log, or while we are on the way to town with it. What method have you in your madness?"

Ad was silent for a moment, and then he said:

"You see that pile of cord wood there within ten feet of the tree trunk in which the snake is taking his siesta? Well, there is a length of cord wood there plenty large enough to plug up the open end of the log. Let's get it and thrust it into the log! I'm not afraid to try it!"

"Neither am I. Did you notice the way the snake bulged out in one place? Well, I suspect that he has lunched on a sheep or a lamb or a pig while on his travels, and that he has crept into that log to let his meal digest. They say that is the way snakes do. Come on. Let's plug up the log if we can."

Joel and Ad stepped softly toward the pile of cord wood near the tree trunk. Picking up the heavy length of cord wood Ad had indicated they carried it to the open end of the tree trunk and thrust it into the opening.

"It fits as snug as a cork," said Ad. "I guess we have him all right."

"And he objects," replied Joel, as he put his ear down to the log. "I can hear him moving in there!"

Ad put his ear to the log and he, too, fancied that he heard a sound as of the snake moving within the log.

"But he can't get out," said Joel.

The boys took small wedges of wood and drove in around the stick of cord wood they had used as a plug. There were unmistakable sounds of resentment on the part of the snake, but they knew that it was impossible for the reptile to escape from his narrow prison, and Joel hammered the log with his fist while he said triumphantly:

"Oh, we have you all right, old fellow, and I guess we are good for at least twenty five dollars through your kindness in coming our way."

"Now, how about getting him to town?" asked Ad.

"We want to get him there right away."

"Of course. I'll stay here with our prisoner while you skip home and get the running gears of the wagon. We can easily load the log on the wagon and be in town in less than an hour afterward."

Ad set out for the house and was back in less than an hour with the running gears of the wagon and his horse. It was not a difficult matter for two such stout boys to load the log on to the wagon, and they were soon driving toward Lintonburg sitting on the log in which they could hear occasional signs of activity on the part of the snake.

Just before they reached the town they came to an old mill on which a man was pasting some yellow posters.

"Look at that!" Joel suddenly exclaimed, pointing toward the posters.

Ad looked and saw in large black letters:

"ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD."

Below the big black letters was a brief account of the escape of the snake caused by the circus wagon

in which it was being conveyed to the town being wrecked by a careless driver, who had driven off a bridge with it.

"Hello, there!" called out Ad to the man who was pasting the bills on the wall of the old mill.

"Well?" replied the man.

"I guess you needn't take the trouble to put up any more of those bills."

"Why not?"

"Because I think that we have the party they call for right here with us."

Old Adam Paul, the town bill poster, came down from his ladder and walked toward the wagon.

"What do ye mean?" he asked.

"We have that escaped part of the menagerie."

"Whar?"

"Well, we are sitting on it."

Joel rapped the log tree trunk with his knuckles and said:

"He is in here."

"Ye don't mean it, boy!"

"You'd think so, I guess, if you pulled that plug out at the other end of the log."

"Well, I vum!" exclaimed the old man. "Hev ye reely got the critter bottled up in thar?"

"Sure."

"How in time did ye ever do it?"

When Joel had told the brief story of the capture of the snake the old bill poster said:

"Why, thar's a dozen or more o' the circus men

scouring the woods for that varmint. They all went over north lookin' for the beast, for he was headed in that direction the last they saw of him."

"He must have turned when he got out of sight, for the place where we captured him is due south of the bridge where you say the wagon was overturned."

"I guess ye'll git the reward all right, sons. I heerd the circus manager say he wouldn't lose that snake critter for five hundred dollars, so I reckon he'll be more than willin' to pay a hundred for his return. I'll go into town with ye and show ye just whar to deliver yer cargo."

Old Adam was more excited than were the boys, and he explained to the crowds they passed as they entered the town the nature of the "cargo" the boys had on the wagon. The result was that a great crowd followed the wagon to the tent in which the manager of the circus was eating his dinner. He seemed incredulous when he heard what the boys had to say.

"And you say that the snake is inside this log?" he asked.

"He surely is," replied Ad.

"We'll soon find out for ourselves if he is. Drive right inside the circus tent."

Two of the circus men held the tent-flaps far apart and Ad drove in while the crowd had to stay without the tent. The wagon from which the snake had escaped had already been repaired, and Ad was told

to drive alongside of it. The end of the log containing the plug was thrust through the door of the wagon and Professor Reginald Valdemar St. Pierre, the "snake charmer" of the company, whom some of the men called "Smithy," entered the cage and, after a great deal of effort, succeeded in removing the plug. Several men then tilted up the other end of the log and the great snake slid out and wriggled to the farther end of the cage, where it coiled itself up as if quite glad to get back to its old quarters.

"Here he is, sure enough, and as sound as when he went away," said Professor St. Pierre. "I guess, Cap., that you'll have to hand the reward over to the boys."

The man addressed as "Cap." was the manager of the circus. He took a great roll of bills from his pocket and counted out one hundred dollars. Handing the money to Ad, he said:

"I'll keep my word, although you did have a soft snap of it capturing the snake. Still, it is doubtful if I would ever have seen the snake again if you two young chaps had not happened to have seen him crawl into this log, and you have earned the reward all right. Here's a couple of tickets to the performance this afternoon if you want to stay and see it."

Eager as Ad and Joel were to return home and tell their mother of their good fortune they remained for the afternoon performance, and there were not two happier boys under all that "sea of canvas," as the local paper called it.

Professor Bell and His New Air Ship.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the man who invented the telephone, has just devised what promises to be the most successful type of air ship ever constructed, and it will interest boys to learn that he not only found the key to this important scientific problem by means of experiments with kites, but that his new air ship resembles a kite instead of a balloon as do most of the air ships invented by Frenchmen regarding which the world has heard so much of late.

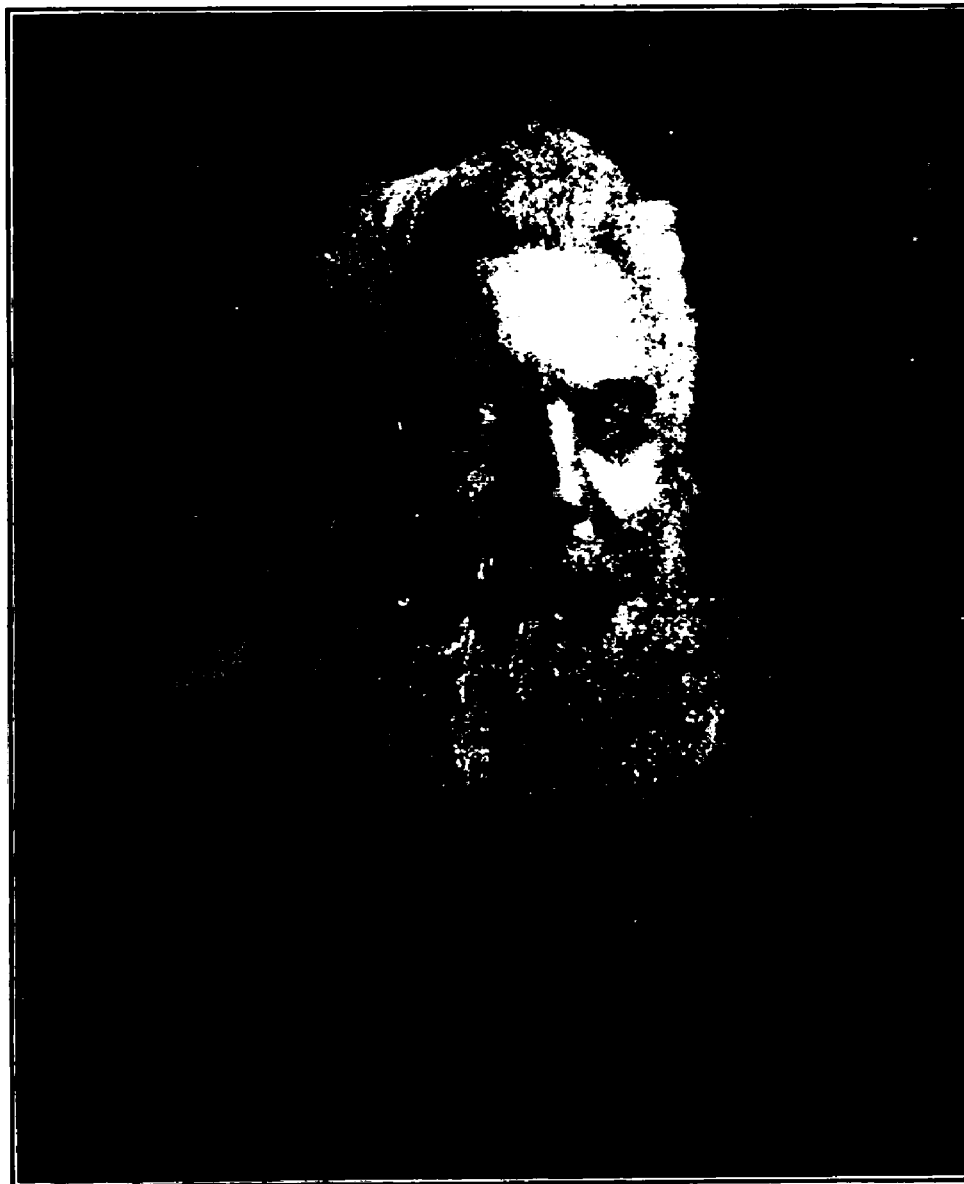
Professor Bell says that kites and flying machines have many points in common and scientific men who indulge in the boy's sport of kite flying can obtain much information of value in their efforts to perfect a steerable flying machine without any balloon attachment. The man who discovered the telephone and has grown rich out of that invention, is sure that it is but a step from the kite which he has invented to a full-fledged air ship. At present Doctor Bell's kite-flying machine when it soars aloft is kept anchored to the ground, but as soon as his plans are somewhat more perfected he intends to cut the rope and transform the kite machine into an independent craft for sailing among the clouds.

In connection with the wonderful discoveries which Professor Bell has made with reference to kites, it may be remarked that the modern methods of scientific kite-flying were developed not by an American or a Frenchman, but by an Australian named Hargraves, who got his idea from watching the marvelous kites in use in China and Japan, where kite-flying is not merely a sport for boys but is also the favorite occupation of adults.

Professor Bell has in his kite-building and kite-flying gone a step farther than Hargraves or any of the other eminent men who have been experimenting with the tiny ships of the air. When the American inventor entered the field he speedily found that all the box kites constructed up to that time were defective in two ways. In the first place it was evident that it was necessary in the case of all very large kites to introduce in the frames cross supports which increased the weight without adding to the flying power. In the second place it was demonstrated that the larger the kite the less it would lift in proportion. In view of these discoveries, Professor Bell was led to construct a kite, the frame of which presents the form of a triangle, no matter from what side it is viewed. In his experiments with this new style of kite the famous scientist found, as he had anticipated, that it was self-braced in every direction, and, moreover, that the larger the kite the greater the lifting power not only actually, but in proportion.

By combining a great number of these kites, Professor Bell formed an air ship which has lifted not only a man, but a weight of two hundred pounds. In all his work in this line Professor Bell's chief aim has been to secure the greatest possible strength with the least possible weight. One of the advantages of building an air ship from a number of small kites is that the kites can be grouped in any form desired just as a person can build a house of any design. Professor Bell's next step in the development of his ingenious air ship will be to send up an engine as well as a man with his group of kites in order to ascertain whether it is possible to have a man in such a position direct the motion of the kites.

Professor Bell who has made these important discoveries is fifty six years of age. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and did not come to this country until he was twenty five years of age. His first work on this side of the Atlantic was as a teacher of deaf mutes, and it was partly in connection with his labors to aid these unfortunates to hear that he hit upon the idea of the telephone.



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, INVENTOR OF THE LATEST AIR SHIP.

Professor Bell has always been of a very inventive turn of mind, and as a boy he had a wonderful workshop filled with all sorts of apparatus for conducting electrical experiments.

The Young Campers.

GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH.

WHETHER spending the summer by the seashore or among the mountains it is a pleasure to camp out by yourself, and learn something of the obstacles and enjoyments of living a free existence under tents or temporary houses made of sweet balsam boughs and sticks. The self-reliant boy is one who learns to do things when he has the opportunity, and who makes play out of work, and is then always ready for an emergency. Knowing how to do a thing at the critical moments of life brings success more often than chance or luck. The young camper who spends his time in summer in studying life in the woods or at the seashore, from a practical point of view, will some day find this experience of value to him.

The young camper should select some pleasant and convenient woods to make his camp. The expert woodsman would

always select a spot near some running water, sheltered from the dew and winds by thick trees on the north and west side, and with a southerly and easterly exposure. The site should also be on high and dry grounds so that if a week of rain should come the water would run away from, and not toward, the camp. Even though one has a tent to put up, a camp or hut of green boughs should be made, with the tent opening on it from one side. On warm summer days and nights the house of leaves and branches will be found cooler and more comfortable than the canvas tent.

If the site selected has four convenient trees, with branches eight feet from the ground, and so arranged that they can form the corner posts of the house, the young campers will have an easier time to do their building. But such trees are not always conveniently located, and if two situated at the right distance apart can be found, it will prove sufficient. If a hut with a peaked roof is to be built, cut a long pole in the woods and place the ends in the crotches formed by the limbs of the two trees. This will form the top or ridge pole of the house.

Then mark out the four corners of the house, with the ridge pole running directly in the middle between them. The

four corner posts of the house should be formed like the letter Y, the crotch being made to receive the two poles running parallel with the center one. These two poles should be about four feet lower down than the first one, and when other sticks or small poles are laid from the top to either side, the slant of the roof will be sharp enough to carry rain water down.

The next step in the process is to cut roof poles and peak poles. These should be just long enough to reach from the two long poles, with an allowance on either side of a foot to form eaves. Then from the top ridge pole to the end of these poles at the eaves small sticks or young saplings an inch or two thick should be nailed or tied. The framework of the roof is then finished. Upright poles should next be cut and driven in the ground every two feet on the sides and back of the house, reaching up to the eaves, and tied or nailed to the cross poles. With these put up the framework of the house is finished. Then all that remains is to weave the balsam, cedar, or spruce boughs, cut green in the woods, in the sides and roof of the framework. They should be spread thickly over the top cross poles, and then tied to the sloping sides of the roof. In this way there is a double protection from the rain on the roof.

If one is building the house for permanent winter use and pleasure, it will pay to cut long saplings about half an inch thick, and weave these in and out between the boughs and the framework just as one would weave the strands of a basket. In this way the sides and roof will be made firm and strong, resisting all the storms and winds. The front of the house should be provided with a porch made of a canvas tent, if such a thing is at hand. Stretch the tent from the top of the house to sticks firmly driven in the ground in front, making the slope of the canvas sharp enough to shut out bright sunshine and driving rain.

The canvas porch can be brought down on the side by anchoring the flaps on sticks driven there, and also in front so that it can be shut up entirely. In this way the tent and house of balsam boughs form a two-room apartment, with no doors between, and in cool or rainy weather it can be shut up to keep out the dampness or rain.

The question of a fire in a camp of this nature is always a questionable one unless it is located so there is no danger of starting a fire in the woods. Even young campers can be careful in handling fire, and if the stove is properly set up there is no danger. If there is no camping stove, one can build a fair imitation of bricks. It is better to build the brick stove for cooking outside of the house, but a small brick warming stove can be made by making three walls, and covering the top with bricks, except for a small hole through which the smoke can escape. The smoke can be conducted outside by sticking a piece of old stove pipe in it, and carrying the other end outside of the house. If only a small fire, to take the chill and dampness away, is built in such a brick stove there need not be any fear of a conflagration.

Half the charm of camping in the woods is found in lounging around a good camp, and bringing home to it the trophies of a day's stroll in the woods. Consequently one must have excellent accommodations. The woods should be cleared in front of the camp, and tables and seats made of the trees and logs in front. Hammocks should be swung from the limbs of trees, and beds out in the sun should be made of spruce boughs, cut and piled high. A flag pole should be erected in front of the camp to float a flag with the name of the camp printed on it. All these little accessories add to the true enjoyment of a summer in the woods. With the freedom of the woods at their command, the young campers should then find sturdy, robust health, and learn more of woodcraft than they could get from books.

A Voyage on the Snow—Will Lisenbee



MELLOW haze hung over the great brown prairie; and a gentle breeze coming from the south, stole with a subdued murmur through the black and withered stems of the rosin weeds. Although it was early in January the air was as mild as that of September. A swarm of gnats danced in the sunny air; a yellow-breasted lark sang from the top of a wild indigo weed, and down in the withered grass a flock of brown sparrows twittered with incessant glee.

"Pears to me that they don't have any winter here in Kansas," said Mrs. Dykeman, standing in the door of the little box shanty and gazing out across the prairies. "I never saw it like this up in Michigan."

"I only hope it will remain warm the winter, mother," said Bob, a stout youth of seventeen, who was busily engaged in spading up dirt and throwing it up around the shanty. "But they say that there are awful sudden changes here, and you can't tell what hour a blizzard may come."

"Mercy on us! I hope there won't be anything of the kind this winter," cried the woman, a look of alarm passing over her face. "But we orter be ready for it and have plenty of wood if it does come. You'd better take the wagon and team and go to the ridge after a load tomorrow, and then we must go to town for some provisions on the next day."

The "ridge" referred to was a chain of small timbered hills, lying some ten miles to the west where the family obtained the fuel they used. This land had not been settled, owing to it not being suitable for cultivation, and the timber thereon was used by all the settlers who were in reach of it.

"I ought to have gone for a load today," replied Bob, "but I had to fix the shed for the horses. I'll go tomorrow, though, and that will last us till father returns."

The Dykeman family had moved from Michigan three months before, and settled on a prairie claim in western Kansas. In order to secure the advantage of the range, Mr. Dykeman had selected a claim as far from a settlement as possible, and it was ten miles from the Dykeman cabin to the nearest house.

The family consisted of four persons, the parents and two children, Bob and Bessie, aged seventeen and twelve, respectively.

Two weeks previous to the time of our story, Mr. Dykeman had been suddenly called back to his old home on an important business matter, and was not expected to return for a week at least.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Bob finished throwing up the dirt about the shanty. He deposited his spade under a shed, and was about to enter the house when a cold breath of wind suddenly came with a rush from the north, and swept through the dead grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

Glancing overhead, he saw that a black cloud with an ashy rim was rapidly spreading over the sky.

"Whew! how cold it is getting!" he exclaimed, as the icy breath struck him. "Wonder if we ain't going to have a blizzard."

"Sakes alive, what a storm!" said his mother, coming to the door at that instant and glancing at the threatening sky. "Better go down the draw and look for the horses, Bob. They orter be got into the shed, for it looks as if it was going to snow."

"All right, mother," answered Bob, starting off at a run toward a small ravine a few hundred yards from the house.

The wind, which had increased to a gale, was soon laden with fine particles of snow and sleet that cut the face like flying needles.

Pulling his cap down over his ears, Bob hurried in the direction of the ravine where the horses had been turned out to crop the short grass that was still green in places; but on arriving at the place, he found that they had disappeared. Glancing hurriedly across the prairie, he saw them fully a half mile away, galloping southward before the storm.

"I must follow them—it won't do to let them remain out in this storm," he murmured, starting in pursuit of the animals at a brisk run. But before he had gone a quarter of a mile, he saw it was useless for him to try to overtake the stampeded horses. Already they had vanished from sight in the blinding sheets of snow and sleet that were sweeping across the prairie, and Bob knew that to continue the chase would imperil his own life.

Every moment the storm increased in its fury; the icy wind roared across the prairie like the rushing of a great river, and the snow fell in blinding clouds.

Relinquishing all hope of overtaking the retreating animals, Bob turned about and ran in the direction of home. Every moment now the air was growing colder, and the fury of the wind was increasing at every breath. It took him but a few minutes to reach the house, but before he could do so, he was chilled to the very bone.

"It's a blizzard, mother!" he cried, as he burst into the cabin. "The horses have been stampeded by the storm and are gone!"

"Heaven help us!" said the poor woman, in alarm. "What will become of us now?"

"It's too bad," answered Bob, his teeth chattering with cold. "We are in a bad fix. But may be the storm won't last long," he added, trying to speak more cheerfully.

Mrs. Dykeman shook her head.

"It may last a week," she said, gloomily, "and we have but a little fuel, and hardly any provisions in the house. Our horses are gone—they will die in this storm—oh, what will become of us all!" and the poor woman burst into tears.

"Don't cry, mother," said Bessie, soothingly, putting her arms about her parent's neck. "We will get along somehow—won't we, Bob?"

"Of course we will," answered Bob, trying to speak in a cheerful tone. "May be the storm won't last more than a day or two, and we have wood enough for several days—till I can get to the settlement, any way." But in spite of his encouraging words, Bob felt that their situation was a grave one.

He set to work at once and gathered in every stick of fuel about the place and piled it in one end of the room. The roaring of the wind outside told with what fury the storm was raging, and through every crack, no matter how small, the snow sifted in and soon covered the floor. The air in the room grew colder and colder. Though Bob kept the little stove in the corner red hot, it only gave out a small circle of heat, which seemed to grow narrower with every breath of the icy wind.

Night soon came down and still the storm raged, sending the small particles of sleet and snow hissing through the cracks into the cheerless shanty. The family slept but little, so intense was the cold, and the fire was kept up in the little stove all through the night.

Morning dawned at last, gray and desolate, with blinding clouds of snow sweeping across the prairie. There was a prospect now that the storm would last many days, and as Mrs. Dykeman realized this her heart sank within her.

Huddled together about the stove in the dreary shanty, the little family could do nothing but wait and hope for the storm to subside. The day passed, night closed in, and still the storm raged, and the hissing sleet and snow fell in vapor-like clouds. All night the blizzard continued, but as morning dawned, the snow ceased to fall, save where here and there a few stray particles descended from the pallid clouds that overspread all the sky.

Looking forth from their dreary shanty, the little family saw the wide stretches of distant prairie cov-

ing, mother," answered Bob. "Something has got to be done, and I am the only one to do it."

"If you go, then let us all go," she answered, rousing up; "maybe if we wrap ourselves up well we can reach the settlement—anyhow it won't be any worse than staying here." And she began to take the blankets from the beds.

"Hold on, mother," cried Bob. "That will never do. You and Bessie would never be able to cross that ten miles of prairie. The surface of the snow is as smooth and hard as glass, and it would be useless for you to attempt to cross it on foot."

"What, then, are we to do?" asked the mother in despair.

Bob did not answer, and for some time he seemed absorbed in thought. Then, as a sudden light broke over his countenance, he cried:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mother—I'll build an ice-boat that will carry us all to the settlement! You know I used to sail one on the lake in Michigan, and I know just how they are made."

"But there is no lake to cross, my son, and—"

"No, there isn't," broke in Bob, "but this level prairie, covered with sleet, is just as good, and I know the ice-boat will skim over it like a bird!"

"God grant that you are right, my son," said the mother, fervently, "but if your plan should fail we would all be lost."

"But it won't fail, mother—I know it won't," replied Bob firmly. And he at once set to work to carry his plan into execution.

The question now was, where was he to find material for the ice-boat? He went out to the hay sheds that had been built for the horses, but there was nothing there except a few short boards and some slender poles. These would be of little service, but gathering all the boards he could find about the place, he carried them into the house. He almost despaired as he looked for material to complete the structure.

Suddenly a thought struck him—he would use the planks in the floor of the shanty. Here was the very thing! They were of hard pine, sixteen feet long by six inches in width.

Crossing to the far side of the room, he quickly



The gaunt, famished pack drew closer and closer.

ered deep with snow, its smooth, glassy surface gleaming in the cold light of the winter day. But the weather seemed to grow more active and the wind was still blowing a gale.

Five days went by and still no gleam of sunlight came from the dull, gray sky.

Nearly every stick of fuel about the place had been used to fight the fierce cold, and there was no hope of obtaining more when this was gone.

"Heaven help us," moaned Mrs. Dykeman, wringing her hands in despair; "there is no hope for us now! Our fuel nearly gone and only enough provisions in the house to last another day!"

Bessie, shivering with the cold, crept to her mother's side, and laying her head upon her shoulder, sobbed aloud.

"Mother," said Bob, with sudden energy, "I am going to the settlement for help. It is useless to wait longer. It may be a week before the weather moderates."

"No—no—," she answered, "you must not try to do that. No one could cross that plain and live. If we must die, let us all die together!"

"But I can't sit here idle while we all are freez-

pried up four of the planks, and bringing them up near the stove, he began to work rapidly with hammer and saw. So bitterly cold was it in the room that he was compelled to stop work every few minutes to warm his hands over the stove. As soon as he had completed the frame of the structure, he built a small platform near the rear end. Over this he constructed a stout frame, which he covered with blankets, stretching them tightly over the top and around the sides, forming a small compartment in which the voyagers were to ride on their journey across the prairie to death or life.

Having completed this, he half filled it with hay. He next rigged the little schooner with a stout mast and crossbeams, to which he attached a large canvas wagon cover for a sail.

It was late in the evening when everything was completed ready for the journey. The next thing to be done now was to get the boat out of the house. It was too large to pass through the door, but Bob had anticipated this, and taking an ax, he quickly knocked a couple of planks from the side of the shanty near the entrance, thus widening the opening to the required size.

Assisted by his mother and Bessie, he then drew the little craft to the outside. It slid smoothly on the glassy surface of the snow as it was drawn forward into position.

"Now, mother," said the son, "bring what provisions you have and all the blankets, and you and Bessie get into the cabin. I'll stay out to launch the boat into the wind."

A few moments later Mrs. Dykeman and Bessie were snugly stowed away among the blankets in the cabin. Then Bob shook out the sail and pushed the craft forward to catch the wind, which was still blowing a gale.

There was the sound of the flapping sail as the wind struck it; then a sudden tightening of ropes, a quick sliding sound, and the little craft was moving swiftly across the prairie.

Jumping quickly aboard, Bob grabbed the rudder and held it before the wind. It was only the realization of the desperate situation in which they would be placed in case of an accident that prevented Bob from feeling a joyous exhilaration as the boat flew swiftly over the frozen sea.

As soon as it was fairly on its way, he crept beneath the blankets into the little cabin, still holding the rudder and guiding the boat, while he kept a sharp watch ahead for snow drifts through the opening he had left in front of the compartment.

He found that it required all his skill and attention to manage the strange craft, and several times he narrowly escaped an upset in one of the many snow banks that lay in his way.

They were now speeding across the great open plain—a dead waste of glittering snow with not an object to break the monotony, save here and there a gaunt, hungry wolf that stole like a shadow across the waste of snow.

It was impossible for Bob to tell just how fast they were traveling, but he was confident that it was faster than he had ever gone before.

So absorbed had they all been in the building and starting of the boat that they had not noticed the rapid flight of time, but now, to the surprise of Bob

and his mother, they saw that night was fast closing in. This gave a new peril to their situation, for there would be no moon, and the chances of running into some drift and wrecking the craft would be greatly increased.

Darkness came down rapidly, and Bob soon found it difficult to keep the boat clear of the snow banks that now and then appeared in their path. But soon a new peril was added to their already dangerous situation. The youth could plainly hear the howl of wolves behind them, and knew that they were followed by those half-famished animals. He did not mention the matter to his mother and Bessie, knowing how they would be frightened if he should.

But as the minutes passed by and the darkness deepened, the sound of increased numbers of the wolves could be heard, and so close behind were they now that both Mrs. Dykeman and Bessie recognized the cries and were filled with terror.

"I don't think they will dare attack us," said Bob, reassuringly; "and we ought to be near the settlement by this time." But even as he spoke, he felt that there was greater danger than he cared to admit.

He knew enough of the nature of the wolves driven to desperation by hunger, to realize their peril, but he preferred to keep his mother and Bessie ignorant as long as possible.

The wolves were increasing in number every moment, and, glancing backward for a moment, he saw a mass of dark forms coming in swift pursuit. His heart sank within him, as the gaunt, famished pack drew closer and closer, yet he remained firmly at his post and let no word of fear escape his lips.

Suddenly a great bank of snow loomed through the darkness just ahead. They were almost upon it before Bob saw it, then with a quick movement he sought to steer clear of the obstacle, but too late! The next moment, there was a shock, followed by a crashing of timber. Then the three voyagers were pitched forward and fell half stunned on the smooth bank of crusted snow while the little craft that had carried them across the snowy waste, lay a hopeless wreck at their side.

A moan of terror and despair fell from Mrs. Dykeman's lips as she realized the awful calamity that had overtaken them. Bessie rose from the bank of snow and clung to her mother's side, weeping and trembling with fear.

Snatching a stick from the wreck, Bob stood ready to defend them against the wolves which he knew to be close at hand. But at that moment a most astonishing thing happened. A door suddenly opened in the bank of snow letting a flood of bright light stream out into the darkness. Then the burly form of a man appeared in the opening, and a cheery voice exclaimed:

"Run plumb inter my dug-out, by gosh! Thought it was an earthquake! Come right in an' make yerselves at home, whoever ye be, fer it's mighty cold weather fer ladies ter be out."

"Thank God! we are saved!" gasped the astonished Mrs. Dykeman, tottering in at the door, followed by Bessie and Bob. They found themselves in a small but comfortable room. In one corner a cheery fire was burning in a large stove, from which rose the odor of hot coffee and frying bacon.

"Jist seat yerselves an' feel perfectly at home," said Jim Skinner—for such was the proprietor of the dug-out's name—"an' I'll soon have a bite uv supper fer ye." And with this he began to arrange some tin plates upon a large box that served as a table.

Great was his surprise when he learned how the journey across the prairie had been made, and he looked upon Bob as a wonderful genius.

"I reckon I'll git you to show me how it's done some time," he said to the lad, "but I don't want to ever haf ter make such a journey as ye've made ter night."

The next morning the snow commenced to fall again, and it continued for two days. It was two weeks before the little family could leave the kind shelter of the settler's dug-out. Then they were driven to the nearest town in Jim Skinner's wagon, where they remained till Mr. Dykeman's return from the East, a week later.

The Juvenile Band of Chester, Pa.

H. WINSLOW FROLEY.

Chester (Pa.) is able to proclaim to the world that it has within its bounds one of the most exceptional musical organizations in the United States in its Juvenile Band, consisting of boy musicians of the Fifth ward.

Armond Wanner, a young lad, is the leader, and it is to his untiring efforts that the organization of this body of young musicians is chiefly due.

The band has the support of the town.



ARMOND WANNER.

Everyone approached, freely gave them assistance, and they had soon enough funds to buy themselves instruments, and have just received new uniforms.

The funds they will now receive when they play will all be devoted to charity, and will be given to the needy families of Chester, and to the Chester Hospital.

The band is made up as follows: Armond Wanner, leader and cornet; James Gordon, cornet; John Knaff, cornet; Arthur Wanner, piccolo; Rene Wanner, clarinet; Arthur Korn, clarinet; George Ewing, tuba; Hugh Gordon, baritone; Martin Whitlock, alto; James Ewing, alto; Merrill Deny, bass drum; Howard Chandley, tenor drum; Forrest Stoves, cymbals.

The band holds weekly rehearsals, and, having been organized only about six months, has made wonderful progress. It has already engagements covering nearly the entire summer season.

The Beginnings of an Astronomer.

M. M. WILLIAMS.

Any boy who determines to learn all that he can that is useful, will be a useful man. Here is the story of Professor Barnard, whose name is often seen now in scientific journals:

Some years back, perhaps thirty or more, a little lad was loitering along the street of an American city. As he passed the shop of a local photographer, a man came out and spoke to him. "Do you want a job?" he asked. The boy said promptly, "Yes, sir!"

"If you get it, will you attend to it?" the man asked.

Again the answer was, "Yes, sir!" "It is not a lively one. You have to sit still and watch things," the man said. "Do you think you can keep awake?"

"I can try, sir!" the boy said; so, after a little more talk, he got the job.

It was not a lively one. He had to sit upon a housetop and watch a lot of photographic negatives, to make certain that they got just enough light and none too much. He did the work well. The photographer never caught him napping, no matter how suddenly he came upon him. In a little while he showed that he was as intelligent as he was trusty. Then the photographer noticed that the lad's clothes, though worn, were always clean and decently mended. A little inquiry proved that the new boy was a widow's son—a widow who had very little besides her children and her religion. The little her son earned was a very material help to her. She was eager to have him in school. All told, he had been there less than two months; but she could not send him; he had neither the time nor the clothes for it.

Sitting aloft day after day, the lad fell to studying the heavens. Chance had thrown into his hands a volume of Dr. Thomas Dick's "Practical Astronomy." At first he found it dry reading, but in a little while the study of it had redoubled his interest in his ever-beloved sky. He longed above everything for a telescope, which would enable him the better to search out its glories, its mysteries. By help of his kind employer, he at length rigged up an apology for one—something whose limited powers only served to whet his appetite for real telescopic revelations.

He began to go to Sunday School. His teacher there grew interested in him and his ambition. Through her aid and counsel, joined to that of other friends, he went seriously to work to secure the coveted instrument. A second-hand one was offered to him for two hundred dollars. He sent for it, but found it so unsatisfactory that he returned it. Expressage both ways cost him twenty dollars he could very ill spare. However, he got the money's worth in experience—experience which determined him to be satisfied with nothing less than a telescope of the very first class.

To get money for such a one he worked and saved. A shabby coat had no terrors for him if the shabbiness meant something toward the desire of his heart. Let he was only frugal, never niggardly, and always generous to a friend. Pretty soon he was able to buy a telescope of the very best pattern. It had a five-inch refractor. When it was duly in position upon the roof, where he had spent so

many working hours, he was about the happiest young fellow in the world.

His friends were almost as happy—particularly that first friend who had given him the aerial job. The roof became a favorite resort for everybody in the city who had the least hankering after a sight of the stars. The young owner of the telescope was glad to let them look. As for himself, he nightly scoured the heavens, noting and recording by means of drawings the many wonderful things he saw there.

Besides a good telescope he had phenomenally keen sight. That is evidenced by the fact that with this five-inch refractor, an instrument below the first power, he discovered and described a dozen comets. Providence perhaps had put it into the mind of a rich man to offer prizes for just such discoveries. They were not very big prizes, but altogether this self-taught astronomer won enough of them to give him a welcome thousand dollars.

He had, however, rebuffs as well as helps from the big outside world. The American Association for the Advancement of Science met in his native city not long after he had begun his study of the heavens. He was presented to its president, Simon Newcomb, and began modestly to speak of what he had done and hoped to do. "Humph! You had better put away that telescope! It is too big, anyway. You can do nothing with it; you had better study mathematics than waste your time star

gazing," said the great man. The beginner left him half heart-broken. But after the first smart he resolved that he would study mathematics, and he did.

Time's whirligig brings some revenges that are precious. Fifteen years later, Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing to Prof. Edward Emerson Barnard, upon whom Vanderbilt University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Science, and whom the Royal Astronomical Society of London has been proud to make a Fellow, asked if Professor Barnard "knew anything of a young fellow with a telescope, who had lived in Nashville when the Association for the Advancement of Science met there?" and added, after some further inquiry, "It cannot be possible that you are the one I mean."

It was not only possible but actual. Professor Barnard, to-day the foremost of American astronomers, who has mastered not merely mathematics, but the whole college curriculum, who has discovered more comets than any other living man, and who has mapped and measured the fifth satellite of Jupiter, is the lad who made his beginnings by faithfulness over a few things, upon the roof of a Nashville photograph gallery. It is pleasant to have to add that now when fortune smiles, when big colleges almost fight for the prestige of employing him, that when he revisits his native city those he seeks first and stays with longest are the friends who in the beginning gave him a helping hand.



JUVENILE BAND, CHESTER, PA.

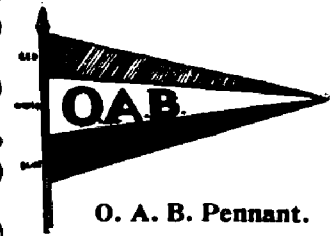


OFFICERS' BADGE.

The Great American Boy Army

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.

EVERY ENERGETIC AMERICAN BOY SHOULD BE A MEMBER OF "THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY."



O. A. B. Pennant.

COMPANY NEWS.

LAKE SHORE COMPANY, No. 6, Madison, Wis., is one of the prosperous companies of the Order. During the winter its meetings have been of a literary nature, fine programs being rendered at each meeting, and for sport the boys have had skating, ice boating, skate sailing, polo, etc. It has organized a track team for this spring, and is looking forward to having a football team next fall. The Secretary promises us a picture of the Company soon.—**PARK CITY COMPANY, No. 6, Bridgeport, Conn.,** held its first meeting on Tuesday, April 14. It has had its charter framed.—**GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT COMPANY, No. 14, Indianapolis, Ind.,** has a pair of boxing gloves, a punching bag, and a basket ball. It is looking forward to going camping this summer and will have a lawn fete for the purpose of raising the money. This Company recently ordered one of THE AMERICAN BOY Free Circulating Libraries.—**SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY COMPANY, No. 22, Schenectady, N. Y.,** has chosen P. G. Snow, Rector of the Episcopal Church at that place, Company counsel. Mr. Snow is taking an active interest in the boys and has visited them in their club room, giving them some good advice in regard to their future conduct in creating and keeping up an interest in the Order. In order to encourage the boys, Mr. Snow held a special service for young men on Sunday afternoon, April 19, and invited the Company to attend in a body.—**WILLIAM MCKINLEY MILITARY COMPANY, No. 22, Canton, Ohio,** recently had as its guest Benjamin Harrison Company, No. 20, of that city, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The Company has at this writing eleven members, and will endeavor to increase the number to twenty before July 1, and also to make individual members of all Sunday school subscribers in its city. This Company and the Benjamin Harrison Company, No. 20, are planning to unite in a grand O. A. B. rally on July 4, and invite out of town Companies and executive officers and others, with the Mayor of their city, to be present and deliver addresses. The plan is to march and drill, have baseball games, boat races, foot races, bicycle races, potato and bag races, and a good time generally. In a letter to us, under date of April 1, the Captain writes: "The people of Canton are just beginning to wonder what this little O. A. B. business is, and we want to let them know who we are and where we came from and what we intend to do."—**BEDFORD ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 38, Bedford, O.,** holds its meetings on Monday evenings in a room at the home of Captain Glenn G. Black, which his mother has very kindly allowed the boys to use for this purpose. It has a set of boxing gloves and has nearly twenty books in its library. Regular dues are five cents per week, payable at each meeting. It has, at this writing, \$1.70 in its treasury, and besides this it has a special athletic fund in which it has sixty cents, most of which has been donated by the members. A fine of one cent has been imposed for the use of profane language, a fine of ten cents for using tobacco, and a fine of five cents for absence from meetings without good excuse. The Company will have its charter framed and will also have a group picture taken soon. It has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws, with a few minor changes. The Captain says nearly all the members are fanciers of some kind of stock. He has some pouter pigeons, a nice cat, and some black-breasted bantams; the Secretary has some bantams of the same variety and a fox terrier dog, which he hitches up to a small cart of his own manufacture; the Vice Captain has a horse of his own and is a good rider, and the Assistant Librarian has a few bantams, a fox terrier dog, and some carrier pigeons. The Company would like to correspond with other Companies interested in raising bantams. The Captain says they are going to decorate some place up and have a fair.—**GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE COMPANY, No. 3, Bentonville, Ark.,** will hold a banquet in the near future to which all brother members are cordially invited.—**BOMAZZEN COMPANY, No. 7, Madison, Me.,** holds its meetings twice a month. It is making great preparations for Rally Day.—**TUCUMSEH COMPANY, No. 27, Tecumseh, Mich.,** held its election of officers on the evening of April 24. It has recently organized a baseball team.—**HENRY M. TELLER COMPANY, No. 9, Denver, Colo.,** is getting along nicely. It will have a track team this spring.—**MARY A. LIVERMORE COMPANY, No. 17, Melrose, Mass.,** is an athletic Company. It holds its meetings at the home of Secretary and Treasurer Everett D. Copeland, where a club room has been fitted up. Company dues, five cents per month, with a fine of two cents for absence from meetings without good excuse, and a fine of one cent for the use of profane language. It will have its

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.

charter framed and the Secretary promises us a picture of the Company.—**JOHN BROWN COMPANY, No. 6, Paola, Kas.,** holds its meeting on Tuesday evenings. Besides a Captain, Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms, this Company has an examiner, whose duty it is to examine all applicants for membership as to their character, etc.—**GOLIAD COMPANY, No. 11, Leonard, Tex.,** holds its meetings on Friday evenings. An hour is spent in attending to business and debating, after which the boys play games for about an hour. It has organized a baseball team. Each member will contribute one book towards a library.—**HAMLIN GARLAND COMPANY, No. 21, Osage, Ia.,** holds its meetings every two weeks. Dues five cents a month, payable at the first meeting in each month, and a fine of five

only one, when it was defeated by the High School team.—**FORT CRAWFORD COMPANY, No. 14, Prairie Du Chien, Wis.,** is very much interested in baseball. On May 9 they played a local team, the O. A. B.'s coming out victorious with a score of 16 to 12. This Company celebrated Grand Rally Day at the home of A. P. Munger and will celebrate Tree Planting Day at the home of Arthur O'Neil.—**VICTORIA COMPANY, No. 1, Watervliet, Mich.,** has, at this writing, twenty five members enrolled.—**GRIZZLY COMPANY, No. 11, Berkeley, Cal.,** expects to have a new club house before long and will fit up one room as a parlor in which they will play games, etc. On May 30 this Company will have its semi-annual election of officers, and after the business meeting refreshments will be



HENRY M. TELLER COMPANY No. 9, DIVISION OF COLORADO, DENVER, COLO.
Eugene Libby, Captain, on the left.

cents has been imposed for the use of profane language. The Company has a small library, the books having been contributed by the members. It has secured an empty room which it intends to fit up as a gymnasium. It has had its charter framed and will have a pennant. Hamlin Garland, for whom the Company is named, will visit Osage soon. The Company expects to have some of his books in its library. The Captain says his Company will try to keep nearly all of the "Great Days."—**JOHN L. BATES COMPANY, No. 15, Winchester, Mass.,** is very much interested in baseball. On March 11 it played the A. D. C.'s of Winchester with a score of 18 to 6 in favor of the latter.—**THOMAS B. REED COMPANY, No. 6, Auburn, Me.,** holds its meetings on Friday evenings. This is a literary Company.—**THE YOUNG SPORTSMEN'S COMPANY, No. 47, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.,** holds its meetings on Friday evenings. Dues ten cents. At present meetings are held at the homes of the members, but the Company hopes soon to have a club room. It has a baseball team of which it is very proud. It has played four games this season, losing

served. The boys are planning to spend a day at Mare Island Navy Yards, in San Francisco Bay, in the near future.—**MOSES CLEVELAND COMPANY, No. 31, Conneaut, O.,** is one of the flourishing Companies of the Order. It has, at this writing, sixteen members, and has a library of eleven books, besides a number of magazines and papers, a trapeze, horizontal bar, punching bag and a tumbling mat, and has nearly enough money in its treasury for a set of boxing gloves. It also has a pennant.—**WILLIAM B. ALLISON COMPANY, No. 20, Webster City, Ia.,** holds its meetings on Saturdays. Dues five cents a week. It has sent for some Indian clubs and dumbbells. Following are the subjects of some debates recently held: Resolved, That the Indian was treated worse than the Negro." "Resolved, That baseball is a better game than football."—**SETH LOW COMPANY, No. 16, Tompkinsville, N. Y.,** has at this writing twelve dollars in its treasury. The boys are planning a camping expedition to Woodland Beach in the near future. On May 16 the Company held a May party. It has ordered a pennant.

WHAT LOCAL PAPERS SAY.

Bay Ridge Company.

Last Friday evening the Bay Ridge Company, No. 19, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, gave a reception to its friends at the home of Master Frank H. Waring, 266 Forty-sixth street, and here it might be stated that the order is composed of boys who are subscribers to a monthly paper called "THE AMERICAN BOY," and published in Detroit. The price of subscription is one dollar a year.

The program was as follows: Salute to the Flag; song, "Hail, Columbia," by the Company; recitation, "The American Boy," Master Charles Von Dreusche; recitation, "Charge of the Light Brigade," Master Herman Meyer; song, "Old Kentucky Home," by the quartette; piano solo, Master Forrest Hixson; reading, Edmund Dayton; violin solo, Herman Meyer; recitation, Fred Pack; song, by the company; cornet solo, Emil Meyer; piano solo, Miss Viola A. Waring; recitation, Albert Drew; song, Miss Viola A. Waring; song, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," company.

Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Hixson and daughter Alice; Mrs. Oliver Dayton and son, Mrs. James Drew and daughter Frances, Mrs. A. Shinton, the Misses Lena and Tillie Bursch, Frank Bursch, Miss Grace Young, Mrs. E. Graham, Mrs. H. A. C. Meyer and sons, Willie and Ernest, W. A. Von Dreusche, Miss Josephine Sullivan, Miss Rebecca Lanigan, William O'Brien, Willie Haskell, Russell Wilkie, Henry Cunningham, William Brice, Louis Eagan, Thomas Tice, Joseph Murphy, William Cronkhitte, Daniel Landon, Adolph Bursch.

After the entertainment the guests descended to the dining room, where all were served with refreshments, after which the guests again repaired to the parlors, where singing was again indulged in. About midnight the party broke up and all voted the members of the Bay Ridge Company a lot of jolly good fellows. The next party the boys will give will take place on Rally Day, April 25th.—From a Brooklyn (N. Y.) local paper.

New Fraternity.

Charter No. 443, ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY, was received last week by Company 19, Hustlers of the Golden West, a recent organization of Point Arena, Cal. The object of the O. A. B. is the cultivation of manliness in muscle, mind and morals and the inculcation of true patriotism.

This is a non-secret and non-sectarian society, and certainly should receive the hearty support of everybody desiring to make good men and honorable citizens of our boys.

The company elected George Crowe a Captain, Zippie Haskell as Secretary, and Ben Halliday as Treasurer. Fully organized they have secured the Mills building as a hall, and meet once a week. Liberal donations have been made for a good library, as a part of each meeting is spent in reading, and their journal, THE AMERICAN BOY, is the general favorite.

The Captain was out hustling for company flag during the week, and it is soon to wave over young America in all its glory.

Success to you, boys.—From the Point Arena (Cal.) Record.

Clever Work by Boys.

Alameda, June 2.—Golden Gate Company, No. 16, ORDER OF AMERICAN BOY, gave an entertainment and fair last Friday evening at the home of C. E. Margrave at No. 2620 Santa Clara avenue. The fair was a success. There was a spirited contest for the prize awarded for the best decorated booth. All of those present voted and the result was that the "candy booth" came out one vote ahead of the "country store." This booth was in charge of Captain Burns and Vice Captain Storey and they received the cake that was offered as a prize. There was a prize of a degree for the one who sold the most tickets, and this prize went to Secretary George Burns. He sold eighteen tickets. The program included the following features:

"Bouncing Girl," George Burns; farce, "How to Break Bad News," Hawaiian singer, Mrs. Loebenstein; recitation, Miss Rose Margrave; farce, "Mr. Cross and His Servant John"; "Irish Jubilee," George Burns; farce, "A Case of Indigestion," Hawaiian singer.—From an Alameda (Cal.) local paper.

The O. A. B. team won its tenth straight victory yesterday afternoon by defeating Schwartz's Sluggers 2 to 6.—From a Bellaire (O.) local paper.

The Washington High School Cadets—Revere Rodgers



COLONEL ROBSON DE S. BROWN,
Commanding the High School Regiment.



R. C. VON BAYER,
Regimental Adjutant.



CAPTAIN HUDDLESON,
Commander of the Prize-Winning Com-
pany of 1903.
He wears the \$1,000 prize medal.



LIEUT.-COLONEL KENNETH TAYLOR.

TWENTY ONE years ago, Professor A. E. Paul, then principal of the Washington high schools, organized two cadet companies, and placed them in charge of Professor Israel, at that time a member of the faculty. Out of the two companies organized, only enough lads to make up one company could be found whose parents were willing to equip with uniforms and rifles. These guns were of ancient make and were used alternately by both companies.

The following year, Company A, with their natty uniforms and military air, paraded along Pennsylvania avenue, making such a fine impression that influential men secured one hundred Springfield rifles from the war department for the boys, and Major Bates, their first military instructor, was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Burton R. Ross, at that time a captain in the Washington Light Infantry.

Military enthusiasm soon became epidemic in the schools and new companies were quickly added. Just about this time the great "March King," John Philip Sousa, who was then the leader of the Marine band at the capital, composed his immortal "Washington High School March," and it is said, that the beauty of this inspiring melody so worked upon the feelings of the high school lads that they literally fell over one another in their eagerness to become enrolled among the cadets.

Speaking of Sousa's famous march, dedicated to the Washington high schools, I may safely state that wherever bands play you may be certain that this—in my opinion—the grandest of all

the music composed by Sousa will be found occupying a prominent position in their repertoire. I have heard this stirring military air over the sun-baked plains of Cuba. I have lain in my tent in South Africa on a still night and listened with varying emotions as the well known melody was being played by some one of the regimental bands, far away in the darkness. And with a rapidly beating heart, and an excited pulse, I have stood in the scorching millet fields of China and have witnessed regiment after regiment with loud huzzas inspired by the "Washington High School March," going bravely to the fray.

During my experience as a war correspondent, I have come across Washington high school boys in pretty near every army I have been associated with. When the British Admiral Seymour started with his command to the relief of Tientsin, his forces were composed of a detachment of troops from several of the civilized nations. The officer leading the American marines and sailors, Ensign Joe Taussig, was a former high school boy. He was desperately wounded while leading the attack on the Chinese, the American contingent occupying the front rank during the assault.

Brave Taussig was the captain of High School Company H when it won the championship in the prize drill competition in 1895. I had seen the gallant boy when a high school cadet, pilot his command to victory, and as I looked upon his unconscious form as he lay wounded in China, the far away strains of the "High School March" greeted my ears, as it was played by the English band, in the distance. Ensign Taussig was removed to the U. S. S. Nashville, of which his father was the commander. He recovered with careful nursing.

Another memorable instance of gallant conduct on the part of our ex-high school lads was when Captain Harry Leonard, U. S. Marine Corps, carried off the field of battle, while exposed to a galling fire, the wounded and unconscious form of Lieutenant Butler, of the marines. Captain Leonard, during this action, was shot at continually by the Chinese, and he was wounded so severely in the arm that amputation was found to be necessary, but he saved the life of his brother officer, even at the cost of his arm. Many of the readers of this paper, no doubt, observed the fine looking young captain with an empty sleeve, who was in command of the marines at the Buffalo and Charleston Expositions. That officer was Captain Harry Leonard, formerly lieutenant colonel of the Washington High School Regiment.

First Lieutenant Wade Jolly, another high school boy and a famous athlete, also performed meritorious service with the marines before Tientsin, and it seemed to me that half of the officers and not a few of the U. S. marines in China had graduated from the Washington high schools. The names given above are all that I can recall just now, but I am confident that I came across many more while in the tea growing land.

The army in Cuba literally swarmed with old Washington high school boys. Twenty five per cent—so it appeared to me—of the younger officers of the regular army, had at one time attended the high schools of Washington. This is easily explained in the following manner. At one time or another every officer in the regular army is certain to be assigned to service in or about the capital city. Consequently their sons are placed in the Washington schools, and this is

the reason that such a large percentage of Washington high school lads are to be found among the officers of the U. S. army and navy.

In a Cuban hospital I saw, on his death bed, young Surgeon Brewer of the army, who, in former days, attended the Washington schools. Lieutenant Dick Brewer, a former high school athlete and youngest brother of the surgeon, was ambushed and murdered in the Philippines. His death was indeed a tragic one, and attracted notice throughout the world on account of the fendish conduct of his murderers. I knew the Brewer boys well, and to know them was to admire them. Their father was a U. S. surgeon, who died in the service of his country.

"Bob" Church, the famous Princeton football tackle and the surgeon of Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba, showed the kind of mettle Washington schoolboys are made of, when, contrary to all precedents, Surgeon "Bob," not satisfied with ministering to the wounded when they were brought to him, must go out upon the field of battle himself and bring in the wounded and dying soldiers, carrying them on his sturdy shoulders and being exposed to the enemy's fire at the same time. This I saw the gallant fellow do time after time.

Richard Harding Davis, who was also present, writing in Scribner's Magazine, says that he saw a tall surgeon coming across the firing line with a wounded man on his back, and, though the face of the surgeon appeared familiar to him, for the moment Mr. Davis could not recall just where he and the tall surgeon had met before, yet he felt certain that the last time he had seen the surgeon he had seen him with a man on his back. Davis considered a moment and then, like a flash, it all came to him, the tall surgeon was "Bob" Church, of Princeton,

and the last time he had seen him was during a Yale-Princeton game and Church was going down the field with the ball, while a Yale man was hanging on his back and endeavoring to stop "Bob's" progress.

I had seen "Bob" Church in many a gridiron battle, and I was a member of the same team that he played on, as was Billy Church, "Bob's" younger brother, another famous Princeton tackle, and the three of us had been in some mighty stirring games on the football field, but while I knew "Bob" possessed courage to a remarkable degree, his bravery in Cuba would have made a stone image admire him; and Surgeon Church was once a Washington school-boy.

After Colonel Ross took charge of the High School Cadets, he soon whipped them into true military form, and every year added to their efficiency until they reached such a high state of excellence that their fame spread throughout America.

The officers of the cadets obtain their commissions each year through a difficult tactical examination, due credit being given for standing in studies. The highest honor bestowed on a cadet is to make him colonel of the regiment. To gain this coveted honor, the lad has to go up for examination. The examining board being composed of army officers, there is positively no partiality shown in selecting the officers to command the cadets; the brightest boy wins the prize, and very often it happens that the son of an humble artisan will be found commanding a regiment in which are the sons of cabinet officers, senators, admirals, generals, and other prominent men.

The chief event of the drill year is the Annual Competitive Drill. This is to de-

(Continued on page 326.)

"SUMMER FOOD" Has Other Advantages.

Many people have tried the food Grape-Nuts simply with the idea of avoiding the trouble of cooking food in the hot months.

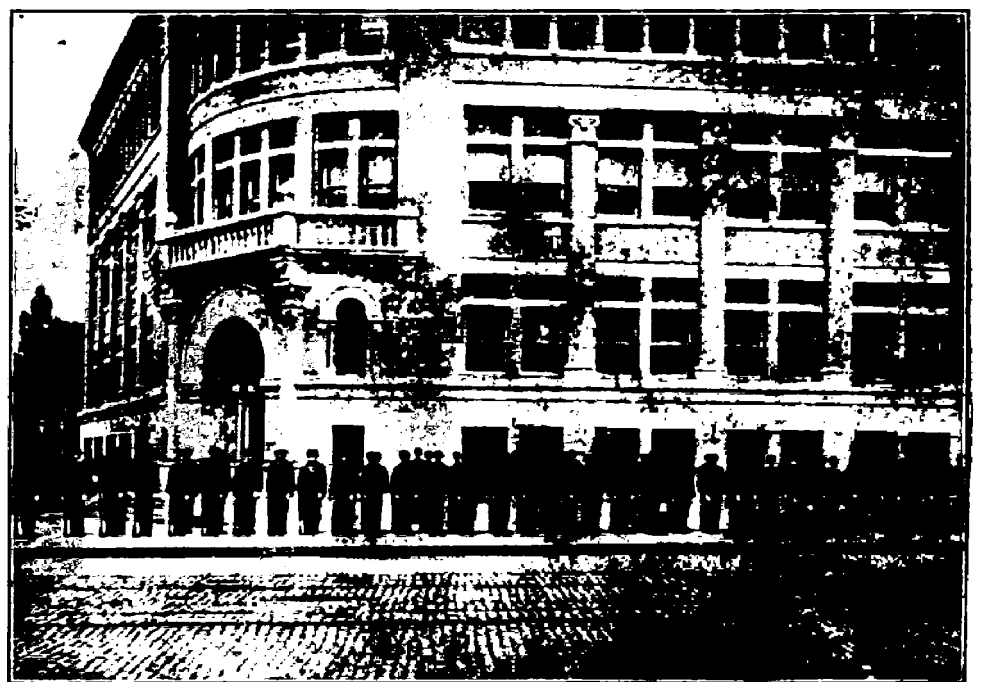
All of these have found something beside the ready cooked food idea, for Grape-Nuts is a scientific food that tones up and restores a sick stomach as well as repairs the waste tissue in brain and nerve centers.

"For two years I had been a sufferer from catarrh of the stomach due to improper food and to relieve this condition I had tried nearly every prepared food on the market without any success until six months ago my wife purchased a box of Grape-Nuts thinking it would be a desirable cereal for the summer months.

"We soon made a discovery, we were enchanted with the delightful flavor of the food and to my surprise I began to get well. My breakfast now consists of a little fruit; four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts; a cup of Postum, which I prefer to coffee; graham bread or toast and two boiled eggs. I never suffer the least distress after eating this and my stomach is perfect and general health fine. Grape-Nuts is a wonderful preparation. It was only a little time after starting on it that wife and I both felt younger, more vigorous, and in all ways stronger. This has been our experience.

"P. S. The addition of a little salt in place of sugar seems to me to improve the food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cooks' contest for 735 money prizes.



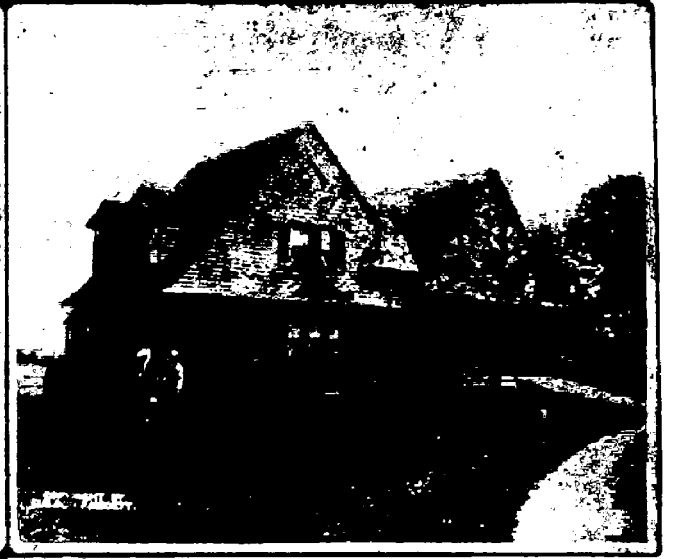
COMPANY C, WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL CADETS,
Winners of Prize Drill 1903.



THE ROOSEVELT SUMMER HOME, OYSTER BAY, L. I.



PIAZZA WHERE THE ROOSEVELT BOYS PLAY ON RAINY DAYS.



THE BARN NEAR THE ROOSEVELT HOUSE.

Copyright 1933 by Waldon Fawcett.

The Summer Life of the Roosevelt Children—Waldon Fawcett

THE boys of America have heard a great deal this last year or two of the famous "good times" enjoyed by the children of President Roosevelt when at their country home at Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York. Indeed, so extravagant has been the praise of the unusual opportunities for enjoyment open to the Roosevelt youngsters that it would not be at all strange if many a lad who has never had a peep at the wonderful things that go on at Sagamore Hill, as the Roosevelt estate is called, were to grow a trifle skeptical as to whether the President's boys actually do have such rousing "larks" as has been reported. For the benefit of doubting readers, therefore, it may be well to say at the outset that the reports have not been exaggerated. If the junior members of the Roosevelt family do not have a better time during vacation than any other boys and girls they certainly crowd as much enjoyment into each day as do any other young people, and the average youth would do well to emulate their example if his folks are so situated that he can.

The Roosevelt children are doing precisely the same things that their father did when he was their age and what is more they are doing them in almost the same places. When the present chief magistrate of the nation first came to Oyster Bay he was very far from being as strong and robust as his own sons now are. Instead he was weak and

stitutes the home of the Roosevelt children for nearly half of each year is a big roomy frame building with a portico across the front that affords an ideal playground on rainy days. The house is exactly the sort of one to delight the average boy. The rooms are large and not so filled with furniture and fragile ornaments that a lad is sure to knock down and break something every time he tries to get about in a hurry. There is a library which includes all the stories of adventure dear to youthful hearts, among the number being, of course, the books of Mayne Reid, which are the especial favorites of the Roosevelt boys. Then, too, there is a "gun room" in which the Roosevelt boys take as much pride as does their father. Here is to be found not only a goodly assortment of the most up-to-date firearms, but also a collection of weapons that have seen service in the South African and Spanish-American wars, the conflicts in China and the Philippines. The President never allows a loaded gun in this room, and his sons, even to the youngest, may go and come at will.

To be sure, the "gun room" does not contain all the treasures of the Roosevelt home. Skins and mounted game heads and other trophies of the chase—some trophies of the President's skill with his rifle and others, testimonials to the marksmanship of his elder sons—are to be found everywhere, even to the porticos, where mounted heads of members of the deer family are conspicuous, and to the eaves, from which pairs of antlers look down. The Roosevelts live so much out of doors at Oyster Bay that they have no great use for a gymnasium, and yet there is a room where they can box, and fence and wrestle or play basket ball when the weather is too bad to permit outdoor work. Finally, there is the "museum," which has been an institution in the big house at Sagamore Hill for many years. Here the boys have their collections of butterflies, insects, birds' eggs and other prized acquisitions. Time was when "Teddy" and later "Teddy" and Kermit together, rigidly excluded the younger boys from this beloved room, but now that Archibald and Quentin have grown old enough to appreciate such things and are no longer liable to break the fragile specimens, they are freely admitted. It should be noted that this museum contains many mounted specimens that would do credit to any collection in the country. Theodore, Jr., became years ago an expert taxidermist, and he has mounted many specimens of birds and animals with marvelous skill.

The stable at Oyster Bay is an institution in which the children feel the greatest interest. True, there is no enormous haymow such as is the delight of many boys who live on farms, but there are other things to make up for its absence. In this building are quartered all the horses from the President's hunters to Archie's pet pony, Algonquin, and this likewise is the home of the "menagerie," as the Roosevelt children term their collection of pets. These latter are decidedly numerous. There are four or five dogs, Miss Alice's big Angora cat "Tom," a sheep, a number of game chickens, guinea pigs and other furred and feathered friends.

The Roosevelt children when at their vacation home on Long Island Sound indulge in pretty nearly every sport and pastime known to American lads. Horseback riding always claims a good share of attention, and next to that probably come the aquatic sports. All of the boys are fond of fishing, swimming, and rowing. Occasionally they spend some time in a sailboat, but the boys believe like their father that sailing is too much like loafing to be very healthful, and so they, for the most part, indulge in rowing with its gratifying sense of physical exertion. Most of the children, including Miss Ethel, continue to be very enthusiastic bicycle riders despite the fact that the bicycle is supposed to have gone out of fashion. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the flaxen-haired Ethel is a

far more acceptable playmate for boys than are most girls of her age. President Roosevelt believes that young girls should be something of tomboys, and thus it has come about that his own daughter has been brought up so that she rivals her brothers in many sports.

Some of the best times which fall to the lot of the Roosevelt boys are enjoyed when their father finds time to join them on one sort of an expedition or another. The President makes it a practice to once or twice each summer go with his boys to an isolated and rather wild part of Long Island, where they "camp out" for several days, hunting and fishing during the day and sleeping under the trees at night. A particular feature of such expeditions is found in the nightly gathering around the camp fire, when the President regales his sons with some unpublished adventure of his own hunting and ranching experience in the west. Occasionally, too, the President will lead the boys in a rough and tumble climb up the precipitous face of Cooper's Bluff, which is located not far from the Roosevelt home. On Fourth of July father and sons join in a rousing celebration, which culminates with a display of fireworks, discharged by the boys themselves in the evening. At times, too, the whole family goes off into the woods for a good old-fashioned picnic, and at such times the older boys are usually commissioned to carry the big baskets filled with "goodies," which Mrs. Roosevelt has packed.

For all that there is not another house in sight at Sagamore Hill, the Roosevelt young people have numerous playmates among the children who live along the shore and in the village of Oyster Bay. Be it said to their credit that the President's sons are thoroughly democratic. Any lad who has the right attributes to make a companionable playfellow is admitted into full fellowship in their sports without regard as to his father's wealth or position in the world. The boys also have staunch friends—ever ready to help



"OLD DAVIS."

The Veteran Gardener at Oyster Bay—an especial favorite with the children.

them in any of their enterprises—among the farm hands on the estate, several of whom have been in the service of the family so long that they have seen the boys grow up. Among these veterans is Davis, the old gardener, who has been in the employ of the Roosevelt family practically all his life, and Mr. Seaman, the superintendent of the estate at Sagamore Hill, who has acted as manager of the place for about seventeen years.



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ROAD TO ROOSEVELT HOUSE.

Scene of the foot and horse races of the Roosevelt boys.

sly and delicate, and, indeed, it was with the thought that the boy Theodore might thrive in the country that his father selected a spot near the village of Oyster Bay and erected the country house which is known to this day as "Tranquillity." Here was spent the boyhood of the man who is now President of the United States. Here, in company with his brother and sisters, he rode horseback, rowed, swam, hunted and fished, laying the foundation for that perfect health which has enabled him to accomplish so much in the world.

Remembering his own boyhood experiences, Theodore Roosevelt early determined that his own children should have an opportunity to grow up amid woods and green fields, and so he secured the estate which is now known as Sagamore Hill. It is located, as has been explained, near the village of Oyster Bay on the north shore of Long Island, and comprises nearly one hundred acres. Of this area between thirty and forty acres are woodland, and about fifteen acres surrounding the house is a lawn, while more than two acres are given up to a vegetable garden in the management of portions of which several of the children have a hand. The younger boys of the Roosevelt family, are, it may be noted, so fond of gardening that at the White House last year a small plot of land was set aside for their operations with spade and hoe and rake.

The house at Sagamore Hill, which con-



THE FARM HANDS ON THE ROOSEVELT ESTATE—ALL PLAYFELLOWS OF THE YOUNG ROOSEVELTS.

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The Boy Photographer

Edited by Dr. Hugo Erickson

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.

Bromide Enlargements.

From a good, sharp four by five negative an eight by ten or an eleven by fourteen bromide enlargement, that in every respect equals, and in some respects excels, a direct print from the same negative, can be made with a very simple apparatus that any man or woman of ordinary intelligence can improvise.

The making of a large print from a small negative differs in no way from the making of a large negative from a small positive. My camera is a six and one half by eight and one half, so when I wanted to make enlargements I first had to make a camera. It took me about two hours, and cost me nothing. I will describe it, and you can go and do likewise.

My dark room has a window opening to the north, which can be removed without difficulty. I replaced it with a wide board, in the center of which I had cut a hole six and one quarter inches high and eight and one quarter inches wide. On the inside of this I nailed a box seven inches high, eight and one half inches wide and eight inches long. Both ends were left open, and one of the ends was nailed over the opening in the board, with the bottom one-eighth inch below the bottom of the opening. A negative placed in this box, with the bottom edge resting on it, lost only one-eighth inch at the edges; all the rest could be seen through the opening in the board. Above the negative there was a little space to spare; just enough room for a catch to hold the negative in position. Next I made a similar box, equal in length, and just large enough to fit snugly over the first one, but with one end closed. In the middle of the closed end I cut an opening to receive the front-board of my camera. That is all. If my explanation has failed to make the matter plain, the drawing will straighten it out. A is the board that takes the place of my window; B is a sheet of tissue paper that covers the opening in this board; C is the negative, and D the lens carried on the inside of the sliding box. This box, by the way, is a camera, and is focused by sliding it back and forth.

All you will need in addition to this is an easel on which to carry the paper. The easiest way to make one is to take a dry-goods box and set it on end on a table or stand. The paper can be fastened to the bottom of the box with a tack at each corner.

If you use the regular enlarging paper the directions will come with each package, so nothing need be said about methods of working. But if you use "gas-light" developing paper you may have some trouble at first to get the correct exposure. It is a good plan to test each negative with a

EXPERIMENTS

Learn Things of Value.

Where one has never made the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum it is still easy to learn all about it by reading the experiences of others. Drinking Postum is a pleasant way to get back to health. A man of Lancaster, Pa., says: "My wife was a victim of nervousness and weak stomach and loss of appetite for years and was a physical wreck; although we resorted to numerous methods of relief, one of which was a change from coffee to tea. It was all to no purpose.

"We knew coffee was causing the trouble, but could not find anything to take its place and cure the diseases until we tried Postum Food Coffee. In two weeks' time after we quit coffee and used Postum almost all of her troubles had disappeared as if by magic. It was truly wonderful. Her nervousness was all gone, stomach trouble relieved, appetite improved and above all a night's rest was complete and refreshing.

"This sounds like an exaggeration, as it all happened so quickly, but we are prepared to prove it. Each day there is improvement for the better, for the Postum is undoubtedly strengthening her and giving her rich red blood and renewed life and vitality. Every particle of this good work is due to Postum and to drinking Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ice cold Postum with a dash of lemon is a delightful "cooler" for warm days. Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cooks' contest for 735 money prizes.

strip of paper before making the exposure on the large sheet.

If you use a dry-goods box for an easel it will be necessary to paste or tack a piece of white paper on it to assist in focusing, as the image cannot be distinctly seen on wood. This easel is moved back and forth till the desired size of enlargement is secured, then it is brought into focus by sliding the box that carries the lens to the proper position. The whole operation is so simple that no one need fear to try it, and once tried it will often be practiced.—J. Edgar Ross, in Photo-Beacon.

The Combined Bath.

A properly constituted combined bath will yield as good results as a separate toning and fixing process.

Messrs. Lumiere & Seyewitz have recently studied the subject, and have come to the conclusion that the best form of combined bath is one containing a lead salt, claiming that more gold is deposited than when it is omitted.

The formula is:

Chloride of gold.....2 grains
Acetate of lead.....5 grains
Chalk.....1/4 ounce
Hypo.....4 ounces
Water.....10 ounces

Add the hypo last. Shake well, and pour off the clear liquid after it settles.—The Camera.

Over-Exposed Plates.

An over-exposed plate always develops very rapidly. The only salvation is to either use bromide in the developer, or to weaken it with a dash of water and plenty of it.

The Horse in Motion.

Until the camera and dry plate were perfected, no one knew just how a horse in motion looked at any particular moment. The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe has called attention to the difficulty which the pictorial artist experiences in attempting to show a race horse in full stride, and he suggests the employment of a cinematograph. In order to "show clearly which positions are the least fleeting, and therefore give the truest pictures of what the eye sees." As a matter of fact this would do no good, for the photographs taken by Mr. Muybridge twenty years ago, consisting of a series, show that there is no "least fleeting," and the artist who would be true to science must draw the galloping horse either standing on one leg, with his pastern joint pressed horizontally upon the ground, or flying through the air, with all four legs bunched up beneath him. Thus it is seen that the impression, made upon the eye, of the horse in motion, is different from what the photograph shows really occurs.

Photographing Ourselves.

My experiment was made with a folding camera and focusing cloth. The tripod and camera in readiness (the camera box a little lower than my head). I pinned a calendar on the frame of a dresser mirror, so it would hang about where I meant my pictured face to be. Then I focused the calendar, taking in the frame and the outlines of the dresser adorned with a pot of my pet chrysanthemums, removed the cloth, adjusted the shutter and struck a position before the mirror, with one arm thrown up and around my beloved camera box, my head leaning against it, my right hand containing the bulb hanging before me and below the dresser top. By this time I was able to smile at myself in the glass, and while I pressed the bulb and counted mentally I managed to keep my expression comparatively natural and unchanged during the trying process. The result was a very natural likeness, and while I had to cut out in the print some of the details in the negative, there yet remains enough of the picture to warrant my satisfaction in the experiment.—Maude E. Smith-Hymers (Pontiac, Mich.), in "Camera and Dark-Room."

Stripping Films.

To look at a dry negative, it would seem that the film could never be stripped off, yet there is a way of doing this. If it becomes necessary to send a negative by mail, and there is fear that the glass may be broken, then stripping is a good way to save the picture. Here is the operation:

Give negatives two coats of two per cent collodion. The following formula gives good results:

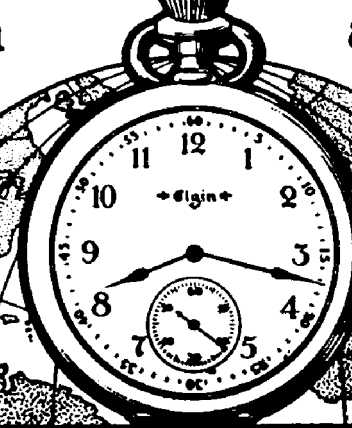
Negative Cotton...30 grains
Ether.....1 1/2 ounces
Alcohol.....1 1/2 ounces

Allow first coat to dry before applying second, and when second coating has set, place immediately in cold water until greasiness has disappeared, then place in bath of:

Sodium Fluoride.....5 grains
Water.....5 ounces

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When thoroughly saturated with this solution, which will take at least one hour, sulphur without washing in:

Sulphuric Acid.....1 dram
Water.....7 ounces

Rubber trays should be used for this and the Fluoride bath. When film begins to loosen, lay a piece of writing paper or celluloid upon it as a support, and separate the two from the glass. After washing well under the tap it can be transferred to a permanent support. The following will answer the purpose. Coat a clean piece of glass which has been rubbed with French Chalk and dusted with:

Gelatine.....2 1/4 ounces
Glycerine.....3 drams
Water.....16 ounces

Filter before coating through Canton Flannel and avoid air bubbles. Coat on a leveling table as thick as the plate will stand and allow to set and dry.

Our Portfolio.

Robert D. von Niede, of Enhrata, Pa. may consider himself a master in group photography. This month he submitted three examples of his skill that would do credit to a professional. Olin F. Connor, of Holly Hill, S. C., also deserves mention in this respect.—Lloyd McKinney of Jacksonville, Ill., contributed a remarkable print entitled "Sunset." It is toned a carmine color. Perhaps he will be good enough to inform our readers how this remarkable tint was produced.—"A Quaint Old Street of Canada," by Robert A. Burns, of Somerville, Mass., presents a narrow thoroughfare in the alumni of some old town of the Dominion, probably Quebec. The street is noteworthy because it is floored with boards "A Quiet Sunday Afternoon," representing the deck of a British man of war on a hot day, by the same young photographer, is also worthy of more extended comment than we can give it here.—"One Use of the Garden Hose," by Willie V. Watson, of Toronto, Ont., is a good bromide print, representing a couple of boys who are using a short hose for a speaking tube.—A portrait of "Rattlesnake Pete," in his \$10,000 rattlesnake skin suit, which was kindly sent to us by Percy F. Megargal, of Rochester, N. Y., and another "likeness" of the same individual, showing his right arm swollen after a rattlesnake bite, are curious but not of interest from a photographic standpoint.—The printing and mounting of photographs submitted by Matthews H. Tardy, of Birmingham, Ala., is especially commendable and greatly improves their appearance.—Robert D. Von Niede's "Naughty Little Boy" studies are amusing and would be reproduced if it were not for lack of space.—Seth N. Hart (of Otho, Ia.) may well be proud of his father, the fine old gentleman, who is shown in the photograph as seated before the flag he defended.—Perry E. Carmack, of Whittier, Cal., sends us a good photograph of "The Kite Shaped Track Leader," a locomotive at the Arcade Station, Los Angeles.—Why a burro bearing a boy and girl should be called "A Rocky Mountain Canary," Claude C. Blankinship of La Junta, Colo., the originator of the photograph bearing that title, may be able to explain.—"Bridget's Coming," by Harry E. Middleton, of St. Anthony, Ia., represents one boy munching a piece of purlined pie in the rear of a house, while another is on guard. We want to impress the fact again upon our readers that a reference to their photographs in our portfolio is equivalent to honorable mention.

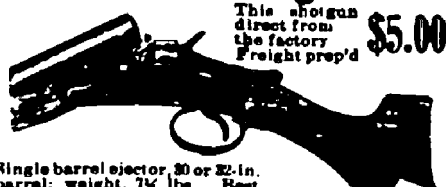


Photography Home Taught

Our illustrated book "The Boy Photographer," tells how to qualify for this profitable profession, or become expert as an amateur photographer, through the Schriever system of mail instruction. Our home training in Crayon, Pastel, Water Colors, and Miniature Painting is also fully explained.

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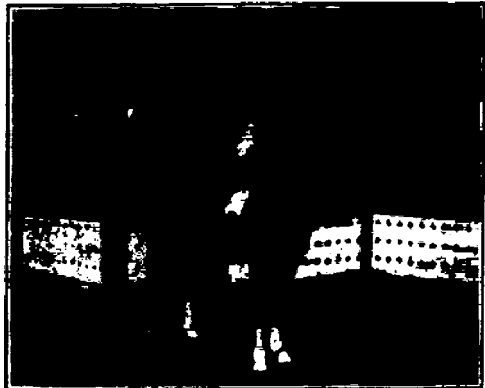
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READY FOR A CENTER.
First Prize Photo: Arthur Beyer, Kendallville, Ind.

TIP'S HEROISM—Henry James

THE great works of the Danton Co-Operative Iron & Steel Company were aglow with the fires of its numerous furnaces and noisy with the hum of the industrious life within. Here at one end, the line of furnaces where the oblong blocks of iron are heated white; toward the center of the mill, the great, crunching rolls whence the glowing masses are hurried from the fires. Back and forth through the rolls the iron is passed by lines of men holding great tongs in their hands. Longer and longer grow the bars, looking in the semi-darkness not unlike fiery serpents, as they bend and twist under the manipulations of the men. At length the last slot is passed and the nearly finished rail, still red hot, is taken to the whirring saws near by, where the rough ends are cut off in a twinkling and carried away by lively boys. Then the long bar is laid aside to cool.

The fiery gleams of the glowing furnaces, and the disappearing bands of light as the rolls swallow up the lengthening rails, the showers of many colored sparks as the saws do their work, all make an interesting picture this still summer night, and the visitor to the works would be inclined to observe that here, men literally earned their bread by the sweat of their brow.

By the side of the massive engine in the center of the mill, stood John O'Neil, the night engineer. He was busy oiling the machinery, now and then stopping to pat the shining steel with a loving hand. Once he glanced up at the ponderous driving wheel while a worried expression came into his face. Then he stepped quickly to the lever and shut off the steam a trifle and the great wheel ceased to revolve so swiftly.

"What's the matter with the steam?" inquired a gruff voice a moment later.

"Nothing, sir," replied O'Neil quietly.

"Well, I've got to have more power at them rolls or we won't turn off all the work we've got for to-night."

"I'm afraid to give you much more, Mr. Martin, for I don't like the looks of that fly-wheel. I wouldn't want to take the consequences of turning on full steam."

"What do you mean?"

"The wheel is weak, sir, and is getting worse. I reported the matter to the superintendent a week ago but nothing has been done. It wouldn't take much to burst her, and that would mean death to some of us and ruin to the mill, sir."

"You're right, O'Neil, you can't be too careful. I'll see the matter is attended to," and Martin, the foreman of the rolls, walked away.

John O'Neil was eating his lunch a little later when Joe Bagley, a man whose face bespoke an evil nature, approached and sat down beside the engineer.

"Well, John, an' what was ye tellin' the foreman?" he inquired impudently.

"About the engine," replied O'Neil shortly, for he had never liked the man. He seemed to feel an instinctive distrust of him.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Bagley.

"I don't know as it's your business what the trouble is," replied O'Neil.

"Oh, ye needn't get mad, O'Neil, I didn't mean no harm in askin'. I've noticed you was worrit lately about somethin' an' I thought mayhap I could help ye," said Bagley.

The reply disarmed O'Neil, and in a confidential tone, he said: "I'll tell you, Bagley. It wouldn't do for the men to get wind of it though, or they'd all leave. You see, the fly-wheel is weak, and if a full head of steam should be turned on, she'd go to pieces mighty quick. I've been careful ever since I found it out, but it ought to be fixed before it gets worse."

"No wonder you was worrit, but I'll tell no onc. But say, man," he continued, bending toward O'Neil, and speaking cautiously, "have ye heard of the strike there's to be?"

"Strike? Where?" asked the engineer in surprise.

"Why, right here, to be sure. Didn't we ask for more pay a month ago, and never a word yet from Henderson, the superintendent? We're gettin' sick of waitin', and tomorrow the committee of three is going to see him. If he refuses to raise us there'll be a strike and every man will go out;" and Bagley brought his fist down on his knee decidedly.

"But I've no cause for complaint. I get fair wages and why should I strike?"

"To help us, of course. Don't you see if every man goes out they'll have to give in at once, for there's lots of orders ahead; but if some of the men stays in we won't win so easy."

"Well, Bagley, there's this about it," said O'Neil, as he finished his coffee and closed his lunch pail,

"I'll stick by the company as long as they treat me fairly, strike or no strike."

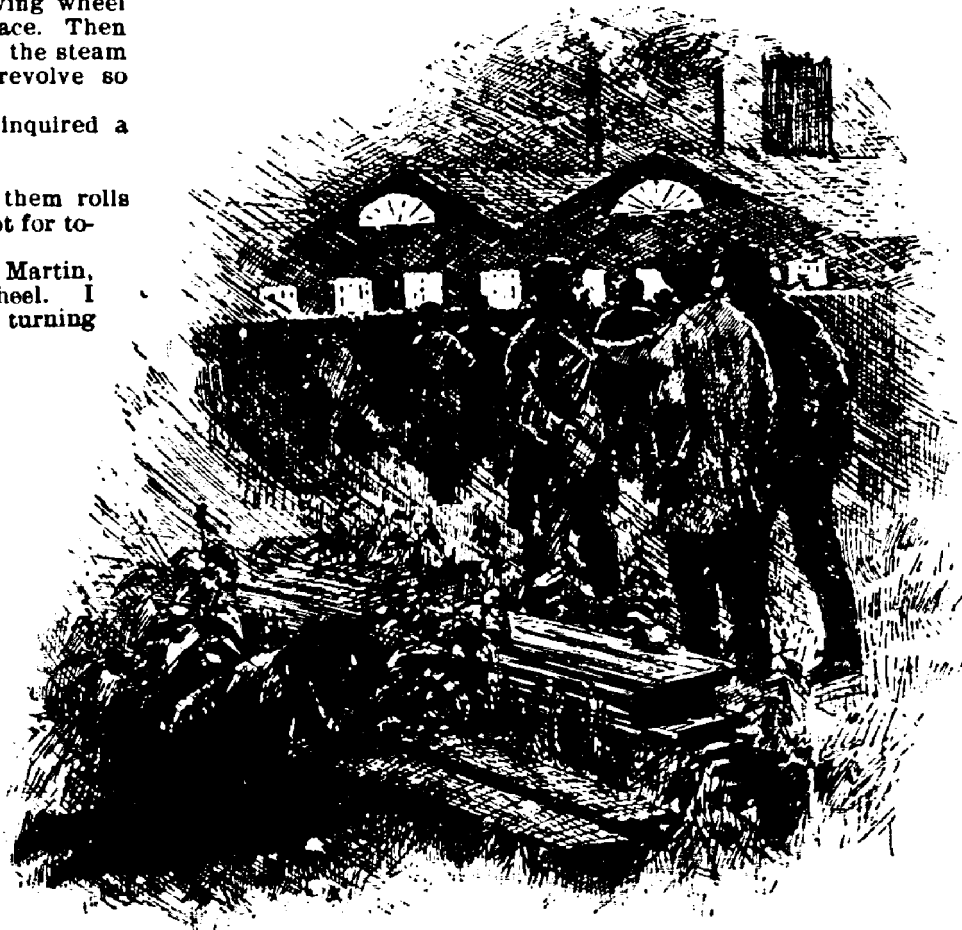
"If ye don't go out with us, John O'Neil," said Bagley, rising angrily, "it'll be the worse for ye. Ye remember how some of the men as didn't go out at the Columbia strike last year was treated, and they might do ye some harm here."

"Yes, I do remember," replied O'Neil with a shudder.

"Well, then, ye'd better think it over before ye say 'No,'" were Bagley's parting words.

"So they're talking of a strike," thought O'Neil after Bagley left him. "Misguided fools; they'll strike for a month, perhaps, and then when the shoe begins to pinch, they'll beg to be taken back. Oh, no, no strike for John O'Neil; I've tried it once and that lesson I'll never forget;" and he busied himself about the engine, keeping a careful eye on the revolutions of the great thirty foot driving wheel, as it whirled around half in and half out of the great pit in which it revolved.

"Father, father, they've struck, they've struck!" shouted Tip O'Neil, bursting into the room where his father lay sleeping one morning, about a week afterward. Tip's face was flushed and excited, and he gasped out the words breathlessly, for he had run all the way home from the mill with the news of the strike.



Close up to where the men were talking.

John O'Neil sat upright and rubbed his eyes while Tip went on: "I just came from the mill and all the men struck together, and they wear little curly bits of paper in their caps to show they're strikers, and they've all gone to Thompson's hall to hold a meeting, and Mr. Henderson has telegraphed to Harrisburg for men to take their places—and—and—that's all."

"That's quite enough," replied his father with a smile, which quickly gave place, however, to a grave expression, as he arose and dressed himself and followed Tip down stairs, where were Mrs. O'Neil and baby Tim.

"John," said his wife, coming up to him and laying her hands on his shoulders, persuasively, "you'll not go out with the men? Remember the last time."

"Yes, Molly," he replied, smiling down into her anxious eyes upturned to his. "I do remember the last time, and for that reason I'll stick by the company, come what may."

"Oh, I'm so glad, John," said his wife, as she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Good for you, father; don't you strike just because the rest do. Billy Bagley said you was mean if you didn't, but I told him you never was mean, and—"

"Tipperary," said his father, shaking a warning finger at him (John O'Neil was a true Irishman and had named his first-born for his own dear birthplace), "where did you get that cut on your chin? You've been fighting."

"Well, I wasn't going to let Billy Bagley call you mean, and besides he struck me first."

"But what did you say to him that caused him to strike you?" inquired O'Neil.

"Why I said his father was mean because he struck," replied Tip, a little shamefacedly.

"Ah, that's what I thought; you were both to blame. Tip, I don't want you to have anything more to do with the Bagley boy."

"All right, father," replied Tip obediently, "I'll keep away from him after this."

"Molly, I guess I'll go down to the offices and assure Mr. Henderson that I'll stand by him, or he may be after telegraphing for a new night engineer," and John O'Neil, after kissing baby Tim, put on his cap and left the house.

He found Mr. Henderson in his private office, and the superintendent greeted him with a smile when the engineer had told him of his decision to stand by the company.

"Thank you," said the superintendent, shaking his hand warmly, "rest assured we shall not forget your faithfulness. I'm sorry for some of the men for they can ill afford to lose even a day's pay. I believe that Joe Bagley is at the bottom of this trouble. I find that he has been among the men urging this strike for the last week, and having won over some of the hot-headed ones, they almost compelled the others to go out with them."

"It was Bagley who urged me to strike," interrupted O'Neil.

"And like a sensible man, you refused," said the superintendent, smiling. "I suppose you know that Jephson, the day engineer, has gone out, too?"

"I thought so," replied O'Neil; "he's easily led."

"That being the case," continued the superintendent, "I shall have to ask you to run the engine on

night and day turn, until we can secure some one to take Jephson's place. We have telegraphed to Harrisburg for men, and hope to have all the departments running by the day after to-morrow."

"Shall I report for duty Thursday morning?"

"Yes, unless we should need you before."

"Then I will bid you good morning, Mr. Henderson," and O'Neil bowed himself out of the superintendent's office.

Thursday morning the mill resumed operations, with the new men from Harrisburg, and the rage of the strikers knew no bounds. Many threats were made by the strikers against the new men, but their anger was directed chiefly against John O'Neil, who soon found it would not be safe to venture outside the mill. And so it came about that morning, noon and night, little Tip O'Neil trudged to the mill with his father's dinner pail and at night he carried two, the second containing his midnight lunch.

For a whole week John O'Neil ran the great engine night and day. Every day the strikers grew more bitter against him, and they began to make open threats against his life and the company's property. The engineer heard of these threats in a general way, but they did not disturb him in the least. He felt the need of rest, though, for the steady night and day strain began to tell on him, and when a young fellow of good appearance applied to him for the position of assistant engineer, and showed his capability and thorough knowledge of steam power, he arranged with the superintendent for the young fellow's employment. This relieved the worn-out engineer in a great measure, and a nap now and then, with young Lawson in charge of

the engine, did O'Neil a world of good, and a day or so saw him fully recovered from the wear of the previous week. Still there was no sign of the company's yielding to the demands of the strikers, and as their funds began to run low and credit was refused them at the stores in town, every day now saw them more and more desperate.

Two weeks had now passed since the inception of the strike, and John O'Neil had not ventured from the mill to visit his home. For two weeks faithful Tip had carried the dinner pail back and forth, and conveyed the daily news of home to his father. No violence had as yet been attempted by the strikers, and a feeling of security settled down over the great mill and things resumed their usual course.

Then there came a dark, stormy night. Tip had trudged through the pouring rain after supper with the two pails, and had returned home. The streets were deserted. Few cared to breast the storm of wind and rain that raged furiously without. At the mill the night "turn" had come on, and work was progressing as usual. John O'Neil sat by his engine, carefully noting its speed, for the steam was at a high pressure; for some reason higher than common. The fly-wheel had not yet been repaired and he was still very careful about running at high speed. Presently Lawson, his assistant, came on for the night, and O'Neil, bidding him keep a watchful eye on the machinery, left the engine and going to his little room close by, sat down and ate his even-

ing meal. The coffee, he remembered afterward, tasted queerly, but he thought nothing of it at the time. His supper finished, he lay down on the rough cot and was soon asleep.

At the home of the O'Neil's there was anxiety, not only on account of the threats made by the strikers against John O'Neil, but because baby Tim had, that very afternoon, begun to show signs of the much dreaded croup. All evening long his mother had doctored the child with the simple home remedies, but without avail. He grew worse hourly, and about nine o'clock the mother, greatly worried, decided to send Tip for the doctor.

"Tip," she said, "you're not afraid to go, are you?" "I guess not," replied Tip manfully, donning his rubber coat.

"Then hurry, dear, and tell Dr. Morse he must come at once."

"Yes, mother," came the cheery voice out of the darkness, and Mrs. O'Neil closed the door and went back to gasping, choking Tim and waited.

Tip hurried on through the inky blackness. On up the hill on the other side of the town to Dr. Morse's house and rang the bell. The good doctor himself responded to the timid ring and invited the boy into his cheerful office while he told his story.

"Certainly, Tip, I'll come right away. But here, you take this prescription"—writing—"and go round by Robbin's drug store, and if you hurry you will reach home with the medicine about the time I shall get there."

"What if I don't, doctor? It's a long way round and it's awful dark," said Tip.

"Oh, well, if you don't get there just on time, I guess we'll manage. I'll take some other medicine with me in case you are late."

"All right, doctor, I'll get home just as soon as ever I can," and with this, Tip was off once more in the storm. The wind dashed the rain in his face and at times he found it almost impossible to see his hand before him, so dark was it.

Down the hill, then on past the mill where his father was, down the long main street of the town, and then Tip reached the drug store.

"This is for my father," said Tip, as the clerk handed him the bottle of medicine.

"And who's your father, my little man?" inquired the clerk, smiling.

"John O'Neil," replied Tip, "and he didn't strike either," he added proudly.

"Well, it's all right if you mean John O'Neil, the engineer of the Co-operative Company," said the clerk. "You tell your father that as long as he don't strike, he can have all the credit he wants at Robbin's store."

Tip tucked the bottle of medicine carefully away in the pocket of his rubber coat and hurried down

the street in the direction of home. At the next corner he encountered several rough looking men. By the light of the street lamp he saw they were strikers, for in their caps, which were pulled down over their faces, they wore the small curly bits of paper, the badge adopted by them. As he passed the men, he heard his father's name spoken in an undertone. Tip pricked up his ears. What were they saying? Perhaps there was a plot to harm his father in some way. If so, he ought to know what it was they intended to do. At any rate, there could be no harm in listening. Carefully the boy entered the gate of the corner yard and crept unobserved along the fence, close up to where the men were talking in subdued tones. Tip's heart beat like a trip hammer as he gained a position behind the fence where he could hear every word distinctly. Crouching in the wet grass, he fairly held his breath, as bit by bit, he learned of the dastardly plot against his father and the mill's. Peeping through a knothole in the high board fence, Tip recognized in the speaker, the dim outlines of the villainous face of Joe Bagley. The man was exulting over the fact that the plot had originated with him. Aided by Lawson, the new assistant engineer, the scheme was to be carried out that very night. John O'Neil's coffee was to be drugged, the lever of the great engine was to be thrown wide open by Lawson, and it was expected that the consequences would be disastrous to the mill, to O'Neil, the faithful engineer, and to the men who had taken the places of the strikers, and whom the latter scornfully dubbed "scabs."

As the full meaning of his father's danger broke upon Tip, he shuddered. What was that the men said? He placed his ear to the friendly knothole and listened eagerly. Ten o'clock! That was the time they had set. Why, it must be ten o'clock now. He was too late. The boy's brain seemed on fire, so fast ran his thoughts. He would try though; yes, he would try to reach the mill in time to warn his father. Slowly and cautiously he crept along the fence, back to the gate. And then how his little legs flew as he sped through the darkness toward the mill. Baby Tim, his mother, the doctor waiting for the medicine, all were forgotten in the one desire to reach the mill before the catastrophe. Soon the line of glowing furnaces came in sight. He drew nearer. The mill was still safe. The men were yet at work. He had almost reached the works when a sudden panic seemed to have seized the workmen. They ran wildly from the mill. Tip knew well the meaning of that and he redoubled his exertions. He reached the now deserted mill. He thought he saw a dark figure glide past him as he entered one of the wide doors. How the rolls roared as he passed them. What an unearthly racket the spinning machinery made. He

approached the ponderous engine, the driver of which seemed like a zigzag flash of steel-blue lightning as it flew back and forth. The huge wheel whizzed round with a mighty rush that was momentarily increasing. But his father, where was he? Half wild with fear, Tip ran to the door of the little room, where his father was wont to take his naps. He lay asleep on the rough couch.

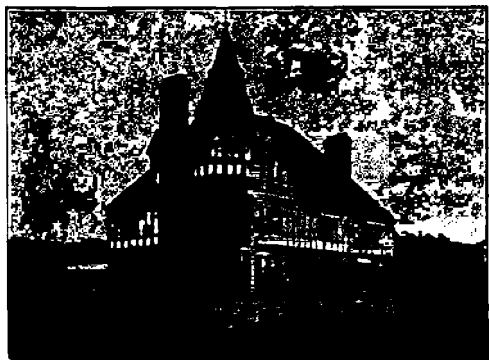
"Father, father, wake up, wake up!" Tip cried. There was no answer, save the fast increasing roar of the machinery. Tip shook him, but it was of no use. He was unconscious. Rushing out into the mill again, Tip spied one of the trucks which were used for conveying away the ends of the rails. It was but the work of a moment to draw it to where his father lay. Upon the truck, by a tremendous effort, the boy placed his father, and then as fast as possible, he drew him away from the mill and danger. At a safe distance Tip paused. Why not try to save the mill? He would go back and attempt to shut off the steam. Leaving his father, he hurried back to the pounding engine. Inside the mill pandemonium reigned. The clangor of the wheels, the clamor of the fast revolving rolls, the roar of the now furious engine filled his ears. Still undaunted the brave boy approached the monster. His hand was upon the bright handle of the lever. He pushed with all his might, but it did not move. He tried again. His utmost strength failed to budge it. He stooped to pick up a heavy hammer that lay near, thinking perhaps the lever might yield to blows. Suddenly there was a tremendous rending sound. The ground trembled beneath his feet. The entire engine seemed lifted through the roof of the mill. Crash succeeded crash. Tip was borne to the ground in the ruins of the mill. He felt the rush of rain drops upon his upturned face, and then—

John O'Neil will never tire of telling how they found poor Tip, the hammer still clutched in his hand, crushed under a great piece of timber among the ruins of the mill. He was unconscious and his right leg was broken just below the knee. He still used crutches when Joe Bagley and Lawson, his accomplice, were brought to justice. And it was Tip's testimony that sent them both to state's prison. Baby Tim recovered from the croup and did not suffer from Tip's failure to arrive on time with the medicine.

Tip is in the big office now, under Superintendent Henderson himself, and John O'Neil is assistant superintendent of the mills.

"Tip, my boy," Mr. Henderson sometimes says, "I've often read of heroes, but I never expected to have a real live specimen working for me," and he laughs to himself, while Tip replies—nothing.

A Novel Home for Animals—H.H.H.



HOME FOR FRIENDLESS ANIMALS. Brighton, Mass.

were in a stall. There was a large enclosure back of the building in which they could "take the air" when the weather was fine. At one end of the building was a stove and facilities for preparing the food for the dogs. Everything was neat and clean.

The house for cats was interesting. There were white, black, gray and spotted cats. There were big cats and little cats. There were kittens "too cunning for anything" and surly-looking old cats whom it might have been unwise to have tried to pet. There were high-bred and mongrel cats and dogs. The cat house had whitewashed walls and there was an abundance of clean hay on shelves on which the cats could lie and take their ease. Some of them were curled up into balls snoozing in dreamy contentment. They had all of the milk and other food they needed, and they, too, had a large enclosure in which they could roam at will, but beyond which they could not go. It was in the winter time when I was at the home and the cat and dog houses were delightfully warm and cozy.

Where did these cats and dogs come from? Most of them had been brought to the home by kind-hearted men and women who had found them roaming the streets, some of them in a half-starved condition. Sometimes a family moving from Boston to some other city will have a cat or a dog they cannot very well take with them. They will be too humane to leave the dog or the cat to starve in the streets after they are gone, and so they take it out to this home, where it is received and kindly cared for until some one comes along and adopts it. A great many of the cats and dogs are adopted by visitors to the home. One may get a cat or a dog here without charge, but one must sign a contract agreeing to treat the animal kindly.

The money for the establishment of the home was given by a Mrs. Ellen Gifford, who left a very large fortune to charities of all kinds, and about seventy five thousand dollars were left for the building and the maintenance of this home for cats and dogs.

Of course there are not lacking those who will say that it would have been better to have left this money for the benefit of suffering humanity, but Mrs. Gifford

left a great deal of money for the benefit of the poor. She was very fond of animals and their sufferings from neglect and homelessness when they were deserted by their owners touched a sympathetic chord in her nature.

If cats and dogs taken to the home are not adopted they are cared for until old age or disease comes to them when they are chloroformed.

It is a unique charity and one that appeals to lovers of cats and dogs.



KENNELS IN HOME FOR FRIENDLESS ANIMALS.

Ulysses S. Grant attended a district school, and as a schoolboy he was characterized by fondness for horses, fearlessness, reticence, and kindness. It is said of him that he could harness a horse when he was so small that he had to climb up on the manger to put the collar and bridle on, and at eight he could ride bareback, standing on one foot, while at twelve he could break the most fractious animal.

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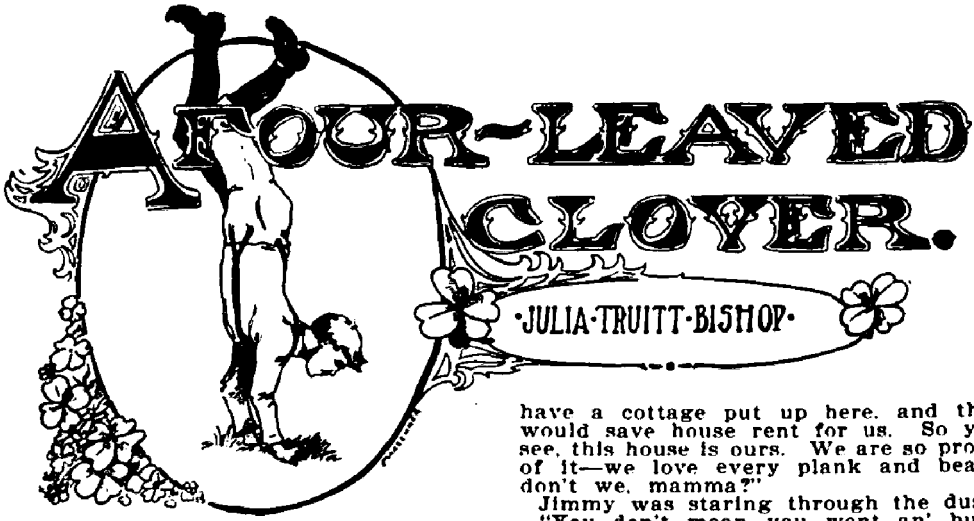
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BEEBE VIOLINS

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BYRON A. BEEBE, Box E, Franklin Park, Ill.



"AY, Miss! Miss! Wait a minute!" Bertha paused and looked back smilingly. This was the second time she had seen the ragged boy who was running across the common. The first time he had looked up into her face with such a friendly and admiring look that she had given him the rose she was carrying—the one rose from her one little pot of bloom. And there he was, coming again. What a pity—she had no other flower to give him.

He ran up, panting and red-faced, and held out something in one grimy hand. "I brung ye a four-leaf clover," he said.

Sure enough—a four-leaf clover. She took it with a little cry of delight. "Oh, that means good luck," she said, holding out a hand to him. "How kind it was of you, to think of giving it to me. And it comes at such a good time, too—just when we have moved into a new house—almost our own little home."

The boy's freckled face was red with pleasure, but he could do nothing but grin sheepishly, for he had not been trained in etiquette. She had been gone ever so long before the happy red faded from his face. He had passed through many strange experiences, but this was the first time he had ever been noticed by a pretty girl in a neat dress; a girl with a soft, sweet voice and kind, bright eyes. And, although the girl did not know it, that one little rose from the one little pot had led the way to many things.

The four-leaf clover was tucked away in her pocketbook during that long, busy day; but that evening as she went back along the common the memory of it was there waiting for her. She smiled at the thought of the ragged boy and his gift, and almost looked for the boy among the shadows. But he was not there. He was at her own back door—the door of the little house of which she and her mother had recently taken possession.

"I thought maybe you'd need a little wood," he said bashfully, standing back to show the heap of it he had laid in neat array beside the steps. "Folks generally does when the ain't no man about the house."

And the girl thanked him so sweetly and so sincerely that it was little wonder he stayed a little while, and that he came many times afterwards to stay a little while. Bertha laughingly declared that he was the man of the house, and they sat down together of evenings and consulted gravely concerning all the daily troubles and the schemes for the future. They told one another all about the past, too. Not that the ragged boy had anything to tell. He had just grown, Topsy-like, and no one was responsible for him. He had been taking care of himself so long that he couldn't remember when he had begun. He had sold papers and blacked shoes and held horses and run on errands, and had developed by all these processes sharp wits and independence. During the day he worked down in the city. At night he slept in a kind of closet which opened off French Charley's shoe shop.

But Bertha had a great deal to tell. "You know, Jimmy," she said, "a girl gets so frightened when she has to take care of herself, and of others, too, maybe, and when she has little money and perhaps falls to find work. When we first came here it was ever so long before I found work, and I was frightened half to death. But I was so fortunate—so very fortunate. I found a place with Mr. Willing—such a good man."

"The boys calls o' man Willin' 'Skin-flint,'" said Jimmy with a knowing grin. "Then the boys are very unjust," said Bertha with decision. "Mr. Willing has been so kind to me—I think I would have given up if it had not been for him. He has given me work, and so I can take good care of mamma, and get her the nice things she must have to eat."

And she reached back and patted the thin hand that lay on the arm of the chair. Jimmy looked on with envy. He had never had his hand patted—he had never possessed any other one's hand to pat. Truly, these people lived in another world.

"And not only that," said the girl gaily, her eyes shining through the dusk. "Mr. Willing discovered that we had a little money left from the wreck—a very little—and he was kind enough to tell me what to do with it. Think of it, Jimmy—this lot out here was his, but he said that he would probably have no use for it for a long time, and by that time we would be able to buy it—so he advised us to take our little money and

have a cottage put up here, and that would save house rent for us. So you see, this house is ours. We are so proud of it—we love every plank and beam, don't we, mamma?"

Jimmy was staring through the dusk. "You don't mean you went an' built your house on his lan'?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, that's what we did," said the girl gaily, laughing at his tone. "Now wasn't that kind? Rent costs so much in the city—and now, just to think that we have a home. It was something we couldn't have expected for years and years—and it has all come about through Mr. Willing."

Jimmy was silent. He reached out and touched the hand that was nearest him, but it was not with the thought of caressing it. He felt that here was a girl to be taken care of, and he was sorry that he was not large enough to take care of her.

When he spoke again it was to ask, un-
easily:

"But s'pose Mr. Willin' was to take a notion to sell this place?"

"Oh, but he wouldn't do that!" cried Bertha. "He wouldn't think of doing such a thing. He will give me an opportunity to pay for the land, gradually, and then it could not be sold."

After this Jimmy looked at the tiny white cottage with new and grave interest, as being something which might be snatched away from its rightful owners at any moment.

The next morning a certain grave lawyer, wheeling round in his office chair, was surprised and amused when the little bootblack who attended to his shoes every morning tucked his tools away and confronted him gravely.

"I want to git some advice," he said. "An' if it costs much, I'll black yer shoes for a year till it's paid."

"That is a bargain," said the lawyer. "And I wish all my clients were as sure of paying."

"If a man owns a piece o' lan'," said Jimmy concisely, "an' he lets somebody hull a house on it, can he go an' sell that lan' an' house an' all?"

When the great lawyer saw how Jimmy's face fell at his answer his interest was aroused.

"Have you been building on somebody's land?" he asked kindly. "Well—never mind. Perhaps he's a good man and won't take the advantage he might. Anyhow, if he does, call upon me. And never mind about the fee."

And yet, perhaps Jimmy was mistaken after all. Weeks passed, very happy weeks; for Jimmy was learning and Bertha was his teacher. While the feeble mother dozed in the big arm chair in the evenings, the two odd companions talked and laughed and learned together. The boy had begun to believe that Mr. Willing was a better man than he had thought.

It was late in the fall, and the north wind was blowing cold across the common, when he saw her coming home one evening and knew while she was far off that some kind of blow had fallen. Her old lightness of step was gone. She was walking with bowed head, and when he ran forward to meet her he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm very sad this evening, Jimmy," she said. "My mother is sick—I can't go to her with any troubles of mine. I must tell you, Mr. Willing told me today that he had an opportunity to sell this land of his at a great bargain, because the elevator is building up this way, you know—and if I couldn't pay the same that he was offered for the land I must give it up. Of course I couldn't—what money have I? Every cent we had to spare has gone into the building of the house. Then he made me what he called an offer on the house. It was one-fourth of what it cost. You see how I am placed. I suppose I will have to take what he offers."

"Not much you won't!" cried Jimmy with so much spirit that she paused to look at him. "Don't you think of doin' any such thing. I've knowed all the time he was fixin' up some kind o' trick, the mean—"

"Hush!" she said, with her hand over his mouth. And they went on together, and while she went in and prepared supper for her mother and herself, and talked so merrily, and even laughed sometimes, Jimmy sat on the step outside and wiped his eyes with his ragged sleeve.

"She shan't be turned out!" he proclaimed to the lights that were twinkling across the common. "It's hers—her money paid for it—he shan't take it away from her."

But while it was easy to make such assertions, it would be quite a different thing to prove them; for Mr. Willing was a man, and Jimmy was a boy, for whom nobody—or almost nobody—cared in the least.

"But she shan't be turned out!" said the

boy of the streets resolutely, as though in answer to that thought.

Mr. Willing, coming down to his place of business next morning, was aware of a boy that stuck close beside his horse as he drove up, and then darted to the door of the carriage.

"I don't want my horse held," he said irritably.

"I don't want to hold it," said the boy boldly. "I want to see you 'bout some-
thin' p'tic'lar."

Mr. Willing did not give the boy any further attention. He was somewhat surprised later, on entering his office and closing the door behind him, to find the ragamuffin close at his heels.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Say," said Jimmy, with a quaking heart, but with no faltering in his voice. "If a man had a piece of lan', an' he let somebody else build a house on it, do you think it would be right for the man to sell that lan', an' let the other man lose what he'd put into the house?"

"What do you mean? Get out of here!" roared the head of the firm.

"I'm goin'," said Jimmy, half turned toward the door, ready for flight. "I jest wanted to ask you if you didn't think it was cheatin'—jest plain cheatin'?"

There was no answer, and Jimmy fled. "Anyhow, he'll have somethin' to think about," he said to himself as he plowed through the throng, intent on odd jobs.

But think as he might, Mr. Willing did not delay his scheme. Perhaps he hastened it the more because of this hint, lest he should in some way lose his bargain; for in a short time Bertha received due legal notice to vacate the premises in a given time. On the same day she found a note on her desk, stating that her services were no longer required.

She looked at Jimmy with a piteous face. He had found her sitting on the steps, afraid to go in where her mother was.

"He's done it, has he?" asked Jimmy, and she could only nod. "The good luck didn't come, after all," she whispered with a sad little smile.

"Tain't too late yet," he said stoutly. "You jest wait. A whole lot can happen in two weeks."

She smiled again, and was very sad. The blow had been a severe one. She could not recover all at once. She had thought of this little house as home, and had loved it so—and now it was to be taken from her. She sat on the steps a long time, trying to gain courage to go in and be cheerful for her mother's sake—the sick mother, who needed this shelter so much.

During the next few days she had the added grief that Jimmy, the steadfast, seemed to have forsaken her. When he



"I want to git some advice," he said.

looked in for a moment in the evenings he was bashful and constrained, and could not be prevailed upon to talk of the momentous question. He had abandoned his lessons, and said that he was too busy to study, when Bertha spoke of them. He was not his old self—there were no more pleasant talks in the dusk; there were no more of the dry, sober, amusing things he used to say—speeches which made Bertha laugh so merrily. Bertha had begun repacking the household possessions, the little trifles that had come down from old days, in the boxes in which they had come to the little house, and the days were speeding on to the final one when the house must be given up.

It was the last night—the very next day they were to leave the house—when Jimmy knocked at the kitchen door, and peeped in with a queer smile.

"Say," he said, "if you-all feel this house shakin' tonight, don't you be skeered. The's goin' to be an earthquake here, about midnight. Me an' some friends o' mine has fixed it all up." And then, before they could ask a question, Jimmy's head disappeared, leaving Bertha amazed and curious.

"I'll sit up, mamma, and see what it is," she said; and she was at the window when a multitude of forms, large and small, began to gather about the little house. For a moment her heart sank; but all at once, there was Jimmy peeping in at the door again.

"As long as he wants us to move, we're goin' to move," he said, with a foolish tremble in his voice. "Don't you be skeered—it won't jolt much."

"Oh, Jimmy, is that what you are doing?" cried the girl, laughing and crying at once. "Are you going to move the house? Do you think you can?"

"Pshaw! Bill Stevens can move anything!" responded Jimmy cheerfully, and went out to help Bill Stevens and his band of men.

The house rose slowly from its pillars

and settled down upon the rollers; and in an incredibly short time it was going, answering along with quite miraculous speed. It did not move very far—only across the common and around the corner, to the place where French Charley's little shop had stood last week. Indeed, French Charley had moved his shop farther back to give room for a "garden of flowers," as he had informed his neighbors; and now, in this same garden of flowers the little house was set down.

It was all done so quietly that even the nearest neighbors were not aware of any unusual noise; but as they were departing they cheered in a whisper every man and boy of them, and waved their hats and caps at the pretty fact that nodded and smiled at them from the window. "Thank you all—every one—for helping to save our little home," she cried out to them in her thrilling young voice; and Jimmy stood among them and cheered with the rest, and wiped his eyes on the ragged old sleeve.

Next day very much disturbed messengers informed Mr. Willing that there was no house on the city lot he had proposed to sell at such a bargain; and Mr. Willing hastened out to the place in question. Undoubtedly the house had disappeared. On the spot where it had stood a freckled boy was walking on his hands and waving a pair of ragged shoes in their dismayed faces, and that was all. As the house was gone, or had never been, there would be no sale, because the property, unimproved, was not valuable, Mr. Willing was informed. It was worthy of note, too, that Mr. Willing instituted no search for the missing house.

"An' so ye see that four-leaf clover did come in handy, after all," said Jimmy, when the great lawyer had given Bertha a most desirable position in his office, and when French Charley had arranged matters so that she could buy the lot, the pretty new lot, for a trifle every month. "I tell ye, four-leaf clovers is good to have—but when you've got one you don't have no luck unless you lay holt an' work like all possessed at the same time."

And the philosopher of the street applied himself to his books again, and the young teacher smiled as she bent over him.

Not So Dangerous.

Mr. William C. Agle, who has spent many years in South America, upsets many old notions about dangerous reptiles. When he first went to South America he had the conventional pictures in his mind of men being crushed and swallowed by anacondas and boas.

"Years ago," he says, "I read an account written by a naturalist of these monsters in their native state, coiling and uncolling themselves like lightning, and coughing and hissing with such a roar as could be compared only to the exhaust of a powerful steam engine."

"What is the truth about these mysterious reptiles?" I have asked nearly every native I met in the South American countries if he had ever seen a boa or an anaconda. Most of them had not. To those who had I put the question: "What do they look like?"

"And the answer was always: 'Their movement is very, very slow, and they are not ferocious.'

"I met an anaconda on the Upper Marañon, a great black and yellow snake, all coiled up. I drew my revolver and fired at the coil. Instead of the terrible convulsions of which I had read, the coil rolled over, remained stationary a moment, then rolled back and lay as before. I fired again. The coil sank slowly in the water and disappeared."

"These snakes can easily be domesticated. Some men ran upon an anaconda in the woods near a rubber camp. They threw a fish-net over it and brought it to camp, where they let it go. It crawled away into the river, but came back so often and crawled around the yard so much that they got tired of looking at it. So they put it in a box and sent it to Iquitos. We measured it; it was just twenty four feet six inches long."

A Mystery.

Request some lady in the party to (1) write on a sheet of note paper the names of the three gentlemen she most admires. (2) Burn the paper without letting any one read the names, but preserving the ashes on a plate.

Take the ashes and rub them on the back of your left arm or hand, when the name of the future husband appears with startling distinctness.

The name must be previously written on the back of your left hand or arm in milk, and held to the fire for a moment, when the milk writing becomes quite invisible.

A few words impressing the fact that the three names must be the genuine three, if the matrimonial forecast is to be accurate, coupled with a little judicious discrimination, will often result in the name you write being coincident with one of the three; but failing this, the mystery is just as great.

A Young Politician.

In the last municipal election in Chicago, Lloyd Haines, 211 Ashland Boulevard, the fourteen year old son of Thomas L. Haines, prohibition candidate for mayor, was one of the most enthusiastic and capable of the workers for his father's ticket. He was at work in season and out distributing campaign literature, lithographs and buttons. The Chicago-American of April 6 gave the boy a two-column write-up.

Fine Deeds by Brave Boys—H. Irving King

No. 6—THE BOY EMPEROR GRATIAN

In those years when the great Roman Empire was hastening to its fall there occasionally appeared a ruler who checked the decline of the nation and restored to the throne something of the virtue, bravery and wisdom which had been displayed by the early Caesars.

Such a ruler was the boy Emperor Gratian. In his time the Roman Empire was so big that it required two emperors to rule it, and they did not, as a rule, make a great success of the job.

Gratian's father, Valentinian, ruled over the western part of the vast empire, and had under his control England, France, Spain, Italy, a part of what is now Germany, and that part of Africa now known as the Barbary States.

When Gratian was seventeen years old his father died and he became emperor.

Gratian had an infant half-brother named Valentinian, after his father; and a large body of the soldiers of the great army which had been assembled for a war with the German tribes proclaimed this baby emperor.

Instead of getting angry and starting civil war, the boy emperor said: "All right; certainly the baby is emperor—just the same as I am; but as he is too young to reign yet, he would better be sent with his mother to Milan (a city in Italy) and I will act as his guardian."

The soldiers could not refuse to agree to this. So Gratian reigned both in his own right and in the name of his half-brother.

The men who had hoped that they could rule the empire in the name of the boy and baby emperors soon found that they were mistaken. Gratian at once took charge of things himself, and appointed as his advisers the teachers who had been his instructors.

Gratian had been educated by the best teachers that the empire of Rome could furnish, and so great had been his application to his lessons that he was well informed in all branches of science, art and other learning which were studied in those days.

He had studied military affairs also, was a fine horseman, and could throw a lance or draw a bow with the best soldier in his army.

No sooner had young Gratian assumed the government than his uncle, who reigned over the eastern part of the empire and had his capital at Constantinople, asked him to go to his assistance with all the soldiers he could muster, as he was having a hard war with some northern tribes.

Hearing of this, the Alemanni, a war-

like people who lived in what is now Germany, thought it would be a good time to break across the Rhine and attack Gaul, as France then was called.

A great army of Alemanni crossed into Gaul and expected to have an easy conquest of the country, as they believed that Gratian had sent away most of his troops to his uncle's assistance.

But the boy was too smart for them. On the first intimation of what was about to happen he had recalled all the troops which he had started toward the east and, taking the field in person at the



The Imperial Boy and his body guard all wearing splendid armor were always in the front ranks.

head of the army, he boldly attacked the invaders.

He met them on a plain in Alsace and defeated them with great slaughter. Out of an army, variously estimated at from 40,000 to 70,000, only 5,000 escaped across the Rhine.

The Imperial boy then arranged affairs in Gaul, and, with his army, started toward the east as if he were going to the assistance of his uncle. But when he had proceeded a certain distance he suddenly turned to the left and began to penetrate into the country of the Alemanni.

They had imagined that no one would dare to lead an army into the mountains and forests which covered their country,

and when the troops of the young emperor made their appearance the whole Alemanni nation arose to meet him.

They fought with great courage, but were forced to retreat from hill to hill, until finally their power was broken and they acknowledged themselves whipped. Then Gratian withdrew his army from the Alemanni country.

In this campaign the boy had shown a bravery and a skill in military affairs which astonished everybody. When his soldiers climbed mountains or scaled the sides of defenses the Imperial boy and his bodyguard, all wearing splendid armor plated with gold, and helmets shining with gems, were always in the front ranks.

When he had finished the Alemanni war he proceeded toward the east to assist his uncle who now was sorely beset by a fierce race of people called Goths.

Before he reached the scene of the disorders, however, he received word that his uncle had been killed in battle, and that, having no sons, there was no one to succeed him as emperor of the East. The boy was asked to name an emperor. Gratian was now getting to be about nineteen years old.

For a youth of that age to have fought two successful wars and established his rule through half the civilized world, and now to have within his gift the sovereignty of the other half, was a remarkable thing. No other boy of the same age in either ancient or modern times, has had so great a responsibility thrust upon him. But Gratian proved equal to the task, and the man he chose for the ruler of the eastern part of the empire proved so good that his choice added to the fame of the young emperor who had selected him.

Gratian refused to consider, in his choice of an emperor, either the rank, the military services or the wealth of the various candidates, and declared he would give the crown only to the most virtuous man he could find. He selected one Theodosius, the son of a general who had been put to death for revolting against Gratian.

Theodosius had been living, since his father's death, on his farm in Spain. Gratian had kept watch of him and was satisfied that he was the best man who could be selected for the place.

Gratian lived four or five years after this and finally was killed in a rebellion which was raised against him by one of his generals. He grew lazy in the latter part of his life and so lost much of the respect in which he was held at first.

JOE JOLLY BOY

(BEGUN IN APRIL.)

IN WHICH HE TELLS HOW HE DESTROYED A MONSTER OF THE SEA.

When I had been in Jolly Land for a week or so I came to notice that there was one part of the seashore which the Pigmies avoided, and when I asked why this was so the king explained:

"One day, about five years ago, when a lot of my people were bathing on that shore, a monster suddenly appeared among them and killed no less than six. The same terrible creature is there yet. He lives among the rocks at the edge of the water, and is always on the lookout for a victim. We are so fearful of him that we dare not go within half a mile of the beach."



"What does this monster look like?" I asked.

"I can hardly tell you. It seems to be a wild beast, and yet it swims and dives and lives in the water. I know that it has two great teeth in front, and is terribly savage. Some of the people that it killed were almost torn to pieces."

"But haven't you tried to kill the thing, whatever it is?" I asked.

"I once marched down to the shore at the head of two hundred men," replied the king, "but when the beast began to bark and roar we all ran away. We are not cowards, but we cannot cope with such a beast as this."

I said no more to the king just then, but took the ax and went into the forest and cut down a young tree to make me a stout club. The Pigmies were very curious to know what I was going to do with it, but I did not explain for awhile. Then I said to them:

"Oh, king of the people, I have heard of the monster which lives in the west shore of your island and makes you afraid, and I am going out alone to fight him."

"No! no! no!" cried everybody in chorus. "Should you go near the water you will be torn to pieces in a minute. We cannot let you run such a risk."

"But I shall go," I said. "I am not at all afraid of this monster, and I shall kill him or drive him from your shores."

When the king saw that I was determined to go he put his arms around me and said:

"Joe Jolly Boy, I know you are brave and ready to fight, and you are so smart that I hope you will get the better of this monster. If you do, we shall all be grateful to you forever. But you must promise me that if he seems too much for you when the fight begins, you will run away and thus save your life."

I promised the king and his people that I would be careful and prudent, and it was agreed that we should set out for the west shore at sunrise next morning. If you think I did not sleep soundly that night you are mistaken. Although I could not be sure about it, I suspected that the sea monster was only a sea lion after all. I had seen many sea lions on the rocks near my home, and while I knew them to be fierce and dangerous, I also knew that they were easily killed by a blow on the head. If it was not a sea lion then I would fight him some other way and hope to put an end to him just the same.

All the Pigmies were astir at daylight, and when I set out for the shore almost every person in the city followed after me. We had to go about a mile and a half, and when we came to within forty rods of the water the people stood still and let me go on alone, although they cried

out to me again and again to be careful. When I stood on the beach at last no monster could be seen. I walked up and down with my club on my shoulder and waited for him to appear. Ten minutes had gone by when the Pigmies suddenly shouted:

"Look out, Joe Jolly Boy—look out! The monster is coming!"

So he was. He had come up from the bottom of the sea, and was swimming towards me at a furious rate, and growling and roaring as he came. I saw at once that it was a sea lion, and I had every confidence in myself. I stepped back about one hundred feet from the edge of the water and motioned to the Pigmies to keep quiet, and then I waited for the beast to come on. He was in a savage temper, and he had no sooner reached the shore than he came rushing at me with open mouth.

"Look out, Joe Jolly Boy—look out!" shouted the Pigmies, but I was on my guard.

I had my club ready, and as the lion came up I leaped nimbly to one side and delivered a blow with all my might.

It was such a hard one that he rolled over at once, and while he lay stunned I struck him again and again and soon had him dead at my feet.

When the Pigmies saw that their dreaded enemy was dead they came rushing down with shouts and yells and songs, and the king clasped me in his arms and said:

"Joe Jolly Boy, you are the bravest man on earth, and if you will stay with us you may be king in my place. Three times three cheers for Joe!"

In my next chapter I will tell you about the sea robbers, and how I frightened and punished them and put them to flight. (To be continued.)



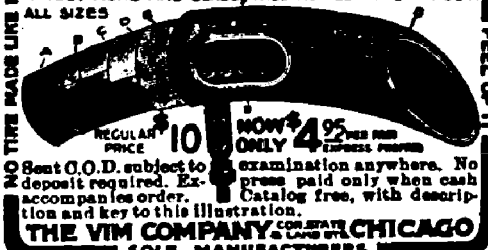
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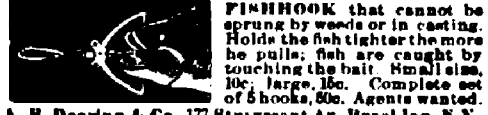
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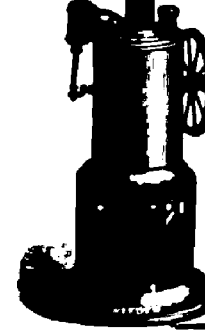
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President Roosevelt's New "Den" ~ Waldon Fawcett

THE recent remodeling of the White House has enabled President Roosevelt to provide himself with a "den," which would be the delight of any boy. Indeed, this unique apartment is just such a one as the average boy might be counted upon to plan if he had unlimited money with which to carry out his ideas, and the President, who is yet very much of a boy, is deriving more real benefit and enjoyment

this administration," for the reason that it serves as his training quarters as well as library and reading room.

One of the objects in planning the President's "own" room was to provide a nook where he can always be free from interruption if he desires. In the spacious apartment there has been installed President Roosevelt's magnificent private library, supplementing the regular collection of books belonging to the White House, and here he does most of his reading and much of his writing. Here also he composes many of the state documents and public addresses which he presents from time to time. To this room, too, he brings any old friend who may chance to call at the White House and with whom he wants to have a confidential chat, mayhap, regarding the pranks of their boyhood days.

After all, however, the most interesting function of this highly-prized room is found in its use as a gymnasium by the President. When Mr. Roosevelt was serving as Governor of New York State he usually carried on his muscle-building exercises in the attic of his residence at Albany; and even at his summer home at Oyster Bay he has no indoor athletic arena which is superior to this specially devised room at the White House which being very spacious and rather sparsely furnished, permits of strenuous action without danger of collisions with the furniture.

In his White House training quarters the President indulges in boxing and wrestling, two sports of which he has always been very fond, and it is here that he has taken up fencing, a sport new to him but regarding which he is already very enthusiastic. President Roosevelt's interest in fencing is the outgrowth of his singlestick contests during the past winter with General Wood, who proved so much more skillful at this sport than did the President that the latter was not always able to defend himself, and on one occasion sustained a disabled wrist, while on another a rap from General Wood's singlestick raised a large lump on his forehead.

However, the President has determined that he will not continue to be worsted by his great chum, who was his comrade in arms during the Spanish-American war, when they shared in the command of the famous Rough Riders. Accordingly he has taken up a scientific course of instruction in fencing under the direction of Senor Pavese, the Italian master-at-arms, who holds the world's championship as a sabre and foil fencer. Senor Pavese was formerly instructor in fencing to the Italian royal family and in one memorable contest he defeated twelve expert

swordsmen in succession, fencing continuously for more than four hours. The Italian swordsman has just secured from Italy a handsome pair of gold mounted foils which he had made at a cost of four hundred dollars and which he will present to President Roosevelt.

Although the walls of President Roosevelt's "den" are lined with bookcases, there are piled here and there varied assortments of sporting and athletic goods, including boxing gloves, singlesticks, fencing swords and foils, padded vests and gloves and other articles used by the President in the bouts which are indulged in when he is at home as regularly as he takes his afternoon horse-back ride. A conspicuous object in the "den" is an immense portrait of George Washington. The President has for use as a desk one of the most interesting

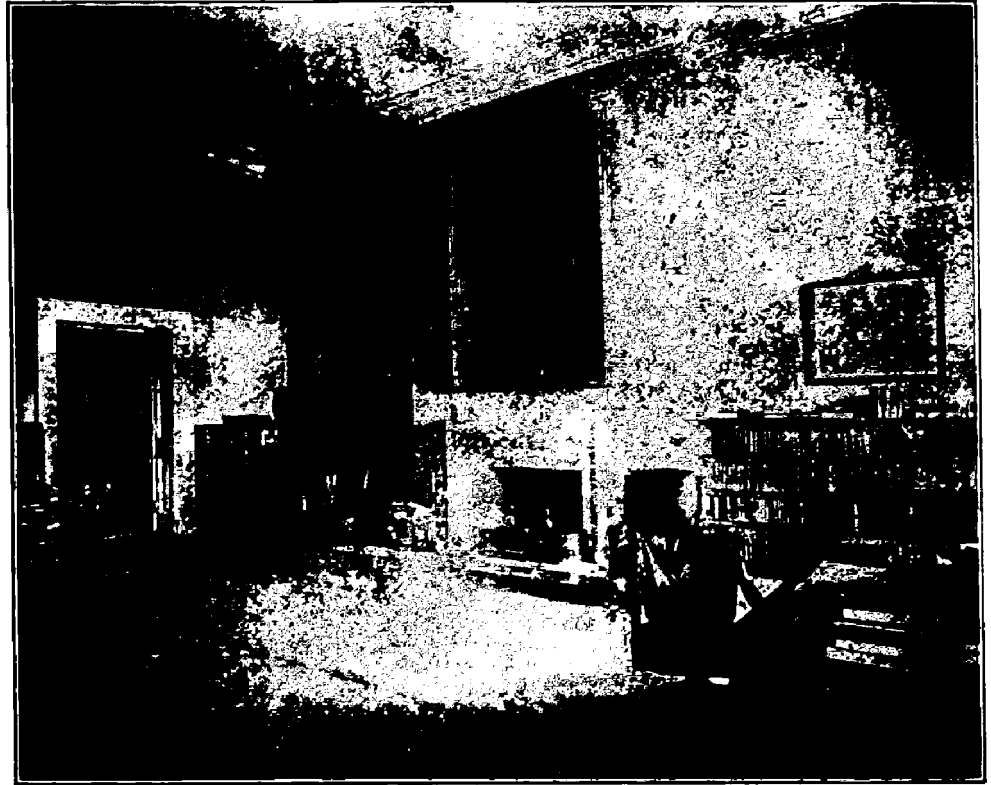
heirlooms in the White House. It is a flat-top desk, constructed of timber which formed a part of the British ship, *Resolute*, which the English government sent to the Arctic regions in 1852 to search for the remains of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer. The English crew abandoned the ship in the frozen north, but she was discovered the following year by an American whaler and towed into an American port. Later the vessel was restored to the British government. In recognition of this country's good offices Queen Victoria had the desk constructed in 1881 and presented it to the Executive Mansion at Washington. Almost every President since that time has used the desk more or less and many historic documents have been prepared upon it.



SENOR PAVESE.

The President's Instructor in Fencing

from this nook than from any other portion of his new home. This special play-room of the nation's youngest Chief Magistrate is on the second floor of the White House. It was formerly the Cabinet Room and is consequently the most historic apartment in the Presidential Mansion. The new room is generally referred to as the President's study or "den," but Mr. Roosevelt himself calls it "the Department of Physical Culture of



THE PRESIDENT'S NEW "DEN" AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

How Boston Harbor Became a Teapot ~ L. T. Crandall

"Let King George do his worst. What is he to us, anyway?" What a seditious remark to be made openly in the streets of Boston, away back in the year 1773. No one appeared astonished, however, and another answered: "Yes, he can rule in England, but this is our country; we settled it and we can govern it."

Was it market day that had called everyone out so early? A miserable rain was falling, but the streets were alive with people; not only the town citizens, but fishermen from Marblehead, farmers from Cambridge—family men on horseback, their wives riding behind them on pillion; here a dignified merchant from Roxbury, in blue broadcloth and brass buttons, and there a blacksmith with his sooty hands and leathern apron. Everyone was eager and excited, nor hesitated to express his opinion loudly, while the name of Samuel Adams was on everybody's tongue.

"Sam knows what he's about. We must have a congress, or we'll soon be a race of slaves. Parliament has no right to tax us without our consent." "Yes, they laughed in their sleeve over the silly colonists, who, they thought, would rush to buy tea because it was cheap after the export duty was taken off, not thinking we would discover the sly trick. We are not fools, though we may seem like it." Another one spoke up: "I can't see why we should be dependent on a country, anyway, that cripples and cramps us in every way she can."

Excitement, already great, rose to fever heat, whenever they glanced at the harbor, where three vessels rode at anchor, laden with the hateful tea; and, worse and greater insult, just beyond were two armed frigates, training their broadsides on the channel, ordered by the British admiral to sink whatever craft should try to go to sea without the proper credentials.

The tall, good-looking figure of Samuel Adams was seen coming out from the Green Dragon with a number of other dignified personages. He wore a red cloak and cocked hat, and looked as if he was not afraid of the devil or any of hisimps, much less a British soldier. The crowd followed on behind him, and as the clock struck ten, they poured into the Old South Meeting house; not in a quiet, dignified manner, as on Sundays—the deacons taking the most honored places, and the people standing while the minister ascended to the pulpit—but pell-mell an excited eager

mob, feeling more than they ever had done before, that the country's fate depended upon themselves.

After prayer, Samuel Adams arose and addressed the meeting. A solemn hush fell upon the crowd as he said:

"That bell that has just ceased tolling told us of a tragedy about to begin. I can see from your determined faces that you are resolved to throw off the yoke of England, and after you have once started, there will be no turning back.

"You all know that ever since this unlawful tax was put upon tea, that it has been too expensive to buy or drink, even if it had not been against our principles. The export duty has now been taken off, and the merchants who ship it are to pay the import; thus the revenue will be collected without the aid of the custom houses and tea will become very cheap. This is an adroit attempt on the part of Parliament to deceive you and make you pay the tax.

"Three vessels loaded with tea are now in your harbor. You know how we have patrolled the seaport towns, so that nothing could be unloaded without our knowledge; what a watch has been kept upon the city; how the consignees have been asked to meet with us at Liberty Tree, and throw up their commissions, and how they have refused to do so.

"Gentlemen, the question now before us is: 'What shall be done with the tea?' At midnight, unless the vessels have discharged their cargoes, they will be in the hands of the revenue officers. It is twenty days since they arrived, and, according to law, they can be confiscated at the end of that time. The owners of the ships have declared a willingness to send them back to England as they are, but the custom house officers have refused to grant clearance papers, urging some trifling technicalities, and those mighty guns we can see yonder in the harbor will not let them go down the channel to return home without their papers.

"Gentlemen, I repeat again, what is to be done? Shall we allow them to land the tea?"

"Never," burst from hundreds of throats in one tumultuous yell.

"Let us see if Mr. Rotch cannot help us," continued Mr. Adams. Mr. Rotch was a young Quaker merchant. He had a pleasing face, but an uneasy smile as he rose, and said: "I am willing that the tea should go back without being unloaded, but I cannot get a permit."

"Mr. Rotch," said Mr. Adams, "Something must be done at once. We will leave you to see the Governor and meet again at three o'clock."

The crowd filed out of the church, more determined than ever to have their rights, and Mr. Rotch jumped into his chaise and drove out into the country to try to see the Governor. A cold east wind was blowing, the rain was still falling, and the poor merchant was a disgusted as well as a discouraged man, as he drove along the muddy roads. This whole discussion made him sick. He did not care what became of the tea; he wanted his money. Still he did not want to get into trouble with either party. He thought the British were the stronger, and knew they could arrest him and throw him into irons; at the same time he did not want to be sneered at and hissed by the young men about town.

He dreaded, too, his meeting with the Governor, knowing well of the refusal that was almost sure to come. He did not feel toward Governor Hutchinson as most of the colonists did, that he was a spiteful, scheming man, trying to undermine them with the king; but looked upon him as a fair and upright person, who was trying to do his best in this sea of trouble that had arisen; a law-abiding man, firm in the belief that the king was king by divine appointment, and that suppressing the laws of Parliament was anarchy. He felt sure that he had gone out to his country seat to avoid the discussion, hoping and expecting that things would not come to an issue before midnight, and knowing that by that time the tea would be safely in the hands of the revenue officers.

It took Mr. Rotch the greater part of the short December day to make the trip, and the candles were lighted in the church when he returned.

Everyone had spent a thoroughly disagreeable day; no one had gone back to his home, as all were determined to see the thing to a finish. The country women took their little tin stoves to the neighboring houses to borrow coals, and talked of cheeses, mincemeat, and the price of wool, while they sipped their cups of steaming "Hyperion," as they called the decoction they now brewed from strawberry leaves.

The men assembled at the Green Dragon, the Bunch of Grapes, and other taverns, and discussed the vital question as they sipped their rum before the blazing wood fires.

At three o'clock they had gone back to

the meeting house, stamping their feet and snapping their fingers to keep warm, for there was no fire, and were keeping an impatient watch on the door, for the tardy merchant's arrival.

It was a weird picture that met the eyes of the Quaker as he entered the church a little after six o'clock, tired out from his long and dismal ride. The ghostly shadows made by the dim candles gave the grim faces a look of sinister determination, which he hated to confront, and the high-backed pews looked like barricades.

He announced that his trip had been a failure, and that the Governor would not give his permission to let the vessels return. At these words, Mr. Adams arose and said: "Then this committee can do no more to save the country."

A solemn stillness came over the church for a moment, to be broken by a blood-curdling war-whoop—that sound that had once been so familiar and was still heard with a feeling of terror. Every woman shuddered, and every man grasped his musket, as thirty five or forty Mohawks in their warpaint and feathers rushed by the church, followed by a dense mob, which was quickly swelled by all those in the church, who had dimly begun to realize that perhaps they were not Indians, though looking so like them.

The seeming Indians were orderly enough, except for those hideous yells. They directed their way toward Griffin's wharf, where the ships were lying.

The rain had ceased, and the pale moon was drifting through the clouds as the party reached the shore, where the waves were dashing against the wharf and the ships rode gaily at anchor, the Dartmouth close up, and the Ellnor and Beaver near her. The savages ceased their yelling now, and were as silent as a specter band as they sprang on board the vessels, brandishing their tomahawks in the faces of the captains as they did so, and telling them to be quiet on pain of instant death.

They were an awesome-looking band, and not to be trifled with. The sailors provided hoisting tackle, lifted the hatches, and attempted no opposition, while the strange visitors opened chest after chest, and flung the contents into the sea.

When the work was finished the crowd marched silently away, and as the old church clock pealed forth the midnight hour, that weighty question—what to do with the tea—was settled.

OLD TWO-NOSE

THE LAST MEDICINE MAN.



ROE L. HENDRICK.

My friend, the Rev. M. S.—, wrote to me recently from his station as a missionary with the sub-tribes of the Dakota Indians located on the Rosebud Reservation. The final paragraph of his letter read as follows:

"Old Two-Nose is dead. His body was found last week out in the open country, where he had been caught in a terrific hailstorm and killed. The old fellow was naked to the waist and his body was badly mutilated by the hailstones, which were as large as hens' eggs and came like bullets. The removal of this old heathen seems almost providential. As you know he did all in his power to prevent our christianizing and civilizing the young people of his race, and his influence over them was great."

Great, indeed! and it was not to be wondered at, fakir and fraud though he was, for his was an unconscious fraudulence, and to the bottom of his savage old heart he believed himself a great necromancer and prophet in alliance with the unlimited powers of the spirit world.

I rummaged in my desk to find his photograph, taken in an unguarded moment, but in some way it had been lost. Closing my eyes, however, I could see his powerful figure, and rough-hewn, stolid face, with the baleful, gleaming black eyes that were the only signs of life about him when he squatted, blanket-wrapped, beside the flap of his tepee.

He was the last medicine man of the Blanket Indians at the Rosebud, and with his death and the dawning of the twentieth century will come a change, leaving few traces of the incantations and charms by means of which he wrought upon the superstitious minds of his untaught tribesmen.

Two-Nose must have been eighty years of age, perhaps even older. How he became a medicine man and twice defied death is an interesting story.

As a young man, a half century or more ago, he was noted as a diver and a swimmer. One summer day, with a score of young warriors, he was swimming about a little pond, perhaps forty yards in diameter, when he stood on the bank and announced that he was going to dive and cross the pond without coming to the surface.

He disappeared with a splash. Five minutes, ten minutes passed, and he did not reappear. His companions, with poles and their feet, felt all over the bottom of the pond for his body. It was not to be found. They came out of the water, greatly frightened. The skal-lal-i-toots the evil spirits of nature that make the night noises, had carried their comrade away.

So they reported to the village, and that night the women of his family went out on the bleak hills and, with shorn hair and blackened faces, began to wail for the dead. The medicine man of the Wolf gens—his mother's sub-tribe—was summoned, and the funeral rites, made doubly long and difficult by the spiriting away of the body, were begun.

His relatives gashed themselves with sharp knives and fasted, while the wail of the women was prolonged day and night;

the medicine man's incantations failed to reveal where Two-Nose's spirit was, and so the funeral was prolonged.

It had been in progress three days and two nights when the supposed dead man staggered weakly into the village. His hair was matted and filled with dirt, and he was exhausted. In one hand he had a bit of stick, and in the other a beaver's pelt.

His story was as wonderful as it was simple. Diving across the pond, he had chanced to enter the underwater passage of a bachelor, or solitary male beaver. When he tried to rise to the surface he came up against its roof.

Then he struggled on again and rose a second time, only to come against the same impediment. When almost drowned he finally emerged into the den where there was air, though fetid and scarcely life-supporting. In the darkness he felt about, seized the beaver and slew it barehanded. In so doing the earth caved in and closed the passage by which he had entered.

The Indian found a bit of stick and began to dig upward. He was twelve feet beneath the surface, but the beaver's flesh kept him alive, and an Indian's endurance under some circumstances seems almost unlimited. He dug his way out, broke up the funeral service and became the most famous medicine man of his tribe, with the beaver as his totem and familiar spirit.

It is a singular exposition of the workings of the savage mind that, though he told this adventure simply and truthfully, he fully believed that he had been inveigled into and saved from the beaver's den by supernatural powers, and so did all his hearers. This showed clearly that he was a favorite of the spirits, and by them had been initiated into the mysteries of magic.

For years he exercised his occult powers. Then, when an old man, his totem, the beaver, came to him in a dream and whispered that he could fly, telling him what medicines to collect to give him the power.

Patiently and laboriously he collected herbs, roots, and parts of animals to make the charm he needed. Then, after anointing his body and burning incense all night, with the medicine in his belt, he went along to the top of an eighty foot bluff and jumped off, flapping his arms like wings as he did so.

The old man's calm confidence in his powers would have been ridiculous had it not seemed inevitably fatal. Some of the officers on the reservation had advised him to try a little bluff first, but he indignantly said he would not insult his totem by any such lack of confidence.

Of course he came to the ground in a heap. He was picked up, seemingly dead, and again the heathen funeral rites were begun. This time they lasted two days, when the supposed corpse sat up and asked for meat. In a few days he was about as usual.

This fall cost him much prestige, but he gradually regained it. He was off gathering medicine to cause the whites to wither away and the bones of all the dead Indians to come to life, when the storm came upon him and caused his death.

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One of Lincoln's Visitors.

(From "Success")

It was Abraham Lincoln's rule to receive callers at the White House from nine until two o'clock, except on days when the cabinet met. It was a rule, however, more honored in the breach than in the observance. Visitors found their way into his presence from early morning until late at night, and even his sleeping hours were not wholly free from their importunities. Late in the day, when the weather and his duties permitted, he drove out for an hour's airing. Almost invariably, some camp or hospital was the objective point of the day's ride. He was, from the first, the personal friend of every soldier he sent to the front, and from the first, also, every soldier seemed to divine, as if by intuition, that he had Mr. Lincoln's heart. Stories of how the President interfered, personally, to secure some right or favor for the man afoot, with a gun on his shoulder, steadily found their way to the army; and, as the war went on and battle followed battle, the wounded soldier hobbling into the White House became a sight too familiar to cause remark. None departed without cheer or help of some kind, and in all parts of the country little cards are treasured by private soldiers, each of which bears witness to some kindly act performed or requested by the President. One of them reads:

Secretary of War: Please see this Pittsburg boy. He is very young, and I shall be satisfied with whatever you do with him.

August 21, 1863. A. LINCOLN.

The original of this note is in possession of William B. Post, a citizen of Washington, Pennsylvania. Post enlisted when less than sixteen years of age, was stricken with fever shortly after entering the service, and was sent to a hospital in Washington. When able to leave his bed, he requested his captain to allow him to return home, promising that, as soon as he should recover, he would gladly take up his musket and go to the front. The captain, however, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and, as a last resort, Post sought an audience with the President. "My boy," said Mr. Lincoln, as the last concluded his story, "if you want to go home to your mother, you shall. You were too young to go into the war, and the man who permitted you to enlist should be dismissed from the service. I admire your courage and patriotism, but your place is at home with your mother."

The President then wrote the note quoted above, handed it to Post, and, telling him that he would put him through his troubles, dismissed him with a "God bless you!" Secretary Stanton gave him a furlough and transportation home. When he regained his health and strength, he returned to the army, and fought with his regiment until the close of the war.

Just One Thing.

A gentleman was walking with his youngest son at the close of the day, and in passing the cottage of a German laborer the boy's attention was attracted to the dog. It was only a common cur, but the boy took a fancy to him, and asked his parent to buy the animal for him.

Just then the owner of the dog came home, and was demonstratively met by the dog. The gentleman said to the owner:

"My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog, and I should like to buy him. What do you ask for him?"

"I can't sell dat dog," said the German. "Look here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog, but as my boy wants him, I will give you a sovereign for him."

"Yaas," said the German. "I knows he is verry poor dog, and not vort much; but der ish von little ding mit dat dog I can't sell—I can't sell de vag of his tail ven I comes home at night."

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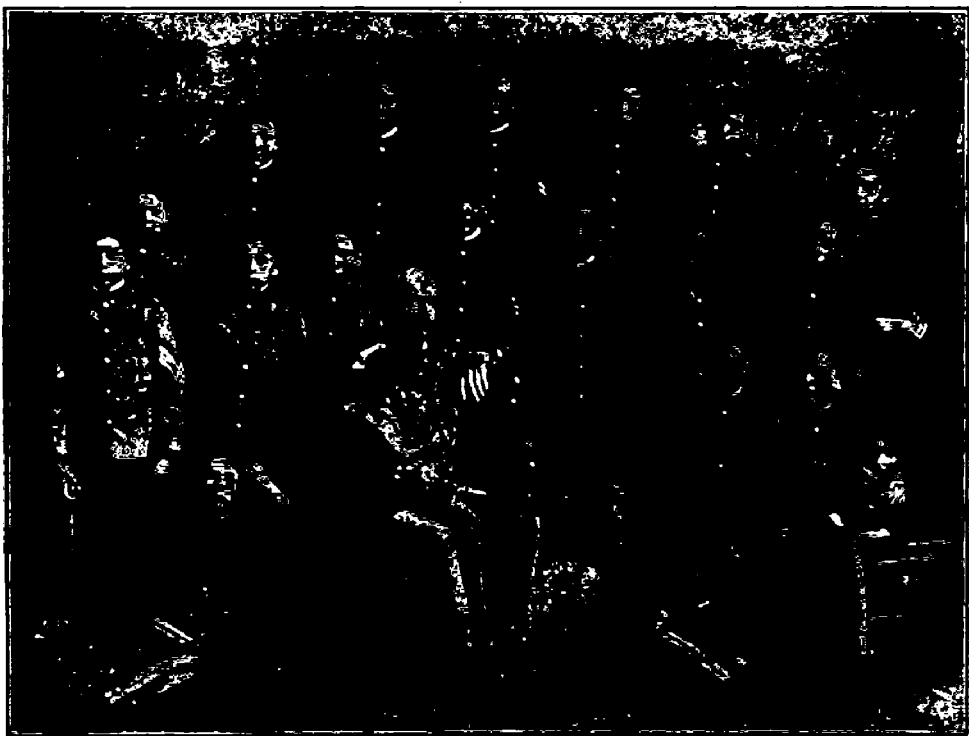
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Choir Boys Have a Good Time.

St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, Chicago, treats its choir boys well, furnishing to them a gymnasium and a \$2,000 camping equipment, as well as a two weeks' outing each summer somewhere in the north woods. The gymnasium is on the third floor of the parish house. A swimming pool is about to be built in the basement as an adjunct to the shower baths of the gymnasium. Not only are the choir boys entitled to the use of the gymnasium and shower but the young men's clubs of the church have found them inviting. The gymnasium is a long, wide room equipped with horizontal bar, parallel bars, hurdles, a horse, dumb-bells, basket ball and mats for wrestling. An instructor in the art of physical culture is on hand every night the gymnasium is open. From thirty to forty boys are entitled to the outing. Last summer they went to Lake Gogebic, in northern Michigan.



GRACE CHURCH BOYS' CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Captain A. H. Hutchinson in the front centre.

[See page 324.]

Life On a Man-of-War—D. F. Randolph



AFTER two months lying at anchor in the Brooklyn navy yard and off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, the prospect of a cruise of fourteen thousand miles to Mauila was very agreeable.

The first sabbath at sea was the occasion of a general muster. At breakfast that morning the word was given out by the master-at-arms. At nine o'clock the colored bugler called us together to quarters. At ten came a definite order to lay aft on the quarter deck. There was a manifest disposition on the part of the eldest seamen to keep in the background. In ten minutes every soul on the Iowa was gathered on deck. The officers of the vessel were ranged along the weather side of the quarter deck. When all was quiet, the executive officer read the Articles of War. Then the roll was called. As each non-commissioned man's name was called he answered promptly, "Here, Sir," and, cap in hand, walked down the long line, forward, scrutinized by everyone as he passed.



It was curious to see the actions of different individuals as they moved around, some walked with head erect and with an easy rolling gait. Some others made an awkward shuffle in getting around. Others there were who either through indolence or indifference are always late at this ceremony, and, indeed, almost every other. Such lead a miserable life on board a man-of-war. They are perpetually members of the blacklist.

On board the Iowa, where it is impossible to guard one's property against theft, there is, happily, a public sentiment which makes theft the worst of crimes, punished first by confinement in the ship's prison or brig in double or single irons for several days, and in addition the petty offender is blacklisted, that is, deprived of the dear privilege of liberty and of several days' pay.

Each individual on board ship, from the captain to the fireman or coalheaver, is allowed one ration per day, valued at about nine dollars per month. In this matter no difference is made for rank, the only distinction being that the officers—whether commissioned, warrant, or petty—are allowed to stop their ration of food, and take its value in money instead, with which and with funds contributed from their private purses, they supply their larder.

The berth deck of a warship is the chief scene of the labors of the mess cooks, each of which cooks the meals of twenty-two men. On this deck the mess chests are ranged between the guns, two dining tables occupying the space between every two guns. These men have their rations served out in common, and it is for the purpose of receiving the provisions from the commissary yeoman, or assistant storekeeper, of the ship, that a caterer is found necessary. He is also required to have every article under his charge ready for a daily inspection.

There is no class of vessels, from the whaleman up to the man-of-war, about which there may not be found some piece of fancy work, on the cleaning and ornamenting of which the captain has quite set his heart. The merchant captain often pays more attention to the brightness of his paint work than to the correctness of his reckoning. So, on board the Iowa, neatness is the one great desideratum. From five to seven every morning the men holystone the decks, from seven to eight clean bright-work, and both morning and afternoon, sweepers sweep down. There are chain cables to be cleaned and all day long for a week or more, all hands sit over these cables,

pounding and clinking away, then scouring and dusting each link, and daubing it over with a mixture of coal tar and lacquer. The gun-carriages are stained, the rapid-fire guns blackened, the stanchions lacquered, the masts scraped, and so on.

In northern latitudes, the weather is generally unsettled, and rains and light breezes frequently give occasion for much extra work on ships. Of course, the ocean itself differs but little in these latitudes from anywhere else. It is the same vast expanse of undulating blue, heaving in long rollers, as far as eye can reach, out of which the sun glides silently and swiftly in the morning, returning again in golden splendor at night. In the south-east trades, the wind is soft and devoid of all harshness. Even in strong breezes, it fans one's cheek like a soft zephyr. The glorious constellations of the southern hemisphere assume an intense and vivid brightness. The vast masses of snow-white clouds add grandeur to the scene. The waters at night sparkle, marking the ship's wake in a long band of glistening gold; day after day this view continues the same.

A warship is an uncomfortable place in a gale of wind. On going below the blue-jacket frequently finds a wet deck. Hammocks are not allowed below during the day; to sit or lie down on the damp deck is the only resort. Many of the appurtenances of war slide about. And the cook usually threatens to suspend operations in the galley.

Each day, in proceeding southward, the crew experience a different climate, graduating from a most uncomfortable raw, damp and cold atmosphere, through all the shades of spring weather, until in a few weeks, they are sweltering under the burning sun of the equator.

Our second sabbath at sea broke warm and pleasant, though a trifle cloudy with passing rain squalls. We kept our position on the port beam of the Oregon, now distant about two thousand yards. The daily routine was modified by divisional inspection, taking place at 8:40 in the morning, followed by muster. Divine service took place at 10:40, in which the young chaplain, in a few strong, well-turned sentences, took us back in imagination to our home churches and made us feel that indeed God is everywhere, upon the sea as well as upon the land. A gentle breeze blowing from the east kissed the smooth, almost glassy waters, and shortly before dinner the navigator began to swing the ship for deviations, an hour later standing back to the former course.

Monday morning, the men were again mustered at quarters, and exercised at sub-calibre practice; this is about the average change made in the clock every morning. After lunch, the crew were exercised in divisions, and, later, stationed for manning the ship's rail. I chanced to go on deck rather early the following morning. A few stars only were visible. There were rain squalls all around the horizon. The Oregon lay stopped, distant about one mile from us. A four-masted barque, nationality unknown, was standing to northward. During the afternoon the men were kept busy instructing the apprentice boys. This day the regular monthly distribution of clothing was begun.

Neptune, with his sea-clad retinue, stopped the Iowa as she crossed the equator off the Brazilian coast on her long trip to San Francisco and held court on board according to the time-honored nautical custom. His majesty certainly did us that honor and a most royal time we had. It was on Tuesday, October 25th, that our gallant ship was hailed and boarded by Neptune. He informed Captain Terry that he would board us again on the following day to collect tribute from all who had not previously crossed his domain.

Very early, therefore, on the 26th preparations were begun to receive Neptune on board the battleship. The day was given up as a holiday. The Oregon lay on our port quarter, engaged in similar preparations.

Promptly at nine o'clock, Neptune and Amphitrite came on board, accompanied by the members of the Royal Equatorial Court, and after a consultation of some length with the commanding officer, parade round the deck and shortly after began the shaving ceremony. The two hundred and fifty uninitiated were put through in a hearty and thorough manner and each will remember the experience all his life I am sure. At the close, the entire court were themselves pitched headlong into the tank. This tank was made of a big awning spread from the superstructure-deck to the ridge rope and held up athwartship by boom and tackle.

Neptune's staff included the judge advocate, doctor, barber, chief of police with his squad of assistants, clerk, officer of the deck, his assistant, the chief bear and his cubs, together with a drummer, fifer and chief of the detective bureau.

This strange ceremony, performed upon all who have never crossed the equator, is an old-established custom, indulged in by sailors of every maritime nation. The costumes assumed are of the most absurd and outlandish patterns, and, of course, vary according to the men's ideas of the several characters. Neptune, on this occasion, was attired in a light blue suit and long flowing manila hair, beard and mustache. A tin crown, ornamented by a tin star, rested jauntily on his head, and he carried a trident. Queen Amphitrite wore a crown with a star and crescent, and carried a beribboned parasol.

The judge advocate general wore the uniform of a fifteenth century court attendant, with a wig of this century's pattern. The clerk, on the other hand, wore simply a black cutaway coat, brown vest, white duck trousers, a collar seven inches high, red necktie and brown fedora hat, and carried a quilled pencil and long roll of names of the uninitiated. The officer of the deck wore the service dress of a lieutenant. The royal equatorial doctor had donned an apron and sleeve covers, a stovepipe hat made of blackened blotting paper, with blue goggles, and carried as instruments a 24-inch syringe, a pair of cutting pliers and a jackknife.

For the purpose of discipline and to divide the work fairly, the crew are mustered in two divisions: the starboard and the port. The day commences at noon, and is divided into seven watches, which enables the crew to keep them alternately, as the watch which is on duty on the forenoon one day has the afternoon next day, and the men who have only four hours' rest one night have eight hours the next.

Time is kept by means of bells, although there is but the one bell on the ship. One bell is struck at 12:30 (noon), and again at 4:30, 6:30, 12:30 (midnight), and 4:30 and 8:30 a. m.

The subdivision of all kinds of ocean steamers into watertight compartments has, during recent years, much increased. All the machinery, boilers, auxiliary appliances, etc., of the ship, called the vitals, are in duplicate, so that the flooding of one or two compartments cannot possibly disable the propelling, lighting or navigating of the ship. All the openings of the bulkheads are fitted with watertight doors. The security of steamships in the event of their grounding on rocks is now more fully assured by having the inner shell or bottom watertight. The reduction of the weight of battleships obtained by the use of steel instead of iron in the construction of the hulls and machinery is very great. Iron or steel upper or main decks have become general. The duplication of the propelling machinery prevents a loss of all driving power by the breaking of a shaft, or any other part of the machinery. Manual labor has been superseded by steam and hydraulic power in the various details of the inner workings of steamships, as steering, raising and lowering anchors, loading and discharging cargoes, pumping and ventilating. All important steamers are installed with an electric lighting plant, and are provided with good refrigerating and cold air chambers for the storage of fresh and perishable provisions.

The Boyhood of Great Men.

The inventor of the railroad engine was Oliver Evans, born at Newport, Del., in 1775. At the age of twenty nine he built a steam engine. But the credit of first using a locomotive to draw a train of cars must be given to George Stephenson, who was born in England in 1781. George was a poor boy with no education excepting what a night school afforded him. At the age of fifteen he was a fireman in a colliery, afterwards he became a brakeman, and then an engineer. He wanted to emigrate to America, but poverty prevented, so he remained in England, finding employment at about the age of nineteen in James Watt's factory, where he began to study the steam engine. He was eager for knowledge, and before he was thirty one had planned a railroad and built an imperfect locomotive. About this time (1812) Fulton's steamboats were running on the Hudson river, but the stage coach still did service on land. Ten years later Stephenson's locomotive was employed on a rail-

way eight miles long at Darlington, England. It was not until 1830 that a railroad of any importance was built. In 1829 the directors of a railroad proposed a prize of five hundred pounds for the best and swiftest engine and Stephenson produced his Rocket, which was really the first locomotive engine to prove successful, and it is still on exhibition in the museum at Kensington, London. The first railways were declared to be nuisances and every one foretold their failure. English mobs even threatened to destroy Stephenson's railways, and his men had to work under the protection of a guard. Stephenson died in 1848. As a boy he was tall, stout, healthy, industrious and sober. He lived on scant fare and was accustomed to constant toil. He was never discouraged and never repined. His great aim was to be useful to mankind.

From a log cabin with one room to the White House was the career of James A. Garfield. Hard work, little time for reading and few books to read, marked his early boyhood. He learned to read, spell and cipher a little at a country school, and during vacations worked at planting and harvesting. He also engaged in car-

pentering and earned with the saw and the hammer enough to give him a few terms at a boarding school. He worked for a time in an ashery at nine dollars a month. He once chopped one hundred cords of hardwood for fifty cents. He often walked as far as ten miles to get a day's work. He took a place as driver on a canal boat and shortly thereafter took sick and went in debt for his doctor bill. He developed a thirst for knowledge, but he had neither money nor friends to help him to an education. He went to a little academy at Chester, O., with seventeen dollars in his pocket. With that he got one term of schooling. He began the second term with but a few pennies, which it is said he dropped into a contribution box at church. Then he began to teach school, and all the money that he earned he paid out for instruction at the academy and afterwards at college. All the world knows his subsequent career—Major-General in the army, Member of Congress, and finally President. The leading traits of his character were industry, thirst for knowledge, pluck, loyalty to duty, and mastery of self.

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy he spent all the money he could procure for

books. His first acquisition was Bunyan's collection in small volumes. These he sold to buy a historical collection, which consisted of forty or fifty small, cheap volumes. Franklin's father's library was made up principally of theological works and the boy read most of these. Among his father's books were "Plutarch's Lives," in which he read continually. He himself declared that he found in an essay on "Projects," by De Foe, a source of impressions that afterwards influenced some of the principal events of his life. When a boy, Franklin used sometimes to sit up nearly all night to finish reading an interesting book that he had borrowed, so that he might return it the next day and secure another. He read Addison's Spectator before he was sixteen. Having read a book on vegetarianism, he undertook to practice it and thus economize. By adopting a diet of rice, hasty-pudding and potatoes he saved half of the sum he had been paying for board, and the savings went to a fund for the purchase of books. Horace Greeley read the Bible through consecutively when he was five years of age. The first book he ever owned was the old Columbian Orator.

MY CHUM

BY ANNA SCOTT WALKER

If you will just step around the corner here, I have a chair in the shadow of the flagman's shanty, and I can soon put a shine on the soiled little boots, and clean the mud stains too, if you've a mind—

He ranged up alongside of her, as she stood on the curb, looking ruefully at her soiled boots. As she had alighted from a car, the wheels of a passing truck had splashed into a puddle of muddy water, much to the detriment of her dress and her dainty shoes.

He was not an ordinary street Arab, for his voice gave evidence in its tones of refinement and education. His clothing showed care, womanly care, and his shoes though patched were neatly polished. It could be only stern necessity that had forced him to this position.

"This way, please, and I'll soon have you fixed up. I would never do for you to go to your desk in the spick-spandy office of Coombs & Ross with boots in this condition. There you are, and 'Welcome to the throne of the American boy!' he said whimsically, as he helped her to the rickety arm chair, a remnant of a rummage sale.

Her surprise was still greater when he suggested, with a merry smile, "You might raise your umbrella to keep off the sun, as well as the gaze of the rank and file."

"How do you happen to know so well that I am on my way to Coombs & Ross?" she asked, as he spread out his kit preparatory to the shine.

"Oh, I've been seeing you off and on the last six months, clear days and rainy ones, you were always on hand. I work for them too," he confided. She leaned back in the rickety chair, a twinkle of a smile flickering over her face, as she thought, what if any of her friends should see the boyish admiration expressed in the honest blue eyes of the boot-black kneeling at her feet.

"Oh yes, I know you," he said, looking roguishly at her, while his hands were busy among his brushes and cloths. "I sweep and dust the office of Coombs & Ross since my chum was hurt. I mean to be a lawyer," he added, in a sudden burst of confidence, squaring his shoulders with dignity and eyeing her to see if she appreciated the magnitude of his venture.

"A lawyer!" she exclaimed, interested in spite of herself. "But law is not an easy study; it will take you many years to master it."

"I go to night school, when it's in session, and study every minute I get," he answered, "but daytimes I must work."

"That's a very common experience; we all have to work, in some way for a living."

"There's a man who knows my chum. He's been very good to us, and helps me all he can. He's like the prince in Cinderella, and I call him Mr. Prince. Next month he is to find me a place in his office; then 'good bye' to bootblacking! Still," he reflected, "these have been my good friends in time of need," and he patted the array of brushes affectionately, "but it was no cinch."

"I suppose not," said she. "It could not but hurt your pride, to have to black the boots of the grimy world. But no real work is degrading to a boy with proper spirit."

"That's what my chum says. 'It seems a pity,' she continued, 'you cannot take a four years' course in the High School, and enter an office in the regular way, but I suppose that is impossible, as you say, you must work.'"

"Well, you see it was this way. I did have one year at the High School. Then my chum had a fall, and broke an arm. It was not attended to properly, abscesses formed on the bone and the arm had to come off at the elbow. So you see there was nothing else for me to do but go to work to care for the kids. It was rather hard lines," he said, shaking his head, "for it was tight squeezing while my chum was at the hospital to have the arm amputated and getting it healed." He frowned as if the memory of it was not pleasant.

"Poor boy," she murmured, sympathetically; "but who are the kids, and why do you have to care for them?"

"The kids? Why Hal and Sis, the baby, of course. There was no one else to dress 'em and wash their faces, when my chum was laid aside," he answered, bravely, "but now we do right well."

He polished away at the muddy little boots, as he talked, cleverly interlarding the confidences of his chum with frequent interruptions of "Now they look something like, I have a cleaning stuff that will soon knock out the mud stains, and you will be as fine as a fiddle in a few minutes. I tell my chum, that I reckon you had some trouble or worry, for you don't look as 'chipper' as you did," he said, hesitatingly, as if he did not know how to proceed. "My chum says 'that life is made up of tangled threads cross-

ing and getting snarled into knots; but I would like right well to straighten out some of the tangles, so you'd be jolly again, like you were."

"Your chum must be a very wise person," she replied, the little pucker deepening between her eyes, and a sad droop coming to the corner of her mouth. "Things are all tangled and knotted up for me. Nobody can straighten them out now," she added sadly; "I have only myself to blame."

"My chum says, 'we need all of us to keep pretty busy, and not wonder about the tangles and snarls.' When I have a bad day, and nobody has boots to black or wants to buy my papers, then my chum says, 'Keep up, Sammy, just keep a going and keep a going; the tangles will soon smooth out.' I would hate to be less cheery than my chum, with no right hand and arm to work with. It's a dreadful hard thing to have no right hand; you can't even sew or knit or do anything as other folks do!"

"Sew or knit!" exclaimed Ella, much astonished. "Why, does your chum desire to sew or knit?"

"Now," volunteered Sammy, "you see I have got so used to calling her my chum, I forgot entirely, you would not know my chum was my mother."

All unconscious to the pair, a gentleman had been watching them from across the street. He could see nothing of the girl but the open umbrella shielding her face, the skirt and the tiny boots the boy was so industriously polishing. He watched the earnest face of the kneeling boy, knowing the trusty Sammy. He wondered what was so interesting in the conversation between the two. Something impelled him to cross the street. As he drew near, he overheard the boy say, "Why she's my mother." "Hello, trusty!" the gentleman called, addressing the boy.

"Morning, Mr. Prince," answered Sammy nodding. The girl closed her umbrella, sprang lightly to the sidewalk and exclaimed, "Your mother! Well, I am right down sure I should like to know a mother whose boy calls her his chum."

The man's face turned a shade paler as he stepped quick towards the lady. "Ella."

"Oh, Frank! You?" she cried, softly. "I was utterly unreasonable, Ella."

"Oh, no, forgive me," she murmured a moment later, as his eyes looked straight into hers.

A flush of joy overspread the man's face as they walked quickly away completely absorbed in each other, leaving the boy kneeling in front of the empty chair.

His face was a study; feelings of surprise, incredulity, pleasure and perplexity chased each other across it.

"Well," he exclaimed, emphatically, "I am glad, right down glad, it was Mr. Prince who brought her the glass slipper; but she clear forgot to pay me for the shine. My eye! but wasn't her face good to look at when he called her name? I'll tell my chum she said she wanted to know her. Sure pop, this time it was."

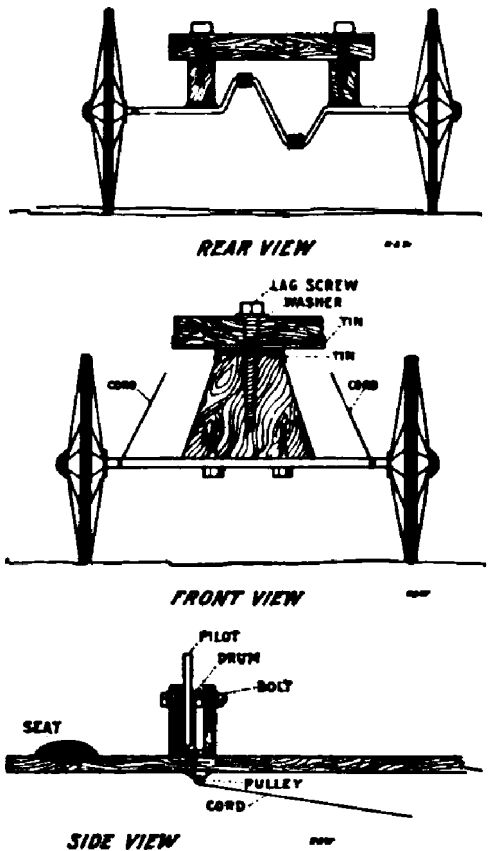
"A season of clear shining To cheer us after rain."

The Results of a Clever Lad's Efforts

Boys are always interested in wagons, especially when they can supply their own motive power. I saw a boy the other day with pleasure written all over his face, as he went spinning along the asphalt pavement, with his new wagon, which was the result, he told me, of much experiment and labor. He found his wagon was very useful for delivering small parcels, and he organized a sort of local packet delivery for his friends and neighbors. I tried to get a photograph of the wagon, but did not succeed, so with the aid of a few sketches, I will describe the construction as clearly as possible, and trust that my boy readers will exert their mechanical skill in duplicating this ingenious vehicle. This clever boy began by getting the rear wheels of a discarded tricycle of the ordinary kind. It would not be difficult for you to get one at the same junk shop in your neighborhood; to the axle of these wheels a plank of about 4 feet long, 10 inches wide and 2 inches thick, was fastened by being bolted to that part of the tricycle which formerly was the steering head. The plank was raised above the axle itself by means of two wooden blocks, so that it would be high enough to allow the running gear to work freely; to fasten the supporting blocks to the axle, he used iron bands, which he had taken off a packing box. For the front wheels he used a pair taken from an old baby carriage; these were fastened to a heavy block of wood and bolted on to the plank, the block acting as a steering or fifth wheel. The upper surface of the block was covered with a piece of tin, which was carefully tacked down on the sides, a corresponding piece was fastened on the under side of the plank, then a hole was drilled through about six inches from the end, and a lag-bolt screwed in to hold the block firmly, at the same time acting as a pivot for the block and the wheels to turn on. I will have to go into details at this point as my young reader is likely to be puzzled about certain matters. In the first place, the object of this tin was to lessen the friction of the steering block; the lag-bolt I speak of is a heavy iron screw with a square head—you can buy one at a hardware store for five cents. Get an iron washer with it and place this washer between

the head of the bolt and the plank and keep the tin underneath the plank well greased; make the steering block just high enough to bring the back and front of your plank to a level.

When he had the four wheels on he started to plan his pilot or steering gear. The wheel was the bottom of an old peach basket; it had for an axle or drum,



as we will now call it, a piece of curtain pole, the kind your mother uses to hang portieres on. He cut a piece three inches long and glued one end in the wheel, just bringing it flush with the inside, or, in other words, the side which was to face him. This done, he took two pieces of wood two inches wide, one inch thick and just a little longer than half the wheel, these he fastened to the plank in an upright position three inches apart and in convenient reach from his seat. These guides in position, he then drilled a hole through the drum from side to side and ran a long bolt through this and the upper part of the uprights, furnishing an axle for the drum to revolve on. Now he had everything in readiness for the steering cords. He used some stout sash cord for this; one end was tied securely to the front axle as near the wheels as possible to give him plenty of leverage and render the steering easy. The cord was then brought through a hole directly underneath the side of the drum, pulled through, wrapped around three times, then dropped through a corresponding hole and thence to the other side of the axle and once more fastened. He found it necessary to put little pulleys next to the holes through which the cord passed, to keep the cord from wearing off. These were simple little pulleys costing five cents each. Now he was nearing completion. He sat on the plank with his feet on the pedals and turned the pilot wheel, and he found that the cord slipped when he pulled the front wheels perfectly in line with the rear wheels; then he drove a staple over the center turn of cord on the drum and the front wheels responded to every movement of the pilot wheel.

As a finishing touch, he painted all the wood work; then he made a pad of excelsior and covered it with a piece of carpet, which made him a neat and comfortable seat. He then hammered a row of brass-headed tacks in the rim of the peach basket wheel, which gave it the appearance of being made just for the purpose. Lastly, he attached a bicycle bell and lamp to the front of his rig and brought a strong piece of cord from his seat underneath the plank to the bell, and he was ready for the road, as proud a boy as could be found in the neighborhood, and let me tell you, all his chums looked up to him as a hero, and offered him all kinds of inducements to be permitted to try this up-to-date wagon.



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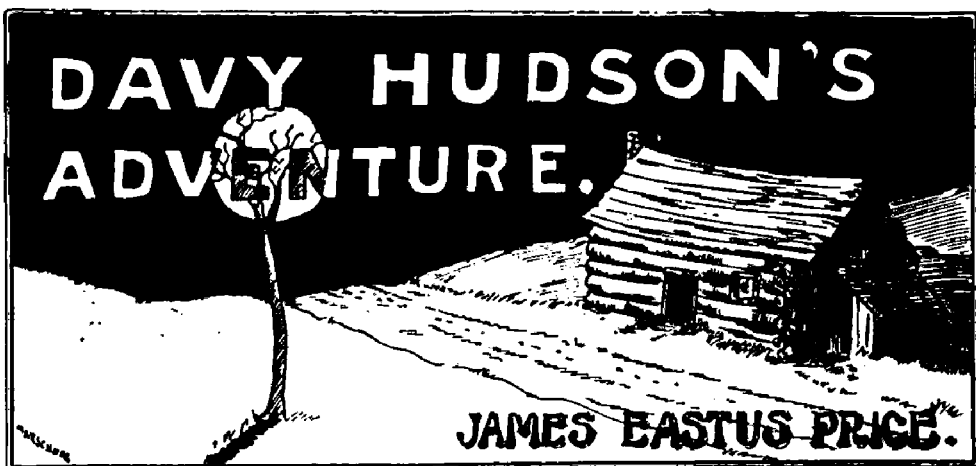
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K YOU could have looked, on certain winter evenings, into the little cabin home occupied by old Aunt Phyllis, you would have seen gathered there seven colored people, known on the plantation as Uncle Nep, Big Ike, Fat Cindy, Stumpy Jake, Little Winnie, Limping Sue and Aunt Phyllis. And often there sat on a bench in a warm corner, a white boy, who like many a country boy before and since then, went to the negro cabin to hear the wonder tales related there. And sometimes such young visitors would be doubly welcomed by some particular sable member of the party who considered it his or her duty, as well as pleasure, to "look after de chile."

The "chile" in this instance was over eleven years old. He was Davy Hudson whose father, a few years



before the beginning of the Civil War, left his home in the west and came south to manage the Sevier plantation. This plantation was situated in one of the wildest parts of North Carolina—the Green Swamp section of Brunswick County, and near the great swamp Lake Waccamaw.

One frosty October evening Davy went to the "story-tellers' club house"—as old Mr. Sevier called the gathering place of the "sable seven"—eager to hear stories from one or more of the negroes, and to ask Uncle Nep to take him next day to a lumber camp, where cypress logs for making shingles were cut.

The negroes told strange tales of the gloomy cypress swamps, one of which was about a hoodoo woman who lured people to her den in the deep woods, transformed them into animals and danced with them at night around a pine-knot fire. But, while Davy was to some extent impressed with the weird nature of these tales, they could not suppress his desire to explore the great swamp, and even to hunt wild animals there—when Uncle Nep could go with him. Yet there was one beast (which often served as the master feature in Stumpy Jake's swamp stories) that Davy did not wish to meet—not even when with his protector, Mr. Hudson's old Jock, a powerful boarhound.

This animal, in the language of Stumpy Jake, was the "swamp tagger" (swamp tiger) which, as described by the old darky, was as big as a cow, strong as an elephant and swift as an eagle. But Davy knew that the "swamp tiger" was only Stumpy Jake's exaggerated idea of a panther, the animal most feared by the boy.

Upon arriving at the little cabin, Davy found the sable seven there, sitting around the wide fireplace where a roaring pine-knot fire lit up the room and warmed its occupants into a talkative mood. There was an air of comfort and contentment in the little room, not at all lessened by the savory odor that came from an old-fashioned oven standing on three legs over a pile of glowing coals in the front part of the fireplace.

On the curved rim top of the oven also coals were piled, and inside—between two fires—a large, fat 'possum, flanked round with sweet potatoes, was baking. Outside the cabin stillness reigned, save when broken by the "too-hoo" of the great horned owl, now venturing from the swamp in search of prey.

The folklore stories of the seven old colored people were many, and sometimes a personal experience of weird, superstitious nature would be related. And

such Davy heard, on the evening mentioned, as he sat at the side of the big fireplace and near Uncle Nep.

"Dat 'possum smell fine," said Uncle Nep, looking at Limping Sue. "I don't 'spec' you's had any 'sperunce wid dat animal?"

"Go off'n heah, Unc' Nep," Sue answered; "de 'possum in my ole kentry wuz jes' so plenty we had ter shet de do' to keep'm outen de house."

"Dat mus' be a glorious place," said Fat Cindy, smacking her lips.

"Dat it is, honey—an' I wush I was back dere right now," said Sue. "But 'possum give me a heap'er trouble onct—at leas' dere wuz er animal of dat 'riety mixed in de trouble."

"How dat? How dat? Tell us 'bout it," said several of the company, while all craned their necks expectantly forward.

With eyes fixed upon the oven, where the toothsome 'possum was baking, Sue related her story as follows:

"I got in love wid Yaller Joe, dat b'long ter de same fambly wid me when I wuz in Souf' Ca'lina. Yas'sir, I wuz foolish 'nuf ter git in love wid dat little bow-leg, yaller nigger. He come co'tin' roun' me jes' ez hard ez he could; an' fus' ting I know, I done gone on him fer sho. Everyting went erlong ez smove ez de gravy on dat animal dat Aunt Phyllis' bakin' dere, 'till Spotted Jinny come ter lib on de place. I know, jes' ez soon ez I look on dat gal wid de spots on her face, dat she was a hoodoo 'oman. At fust Joe wouldn't go nigh ter Jinny; but after while she put de spell on him, an' 'fo' I know it, he wuz follerin' her 'bout like de yaller coon dog follers 'er wahn trail. Well, I wuz er foolish gal in dem days."

"Ah-ha! Oh-ho!" laughed Uncle Nep.

"O, we wuz bof' in de same hog-trough, Unc' Nep, only you stayed dere," answered Sue, and kept on with her story.

"I 'termined not to let dat gal take my bo' from me ez easy ez dat—ef she wuz er witch. So I makes me er chahm, wid de hair from a cross-eye baby haid, de toe nails of er graveyahd rabbit, and de toof of er blue hog; an' I put dem in er white turkey's craw-bag, and hangs dat roun' my neck. When dis was done, I went ter Jinny's house, intendin' ter up an' tell her she mus' call off de dogs an' quit de chase after Yaller Joe; an' dat ef she didn't I wuz er gwinter gin her de wustest lammin' she ever had in her bohn days.

"Well, when I git ter de house and knock on de do', nobody ain't sayin' nuffin'. I raise de latch an' look in. Dere ain't nobody dar. I feel so quar I take de tu'key bag off my neck an' hol' it in my han', so's to keep off de spell better; fer I know dey wuz laying' roun' de house plentiful.

"Bimeby, while I wuz lookin' roun' de room fer dat Spotted Jinny, I see a big, fat 'possum, all cleaned an' ready fer de taters an' inguns layin' on de table.

"I pick de animul up, jes' ter see how heavy he wuz, and wuz heftin' him, when a awful, curous noise, er shiverin' an' er zoonin' soun', behin' me, made me jump out de do' an' run off ez fas' ez my laigs could carry me. An' I didn't stop 'till I got clean home. Den, fer de fus' time, after I lef' Jinny's house I look down; an' jes' sho's you bohn dere wuz dat 'possum still in my lef' han'.

"Now, what I gwine do? Mus' I go back ter dat house an' took de creatur' ter Jinny? No, suh. I argify dis away: Ef I didn't had no right ter de creatur, why did I forgit ter thunk ter drap him in Jinny's house? An' why did I brung him home, jes' like he hang on my han' 'stidder me on his'n? 'Sides dis, Joe ketch dat 'possum, an' if Jinny's hoodoo ketch Joe dat b'long ter me, de animul mus' sholy be mine.

"Nex' day, when dat 'possum wuz all bake up nice'n fine, Yaller Joe he come 'long an' stop in my house.

"'Is you fon' of 'possum, Mr. Joe?' says I.

"'Yessum; to'ably fon,' says he.

"'An' dat reminds me,' says he, 'dat Miss Jinny done lose a 'possum yistidy.'

"'Yassir—is dat so?' says I. 'An' who she say tuck him?'

"'She say yo' shoe fit de track by her do,' says he. 'An' she done draw yo' pictur' ter be shot at in de cornfel' termorrer. She say dat when de bullit go troo yo' pictur' you's boun' ter drap.'

"'Mr. Joe,' says I, 'ef you goes by er roos' an' er fat pullet fly out an' hang onter yo' coattail, is you sponsibul fer carryin' her off?'

"'In cose not,' says he; 'she'd sholy be toted off.'

"Den I ups an' tells him de whole rigermyrole of de doin's. When I gits ter de place where de curous soun's wuz hearn, Joe almos' turn pale; he roll his eye, an' say, kinder trimbly like:

"'Dere's sump'n' wrong in dat shanty, Miss Sue!'

"'Yassir,' says I, 'dere is.'

"An' den I fotch out de 'possum an' gin him a feas', sich a feas' dat Afkin niggers like Unc' Nep, never hearn tell on.

"Nex mornin' my min' wuz so full of dat little yaller nigger, I fergot 'bout mos' eberyting else.

"'Fo' long Spotted Jinny come 'long an' cas' her big eye at me. It made me feel kinder scringy, but I wuck on in de fiel' jes' de same. After erwhile I fergot all erbout Jinny; I b'leved I'd got Joe back ter me, an' I wuz happy."

"Well, I wuck on' an' wuck on, 'till de middle of de day; an' den, jes' when I wuz singin' de las' line of "Come ter Me My Yaller Boy," bang! went er gun, way off in de fiel', an' I fell down, cruppled in my lef' knee. An' dat's de way I been since dat onlucky day."

"Did the hoodoo woman shoot you, Aunt Sue?" asked Davy.

"No, honey," said Sue, "but she shot my pictur'—which wuz jes' de same."

"What 'come of Yaller Joe?" several of the party asked.

"We got married," said the old woman, with a sigh; "but I loss him. One night, on de dark of de moon, dere wuz er great growlin' en yowlin' outside our cabin. Joe went out ter see what it wuz—en I ain't see him no mo'. But I know Spotted Jinny wuz 'sponsibul fer his dis'pearin' off."

"Yassir," said Stumpy Jake, "dat hoodoo 'oman kerried him off wid a gang of swamp taggers."

"Ez sho's you bohn," said Uncle Nep. An' now Phyllis is gwine pass roun' de 'possum.



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THOUGH the plan had often entered his mind, it was not until 1860 that Blondin, the famous equilibrist, broached the subject of taking a man across Niagara on his back. When the plan had matured itself, he proposed it to his intimate boy friend, Harry Colcord, who at first took the matter as a joke. But it soon became evident that Blondin was in earnest. Colcord accepted the proposition, and it was made a gala event, the crowd that assembled to witness the feat being the largest that Blondin's name ever drew. It has been estimated by competent persons at one hundred thousand.

The rope used for the feat was a mammoth affair, being two thousand feet long and three inches in diameter. Nearly five months were spent in getting it made and put into position with guy ropes and other necessary arrangements for safety. This rope was a seven days' wonder at the time of its construction.

When everything was ready, and Blondin had instructed his young assistant to put his weight on his shoulders only with his arms, and clasp his body with his legs—he could not put any portion of his weight on Blondin's limbs, as that would encumber the equilibrist's movements—Colcord took his place on Blondin's back and they started across the stream.

The passage was begun from the Canadian side amid a silence that was appalling, considering the size of the crowd. Everyone seemed to be holding his or her breath as they watched with helpless fascination the figures on the rope.

As Colcord could only use his arms to support himself on Blondin's shoulders, frequent rests were necessary. On such occasions the boy had only to tell his companion that he wanted to rest, then drop down on the rope with one foot and wait till his arms were relieved, when he would spring up again, using his arms to lift and hold himself in place. During these rests Blondin and his young companion could look out to the

American side and see below them the stunted pine trees, thrusting their sharp points up from the edge of the stream, and the jagged rocks that stood like gloomy sentinels over the foaming waters, ready to split in twain the adventurous pair should Blondin, by any mishap, lose his footing and fall.

That the boy—and, no doubt, Blondin, as well—was anxious for this terrible ordeal to be over, it is needless to say. The great rope before them swung to and fro at an alarming rate. It was afterward ascertained that it had been swinging fully forty feet at the center. Two hundred feet below them the swift current roared and splashed. However, Blondin never faltered, but moved on gracefully with steady step.

Then occurred an incident which came near resulting disastrously for the pair. They had gone about ten feet on the middle span when someone on the American side pulled the outer guy line. This it was subsequently learned, was done intentionally. Blondin stopped, and his pole went from side to side in a vain effort to secure his balance. At one instant the pole was up and down on the right side; at the next, transcribing a similar movement on the left, as the equilibrist swayed from side to side. And all the time the trembling boy on his back was trying to determine whether his friend would succeed in regaining his control.

Blondin failed to get his balance, and, quick to grasp at any straw that offered salvation, he started to run across the horrible span. He reached in safety the point where the guy-rope came from the American shore, and on this he placed one foot to steady himself; but the guy snapped. With a dash of speed that was remarkable for a man in Blondin's position, he ran probably thirty feet farther, and paused with a startled exclamation. The perspiration stood out on his neck and shoulders in great beads, as he balanced himself and companion on the swaying rope, wondering if the

terrible trial was over. In another moment he had regained his balance and continued on toward the American shore.

During this ordeal thousands had turned away their faces, fearing lest they witness the horrible spectacle of man and boy plunging downward toward the seething waters. But when it became evident that they were safe, the excited crowd surged so quickly toward the edge of the bank that Blondin paused again, fearing that they would push each other over. Then, when the crowd became still, he started once more, and with a quick run reached the end of the rope and stepped off on the ground.

Cheer after cheer went up, and Harry Colcord was lifted high in the air by a man who exclaimed:

"Thank God, that terrible feat is over!" So engrossed had Blondin been in recovering himself when on the rope, that he did not fully appreciate the magnitude of the feat until he was safe on shore.

"It was not until we had landed that I appreciated what we had done," said Harry Colcord, in reverting to the nerve-racking experience. "Then it occurred to me that the man who pulled the guy-line must have been one of those who had bet that the feat could never be accomplished, and my indignation mastered all my other feelings. You see, many thousands of dollars were bet upon the ability of Blondin to carry a man over, and human cupidity stops at no sacrifice. Then came congratulations and praises, so that in my foolish boyish elation I soon forgot everything else."

Young Colcord twice crossed Niagara after his initial trip, the last time under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, who congratulated him and Blondin, and gave each a purse of one hundred dollars.

Blondin, who has not been dead many years, was without doubt the greatest of equilibrists, and followed his profession for many years, striving for the fame and glory that subsequently made his name a household word the world over. One of his favorite jokes when crossing the Seine in Paris was to offer to carry any man across with him, and when he met with a refusal, as was invariably the case, the equilibrist would chide the crowd, and say that he was extremely sorry that they feared he would drop them.

One day, as he was about to cross the Seine on the rope, he noticed in the crowd Cham, the great caricaturist, and invited him to cross with him. The artist replied that he would do so on one condition, which was that he should carry Blondin on his back. It is superfluous to say that the latter refused, whereupon Cham exclaimed triumphantly:

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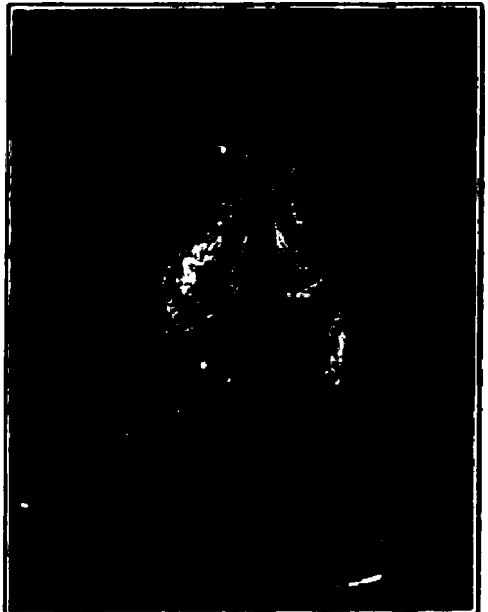
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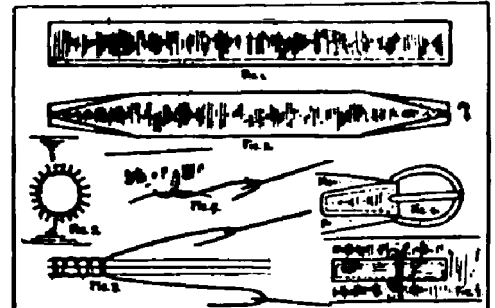
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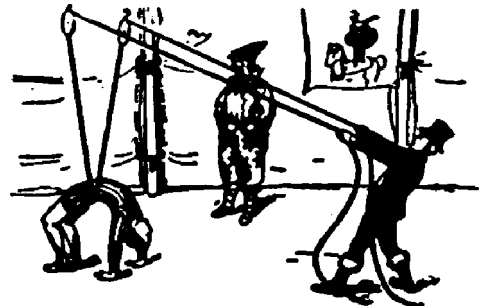
BEGUN IN MARCH

Circus performers appear to use so little exertion in accomplishing their feats of tumbling that young spectators are apt not to realize the difficulty of the performance. Nothing seems more reasonable to the ordinary boy than that on going home he himself may do many of the wonderful things he has witnessed. Many accidents have come from this false conception of the difficulties and risks attending acrobatic work. Various contrivances have been designed to provide some safe way of practicing new feats. Among them all there is none better, and certainly none more simple, than the belt tackle, or, as it is commonly called, "the help." It is constantly in use by the great majority of circus men. All the ordinary feats—back somersaults, front somersaults, hand-springs, etc., can, by means of this arrangement, be practiced without the

slightest risk to the performer. As can be seen from the illustrations the belt is a very simple device. It is made from a wide canvas. A rope runs from each side of the belt to a pulley above the athlete's head. If some one a little heavier than the performer holds the ends of the rope, it is easier to help the athlete clear of the floor. Often two men are detailed to help the performer—one man for each rope. To make the belt, get a piece of canvas about one yard long and ten inches wide. Fold it across sidewise and sew the edges together, as shown in Figure 1. Figure 3 shows the best method of securing the edges of the belt. It is the same stitch which a shoemaker uses. Two needles and two pieces of thread are necessary. Start the needles at opposite sides of the cloth and push them through each time towards each other. A glance at Figure 3 should explain this stitch. Fold over the ends of the canvas strip as shown in Figure 2. Sew down the edges by means of the cross stitch already explained. Take the buckle from an old trunk strap or belt and sew it to the canvas strip as shown in Figure 4. Use as large and strong a buckle as can be found. Several holes must be made in the belt into which the tongue of the buckle can be fitted. The holes should be stitched strongly as shown in Figure 5. The edges of the holes must be strengthened by what is known as the button-hole stitch. Ninety-nine girls in every hundred know how to make this stitch and probably at least half that number would be willing to show a boy how to do it. Figure 6 shows the stitch about as well as it can be shown in an illustration. Simply repeat it over and over again. In the actual work the stitches must be made nearer together than is shown in Figure 5. The ropes are attached to the belt by means of two rings, one of which is sewed on each side of the belt. Any hardware store will furnish such rings for a few cents. Run a strip of canvas through the ring and then sew the strip to the belt as shown in Figure 7. New clothes line is quite strong enough to answer for the rope. Either metal or wooden pulley blocks will answer. If there is no convenient place in the house to rig up a belt, a tree or a big post out of doors does just as well. Fasten the belt to one of the limbs just as you would a swing. It is impossible to do much coaching in the art of tumbling through the medium of an article. Faults vary so with the individual that it is out of the question to make general statements which will be of any use. Perhaps



the phrase which the ordinary trainer uses most when he is giving advice is, "Take things easy." In other words, keep your muscles relaxed as much as possible. Watch expert tumblers whenever you have a chance and practice constantly.



Boys Are Watched.

When we see the boys on the streets and public places we often wonder if they know that business men are watching them. In every bank, store and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill. Those who have the management of the affairs of business will select one of the boys; they will not select him for his ability to swear, smoke cigarettes or tap a beer keg. And the "society swell" who is 'aft about little social functions and is happy in the conceit that he is "just the article" that young ladies find indispensable on all occasions, is given the "glassy stare" quite as often as the beer guzzler or cigarette smoker. Business men may have a few loose habits themselves, but they are looking for boys who are as near gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find, and they are able to give the character of everybody in the city. They are not looking for rowdies. When a boy applies for one of these places and is refused they may not tell him the reason why they do not want him, but the boy can depend upon it that he's been rated according to his behavior. Boys cannot afford to adopt the habits and conversation of the loafers and rowdies if they ever want to be called to responsible positions.—Adv.

Pierce a Penny With a Needle.

To pierce a penny with a needle seems difficult, especially when the sewing needle is a fine one.

In order to accomplish this, stick the needle lengthwise through a cork, allowing the point to project a little. The other end of the needle if it projects over the cork, is cut off with a pair of nippers. Place the penny and cork on a soft board, or, as shown in figure, on two pieces of wood, and hit the cork sharply with a hammer. The cork keeps the needle from sliding to either side, and as the steel of the needle is harder than the copper penny, the coin is easily perforated by the needle.

He Suspected Her.

"My goodness gracious! Little boy, do you smoke cigars?"
"No need of yer hintin', lady; de butt is promised."—Harvard Lampoon.

Three Good Cronies—Gabrielle E. Jackson

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"One must judge a man by his deeds, I presume, but you know that a very famous person once said: 'A man's evil deeds live after him, but his good deeds are often interred with his bones,' so perhaps that may be the case in this instance," and the gentleman looked at Bess searchingly.

"I don't believe it!" was the girl's champion-like, if rather rude, contradiction, for she hated injustice of any kind, and all her sense of right and wrong, and they were keen ones, arose to defend anyone, or anything, wrongly suspected or wrongly accused. "If the good things that people do are forgotten, how is it we happen to have such splendid biographies of people and the generous things they have done? If Mr. Clarke is a crusty old codger who doesn't want to see people, or be bothered by them, maybe he has some reason for it, even if it is pretty hard to understand how a man can have such loads and loads of money and not be perfectly crazy to do things for other people. Why, he couldn't turn around without finding something he could do to make other people happy, if he only had his eyes open wide enough to see them. My goodness, don't I wish that mamma and I were rich enough to do the things we would like to do. I don't care a cent for money just to stack it up, do you?" turning her radiant face toward the man. "But we can't do one-tenth of the things we want to because all we we have that little mother of mine has to earn by scribbling. Of course, when we are down here she just rests and has a lovely time with Bert and me, but when we go back to New York she just hustles all winter, I can tell you," and off galloped Bess upon her hobby, for when "mother" came uppermost in her thoughts, and that was pretty often, no parent ever needed a warmer eulogizing. Her new friend listened with flattering interest, drawing the girl on to talk more and more freely, and occasionally appealing to the boy's opinion, and gleaning in that one hour more information, and more true happiness, than had fallen to his share in many a long day.

"My goodness, there goes the twelve o'clock whistle!" cried Bess, as the prolonged tooting of a whistle upon the mainland announced noon. "What under the sun will mother think has become of us, Bert?" and she sprang to her feet with a look of dismay. "Where has this morning gone to?"

"Crackle! I don't know. Are you going over to the mainland yet, sir? We'd be awfully glad to take you across."

"I had not thought of going just yet, but since you are good enough to ask me, I believe I will go now," and he rose from the seat and followed them down to the boat, the cat trotting familiarly beside him and rubbing against his legs. Bess noticed the act instantly, and said:

"Puss has accepted you as a friend, too. Mother says that it is a good sign when animals like people; she says that she always trusts people that dogs and cats like."

"Then I may hope to win her friendship some day as I hope I have won her daughter's and her daughter's friend's," said their companion as he seated himself in the boat. Bess colored, for she had not stopped to weigh her words, and realized after they were spoken that they had been a trifle personal. Then came the usual farewell to the cat, in which their friend joined, and the boat sped toward the mainland. When they reached the landing their passenger offered Bert a fifty-cent piece, saying:

"My contribution toward the wheel."

"Oh, no! We couldn't possibly take it! Why, we asked you to come."

"That makes no difference. I have been a passenger," and he extended the money again.

"No, no! We just will not take it," broke in Bess. "We invited you to row with us because we liked you and had such a nice little visit with you over on the island, but it would just spoil it to take money for that. We can't; no, we can't!" and a light came into the girl's eyes that showed a determined spirit hard to conquer once she set her mind to a certain object.

"Very well, little comrades, I accept your courtesy in the kindly spirit in which it is offered, but the next time you must let me pay my debts. But let us shake hands and part as old friends, for I do not mean to lose sight of you if I can help it," and his hand was extended first to Bess, who promptly put her slender brown paw in the great strong one, and wondered why it was held so long and tenderly, for the man placed his other hand caressingly over hers

and seemed loath to let go. "Good-bye, young man, I hope to know your father soon, for he must be a man worth cultivating. Good-bye."

"Somehow I don't feel half so glum over the wheel question as I did," said Bess, as she and Bert walked toward her home after having made the boat fast. "I guess it's because we've had that chat with Mr. ———. My goodness! we don't even know his name," and Bess stood stock still in dismay.

"Well, he knows ours all right enough," cried Bert, with a comical laugh, "and a heap sight more besides. Bess, we've been 'done' and never suspected it, but I guess it won't kill us."

Two more days of the week had passed, and although Bess and Bert had doubled their effort the fund did not grow with the rapidity they had hoped it would. On Thursday morning Mr. Steward intended to run into New Haven and buy the wheel, but this Wednesday evening neither Bess nor Bert were sanguine, and sat upon one of the lawn seats in Mr. Steward's grounds, the one growling at perverse fate, and the other trying to look cheerful under difficulties. An express wagon passed along the road and on it was a bicycle carefully cased. As bicycles were uppermost in both minds at that moment it was no wonder that both were quick to notice it.



Murrah! Murrah! * * * Now you can go in for the trophy.

"Oh, look there! Isn't that a dandy wheel?" cried Bert, pointing toward the wagon.

"Bess jumped to her feet, stooped suddenly, caught up two or three clover leaves which were growing in the grass before her, and said excitedly. "If I'm lucky there'll be a four-leaved one in this bunch, and I'll wish that when I get my wheel it will be just as handsome as that beauty; and, Bert! Bert! there is a four-leaved one! Look! Look! And the wagon has stopped at our house and they are leaving the wheel there!" And the next second two wildly excited young people were racing along the road toward Bess's cottage, shouting, gesticulating, and screaming to Mrs. Clifton, who was just signing the expressman's receipt for the case left at her door.

Breathless they reached the piazza, still more breathless they read the marking upon the tag: "Miss Bess Clifton, Ivy Leaf Cottage, Totem Harbor, Conn." Yet more breathless they began pulling apart the crating to remove the handsome wheel bit by bit. Hardly a word was spoken by either during the operation, and the rapidity with which that wheel was put together, gingerly touched as though it might prove a fairy wheel and vanish, was a marvel to Mrs. Clifton, who stood watching the progress. "It's the very

newest model lady's Columbia! It's a chainless and right up to date!" said Bert in an awe-struck voice.

"It's even the very color I wished for; a perfect garnet! It's one of the most expensive wheels made! Why, Bert, that wheel must have cost a hundred dollars! I never in this world could have bought one like it, and, oh! mudger! mudger! who do you suppose could have sent it to me?" and without more ado Bess flung her arms about her mother's neck and whirled her about in a delirium of delight, while Bert threw his hat into the air and shouted at the top of his lungs:

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for the chap or chappess who did it! Now you can go in for the Trophy!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE CATASTROPHE.

The seventh of August, the day anticipated with fear and trembling by those entered for the various games and contests which would take place in the afternoon, and most joyfully by all the young people at the hotels and cottages, had arrived, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Two o'clock was the hour named for the first game, and long before the clock struck that hour carriages began to arrive and deposit their burdens at the piazza of the big hotel, in the grounds of which, and upon whose beach, the games were to take place. Aside from the regular program arranged there would be various contests later for the older men and maids, but our interest centers wholly in the games for the young people, and these consisted of four for the boys under fifteen and four for girls of the same age.

Prompt to the stroke of two the judges appeared and began to get their charges in order. First on the program came a rowing contest for boys between twelve and fifteen, and ten boats were entered. Bert's "Nautilus" was gotten up in style, for a tiny silken private signal which Bess had made for him, waved at the bow, and the brass work had been polished until it rivaled the sunlight. The signal was given and the boats lined up. A breathless pause followed while the judges eyed all critically lest by some oversight one boat should be an inch in advance of another. But the line was presently pronounced entirely satisfactory, and bang went a pistol shot! At the same instant each oar dropped into the water as if by magic, and ten boys bent to the long, sweeping strokes which would carry them out to the half-mile stake boat, around it, and back to the goal before the anxiously watching crowd of ladies and gentlemen upon pier, board walk and beach would have time to draw a dozen long, comfortable breaths. Well did Bert's daily trips to and from the island stand him in stead now, for during those weeks of struggle for Bess he had unconsciously been putting in some solid training for himself, and long before the home stake was reached cries went up: "Bert! Bert! Hurrah! What's the matter with Bert? He's all right!" and in rushed the victorious "Nautilus" to be greeted with wild acclamations.

Next in order came the tennis contest for girls, and this was to be played by two girls who, during the previous weeks, had played a tournament, the champions now being chosen to play three games as a final test of their prowess. A general move was now made toward the tennis courts, and Isabel Arnold and Florence Bates took their places. Back and forth, up and down, flashed the rackets, and thither and yonder skipped the girls after the too elusive balls, tally keepers calling out the score to the interested spectators and yet more interested contestants. "Four to six in favor of Miss Bates" was the first score called, and then came a rest. The next game was a tie. Then came the final, and this was a close one. It was hotly contested and deservedly won by Miss Arnold, the score being five to six.

"All to the beach for the one hundred yard swimming contest!" called out the master of ceremonies, and a general scramble toward the beach took place. Five boys were entered for this, and presently came running along the beach from their bathing houses; five as fine looking laddies as one could wish to see. The start was to be made from the beach, and at the signal five bathing suits splashed in to the Sound and five pairs of vigorous young arms struck out for the rowboat anchored one hundred yards from the shore. "Four wins! Four wins!" cried enthusiastic voices on shore. "No! No! Three! It's Three!" and three it was, for Bert's number "Four," was outstripped by long-armed, splendidly set up, Park Wilson, Bert's chum and cronie. "Good for you! Fine, old man!"

and Bert's arm splashed over his chum's shoulder to give him a sounding thwack upon his broad back by way of congratulation.

While the swimmers were being wildly praised by their friends, six girls were preparing for a "tail-end" canoe race which had been decided upon almost at the last moment, and in which Bess was entered. They now appeared arrayed in their pretty bathing suits, for canoes have been known to turn balky and land their occupants in the water. Six canoes danced upon the water, and six laughing, happy girls scrambled into them. Those of you who have witnessed a "tail-end" canoe race need not be told anything about the "stunts" which these six canoes executed, or the shouts of laughter which greeted each new antic. Had they been wild-west bronchos they could hardly have created greater diversion, and when Bess managed to guide her troublesome craft safely to the goal, and induce it with many pats and persuasions to round the buoy without rearing bodily out of the water, the watchers felt that she deserved the pretty gold stickpin, in the shape of a tiny canoe, which would fall to her share of the prizes.

A hundred yard dash over the beach was next in order for the laddies, and more than a dozen boys were entered for this race. Decked in their bathing suits, twenty four or more legs went twinkling over the beach, when the pistol shot said: "Go!" The race was won by a lad from one of the cottages, and everybody rejoiced at it, for he had spent hours

training for the contest, and nearly raced all the flesh off his bones in his eagerness to win the prize, a fine volume of Thompson-Seton's "Lives of the Hunted."

Three contests now remained: The diving for the boys, the bicycle race for the girls, and the pony cart parade.

To Bess, nothing could compare with the bicycle race, for nearly every moment since her own beauty had arrived she had passed between admiring it, conjectures, which, by the way, seemed doomed to remain a profound mystery, as to whence it had come, and riding it until her mother declared that she would wear herself out before she had a chance to race in earnest. Try as they would, they could learn nothing of the sender of this remarkable wheel, and more than one brain was still puzzling over it when Bess appeared to take her place in the line with six other girls. With eyes sparkling with excitement, and cheeks flushed, she stood ready to mount. She was a bonnie sight, decked in her pretty red and white cotton cheviot sailor suit, with its white braid trimmings, every stitch of which she had made herself, for she was a skillful little needlewoman, and made all her own garments, and her mother would have been more than human had her eyes not sparkled in sympathy, and her cheeks not burned with excitement, for the breath of one was as that of the other. The signal was given and away sped the wheels. The course lay down the long hotel drive-

way, out upon the road to a smooth path which wound about the distant cottages, and finally back to the hotel piazza, a distance over all of very nearly a mile.

Away went the wheels cheered by the people who by this time were ready to cheer for anything under the sun. On, out of sight under the trees, to reappear again upon the distant path, and whiz along with first one and then another in the lead. It was a hot contest and more than once it looked as though that new and precious wheel was destined to be defeated. But Bess knew what she was about, and how to measure her own power, so just as the turn was made, Bert, who had been watching proceedings with the keenest interest, and a very self-satisfied smile, gave a wild whoop, for whiz! and away shot Bess from the others, pedalling for honor, her goal, and dear life, to come in fully ten feet in advance of the second wheel, and almost tumble into Bert's arms, for he had made a wild grab at the wheel and almost knocked Bess, wheel and all into a heap in his eagerness to be the first to congratulate her. But for a firm, steady pair of arms which came to the rescue of the enthusiastic young man, an ignominious smash-up would have ensued, for the other wheels paused not in the order of their coming, but came with a rush.

(To be continued.)

How Billy Was Started—Kelley Predmore



When summer came we sent Tom to look for a camping place; in three days he came back, jubilant.

"I've found it," he shouted, before he was in the house. "It is only seventy five miles from San Francisco, but when you get there you'll think you're a thousand miles from nowhere. There's plenty of hunting and fishing, and I think the country is lovely enough to satisfy even mother's artistic eye."

The news delighted our family, for we had a common mania—love for outdoor life. Within a week we were settled in the new camp; "for a month of undisturbed pleasure," father said, with satisfaction in his tone.

We had scarcely pitched the first tent when a mountaineer, leading a dejected-looking horse by the mane, came down the rocky trail that did duty as a road. "Want to buy a good horse cheap?" he said, by way of salutation.

We boys gathered around the shaggy old horse, pulling his tail and poking his thin sides.

"Buy him, father, buy him!" we cried in chorus, Bob was twelve and I fourteen at that time, and a horse meant unlimited fun for us.

"I don't know what I'd do with him if I got him," father said.

"He's as gentle as a lamb," the mountaineer hastened to assure him, "and will carry half a dozen youngsters at once."

"O, father, do buy him," I said.

"Yes, father," Bob pleaded, "John and I want to ride around and see the country."

"Better take your blankets when you go," Tom advised. "I don't believe this is exactly what one would call a speedy nag." The mountaineer smiled broadly.

"Well," he said, "Billy is a little slow at times, but once get him started and he'll get over the ground with the best of 'em."

"Once get him started!" therein lay the difficulty.

Father bought Billy, and Bob and I, in spite of difficulties, proceeded to have the time of our lives. Every day we loaded the family shotgun, mounted our steed, and set forth in search of game.

Bob sat behind me on these expeditions and piled a stick with vim and vigor, but to little purpose. Billy jogged calmly along at his snail's pace, to all appearances quite unconscious of our doings. We employed every device known

to boys, but Billy could not be started. Whenever we came to a hill he stopped and looked around reproachfully, as much as to say: "Well, aren't you going to get off?" Coaxing, scolding, even beating, failed to move him, so we usually walked uphill, though we were graciously allowed to ride down.

One evening Tom came into camp from a nearby farmhouse, excitement written all over his face.

"Father," he shouted, "load your rifle; we're going to have some fun. Farmer Brown says there's a mountain lion prowling around the country. Several of his pigs have disappeared lately, and last night one of his finest calves was taken. He's going to be ready for the lion tonight, so I told him we'd be over and watch with him."

I grumbled at not being allowed to go, too, but father said some one must stay in camp to protect mother and the children.

"And if you hear a woman screaming," he added, "get out your gun, for that's the cry of the mountain lion."

But no lion came to farm or camp that night. In the morning father and Tom returned, tired and sleepy from their fruitless watching. That afternoon Bob and I started for our usual jaunt.

"Don't go far," mother cautioned, "you might meet the lion."

"We'd shoot him if we did," said Bob, throwing out his chest.

"And throw him across Billy and bring him to camp," I added.

"Yes, I see you now," Tom laughed. "There's no danger, mother, the lion probably hides far up in the mountains during the day, and only ventures down this far late at night, when it is very hungry."

The day was warm, so we jogged along in the shade of the redwoods, following the trail from one hill to another. Billy, as usual, stopping at the foot of each for us to dismount. Late in the afternoon, when we were climbing a mountain side, Bob asked, not much above a whisper:

"What would you do if the lion came now, John? Would you shoot?"

"Of course I would," I answered stoutly. "But I think we'd better be going back; it'll soon be night and mother will be anxious."

So we climbed on Buly and rode down

the mountain. Before us lay a stretch of level roadway, bordered on either side by tall, dense redwoods. Only a dim gray twilight lay around us here, for the shadows of the trees deepened the gathering darkness.

"Well," I remarked, as Billy began turning his head from side to side, and lifting his feet in a way quite unusual with him, "so you want to get home, do you? I'm glad to know it."

"I wish we'd started earlier," Bob said plaintively; he had scarcely ceased speaking when a piercing scream sounded at our right. Billy stopped, his head went up, his ears forward, his body quivered from head to foot.

Bob leaned against me. "What is it, John?" he whispered. "Was it a woman screaming?"

My heart stood still, for I remembered father's words: "If you hear a woman screaming, that's the cry of the mountain lion."

I raised my gun, prepared to battle for our lives; it came again, apparently nearer—a long, piercing, shuddering cry, the most fearful sound I ever heard.

"The mountain lion!" Bob gasped.

Billy gave a loud sniff, his body stiffened, then he reared on his hind feet and stood almost straight up for a moment. I dropped the gun and clutched his neck; Bob threw his arms around my waist; then, with a plunge, we were off, going down the road like mad.

Billy was started! His nose went forward, his ears back; every muscle was in action.

For a moment, as we rushed wildly down the avenue of redwoods, I forgot my fears to chuckle at Billy. Only for a moment, though, for from behind sounded again that blood-curdling cry.

Billy's speed increased with every step. Forgotten were the long hours of rheumatic limping over this very road; forgotten the sore feet and stiffened knees.

We were soon over the level stretch of land; a mountain loomed before us. Would Billy remember to stop at the foot, I wondered? But if Billy remembered, he gave no sign; he went up that mountain as though he had wings. There was a great crashing of twigs and rubbish under foot, loosened stones flew behind, tree limbs tore my clothes and skin, and almost brushed me from my seat, but on we went.

"I can't hold on any longer," cried poor Bob.

"Yes, you can," I said. "we'll soon be up."

And we were; then Billy plunged down the other side as if he had practiced galloping down hillsides every day of his life.

Once he stumbled, I pitched forward, but Bob held me back. On, on, he tore over hills, across streams, along rough and winding ways; his hoof-beats ringing sharp and clear on the rocky road.

At last I caught the welcome gleam of camp-fire. A mad rush up the last hillside and we came to a sudden halt in the midst of our wondering family.

Tom killed the lion the next day. As for Billy, he stands in our stable now. Sometimes I ride him through the city. His slow, stiff-legged gait and drooping head cause a deal of amusement for the people we meet; but I do not care, for I know what Billy can do, "once get him started."


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An Opportunity for Bright Boys

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The Resignation of Silas Hutchins

CHAS. BATTALL
LOOMIS

IT WAS Silas Hutchins' first day as teacher of the East Paynville school. He was a young man with an abiding faith in Silas Hutchins, an amazing lack of tact and a determination to rule the school from the start. He entered the schoolhouse that morning, a stranger to most of the pupils, with a chip on his shoulder.

Now, as it happened, they were willing to start fair. As Jim Stebbins said to Jason Fellows, "Let's size up the noo teacher, an' if he's half way decent we'll help him run the school and keep Ike in order. But if he's a chump, he can run it himself and we'll have a hand in the fun, too."

And Jason assented, with a secret hope that Mr. Hutchins would prove a chump. They had been on the side of the late schoolmaster, Jonathan Symonds, because he had appealed to their better instincts; but Jason was perfectly willing to give his better instincts a rest for this term, and he hoped with all his heart that Hutchins would not come up to their standard.

Silas Hutchins had read numerous stories about young men who had risen to greatness and who had gotten their start by obtaining the mastery over unruly boys; but he did not know that pig-headedness is only distantly related to force and cannot work the same results. He rang the bell out of the school window and the children came hustling and pushing in, a giggling, hearty lot.

When they were seated he rose and disclosed the chip on his shoulder.

"Children," he said, "I have come to this school to teach you all you ought to learn, and I intend to do it." (Exchange of glances between Jim and Jason.) "I don't know how you feel about it, but I intend to be master here. If you all obey me you will find that I am all right—and you'll enjoy your work, but I'd like to see a boy break a rule. I'd have him out here in a minute and I'd show him by the feeling of his palms that there are two rulers in this school, myself and this."

Here he held up a ferule. He may have meant to be jocose, but he failed to elicit a smile from a single pupil. "Now we'll begin school, and remember—no monkey business or you'll find that I'm a pretty tough man to deal with."

A more injudicious speech never was made by a young man just beginning a career. At the start of it he had not an enemy in the school. At the close he was an unpopular man.

The morning session passed without incident. Jim and Jason were aching to show him that he wasn't master; but a survival of the feeling that Mr. Symonds had aroused in them kept them at their tasks. And, for a wonder, Ike Roberts behaved himself, whether through fear or from lack of opportunity it would be hard to say.

He was a dull, heavy boy, with no ambition and little wit. He had been in the

district school for four years and had learned in that time nothing that a bright boy could not master in as many months.

Few teachers had been able to do anything with him, and it is a question whether it would not have been better for his companions if he had been ruled out of school altogether. Most farming communities boast of at least one such boy, dull of eye, coarse in feature, shambling in gait, a coward and a bully and a disturber of schoolroom peace.

Mr. Hutchins had the teaching quality and he was able to make the lessons interesting. With force added to his other accomplishments he would have been a success. As it was, the morning passed pleasantly.

At the afternoon session Mr. Hutchins was hearing the first class in reading. Mabel Stillson stood up and read: "Pretty soon those in the balcony heard the sound of drums." This seemed to be the cue for a roll of drums from the fingers of Ike Roberts. Dub, dub, dub, dub, dub, dub, dub, dub, dub—followed by the bass drum (heavy heels on a loose board under his desk).

Such an impudent defiance of authority could not have been passed over by any teacher, and Mr. Hutchins, who had been anxious to show the school that he was master of it, was secretly elated. "Sit down," said he to Mabel. "Come up here!" he called out to Ike.

Jim Stebbins, still somewhat swayed by the lofty ideals that Symonds had implanted, rose to his feet, intending to give his moral support to the teacher. Ike was no friend of his. He was followed by Jason, who rose for the same reasons, but poor, misguided Mr. Hutchins mistook the action for more mutiny, and in a thunderous voice he roared:

"Take your seats and fold your arms until I have a chance to see you."

Jim and Jason wavered a moment and then sat down hard, and the impact broke their loyalty to their teacher.

Ike walked up to the desk with swaying neck and a leering smile. He was not at all abashed, for he felt himself a physical match for the teacher. Mr. Symonds, the late instructor, had been a small man, but he had a way of saying things that admitted no doubt of his intentions in the minds of the most misguided, and Ike had stood in awe of him, but this loud-mouthed man would be "dead easy."

"Hold out your hand, sir," said Mr. Hutchins. Ike held his hand out palm down and wiggled his fingers, looking over his shoulders at the other children and grinning offishly. The wiggle was followed by a giggle from the pupils.

"Silence!" roared Mr. Hutchins. "I will be master."

Then followed an exhibition pitiable in the extreme. Ike would not hold his palm up, and after vainly trying to make him, Mr. Hutchins brought the ruler down on his knuckles, as he supposed, but a turn of the hand at the right moment saved them and the ruler descended with some force on the teacher's own knee.

A titter ran around the school, and the poor schoolmaster colored to the roots of his hair. No man ever had better intentions than Silas, but he lacked tact to a surprising degree, and now, instead of ejecting the mutinous pupil bodily from the school, which act would have restored his prestige—for Ike was a muscular boy—he said petulantly, "Go stand in the corner for a quarter of an hour." Of course Ike refused, and Henry Martyn, a small, delicate boy, aged seven, said under his breath, "Good boy, Ike."

Mr. Hutchins heard him and immediately dropped Ike's case.

"What'd you say, sir?" said he to Henry. Henry immediately began to whimper.

"How dare you incite rebellion, sir? Go into that closet and stay there until I tell you you may come out."

Henry, a nervous, pallid little lad, obeyed with trembling legs. After he had squeezed himself into the closet, which was pretty nearly filled with kindlings, broken desks, stools and other rubbish, Mr. Hutchins locked the door and said triumphantly, "I will be obeyed in my own school."

Ike meanwhile had gone back to his seat, where he sat with a malicious grin on his loutish features. Jim leaned over and whispered to Jason, who nodded his head. Then he rose and said: "Mr. Hutchins, I like to be ruled by a man that knows how to rule. The teacher we had before you made us boys mind and we respected him. He didn't try to bully-rag us at all; but you ain't fit to govern a class because you don't know how to act yourself yet."

"Now me and Jason were goin' to help you to keep order if you'd gone about it fair and square. We're no friends of Ike, if he did get the best of you; but when you shut up a little kid like Henry Martyn for whisperin' I don't belong to a school that's run that way, and if you don't let Hen out me an' Jason are goin' to leave."

During this daring speech the schoolmaster's face was a study. He seemed to be aware that he had failed, and at one point he looked as if he were going to own up that he was sorry, which at that stage of the game would have been as fatal as what followed; but his pig-headedness suddenly reasserted itself, and when Jim sat down he said:

"I don't propose to be helped in the



They told him about his little son.

running of this school by any one, and I'll keep Master Martyn in that closet until tomorrow if I see it."

"Oh, all right," said Jim. "Then me and Jason will take a vacation, and we'll do you the favor to send for Hen's father."

Jim and Jason then walked out of the schoolhouse together. A spirit of contrariness controlled Ike for the rest of the session. He did not care to be on the same side of the fence as his two enemies, and he gave Mr. Hutchins no more trouble.

It was a stifling hot afternoon, and the schoolmaster's conscience told him that the small closet was no place for a delicate chap like Martyn, but his mulishness would not let him open the door, and class after class got up and recited, and still the little boy remained in his suffocating prison.

School was generally dismissed at three o'clock, and ten minutes of that hour Hiram Martyn, Henry's father, strode into the school. He had been haying when Jim, on his way home, told him of the punishment that had been meted out to his little son. He had also been made acquainted with the various incidents that had enlivened the session.

Hiram Martyn was a tall, smooth-shaven, elderly man. He was one of the trustees of the school. He walked up to Mr. Hutchins's desk and said, "Where's my son Henry?"

"I had to shut him up in that closet for disrespect."

"Had to shut him up, did ver? Henry is a little terror, I know, although it's taken you to discover it. Now, just s'pose you let him out."

Mr. Hutchins replied with more dignity than he had yet shown, "I'm teacher here, Mr. Martyn, and I'll run the school as I please. When school's over I'll let Henry out; not before."

Martyn compressed his lips, and worked his gnarled hands nervously. He glanced at the clock. It wanted six minutes to three.

"I don't know whether you know it or not, but I'm just about accustomed to have my own way where my son is concerned. You let him out of that closet before I count three or I'll make kindlin' wood of the door."

For answer Hutchins sat down in his seat and called out, "Third class in reading, stand up." They had already been through with their lesson, and in reality the work of the day was over, but the teacher wished to show Mr. Martyn that he was not afraid of his threat.

"You hear me!" said Martyn, striding toward the door. "A man who would shut up a poor little tyke like Henry on a scorching day like this ain't fit to teach hogs how to eat. Now, will you let him out or shall I break the door down? One, two, three—"

Silas Hutchins made no sign that he

heard what the farmer was saying, and in a moment Mr. Martyn's burly foot shivered the light door, and with a tug of his powerful arms he had pulled what was left of it off its hinges and disclosed to view the senseless form of his little son. The heat and the terror of the situation had overcome him.

Martyn picked him up and strode out to the pump with him. Dashes of cold water from a half dozen willing hands—for all the children had trooped out with no more thought of Hutchins than if he had not existed—brought him around in a few minutes.

Then Hiram Martyn went back to the schoolroom and picked a pad from the teacher's desk and wrote on it: "This school is closed until further notice. Hiram Martyn, Trustee."

This he pinned upon the front door. Then he said: "Run out, children. I'm sorry to have cut your schoolin' short, but we'll probably open in a few days with some one to run the school that knows how."

The children stood around, wide mouthed at the words. Hutchins sat at his desk in a brown study. He was wondering what to do next. But Mr. Martyn decided the question for him.

"Young man," he said, "I've nothin' ag'in you. I dare say you're good for somethin', but from all accounts you ain't a leader of men, nor boys, neither, and I advise you to get some place wher' you won't have no occasion to show authority. Your resignation is accepted."

Forfeits.

Young people are often at a loss for good forfeits in their games at parties. In the absence of advice upon the subject, the penalties they impose are sometimes vulgar, or highly absurd, creating confusion where innocent pleasure is designed. The following are suggested to help our young friends out of the difficulty:

1. Let the person who holds the forfeit give out a line, and then call upon the one who owns it to make another line to rhyme.

2. Laugh first, sing next, then cry, and lastly whistle.

3. Put one hand where the other cannot touch it. (The right hand to the left elbow.)

4. Stand with your heels and back close to the wall—then stand without moving your feet, and pick up the forfeit.

5. Compare your lady-love to a flower and explain the resemblance. Thus—

My love is like the blooming rose
Because her cheek its beauty shows.

Or (facetiously)—
My love is like a creeping tree—
She's always creeping after me.

6. Place your hands behind you, and guess who touches them. You are not to be released until you guess right.

7. Say "Quizzical Quiz, kiss me quick,"—nine times without a mistake.

8. Ask the person who owns the forfeit what musical instrument he likes best; then require him to give an imitation of it.

9. Choose three flowers. Example. Pink, Fuchsia and Lily. Two of the party must then privately agree to the three persons of the forfeiter's acquaintance, to be severally represented by the flowers. Then proceed: What will you do with Pink? Dip it in water! What with the Fuchsia? Dry it, and keep it as a curiosity! With the Lily? Keep it until it is dead, then throw it away! The three names identified with the flowers are now to be told, and their fates will excite much merriment.

10. Put two chairs back to back, take off your shoes, and jump over them. (The fun consists in a mistaken idea that the chairs are to be jumped over, whereas it is only the shoes!)

11. It is said there's a person you've loved since a boy.
Whose hand you must kiss, ere I give you this toy;

It is not your father, or mother, or sister,
Nor cousin, or friend—take care not to miss, sir. (Himself.)

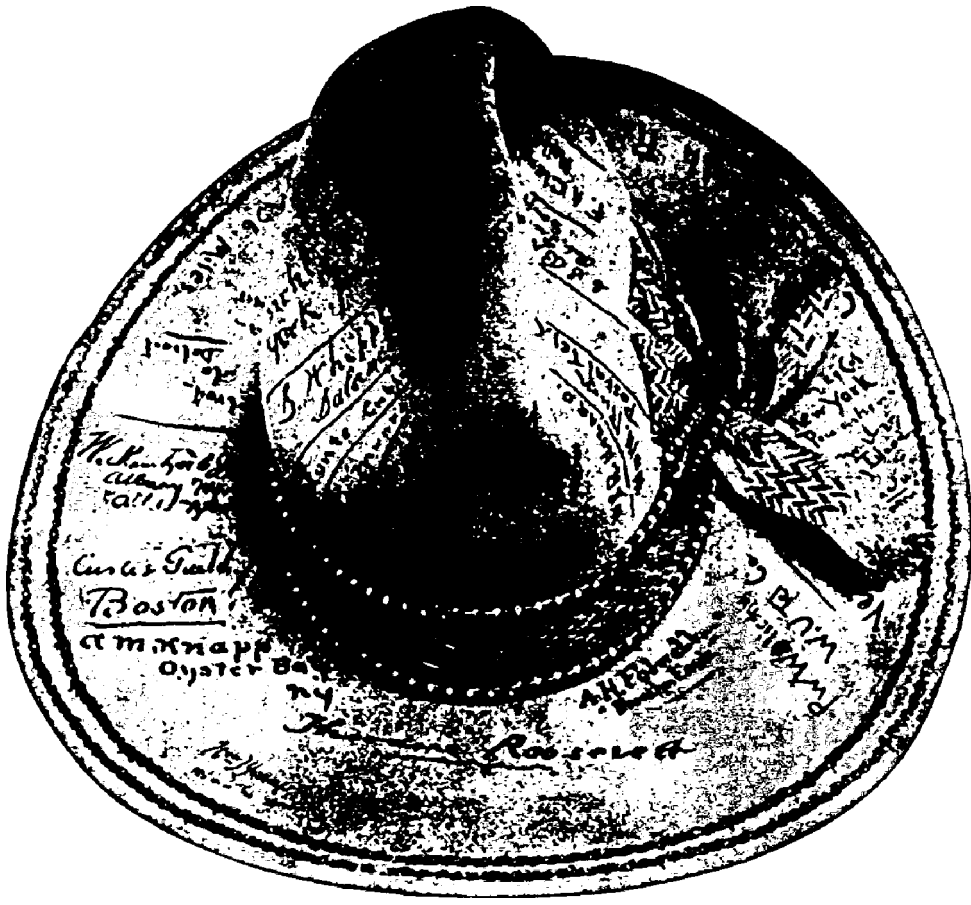
The President Merciful.

A feature of President Roosevelt's character different from that with which he is commonly credited, was displayed in a little incident which the Saturday Evening Post relates. The President, in company with Secretary Root, had been enjoying a horseback ride to Chevy Chase, in the vicinity of Washington. On their return they were going along Sixteenth street, near the Henderson Castle, when a series of short cries attracted the President's attention. "What is it?" asked Secretary Root. "Kittens, I think," replied the President, turning his horse around. "And they seem to be in distress." Then the chief magistrate began an investigation and discovered that the melancholy chorus issued from the open catch-basin of a sewer where a litter of kittens, tied up in a bag, was found. The wrath of the President blazed out against the wretch who had flung the kittens there to die in slow agony, and he caused them to be rescued and placed in the hands of a humane person, who undertook to take care of them.—Ex.

Chinese hairpins are very different from those commonly worn by English women. They are six or eight inches long, made either of gold or silver, and bent to suit the style of coiffure. They are worn night and day, and only taken out when the hair is newly dressed.



"There are two rulers, myself and this."



A "Rough Rider" Hat.

This is a hat with a history. It is what is called in the United States a "rough rider" hat since it is one of the same kind recently used by members of the famous Rough Rider regiment in the Spanish-American war. It is called the "autograph" hat for the reason that it is literally covered with signatures, some of which are of very prominent Americans. It is probably the only hat to which President Roosevelt ever affixed his signature. This is very plainly seen in the front of the rim and occupies a place by itself. The hat belongs to Mr. P. W. Williams, of Detroit, Michigan, who usually acts as telegraph operator for the President on his tours through the United States.

Legion of Honor Roll.

- BLAINE VESS, Creston, Iowa. Excellence in school work.
- LESLIE FUTRELL, Memphis, Tenn. Excellence in school work.
- BENJAMIN F. FORD, Nolan, Texas. Excellence in school work.
- JESSE COOKE, McKinney, Texas. Never been tardy at school.
- RUDY DOLE MATTHEWS, Mattoon, Ill. Excellence in school work.
- ARTHUR J. KEPPEY, Bridgeport, Conn. Has not been tardy at school in seven years.
- ANTHONY GILFOIL, Providence, R. I. Has not been tardy at school in five years.
- GEORGE STEVENSON, age 12, Lock Haven, Pa. Rescuing a boy from drowning, April 16.
- THOMAS FERRY, Wilkinsburg, Pa. Excellence in school work and all around department.
- I. M. TIPPEL, Cumberland, Md. Has not been absent from school a day in seven years.
- CLAIRE L. RANDALL, Rochester, N. Y. Excellence in school work and general department.
- HAROLD VANHOY, Garden City, Mo. Rescuing his brother from drowning, February 14, 1903.
- WARREN NOBLE, Hawarden, Iowa. Has neither been absent nor tardy at school in over four years.
- PHILIP HUGHES, age 12½, Philadelphia, Pa. Prompt and plucky action in saving the life of a little girl.
- EDWIN FENDLEY, Galveston, Texas. Excellence in school work and not having been tardy at school in six years.
- THOMAS ROBINSON, Jr., Independence, Ia. Eight years' attendance at school without absence or tardy mark.
- MAURICE WEINBERGER, age 10, Kansas City, Mo. Excellent department and not having been tardy at school in four years.

How Mr. Carnegie Won a Race.

When Andrew Carnegie's parents first came to America from Scotland they went to East Liverpool, O., to stay with some relatives. Their son was about fourteen years old at the time and was an object of considerable interest to the boys of the neighborhood. He made many friends among them, and after the family had moved to Allegheny, Pa., often returned to East Liverpool to visit some of his playmates.

On one occasion, when he was sixteen years old, he went with his cousin to visit William and Michael Fisher, who lived on a farm about half a mile from the town. The four boys spent some time in examining the pet rabbits and other objects of interest, and at length, when they were all standing at the top of a grassy slope, William Fisher challenged Carnegie to a foot-race. "Well," said Andrew, "you're a lot taller than I am and your legs are longer, and I believe you can beat me; but I'll race you just the same."

The two boys started, and, as Andrew

had foreseen, the Fisher boy easily outran him. The little Scotchman was by no means discouraged because the chances seemed all against him, but kept running. About halfway down the slope the Fisher boy stopped, considering it useless to run farther. To his surprise Carnegie continued his pace and arrived at the bottom far ahead of him. "That's not fair," said Fisher, "because I stopped."

"Yes, I knew you'd stop," said Carnegie in reply. "and that's the reason I kept on running. Have you ever heard the fable of the turtle and the hare?"—Success.

Boys to Emulate Sheldon.

Two boys, Benjamin Rice and Alonzo Neinger, both of Alton, Ill., and each fourteen years old, who have been publishing a little paper known as "The Spectator," have announced that they will in the future run their paper as Christ would run a newspaper. The little paper is not to be a church periodical or Sunday school paper. It will publish all the local news, but nothing will appear, the boys say, but what would be published if Christ were editing it. A war will be started on all kinds of crime and vice. "The Spectator" has been appearing for many months. It is an eight-page paper full of interesting local and foreign news. The young editors are sons of prominent Alton citizens.

Boy Who Kept His Eyes Open.

The negro laborers in the diamond mines in South Africa bring to the surface great tubfuls of hard earth which contain rough diamonds and other larger mineral substances. The earth is dried and softened in the air and then shoveled into washing machines, where the dirt is separated from the minerals. Then, until recently, it was necessary for laborers to go over the minerals and pick out the rough diamonds with the hand. This was a slow process. Among the employes in the sorting room of one of the mines was a boy who set about trying to discover a way to separate the diamonds from the other stones more quickly and easily than by the slow process of hand picking. One day a rough diamond and a garnet happened to be lying on a small board on the bench where he was working. He picked up one end of the board when the garnet slipped off, but the diamond remained. Investigating, the boy found that there was a coating of grease on the board which had retained the diamond, but allowed the garnet to slip. Procuring a wider board he covered one side of it with grease and dumped a few handfuls of mixed minerals on it. Inclining the board and shaking it a little all the minerals slid off excepting the diamonds. He then invented a machine and invited the big diamond men to witness the new method. The invention was an entire success, and the work of picking out the diamonds in all the South African mines is now accomplished by machinery, and the young inventor is rich.

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Mozart's Last Requiem.

Mozart, on account of a melancholy which became chronic, fancied that his life was fast drawing to a close, a prospect which filled him with horror.

One day, he was unusually beset with melancholy reveries, when he heard a carriage stop at his door and a stranger was ushered into his presence who desired an important interview. He was a man of age, and had the appearance of a person of distinction.

"I am charged by a personage of rank to come and seek you," said the stranger. "Who is he?" interrupted the composer. "He does not wish that to be known."

"Very well, what is his pleasure?"

"He has lost a lady who was extremely dear to him, and whose memory will be eternally so. He wishes to celebrate her decease every year by a solemn service, and he desires you to compose a requiem for this service."

Mozart felt deeply affected by this request; the grave tone of the address, the air of mystery which was over the event, and the melancholy disposition of his own spirit, caused him serious thought, but after a few moments' reflection he promised to write the requiem.

"Apply to the work all the powers of your genius, you labor for a connoisseur in music," said the stranger.

"So much the better," said Mozart.

"How long do you require?"

"A month."

"Very well, I will return in a month. At what price do you estimate your labor?" he asked.

"One hundred ducats."

The unknown counted the money on the table, and disappeared.

Mozart remained for a few moments absorbed in thought, then asked for a pen, ink and paper, and in spite of his wife's remonstrances began to write with an ardor that was insensible to pain or fatigue; he composed night and day with an enthusiasm which seemed to increase as he proceeded, till at length he fell motionless from his seat owing to extreme fatigue and lassitude; this compelled him to suspend his labor for several days.

One day his wife tried to dispel the somber ideas which occupied his mind, when Mozart said to her hastily, "Yes, it is certain it is for myself, that I am composing this requiem, it will be my own funeral service."

Nothing could remove this thought from his mind. He continued to labor at his requiem as Raphael did at the picture of the Transfiguration, equally struck with the idea of his death.

Mozart felt his strength gradually leaving him, and his requiem was making slow progress when the time he had asked elapsed.

The stranger returned.

"I have found it impossible to keep my word," said the composer.

"Don't let it trouble you. How much longer time do you wish?"

"A month; the work has inspired me with much more interest than I expected it would, and I have extended it much farther than I had intended," said Mozart.

"In that case it is necessary to augment your complement, there are fifty ducats more," said the stranger.

"Sir," said Mozart, still more astonished, "who are you then?"

"That has nothing to do with the business; I will return in a month," and he again retired.


Mozart sent one of his servants after the stranger, to discover where he went but he returned only to inform his master that he had lost sight of the man and could not find him again.

Mozart then felt sure that this stranger was no ordinary being, that he certainly had some connection with the other world and that he was sent to inform him of his approaching end.

He now labored with more ardor at his requiem, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his talent. He fainted several times, and was with difficulty restored. At length the work was finished; before the end of the next month, the stranger returned at the time agreed, but—Mozart was gone to his rest!

All Germany regard this requiem as the chef d'oeuvre of this great composer.

Prize Puzzle




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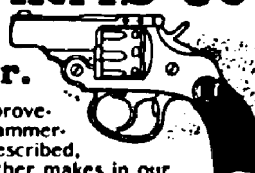
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The Printer's Apprentice

And What He Became.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

NOT quite two hundred years ago there was a little boy in Boston, who, because of his taste for reading, was apprenticed to a printer. The books within his reach were few in number. Pilgrim's Progress and Plutarch's Lives he read over and over again. There were no children's books in those days, and so he read whatever came to his hand, and these, I am glad to say, were all of a high standard.

At the printing office he got hold of an odd volume of the Spectator, which interested him very much. Its pure and direct style struck him so forcibly that he determined to make it his own. This was the way he did it. He would spend an hour reading it carefully, then in a day or two he would copy it from memory. Afterwards he would compare his with the original, and if there were faults and mistakes, rectify them. By a long and careful study he did acquire a style as direct and pure as that of Addison.

How old do you suppose he was then? Fourteen. Just think of it! Sometimes he used to sit up half the night studying an old English grammar and arithmetic. He did not waste an hour in idle amusements. He worked his regular hours at the printing office, and all his spare time was devoted to study and reading. Before he was seventeen he had mastered the larger number of the valuable books then published.

At this latter age, Benjamin (this was the boy's name) made up his mind to leave Boston and go to New York. But he could find nothing to do in New York, so he kept on to Philadelphia. He had a sorry journey enough to the latter place, sailing, rowing and walking, encountering storms and unpleasant weather, which more than once made him almost wish he was back in Boston again.

He reached the Quaker City early on a cold October Sunday morning, hungry and dirty, for his trunk

had not arrived. Philadelphia, as you may suspect, was very different then from the large, beautiful city it now is. It had only about four thousand inhabitants when this young lad of seventeen arrived there in 1723. He went into a baker's shop and purchased three rolls of bread. Two of these he gave to a poor woman and her young child, the other he ate as he went up and down the streets. Following a crowd of people he went into a Quaker church,

and as their form of worship was somewhat monotonous he fell asleep, and would have been locked in had not a kind lady awakened him. He then hastened to find a night's lodging. His whole fortune amounted to one dollar, which he had in his pocket. There were only two printing presses in Philadelphia at that time, neither of them very good. The lad applied at one of them for work, and as he showed remarkable skill at the composing stick, the man engaged him. Benjamin was social and accommodating as well as industrious, and he soon had a host of friends. Among those who learned to admire the rising youth was no less a personage than Governor Keith, who volunteered to set him up in business for himself. The governor advised him to go to London to buy the press, types and letters. He followed his advice and crossed the ocean, but when he reached London, he learned that no dependence could be placed upon the Governor's word.

Benjamin accordingly found work in a printing office in the English metropolis. The habits of the London apprentices were very poor, and those he associated with were nearly all hard drinkers. Benjamin would drink nothing but cold water, and his fellow workmen used to wonder why the "water American," as they called him, was stronger and healthier than themselves who drank strong beer.

He did not remain in London a great while. Returning to Philadelphia, he determined to set up in business for himself. Most of his friends attempted to discourage him. As there were already two printing offices in the city, they said there was no chance for a third to succeed. But they were not all of the same mind. "Not succeed," said one gentleman, "why, the industry of that Ben Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw. I see him hard at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again

before his neighbors are out of bed. Such industry is sure to succeed."

A man by the name of Keimer had started a newspaper which never attained any popularity, and as he desired to sell, Benjamin bought him out at a low price. The first issue of the "Pennsylvania Gazette," as the paper was rechristened, appeared under date of September 25, 1729, when Franklin was twenty three years of age. In some of the early numbers he treated a political question in a manner displeasing to several of his patrons, who expressed their disapproval and threatened to withdraw their help. For answer the young publisher invited them to supper to talk the matter over. His fare was a pitcher of cold water and two corn meal puddings, vulgarly called sawdust puddings. His guests found it difficult to swallow such coarse food, and after enjoying their embarrassment for a time, Franklin rose, and with a smile and a bow, he said significantly, "My friends, he who can live on sawdust puddings and water as I can is not dependent on any man's patronage."

The paper was soon established on a sure foundation, and in addition he opened a small bookstore. Business men noticed his industry and frugality, and were eager to have him for a customer. Besides his assiduous industry young Franklin was gifted with ingenuity and resource. His taste for reading grew and he began to interest himself in philosophical investigation. His name began to go abroad as that of a gifted and successful man. His activity showed itself in many ways. Everything which he put his hand to went on. He established the first library in Philadelphia. He was the first superintendent of mails in the Colonies. He was consulted by royal governors, and scholars in all parts of Europe were in correspondence with him. He was admitted a fellow of the Royal Society of London, and the degree of doctor of laws was conferred on him at Edinburgh and Oxford.

We cannot speak of all the positions he filled, or all the honors he won. Member of the Colonial Congress, signer of the Declaration, minister to France, and delegate to the federal convention for organizing the constitution of the United States, he stamped his influence upon the fortunes of the young Republic, and was the most prominent character of his time in America. In the hall of fame for fifty great Americans, next to the names of the Father of his Country and of the martyred President Lincoln, stands that of Benjamin Franklin, the printer.

Japan's New and Formidable War Vessel—J. Mayne Baltimore

Little Japan, with her 40,000,000 of people, has made remarkable strides during the past decade in all directions. Since achieving such a signal victory over the Chinese, in the recent war, Japan must now be accorded a position among the recognized powers of the world.

At no time during her long history, prior to the Chino-Japanese war, have the Japanese been regarded as a warlike people. But, since that conflict, they have been cultivating a decided war spirit.

Her advancement in the knowledge of military science and naval tactics and army and navy equipments has more than kept pace with her other achievements in the pursuits of peace.

To the civilized world in general, and to the United States in particular, Japan is largely indebted for her position today. From first to last she has been a staunch friend and ally of our government. On the other hand, the United States has been on very amiable terms with her dark neighbor across the sea, and has extended whatever aid she could, without a violation of international laws and rules.

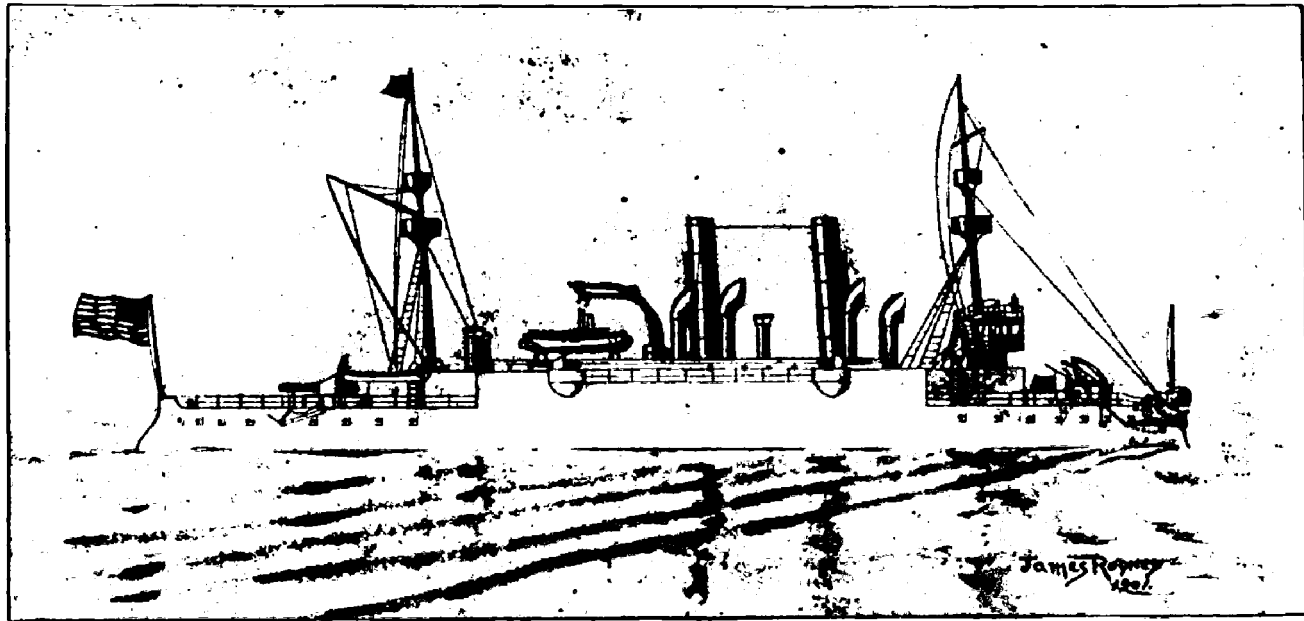
Everything considered, Japan now has quite a formidable navy to maintain her rights on the sea. A short time ago a new and powerful cruiser was completed and turned over to the Japanese government, and is now ready for active and aggressive service. This new war vessel is the "Chitose," and was constructed by the Union Iron Works Company, of San Francisco, California. The contract price of the "Chitose" has not been made public, but the great war vessel was built at an enormous outlay of money.

The "Chitose" is 405 feet in length. Her beam is 49 feet; her draught 17.7 feet. Her contract speed was 22.50 knots per hour. On her trial run the cruiser made 21.50 knots an hour, on natural draught. However, she averaged 22.87 knots an hour on forced draught. For about an hour the "Chitose" made 23.76 knots, running straight out to sea.

The speed thus attained was phenomenal, and places the cruiser in advance of all vessels of her class.

The "Chitose" is elaborately furnished. The captain's cabin is very elegant, being finished in solid mahogany, polished and rubbed down beautifully. The interior has many quaint and unique carvings, of special design, made to suit the requirements of the imperial navy of the Japanese government.

The chrysanthemum is the national flower of Japan and it is represented much in the carvings and decor-



ations. Each separate piece of furniture, and even every chair, has been made from a special design, and also made to suit a special place and purpose.

The ventilating and electric systems have been made as complete and perfect as human skill and ingenuity can devise. The cruiser is provided with steam steering gear, manipulated by electricity; hoists, to raise ammunition, operated by electricity; and a complete telephone system.

The cruiser is furnished with two sets of four-cylinder triple-expansion engines, aggregating 14,000 horsepower, which drive twin screws. When the "Chitose" is moving under a full head of steam, the screws make 150 revolutions per minute. The steam pressure is 160 pounds to the square inch, carried in 12 great cylindrical boilers.

The principal armament of this warship consists of two eight-inch breech-loading rifles (Armstrong's manufacture); ten 4.7-inch rifles, and some rapid-fire small arms.

The "Chitose" is now in the hands of the Japanese government, having been formally turned over and accepted.

The vessel's complement of officers and men are all loyal subjects of the imperial Mikado. Every soul on board is a Japanese. Very thorough discipline is maintained. The men are all well-built and all able-bodied mariners.

The name "Chitose" signifies in the Japanese language, "One Thousand Years." Just why this significant name should have been selected is not known. It was in obedience to an edict issued by his majesty, the royal, imperial Mikado.

Prizes Awarded.

In accordance with the prize offer made in our April number of ten dollars in three prizes of five, three and two dollars for the best descriptions of the original ways which boys have found of making money, the three boys who have fulfilled all the conditions of our offer are: Willie Schill, Detroit, Mich., first prize; Leo C. Little, Oregon, Ill., second prize; Albert L. Evans, 65 Douglas avenue, Freeport, Ill., third prize.

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STAMPS, COINS and CURIOS

Stamp Notes.

Corea is the land in whose stamps young collectors usually take a good deal of interest on account of their oddity and distinctiveness. It is of some interest, therefore, to note that Corea has just issued a commemorative stamp, a 3 chuen, orange, of rather pleasing design, inscribed "X. L. Ann Jubilee d'Avènement" (40 years Jubilee of the Accession), or, in other words, the fortieth anniversary of the reigning monarch's accession to the throne. The inscriptions on this new stamp are entirely in the French language instead of Korean characters. The Emperor in whose honor this stamp makes its appearance bears the characteristically Chinese name of Li Huing, and was born in 1852, made King of Corea in 1864 (when only twelve years old, be it noted) and was proclaimed Emperor in 1897, after Corea had received its independence as the result of the Chino-Japanese war. It is rather a pity that the portrait of this imperial personage could not adorn the new stamp.

The following statistics will be interesting. The figures comprise only standard varieties of postage stamps and do not include postcards, letter cards, stamped envelopes or wrappers. The total number of all known varieties of postage stamps issued by all the governments of the world up to the present time is 17,382; of this number, 194 have been in Great Britain and 4,758 in the various British colonies and protectorates, leaving 13,430 for the rest of the world. Dividing the totals amongst the continents, Europe issued 3,917, Asia 3,120, Africa 3,342, America, including the West Indies, 5,625, and Oceania 1,378. A comparison of these figures with those published in November, 1901, will show that 1,301 new varieties of stamps have been issued throughout the world in the space of sixteen months. The issue, throughout the British Empire, of new stamps bearing the portrait of King Edward is largely responsible for this increase. The Republic of Salvador has issued more varieties of postage stamps than any other country, the number being 404. Boyaca, Poland and Wadhwan have each found a solitary specimen suffice for their postal needs.

It may be of interest to our readers to give here the full particulars as to the colors and designs of all the new projected issues of U. S. stamps, also to give the years of birth and death which are placed under the portrait of each person depicted in the series. In the same manner as in the new 2c. Our young students of American history ought to take considerable interest in these dates, which much enhance the historical value of the stamps on which they appear. Here is the complete list, with the exception of the 25c, whose color and design have not yet been determined by the postal authorities: 1c green, Franklin, 1706-1790; 2c red, Washington, 1732-1799; 3c purple, Jackson, 1767-1845; 4c dark brown, Grant, 1822-1885; 5c blue, Lincoln, 1809-1865; 6c magenta, Garfield, 1831-1881; 7c dark lilac, Martha Washington, 1732-1802; 10c light brown, Daniel Webster, 1782-1852; 13c slate, Benjamin Harrison, 1833-1901; 15c olive, Henry Clay, 1777-1852; 50c orange, Jefferson, 1743-1826; \$1.00 black, D. G. Farragut, 1810-1870; \$2.00 sapphire blue, Madison, 1751-1836; \$5.00 dark green, John Marshall, 1755-1835. The composition of the list of designs of the new issue is worthy of some study. Therein we find chosen for honor on our national stamps our four greatest Presidents, namely, Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln; the three martyred Presidents, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley; our greatest General and Admiral in the persons of Grant and Farragut; our greatest diplomatist in the person of Franklin; our greatest jurist, John Marshall; our two greatest statesmen, Webster and Clay; another distinguished President, not quite in the class of the four named as greatest, Madison; and, lastly, Martha Washington, the devoted wife of the whom Americans will always love to call the father of his country. The manner in which the whole realm of American political history has been drawn on in selecting the subjects for this series cannot but interest anyone at all interested in history.

It is contrary to the regulations of the Post Office Department to put the portrait of any living American upon a postage stamp. It is said that no nation save the United States has ever issued a postage stamp bearing the effigy of a sovereign or ruler of another nation. The four dollar stamp of the Columbian series, issued in 1893, bore the portrait of Queen Isabella of Spain. Martha Washington is the only other woman honored by our Government. Her effigy is upon the eight cent stamp of the series recently issued. The Columbian series of stamps was the first commemorative set issued by our Government, although at the time of the Centennial Exposition, in 1876, the Government issued two especially designed envelopes. Up to the time of the Columbian series, in 1893, the highest valued American postage stamp was ninety cents. The Columbian set included stamps up to the value of five dollars. The Trans-Mississippi, or Omaha series, comprised about half as many denominations as did the Columbian. The Pan-American series was restricted to six denominations and pronounced the handsomest stamps ever produced. By mistake a sheet of the two cent and the four cent and two sheets of the one cent stamps of the Buffalo series were printed with the picture upside down and sent to postmasters. Copies of the two and four cent from these sheets sell to stamp collectors for large amounts, while the one cent inverted sells at twenty five dollars. In the new stamps just issued by the Government Franklin and Washington retain their places on the one and two cent stamps. The impression prevails that the series for the St. Louis Exposition will portray McKinley upon the one cent, Jefferson upon the two cent, Napoleon upon the five cent and President Loubet, Louis XIV. of France, for whom Louisiana was named, Columbus, or some other celebrity, upon the ten cent. The question has not yet been decided.

The Pan-American stamps were perhaps the finest specimens of postage stamps ever issued. The sale of these stamps ceased when the Exposition closed, and stamp collectors who were caught napping are now having trouble in securing the series. The day before the sale was discontinued the New York Central Railroad bought one million of the two cent Pan-American stamps.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Benj. H. Walz: Your coins are all very common.—Arthur Parecis: Your large copper is a two pence of George III., 1797. It is one of the largest of copper coins, and is often called the "cart wheel" two pence. It is worth seventy five cents. The Mexican and Spanish silver hardly will bring a premium unless in the finest condition. The dealers would charge \$2.00 for a German thaler like yours of Frederick William III., 1815.—Walter L. Upham: A half cent of 1866 sells for forty cents. As 2,854,000 like yours of 1869, Orleans mint half dollars, were issued, they will never be scarce. The three cent silver of 1853 sells for fifteen cents.—E. C. Bye: Your coin with "Scheidmünze K. K. Oesterreichische" is from Austria. We know of no such coin as a Chinese "dundee." The half cent of 1834 sells for fifteen cents. Your other coins are common.—C. A. Seda: Your rubbings are from 20 kreutzer pieces of Francis II. and Ferdinand of Austria. They are what is called base silver and are both common.—Willie Sibley: Your rubbing is from a common one ore of Denmark. The 10 ore, silver, sells for ten cents.—Chas. Uphouse: The dealers charge seventy five cents for an 1835 half dollar. Your others face value only.—O. G. S., Ottumwa, and C. H. Thompson: Your coins are quite common.—J. A. B., Los Angeles: There are no such coins in copper as 1861 cents or 1865 half cents. Possibly you mean pennies? —H. Copieston: This inquirer makes the same mistake. The rubbing he encloses is from a common 1858 flying eagle cent, not penny. This country has never issued any pennies.—Francis and John Bowen: The dealers charge about \$7.00 for the five dollar gold pieces of 1834 and 1837. The V nickels of 1833 hardly command a premium.—Sidney Gunn: The veinte (20) centavo of Chile sells for thirty five cents.—Archie Beggs: Your rubbing is from a cent of Sarawak, an English settlement in Borneo. It is worth a quarter. The eagle cent of 1838 has no premium.—M. P. Ignatius: Your coin is one from Candia, when it was under Venice. It is at least 250 years old. One side should have the arms of Venice (Lion of St. Mark). While your description is quite indefinite, we presume your coin is a two gazetta piece, which usually sells for a half dollar.—Malcom I. Frank: There are three varieties of the 1799 dollar. They sell at from two to four dollars each.—Stanley Fisher: The Columbian half dollar of 1893 sells for fifty seven cents. The times from 1827 down bring from twenty to thirty five cents, but they must be in the best condition. The only real rare one is that of 1846, which brings \$2. The only two cent piece of value is that of 1876, and the three cent nickel pieces, with the exception of 1877, are all common.—Wayne Poil: Your rubbing is from a common Chinese cash of Chien Lung, 1735-96.—Homer A. Mitchell: The cents of 1862 and 1863 sell for fifty and twenty five cents each. The crown of George III., England, sells for \$2.50. Your other pieces are common.—Anton Ohlman: A good half cent of 1800 sells for sixty five cents. (2) A Bacon goertz daler, Saturnus, 1718 of Sweden, is worth a quarter. The Swedish ore coins of 1724 and 1743, Frederick I. (1720-51) sell for twenty cents each. Your 1/4 skilling of 1799 is worth the same.—W. L. Snodgrass and H. A. Q.: Dearborn: face value only.—Axel Borgeson: The 1832 half dollar is catalogued at seventy five cents. Your Spanish "dollar" with a hole in it is worth only bullion value.—Charles Swanson, Edmund C. Gray, Francis L. Link, Russell Hart and "A Reader" have some nice coins for a collection, but they have no particular premium value.—Walter C. Gray: The 1853 three-cent silver piece sells for fifteen cents.—Paul Smiley: See answer to K. N. D.—Coleman Molloy: The 1844 half dollar sells for seventy five cents. Others face value only.—Carl Lumpkin: Your rubbing is from a Mexican dollar of 1791, struck under Charles III. of Spain. It was issued in the City of Mexico. In fine condition it sells for \$1.50.—Nels W. Kindgren: Your drawing is from a 10 centavo of Peru, 1879, and is worth twenty cents. Your other coins are common.—Wm. Kuffer: See answer to H. Lichtwardt. The half dollar of 1892 (Columbian) sells for seventy five cents. Is not your "Carolina dime" of 176 a real of Charles III. of Spain?—F. K. Pearce: The 1834 5c dime is very rare. Less than two dozen were issued. In 1866 this mint issued 1,125,000 dimes, so they are common. In 1874 the Carson City mint only issued 10,817 dimes, and in 1879 only 15,176 were issued in all the mints, so that these dimes and dimes must be uncommon in circulation.—A. W. Butler: The 1877 trade dollar, like all the trade dollars issued was struck for purposes of trade in the Orient, particularly with China. The "Army & Navy" tokens used during the Civil War were not authorized by the government but struck by private parties. They took the place of the cents in a considerable measure. Later the government prohibited their use as money. China has issued coins for upwards of 2,000 years with holes in the center. No other country, past or present, can show such an extensive or continuous line of coinage. The holes are for stringing the coins, the Chinese carrying them in strings of 10, 1,000, etc. The Chinese have an extensive paper money issue also, and were the first of the nations to use paper currency.—Charles Waterman: The 1834 half dime sells for fifteen cents.—E. P. P.: Your rubbings are all of very common coins.—Paul M. Keyser: The American Numismatic Association is the only organization of coin collectors in this country, and is the largest in the world. Information regarding it may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Dr. Geo. F. Heath, Monroe, Mich.—Donald Radke: Your coins of 1771 is from Prussia. "Moneta Argent" signifies silver money. "Fredericus Borussiae Rex" translated is Frederick, King of Prussia.—Miss Hazel M. Kellogg: We do not purchase coins or paper money.—O. W. Anthony: The half cent of 1851 sells for fifteen cents.—O. N. Shaffer: The half cent of 1893 sells for twenty five cents.—Charles D. Voller: There is no premium on the 1853 half dime or 1865 nickel three-cent piece.—R. Dyer: The 1824 half dollar sells for eighty five cents.—Wm. Senneiman: The \$2.00 gold piece of 1857 sells for \$4.50.—Aug. C. Reinmuller: Your rubbing is from a 2c rets of Brazil, 1903. It sells for ten cents.—Benj. Arnew: The half cent of 1829 sells for fifteen cents.—Merle Foster, Pleasantville, Ia., wants to purchase a Columbian half dollar of 1892.—E. L. Philborn: The 1797 dollar is worth from \$2.00 upwards, depending upon its condition.—Harold D. Earl: Your coin of George III. (England) dated 1819, may be a medal, as there is no record of any brass or

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copper coins being issued of him on this date. Without a rubbing of the piece we cannot give further information concerning it. George III. died in 1820—Edward Van Hise: An 1814 cent is worth forty cents when in good condition.—A. O.: Your 5 and 30 German pfennigs are worth only face value. The "Half Shkel" is a Masonic penny worth about a quarter to collectors.—Luther Parker: Your rubbing is from a one cent, Feuchtwaner Composition, 1837. It is worth twenty cents.—W. J. K. C., H. T. Jackson, Stewart S. Titus, Hugh W. Stafford and Wm. B. Wrenn: Your coins are only worth face value.—L. W. H., New York: (1) Russian 5 kopeck of 1802 sixty five cents; (2) English half penny, 1746, ten cents; (3) Same of 1806, ten cents; (4 and 5) common German and Belgium coins.—Jean Oliver: (1) Papal coin of Pius IX., 1 soldo, 1867, ten cents; (2) Common Belgian coin; (3) Civil War token, common; (4) Switzerland 2 centimes, common; (5) Rome, Constantius II., A. D. 317-361 third bronze, worth a quarter; (6) Common Austrian 4 kreutzer, ten cents.—Ira C. Hinsdale: The coins of which you send rubbings are all quite common, selling at the dealers at five to ten cents each. The coin editor receives many questions that would not be asked if our readers would take a little pains and consult this column in any of their back numbers. Not a month passes but what he is asked many times the value of the commonest "eagle" cents, 1853 quarters and halves; the common nickel three cent pieces, the two cent bronzes, the nickels without the words "cents" and the value of Columbian half dollars. We would be glad to stop this and to put our column to more important use. Will our readers help us? Some of our readers send us by times long lists of coins, often forty or more, asking us to reply in these columns. This will take too much of our valuable space and we must decline. The editor wishes to make this column of the most value to all readers, and he requests that all these long lists, and any other communications as require a prompt reply be accompanied with a stamp. Many are attended to in this manner now each month, and many more must be similarly answered to relieve the congestion of several hundred inquiries received monthly and contain us in our limited space.

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BOYS IN THE SCHOOL

High School or Boarding School.

A recent issue of the Chicago Tribune contains an interesting discussion as to the best method of educating boys. The article is called forth by a letter from a patron of the Tribune. The letter, together with the Tribune's comment thereon, follows:
 South Bend, Ind., June 16.—Editor of the Tribune: I have a boy of 13 to whom I wish to give the best possible education. I want to know if it is wise to take a boy of that age, ready to enter the high school, from good home influences to put him in a preparatory school with a herd of boys for the possible educational advantage it may be in his studies. What are the distinct advantages of preparatory school work over high school work considered as preparatory work? What is the advantage of military discipline, and what are the arguments against it? Yours truly,
 CARRIE W. REYNOLD.

Putting the boy in a preparatory school "with a herd of boys" is the great advantage of boarding schools over high schools. A good high school offers as many chances for book learning as a boarding school, but the high school does not offer the same chances for boys to associate with each other and rub each others' sharp corners off. A boy at boarding school, mingled with many other boys of his own age, is strongly encouraged by his environment to acquire a certain independence and sturdiness of character. His troubles he must fight out for himself. He can not have them removed by petition to his fond parents. Meeting for himself his boyhood troubles will make him far abler to meet his manhood troubles when they come.

If a boy goes to boarding school arrogant and impressed with his own importance he will quickly have the conceit knocked out of him. He may be surprised and pained to find that whereas he ruled, as by right divine, in his own family, yet he can not lord it one little bit over his classmates at school. It is good for him to learn that his personal importance is really no greater than that of others. And the pain he suffers in making the discovery is far less than it would be after he had grown to manhood and had formed the habit of conceit. Our correspondent seems to fear that the moral tone of the boarding school boys is not particularly rigid. We think she is mistaken. Boys away from home are usually a clean, healthy minded lot—rough, careless, thoughtless, possibly too fond of athletics, but in nowise vicious. Of course there are exceptions. And so are there exceptions among boys brought up in good home influences. As a general proposition the more a boy associates with other boys of his own age the more manly he will become. It is mistaken kindness to him to coddle him at home and shelter him from the rough justice of his fellows. For they are pretty just in their estimates.

As to military discipline, we should say that, other things being equal, it is a desirable thing. If a boy expects to go to West Point or Annapolis a little preliminary drilling is an excellent thing. But in any event some sort of thorough discipline, whether military or civil, is advisable. The schoolmasters who let the boys have their own way usually come to grief.

Blind men in Japan instead of being led by a child or dog with a string, carry a whistle, which they blow, and those who hear it leave the pathway free before their feet. There are a great many blind men in Japan, and the plaintive whistle has a mournful sound when heard in the night.

The Power of Self Control.

I remember that once a man came to our house red with wrath. He was boiling over with rage. He had, or supposed he had, a grievance to complain of. My father listened to him with great attention and perfect quietness until he had got it all out, and then he said to him, in a soft and low tone, "Well, I suppose you only want what is just and right?" The man said, "Yes," but went on to state the case over again. Very gently father said to him, "If you have been misinformed I presume you would be perfectly willing to know what the truth is?" He said he would. Then father very quietly and gently made a statement of the other side; and when he was through the man got up and said, "Forgive me, Doctor. Forgive me." Father had beaten him by his quiet, gentle way. I saw it, and it gave me an insight into the power of self-control. It was a striking illustration of the passage, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."—Henry Ward Beecher.



"FOUR PLAYMATES."
 Photo by Homer Ross, Jamestown, Ohio.

Stick To It—J. L. Harbour.

A very successful business man was once asked the secret of his great success in life, and he said in reply: "Why, I decided early in life just what I intended to do and be and then I stuck to it. I often think that one reason why so many boys of our day fall in life is because they do not stick to a thing long enough to make a success of it." There is a world of good advice in the three little words, "stick to it." The vacillating boy who jumps from one thing to another will never succeed in life. One must have a sort of bulldog tenacity in holding on to things if one is to make them "go." Sometimes one should stick all the closer to one's purpose when the outlook is most discouraging. As the lowest stage of the water at the seashore always precedes a turn of the tide, so the most discouraging state of one's worldly affairs often precedes a change for the better.

Too many boys and men get this pernicious "get-rich-quick" idea into their heads, and they are not disposed to stick to anything very long if it does not promise immediate and large returns. Now the "get-rich-quick" idea is about as evil an idea as a boy can get into his head. It is first cousin to the "something-for-nothing" idea. It is a bad day in the life of a boy when he wants to come into possession of a dollar without having honestly earned it. It is a bad day for him when he begins to have a kind of a contempt for the slow and sure and honorable way of acquiring money. The boy who gets this idea into his head will never stick to anything very long, and he will be sure to develop into a scheming, visionary kind of a man who is forever on the eve of making a large fortune. He will spend a great deal of his time in "figuring out" large fortunes on paper while other men are simply sticking to their business and slowly but surely acquiring a competency.

The "get-rich-quick" idea makes business good for our jails and state prisons. Many of their cells are occupied by adherents to the "get-rich-quick" methods of making money. It is an idea that invariably weakens one's moral perceptions.

The stick-to-it method develops and strengthens character. Sudden possession of great wealth, even when that wealth is acquired honestly, is often the ruination of its possessor. He is not prepared to make a proper and wise use of a fortune that has cost him nothing. No one better understands the value of money than the man who has slowly and honestly acquired his wealth. Such a man is more likely to regard his wealth as a trust to be used more for the benefit of others than for his own selfish uses. You boys who are so soon to become men cannot do a wiser thing than resolve that you will stick to the trade or the business or the profession you may adopt when you begin life for yourselves. Be sure that you are right in choosing what you want to be, and then stick to that one thing with unflinching resolution, and you will be far better off in the years to come than any "get-rich-quick" method could ever make you.

ROCK RIDGE HALL
A School for Boys
 The many considerations of a boy's life at school form the text of a pamphlet that has been written about ROCK RIDGE HALL. Though it may not influence a selection in favor of this school, it will be read with interest by all who are impressed with the equipment and methods that are essential for a thoroughly modern preparatory school. This pamphlet, which has been prepared with care and illustrated with numerous photographic reproductions, describes both by word and picture the advantages, natural beauty and historic interest of the school's surroundings. Sent without charge on request.
 DR. C. R. WHITE, Principal,
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The Value of a Commercial Education.

F. C. EASTON, "In Progress."
 Perhaps there is no one thing the value of which is so much underestimated as that of commercial education—an education that prepares one to go out into the world of business and keep step with those who hold the reins of "trade" in their hands and who are responsible for the position this government now occupies in the world of commerce. What education is there that will better fit a man to become manager of a large manufacturing plant, a large wholesale house, or any other kind of business of any consequence, than a thorough commercial training such as some of the business schools of our large cities are offering at the present time? A man may be well versed in Latin or Greek, or half a dozen other languages, long dead, but if he does not understand business methods and does not know how to apply himself to business, his field of operation is very small.

There was a time when business men were willing to take young men under their supervision and train them for their particular line of work, but the sun has set on that day and is now rising on another day, in which the demand will be for trained young men—young men who are at the present time ready to step into a position and fill it. But you say, every man conducts his business along different lines; that is true, but the underlying principles of business are the same from one end of the world to the other. We can learn to be systematic in our work, accurate in our calculations and also learn the theory of accounts which never change, no matter what system is used, and when we have learned these things we are then able to make ourselves valuable to someone. When a young man learns how to save time and trouble for his employer he is saving him money and his services are worth a consideration, but until then he is more bother than good. Let us, then, not try to keep commercial education in the background, but instead let us recognize its value and work harder for its advancement. In my estimation there are three things necessary in order that a young man make a success and those are: (1) tact; (2) training, and (3) determination.

A Man's Hope for His Sons.

In the will of a United States Senator who died recently the following paragraph appeared: "I hope my sons will defer to and confer in my executors and trustees, and, above all, that they may realize early in life that the only one thing more difficult to build up than an independent fortune and more easily lost is character, and that the only safeguards of character are the Ten Commandments and Christ's Sermon on the Mount."
 Sir John Millais, a great artist, once told a boy who asked him for the secret of his success that the only way to learn how to paint was the way that one learns to swim—to plunge in.



American Boy Lyceum.

All correspondence for this department should be addressed "Editor of Lyceum," care of AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich. Do not expect personal answers, and do not look for your ideas in this department too quickly. Copy is prepared a month or more in advance of the date of publication, and plans are laid for several months in advance. But the editor wants you to write, giving your needs, your likes and dislikes, reports of debates and prize-speaking contests. He will answer your questions and will meet your needs as far as space and the general plan of the department will allow.

Parliamentary Practice.

PART II.

CLUB MEETINGS.

OPENING FORMULAS.

"The club will come to order."
"The secretary will read the minutes of the last meeting."
"Are there any corrections? If not, the minutes will stand approved as read."
(Or "as corrected.")

COMMITTEES.

"We will next hear the report of the committee on Constitution and By-Laws."
"You have heard the report of the committee. What will you do with it?"
"I move the adoption of the Constitution and By-Laws, reported by the committee." "I second the motion."
"The question is on the adoption of the Constitution and By-Laws, reported by the committee. Are there any amendments to the first article?" After reading the constitution, article by article, and giving opportunity for amendments, the chairman may say: "Are you ready for the question?" If no one wishes to speak further, he says: "As many as favor the adoption of the Constitution and By-Laws as amended will say 'aye.' As many as are opposed will say 'no.' The 'ayes' (or noes) have it, and the motion is carried (or lost)."

AMENDMENTS.

"It is moved that the motion that, etc., be amended so that it reads, etc., etc. Is there any discussion? Are you ready for the amendment? As many as favor this amendment will say, etc., etc. The amendment is carried. The motion now reads, etc., etc. Are you ready for the main question? As many as favor, etc., etc." Or if the amendment is lost: "The question now reverts to the original motion. Are you ready, etc., etc.?"

ORDER OF PRECEDENCE.

There is no principle of parliamentary practice more emphatic than that there should not be any discussion in a club except on a motion properly brought before the meeting, and that a motion so made must be disposed of before another subject can be taken up. Two main motions cannot properly be before the club at the same time, but there are many secondary motions in order. I will give a summary of motions in the order of precedence, and will qualify and note special points in a later article.

I. PRIVILEGED MOTIONS.

These supersede all other motions in the later tables, and are arranged in order of precedence among themselves.

- 1. To fix the time to which to adjourn.
- 2. To adjourn.
- 3. Take a recess.
- 4. Questions of privilege.
- 5. Call for the order of the day.

II. INCIDENTAL MOTIONS.

- 1. Appeal (questions of order).
- 2. Objection to consideration of the question.
- 3. Permission to withdraw a motion.
- 4. Reading of papers.
- 5. Suspension of the rules.

III. SUBSIDIARY MOTIONS.

- 1. To lie on the table.
- 2. Previous question.
- 3. Close or limit debate.
- 4. Postpone to a fixed date.
- 5. To postpone indefinitely.
- 6. To commit.
- 7. To amend.

When any one of the previous motions is made in order, it must be decided at once. Action upon the main question or upon any previous motion which has been superseded, must be suspended. Some motions cannot be amended. Here is a list:

- 1. To adjourn (unqualified).
- 2. To lie on the table.
- 3. All incidental questions.
- 4. An amendment to an amendment.
- 5. For the "previous question."
- 6. To postpone indefinitely.
- 7. To reconsider.

Many motions are also undebatable, as:

- 1. To fix the time and place to which to adjourn. (Undebatable if made while another motion is being considered. If made when no other motion is before the club, it is treated as a main motion.)
 - 2. To adjourn.
 - 3. For the order of the day.
 - 4. An appeal.
 - 5. Objection to the consideration of a motion.
 - 6. To lie on the table.
 - 7. To take from the table.
 - 8. The "previous question."
 - 9. To reconsider.
 - 10. To withdraw a motion.
 - 11. To suspend the rules.
 - 12. To limit debate.
 - 13. Questions of order and decorum.
- A few motions require a two-thirds vote for their adoption. In general, these motions have the effect of changing some rule or custom of deliberative assemblies, and it is for this reason that the two-thirds vote is required.
- Motions requiring more than a majority vote:
- 1. To amend the rules. (Previous notice also).
 - 2. To suspend the rules.
 - 3. To make a special order.
 - 4. To take up a question out of its order.
 - 5. Objection to the consideration of a question.
 - 6. The previous question.
 - 7. To close or limit debate.

The Eloquence of O'Connell.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From an oration delivered at the O'Connell celebration in Boston, August 6, 1870. Used by permission of Lee and Shepard, publishers of the "Speeches, Lectures and Letters of Wendell Phillips."

Broadly considered, the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell has never been equaled in modern times. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph, of Roanoke, the Virginia slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee—himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed: "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." And I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate. I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun. I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. But I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equaled, O'Connell.

Webster could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, and Choate cheat a jury; Clay could magnetize the million, and Corwin lead them captive, O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate, Everett, and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform, grace, wit, and pathos, before the masses, a whole man. Carlyle says: "He is God's own anointed king, whose single word melts all wills into his." This describes O'Connell. Emerson says: "There is no true eloquence, unless there is a man behind the speech." Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and all Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech—one who could be neither bought, bullied, nor cheated. He held the masses free but willing subjects in his hand.

To show you that he never took a leaf from our American gospel of compromise, that he never filed his tongue to silence on one truth, fancying so to help another, that he never sacrificed any race to save even Ireland, let me compare him with Kosuth, whose only merit was his eloquence and his patriotism. When Kosuth was in Faneuil Hall he exclaimed: "Here is a flag without a stain, a nation without a crime." We Abolitionists appealed to him: "O eloquent son of the Magyar, come to break chains! Have you no word, no pulse beat for four millions of negroes bending under a yoke ten times heavier than that of Hungary?" He answered: "I would forget anybody, I would praise anything to help Hungary." O'Connell never said anything like that.

When I was in Naples I asked Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, a Tory: "Is O'Connell an honest man?" "As honest a man as ever breathed," said he; and then he told me this story: "When, in 1839, O'Connell entered Parliament, the anti-slavery cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself to speak for it. And we agreed that when he spoke I should cheer him, and when I spoke he should cheer me; and these were the only cheers we ever got. O'Connell came, with one Irish member to support him. A large number of members, whom we called the West India Interest, the slave party, went to him saying: 'O'Connell, at last you are in the House, with one helper. If you will never go down to Freemason's Hall with Buxton and Brougham, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. If you work with these Abolitionists, count us always against you.'"

"It was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded! O'Connell said: 'Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if to save Ireland, even Ireland, I forget the negro one single hour!' From that day," said Buxton "Lushington and I never went into the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us."

As an orator, nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has he sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. He had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell



William the Conqueror

William E. Reardon

is a second "William the Conqueror." In planning his invasion he was as bold as his Norman namesake. He had been selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST each week in his own town in Michigan. Just before Christmas, when about to start for Midland to spend the Holidays, he received an offer from the publishers promising a cash prize to the Michigan boy who would first sell 350 copies. He had not intended to do any work that week, but now he formed a new plan. Undaunted at the thought of selling to strangers, he coaxed his father to telegraph for 350 copies to be sent to Midland.

As he received his copies from the postmaster, a Midland boy, who was also an agent for THE POST, received a bundle containing five copies. The latter's eyes grew big with astonishment—told Master William that he didn't "like his looks"—that he had better go back home again. The little Conqueror declared he would "show him right there;" so he made a pile of the bundles on the floor where people were waiting for the mails, mounted the pile and addressed the crowd. He stated that he represented Benjamin Franklin's old paper—that he had just received the Christmas number—that it was the best issue ever published. Before leaving he had sold fifty copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He spent the rest of the day among the business men, finding buyers everywhere. What was left he sold the next day from house to house. When he left for home the day after New Years he found the other boy who sold THE POST and advised him to "ginger up."

"I am eight years old," our Conqueror writes: "I never before tried to earn any money; but you can put me down for the first prize whenever you make another prize offer in Michigan."

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Marshall Field on Success.

In a letter published in the New York World, Marshall Field says regarding success, that he would say that first a young man should carefully consider what his natural bent or inclination is, and then get into that vocation, with as few changes as possible. Having obtained an entrance into the business that he likes, he should pursue it with diligence and determination to know it thoroughly. He thinks the trouble with most young men is that they do not learn anything thoroughly. Next to the selection of occupation he thinks the selection of companions the most important. He says: "Seek at the start to cultivate the acquaintance of those only whose conduct and influence will kindle high purposes, as I regard the building up of a sterling character one of the fundamental principles of true success. Economy is one of the most essential elements. The young man of today is inclined to habits of extravagance. To acquire the dollar one must take care of the nickels. Careful saving and careful spending invariably promote success. John Jacob Astor said that the saving of the first thousand dollars cost him the hardest struggle. Begin to save from the moment you begin to earn. A man who cannot manage a small income, cannot manage a large one. Be manly and self-reliant. Make use of all the spare moments. Read only wholesome books. Study to advance the interests of your employer."

A Ferocious Equator.

A small boy was asked by the teacher what the equator was.
He thought a moment and replied: "The equator is an imaginary lion running around the earth."—Ex.



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BOYS IN THE HOME

Our Far West Friends.
(See picture on page 311.)

A. H. Hutchinson, editor of "Our Youth," a little paper published in San Francisco, Cal., whose earnings go to support the San Francisco Boys' Home, writes us a pleasant letter showing how THE AMERICAN BOY touches the lives of boys on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Hutchinson is captain of a company of boys organized in connection with a San Francisco church. The club is doing good work in connection with the Sunday school. "The majority of the boys of the club," says the captain, "are readers of THE AMERICAN BOY." Mr. Hutchinson recently wrote to some of the boys whose names appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY as being good artists. These boys answered and sent him some illustrations for the little paper. He closes his letter with a fervent "God bless THE AMERICAN BOY and its ever-growing work."



A TYPICAL BOY'S ROOM.
Photo by Harry F. Blanchard Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Bad Boys Made Good.

One of the most remarkable of the foreign institutions for boys is the so-called Agricultural Colony of Mettray in France. The institution began in 1839, and since then at least five more of its kind have been established in France. The Mettray institution embraces twenty to twenty five houses built in the style of chalets, each of them inscribed with the name of the donor who has made the largest contribution to its erection. These buildings surround a large square, in the center of which is a fountain. There are also extensive farm buildings, stables, dairy, cow sheds, a bakery, and pretty little houses with small gardens for the staff of the institution. The farm embraces 1,200 to 1,500 acres. Every requisite for the Colony is grown and manufactured on the premises, the surplus being sold for the benefit of the institution.

A feature peculiar to Mettray is what is known as the Paternal Home, a section of the institution established apart from the rest, where the children of well-to-do people who are not criminals, but idle, insubordinate, bad boys, are brought to their senses. The French law permits the father to send his children to a place of detention for a period not to exceed six months. The Paternal Home consists of thirty or forty rooms, or rather cells, grouped around a circular gallery. The pupil, who is designated by a number during his sojourn in the Home, is not permitted to see any one except the director and his teachers. He is isolated from all other boys. The reason for this rigorous seclusion is the desire that no disgrace should attach to the boy from his being temporarily an inmate of this Home. When a boy is first brought into the Paternal Home he generally remains obdurate for several days, but as a general rule the ennui causes him to give in, and he soon asks permission to study and to work. Good teachers and masters are then provided for him, the choice of subjects being left to his parents. Twice a day the tutor takes him out for a walk or recreation. The French father can put away an unruly son in this manner and have an excellent education forced into him, all for the cost of thirty dollars a month.

The main work at Mettray, however, is to educate and reform the thousands of children of the poor, many of whom have started on a criminal career. The life of the boys at Mettray is a continual round of study, work, clock-like regularity of habits, and attention to duty. They get up at 4:45 a. m., breakfast at 5:15, begin work at 5:40, lunch at 7:50, work from 8:30 to 11:30, study from 11:30 to 1, dine from 1 to 2, work from 2 to 7:15, take supper at 7:30, then have prayers and go to bed. They sleep in hammocks, with an overseer constantly with them. The school is divided into groups called "families," the head of the house being called the chef de famille. Each family lives in a house of its own. In addition to the chef there is in each family an "elder brother," chosen by the boys themselves for his general good behavior. During the sixty years this institution has been in existence it has reclaimed and made good and successful citizens out of thousands of young criminals. Five per cent of those who have passed through the institution go back to crime. Before the foundation of the institution at Mettray, 75 per cent of France's juvenile offenders went back to crime after being punished in the ordinary way.

In Defense of Trash.

Marion Hill, in "Good Housekeeping,"

The early fall is a time of year when the housekeeper's broom does more to destroy a child's love for science than all the school openings do to foster it. The urchin has come in from the tree and wildly happy vacation times in field and forest or by river side or seashore, he has gone back into the (to him) dungeon keeps of learning; and the treasures of his summer quests—his shells and stones, his eggs and beetles, his weird, unclassifiable miscellany, are left to the untender mercies of an indiscriminating and injudicious housekeeper, who sweeps the accumulation away as mere trash, and fails to see its value as a basis for educational development.

It is true that snake skins should be alien to little boys' Sunday pants pockets, that dead and dividing bugs look messy among the clean clothes in the top drawer, that dried ferns make unwelcome dust, that eggshells and seashells imperfectly cleaned mingle to produce unsavory odors, that much which is treasure to a child is annoying to an orderly adult mind; but it is equally true that there is criminal wrong in allowing a child to collect these specimens from the world's great academy of science, only to scold him about them, and worse still to sweep them all out into the rubbish heap.

Indeed and indeed, the parent should welcome but too gladly all these wholesome evidences of a child's interest in Nature. Just exactly where the parent steps in to destroy is where he should step in to organize and encourage. Every beetle should be made the text for an evening's research, every shell an object lesson. The specimens, no matter how incongruous and valueless at first, should be gathered into a cabinet and labeled lovingly and carefully. It is safe to say that no privilege would please a child better than being allowed the use of an entire shelf of the bookcase upon which to arrange his valuables. Such a collection would not be in the least an unsightly one, nor one altogether unprofitable even for adult inspection.

The mother who throws away her child's conglomeration of vacation souvenirs, puts a premium upon dislike of school. The schoolhouse is but a sorry educator compared to these eloquent minerals and shells and weeds. This idea of a desk, a seat, some books and a teacher being the only combination to produce an education is the most vicious of mistakes.

"Cram up the school-children,
Fill up the heads of them.
Send them all lessonful
Home to the beds of them;
Blackboard and exercise,
Problem and question,
Weaken their young eyes
And spoil their digestion.
Stuff them with 'ometries
All they can batter at,
Fill them with 'ologies
All they can smatter at,
Cram them with 'onomies
All they can spatter at;
And when they have done
With the worry and show of it,
What do they care for it?
What do they know of it?"

Books can offer them only the dry husks of learning, infinitely better than no learning at all, but as infinitely inferior to the living, glowing lessons which are to be learned from Nature herself. And truly this quaint gathering of specimens so dear to children is the first step in pursuit of that truer education. Realities are always better than words, and when that reality—whether mineral or shell or what-not—has been collected by the child himself, it possesses the added value of being a personal reminiscence, and is all the greater an incentive to research.

The mother who fosters in her son a love for science, who encourages him to pursue some special branch of it, furnishes him with that very safeguard against a vicious employment of his spare time for which her prayers are pleading. A boy who prowls the woods for minerals and pries into rocky cleavages for fossils is just as healthfully and more sanely and safely occupied than he who roams forth with a gun on a killing expedition. The boy who has a pocketful of specimens to classify and label, will generally choose to spend his evenings at home in order to do it.

Let the children keep their "trash." Find a place for it. Find the meaning of it. Be what Ruskin demands of you in your home life—be the "center of order"—show the girls how to preserve and to classify their grasses, or ferns, or flowers; show the boys how to interpret and label their rocks and shells; turn the chaotic mess of souvenirs into a pictured hand-book of science; and in praise of science let your heart speak as spoke Solomon:

"Happy is he that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding:
For the merchandise of it is better than silver
And the gain thereof than of fine gold
She is more precious than rubies;
And all the things thou canst desire
Are not to be compared unto her.
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And in her left riches and honor.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness
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Why Children Should be Revered.

Here is a "problem" copied from the blackboard in an Atchison school-room: "The sum of the face angles of any polyhedron is equal to four right angles taken as many times less two as the polyhedron has vertices." Can you get it through your head? Parents should really entertain more awe and reverence for children who know what this means.

Boy Money Makers and Money Savers

Boys Who Have Made Money and How They Made It.

In the April number of THE AMERICAN BOY we offered three money prizes for the first, second and third best ideas that boys could put into execution for the making of money. From the descriptions sent in it would seem that there are an endless number of ways by which boys can earn money, and no doubt our readers will be glad to learn a few of them.

WILLIE SCHILL, Detroit, Mich., age fifteen, has \$95.50 in bank. He started peddling newspapers three years ago, having two customers at the time. At the end of six months he had increased the number of his customers to eight. The first year he saved \$10. During the following year he bought out another newsboy who had forty customers, paying him \$5. That year he bought a \$20 wheel and a B-flat clarinet in a case for \$16.35. That took all his money. By the beginning of the third year he had sixty one customers, and during that year bought a C clarinet for \$9, paid \$6 for repairs on his wheel and saved \$35 in addition. At the end of the third year he had \$95.50 in bank. He pays for music lessons and street car fare out of his earnings and his mother buys his clothes. **WILLIAM A. BOYCE**, Boxelder, Colo., believes in raising potatoes. He selected a small patch of ground on the side of a hill, covered the ground with cow manure, plowed and harrowed it. He chose round seed on account of the wet ground because cut seed will rot in such ground. When the spuds broke through the ground the potato bugs started to eat the leaves, but he set bravely to work killing them in order to keep them from laying eggs, as he says the young ones are five times as bad as the old ones. When the spuds were ten inches high he noticed them turning black, so he made rows with the hoe, down each double row, and turned in the water, letting it soak for one night. The right time to dig potatoes is about two weeks after a good frost, he says. His crop measured twenty four tons to the acre. The patch he had was small, but it yielded five tons. He sold a half ton in the spring for seed at \$15. The large, smooth potatoes he sold for \$135, a total of \$150 for his product. After paying for his seed he had \$148 net profit, not counting his work.—**ED. A. BOYCE**, Boxelder, Colo., has a small piece of land, 30x50 feet, in which he sowed peas, turnips, carrots, onions and potatoes, but he planted his potatoes in crooked rows, and when he came to use the cultivator he destroyed many of his plants, with the result that he had from his potato crop not much other than experience. He says a crooked row is a fraud. The following year he planted his rows straight and put fewer seeds in a row and cleared \$25.—**CASTLE G. BRIDGE**, Columbia City, Ind., lives in the vicinity of a pickle factory. His mother set apart for him an acre of ground and in this he planted cucumbers. After the cucumbers came up he hoed them several times before they came to blossom. When the vines were ready for picking he got as high as ten bushels a day, hiring two boys to pick with him at 50 cents each per day. He made four trips to town every week with his pickles, for which he received 50 cents a bushel for the small ones and 12 1/2 cents a bushel for the large ones. At the end of the season he had cleared \$190.—**RALPH RENDLEMAN**, Little Rock, Ark., was told by his mother that he could plant the back yard to vegetables. As soon as the weather in the spring was warm enough he raked all the grass and weeds off the ground and laid out the earth in beds. One Saturday he worked for a commission merchant and received 50 cents and a lot of onion sets. With the 50 cents he bought lettuce, spinach, radish, mustard and beet seeds. By May his first planting was growing well, and from that time on he began to sell and deliver to customers with a profit of 50 cents a day. In addition to this his mother had all the vegetables for home use that she could use. Ralph is twelve years old. His vegetable garden netted him about \$10. Later in the summer he made money out of flowers.—**LEO. C. LITTLE**, Oregon, Ill., lives near a large factory, which employs about 250 men. He conceived the idea of selling lunches to the men. One morning he bought a dozen buns, two loaves of bread, a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, ten cents' worth of boiled ham, and five cents' worth of tissue paper, out of which he made twenty six sandwiches, wrapping each nicely in a square of tissue paper and sticking a toothpick in each. Then he got from the creamery a pailful of buttermilk and went to the factory, giving a sandwich and a glass of buttermilk for five cents. They went like hot cakes, and at the end of the summer he was selling about sixty a day, netting him for his summer's work \$48.25.—**WILLIE BELL**, Rising City, Neb., says that he bought a young pig of his father, which, in fifteen months, he sold for \$13.45, the net profit being \$4. With \$2 additional, which he had made in other ways, he bought a young heifer calf. It cost him nothing to keep her during the summer, but in

the winter he bought a few bushels of oats and ground corn mixed. In about two years he had a cow and another calf, which he thinks are worth about \$40. He thinks if any boy has any money about him he had better buy a pig or a calf and let it grow.—**ROLLAND HAYES**, Fox Lake, Wis., began selling horseradish on April 3, 1902. Friday evenings he scraped and grated his radish and Saturdays he peddled it, selling it at 8 cents a glass, the material costing him one cent a glass. In six weeks he had cleared \$16.50. He also raised tomato plants, selling 1,200 at 15 cents a dozen, and receiving therefor \$15. Early cabbage plants he sold at a profit of \$16.66. He had a piece of land 45x65 feet and planted half to lettuce, beets, carrots, onions, and the other half to cucumbers, from which he cleared considerable money. Later he spaded the ground up and sowed it to turnips. The result of his summer's work was \$60.46 to the good. He says during this summer he is going to make more than he did last.—**ARTHUR EASTMAN**, Wilmington, Del., about three years ago bought a paper route of twenty six customers at 10 cents a customer. His profits were 78 cents a week. About a year ago he sold his route, which had increased to thirty five customers, for \$15.—**R. B. P.** and his brother, White Oak, S. C., aged fifteen and seventeen, respectively, have kept their eyes open to learn how to do carpentering and have gathered together quite a kit of tools. Last summer their mother wanted a library and sewing room built onto the house. The carpenter wanted \$50 for doing the work. The boys offered to do it for \$30, and they did it and did it well. They say their mother thinks it fine enough for President Roosevelt.—**ARTHUR DE VAUL**, Laings, O., suggests the raising of squabs, or the planting of peanuts and popcorn.—**J. HUMPHREY SMITH**, Princeton, N. J., last summer earned \$10 as an agent for a weekly paper. He was but ten years old and lived in a small town. With this \$10 he put a new Hartford tire on his bicycle and had a four days' visit to his aunt in Philadelphia.—**WESLEY SCHOONOVER**, Vinton, Ia., canvassed his neighborhood with several books. He would take a horse and buggy in the morning at nine o'clock and return at four in the afternoon. During the first month he sold about thirty books, with a net profit of \$19.45. He has had some experience in raising pigs. His father gives him from among the young pigs such as are weak and would die if left with the others. He puts them in a pen by themselves and feeds and cares for them. He had a pen made that could be moved about so that when the pigs had eaten the grass off from one place the pen could be placed on fresh sod. He keeps the pigs until they are old enough to be turned out with the others. He marks them by putting a tag in one of their ears. When the pigs are sold his father gives him half the money from the ones tagged. He raised six pigs last year, which netted him \$50.—**FRANK A. DAVIS**, Cuyahoga Falls, O., decided, with his brother, to raise popcorn, so they planted the white rice variety on a quarter acre of ground which their father gave them and which they had plowed. They husked about twenty one bushels, for which they received \$1.25 a bushel.—**WILLIAM CALDWELL**, Great Falls, Mont., picked strawberries and raspberries for a farmer and got 30 cents a crate, each crate containing twenty four boxes. In two months he made \$25. The following summer he got 65 cents a day for his work. He was fifteen years old at the time.—**CARL L. MORSE**, Los Gatos, Cal., says that last spring when an animal show came to town his mother told him that he would have to pay his own way, whereupon he went to his grandmother, who raised onions and lettuce, received from her some of the vegetables, and started out to see what he could do. He took orders for over 75 cents' worth, selling a dozen cleaned onions in a bunch for 5 cents and the lettuce at a penny a bunch. He paid his grandmother two cents for each bunch of onions and two cents for five bunches of lettuce. In that way he earned money enough to go to the show. After that he took orders every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, filling the orders the following day and never missing a minute of school. He was always careful to deliver first class goods. At the end of six weeks he had cleared \$7. At the time he was doing this he was ten years old.—**SOLON H. RHODES**, Azusa, Cal., made money last summer raising onions and potatoes. During the Christmas vacation he cleared off about an acre of ground adjoining his father's ranch. He plowed it thoroughly and harrowed it three times. On March 6 he planted two varieties of potatoes—the early six weeks and the Burbank. The latter part of February he planted onions with a seeder. After they came up he cultivated them with a homemade rake, working about them every week for the first month and from then on every other week, and irrigating them three times. The latter part of September he harvested the onions, having five sackfuls. The onions sold at one to one and one-half cents a pound. The fore part of August he dug his potatoes, selling them at three-quarters of a cent to a cent a pound. His net profit on the

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"TOO LITTLE TO GO."

We have had so many inquiries for original photographs of the front page illustration of our June number, entitled "Too Little to Go," that we have ordered a limited number and offer them at the following prices:

- 8x10—Enlargement, unmounted, shipped in tube; black or sepia (postpaid) \$1.00
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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

potatoes and onions was \$15.20, which paid for a free scholarship in a correspondence school, on the subject of stationary, steam and electrical engineer.—**PERCY LEIGH GAINES**, Sherwood, N. C., says that last year his brother planted about five-sevenths of an acre in peanuts and then went away to school and gave the ground to him. He raised about twenty bushels, worth about \$16.—**WILBUR DRAKE BLADES**, Elmira, N. Y., on June 7, 1902, bought a hen with nine little chickens for 75 cents. Since January 1, 1903, the hen and her progeny have been laying fine and he has had twenty seven dozen eggs, which he sold for \$5.35. He has two hens now setting. He thinks the poultry business is the business for boys and calculates that he will make \$50 this year.—**EDWARD LANSING**, Belle Helene, La., when twelve years old went to work in a brick plant doing any work he could get. He earned enough to buy some hens and a rooster. He soon had a lot of little chicks and some small change to buy feed with. He has now thirty hens, four roosters, and sixty three little chicks. Last summer he earned enough money to buy a \$15 helper and a \$14 "bike," besides, he had money in his pocket to buy any little treat he happened to want. He says that the work is very hard and very dirty in a brick plant, but that he keeps thinking what he is going to buy with his money, and that helps him to keep going. He is going to earn enough money, he says, to buy a lot in some town and in time put a cottage on it so he will have a home. He works from six in the morning till six at night.—**LAURENCE WINTERS**, Mazeppa, Minn., age eleven, lives on a farm. Last summer he raised turkeys, having six hens and one gobbler. He did not take the eggs away from the hens as they laid them, and let them set where they had their nests. The young he kept dry in pens two feet high, feeding them on wheat and ground cornmeal mixed with sour milk. In the fall when he fattened the turkeys he fed them shelled corn once a day. He received seven cents a pound in the fall for thirty one turkeys and got \$26.65. The butcher said they were the best turkeys he got that fall. A little later he sold nine for \$5, so that he made \$31.65.—**BLINN HALL**, age 10, Grand Rapids, Mich., bought a pig six weeks old and fed it middlings and slops from the house, and corn toward the last. Three months later he sold it at a profit of \$4.—**MERRITT HALL**, Grand Rapids, Mich., who lives just outside the city limits, together with his brother, planted, on the tenth of April, 1902, one-quarter of an acre of potatoes of the early Ohio variety. They marketed their crop of twenty bushels the fifteenth of July, at a profit of \$11.56. Merritt is nine years old.—**W. B. SHEPARDSON**, Baldwinville, Mass., entered the office of his father's factory at the age of sixteen. In eight months he missed but one day. By the end of the eight months he had accumulated \$108, which he thinks is pretty good for a boy of his age. In addition to that he received experience which is worth more than the money.—**THOMAS M. PETERS**, Lake Bluff, Ill., last summer got a kit of carpenter's tools at a cost of \$10.50. With these he made brackets, picture frames, etc., which he sold at \$4. With \$3.50 of this money he bought a wood burner with which he began making burnt wood work. A friend then gave him a box of carving tools and now he is doing wood burning and carving, and has all the orders that he can fill. He advises all American boys to try wood burning and carving.

(To be Continued.)

The Great Hayville-Alfalfa Game

"IN ALL my experience I only remember one pitcher I couldn't hit safely every time I came to bat," said Home-Run Haggerty, as he maneuvered with a long pole to get a stray ball out of the grandstand gutter, where a high foul had deposited it. "That pitcher was a little fellow by the name of Combs, who twirled against us in the Corn and Clover league a couple of summers after I took up baseball, and which embraced a town called Alfalfa. It was only a little six-club circuit, but the teams were pretty evenly matched, and there was plenty of exciting games. Outside the times when the cowboys broke loose and amused themselves by shooting at high flies with their revolvers everything went smoothly enough till the middle of the summer, when we were neck and neck for the lead with the Hayvilles, another town down the line a bit.

"Well, this pitcher Combs had helped the Hayvilles win most all their games, just the same as I had been responsible for most of the Alfalfa victories. He was the champion pitcher of the league, according to the figures, while my batting percentage was 1.000. I hadn't failed, up to this Hayville-Alfalfa game, to get a hit every time I came to bat, and only three times had they been anything but home runs.

"Those were two-baggers when I had been unlucky enough to hit the fence and have the ball bound back in reach of the fielders. Generally the ball kept right on through the fence, anyhow, but these three times the boards were solid and turned the ball back.

"Pinch Hobbs was crazy to get at him. 'Pinch batted first, and the first ball that was pitched up came so slow and easy that it looked like a freight car, and coming sideways at that. Pinch just put his bat on his shoulder and laughed outright. I couldn't help grinning myself.

"That first one was a ball, and Pinch called out: 'Hay, Combs, don't slam 'em in so hard. Give me a chance to hit it, will you?' 'At that all our fellows in the bunch laughed, but Combs never said a word. The next ball came up just as slow, and this time Pinch drew himself together and laced out for all he was worth. I could see he was measuring the distance to the left field fence, but the ball went straight up in the air and the catcher caught it. Then you ought to have heard the audience groan, and Pinch talked an ultramarine streak.

"I was ready for his slow one, but I'll be blamed if the ball didn't do the same thing with me—went right up in the air, and the catcher caught it in. The rest of the fellows on our team were just average hitters, and Combs had a good time with them.

"Well, Pinch and I popped up a foul every time we came to bat, up to the ninth inning. The score was then 1 to 0, in favor of the Hayvilles, for we had held them down. But Combs had been invincible, and with two hands gone in the ninth the people began to get ready to go out.

"Then Pinch Hobbs came up and made the first safe hit of the game—a screamer over third, that gave him two bases, and the crowd took heart again.

"Come on, Haggerty," said the manager. "Give us a homer, now, and we'll pull out of this hole yet."

"Well, you could hear the breathings of the crowd in the grandstand when I faced Combs for that final crack. Pinch took a long lead off second; the catcher squatted down to give his signal; Combs wound his arm up a minute, and then he

tossed up the same balloon-looking ball as he had each time before.

"Crack! I let drive at it so hard the bat just made a streak through the air. The next minute I was tearing round the bases, and Pinch was in from second and over the plate.

"The crowd got up and yelled itself hoarse, and when my spikes hit the rubber I was picked up and carried to the grandstand.

"Combs looked as downcast as anything, but he looked puzzled, too.

"Which way did the ball go?" he says to his catcher.

"Ho! ho!" says Pinch Hobbs. "Don't worry about the ball. It's a mile away by this time and goin' yet."

"The catcher shook his head and stood on the plate looking up in the air. Suddenly he came back on the run to the grandstand, ran up to a man who was waving his hat and rooting over our victory, and asked the loan of his op'ra glasses.

"Certainly," says the man. "Lookin' for that ball, sonny? Don't mind it. Here's a dollar and a half for another."

"The catcher never said a word, but ran back with the op'ra glasses to the plate and looked hard up in the air.

"By this most all the people were half-way home, and the players were getting dressed. We were all laughing at the catcher.

"All of a sudden he yelled, 'Here she comes!' and ran out onto the diamond. Then he threw the op'ra glasses behind him on the grass, and then, sure enough, we saw that ball coming down from behind two clouds and dropping like a bullet.

"It had gone straight up in the air, and I had hit it so hard it went unusually high. Well, this catcher showed us he was the goods right there by catching that ball in his mitt when she came, and claimed the game, as, of course, the run Pinch and I had made didn't count. You ought to have heard, the yelling of the Hayville people then.

"The papers roasted us so for losing the game that we just left town—the whole team, manager and all—and went into the Apple Belt league representing Russelville. The Alfalfa people got together that night and tarred and feathered the man that lent the Hayville catcher the op'ra glasses and rode him out o' town on a rail."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Something About the America's Cup, Its Challenger and Defender.

The *Reliance*, the boat which is to defend the America's cup this summer against Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock III.*, measures 142 feet over all, forty eight feet longer than the *Puritan*, that defended the cup in 1885. At the water line the *Reliance* is ninety feet long—only nine feet longer than the *Puritan*. The beam of the *Reliance* is twenty five feet, eight inches, and her draught about nineteen feet, eight inches. The *Puritan's* planking above the water line was two and one-half inches thick; that of the *Reliance* is one-eighth of an inch thick and is of nickel steel. The keel of the *Reliance* weighs one hundred tons. Her frames are of nickel steel, the center being five-fortieths to seven-fortieths of an inch in thickness. The truck of the *Reliance* towers 155 feet above the deck, while upon the *Puritan* the pennant fluttered only about 104 feet above the deck. The *Reliance* spreads 15,800 square feet of canvas—nearly double that of the *Puritan*. In the days of the *Puritan* all hands lived on board the yacht. The *Reliance* is nothing but

Washington High School Cadets—Continued from Page 303.



WINNERS OF WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOLS BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP 1903.

termine which company in the regiment is entitled to the honor of being known as the best drilled, or prize company for that year. The prize striven for is a handsome silk flag, bearing upon its staff the colors of all those companies who took the prize in previous years, and a thousand dollar gold medal studded with jewels, which goes to the captain of the prize company.

Next to the annual drill, the Regimental Drill is second in importance. This is, each May, held on the White Lot, directly in the rear of the executive mansion, and many of our Presidents have been interested onlookers as the boys have gone through their maneuvers.

In 1800 the cadets were made an adjunct to the District of Columbia National Guard, which entitles them to many more privileges than they formerly enjoyed. President Roosevelt, who is an admirer of the boys, was escorted from the railroad station to the White House by the High School Cadets, when he returned from his western trip.

By its sheer excellence, the High School Cadet corps has won its way to the front rank of military organizations, and I have been told by army officers that at West Point and also at Annapolis the cadet bodies there cannot surpass, in general excellence, the work of the Washington High School Cadets.

In athletics the high school boys, under the able supervision of Professors Matern and Grant, have attained a form bordering on perfection, their football and baseball teams holding a foremost place among the schools of the south; while in the track and field events their athletes have carried the high school colors to the front in many a stirring event.

The high school paper, "Hand and Mind," in make-up and in general interest has no superior and but few equals among the school publications of America. I particularly call attention to the original and unique cover page—the work of the students—that "Hand and Mind" puts out each quarter.

a shell with no interior fittings. The *Puritan* had wooden spars; the *Reliance* has spars of steel plates in the shape of cylinders.

This summer Sir Thomas Lipton will, for the third time, try to capture the America's cup. The *Shamrock III.*, which has come over this year, is 138 feet long, twenty two feet and one-half beam, and draws about nineteen feet of water. Her sail spread is in the neighborhood of 16,000 square feet. She has beaten the *Shamrock I.*, which boat, it is said, is a better boat than the *Shamrock II.*

curve, keeping the arm close to the side, stepping well in and turning the palm of the hand upward.—New York American.

Demand for Technical Graduates.

In these days, says the Chicago Record-Herald, when the value of a college education is the subject of such lively discussion the statement in a recent issue of this paper concerning the unprecedented demand for graduates of technical institutions attracts more than ordinary attention.

It was stated that when the senior class of the Armour Institute of Chicago met before graduation two or three offers of good positions were laid before each graduate. As there were 35 members of the class who received degrees at the convocation, and as Armour Institute is only one of many such institutions in this country, the inference is plain that the demand for technically trained young men must be very large.

As a matter of fact, the demand for technically trained engineers, both in this country and Europe, is greater than at any time in the history of our industrial development. It is claimed that colleges of technology can not graduate enough students to fill the positions offered to responsible men. The demand comes from railroads, machine builders, insurance companies, packing establishments, mining companies, bridge builders and electrical power transmission and lighting plants.

This growing need, which is the fruit of our marvelous development in the applied sciences, has not been without its effect upon the universities and the public schools. The universities are constantly adding engineering schools and enriching their facilities for technical education, while the public schools are recognizing the demand for an education that trains the hand as well as the brain. The addition of manual training shops and better instruction in the natural sciences are among the hopeful tendencies of our public school system.

Athletics Come High.

It cost \$80,000 during the year 1902 to pay the expenses of Yale athletics. The total receipts in all branches of athletics at Yale College last year were \$83,460.

Remember Kirk Munroe's Stories soon to begin which you will not want to miss.



SECOND LIEUT. DOUGLAS A. MACARTHUR.



SECOND LIEUT. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

In our July number we printed an item regarding the 1903 graduating class of the United States Military Academy at West Point, mentioning that Douglas A. MacArthur, son of General MacArthur, stood at the top of the class, and that Ulysses S. Grant, son of General Frederick Grant and grandson of President Grant, was well toward the top. We are now able to present to our readers the pictures of these young men who will, we doubt not, should occasion arise, amply sustain the merited reputations of their distinguished sires.

The raise ball is a curve, and according to "Tim" Murname, was first introduced by Robert Matthews. Rhines and McGinty later on did phenomenal work with a natural raise. The ball is produced by snapping the wrist as in a

THE AMERICAN BOY

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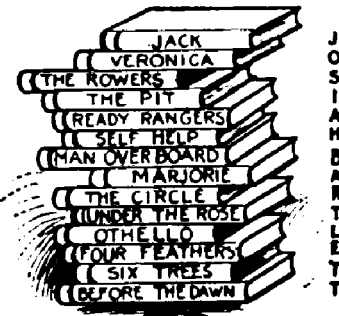
Write me and I will tell you how you can easily earn one. H. L. CULVER, 454 Court St., BOSTON, N. Y.

TANGLES. 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 cannot undertake to return rejected puzzles nor to reply personally to letters.

Page A. Perry, Spartansburg, Pa., with 13 excellent contributions, wins the prize for best lot of original puzzles received by June 20. T. Lynn Chase, Walter T. Horton and Frank C. McMillan crowded the prize winner closely, while excellent contributions, some of which we hope to use, arrived from Vernon Lovett, Osborne K. Follansbee, John W. Dulaney, G. W. Hodgkins, Leonard Steburg, Bernhard Benson, Everett Jlin Cox, Alfred Nelson, H. A. Bunker, Jr., Charles Stewart, Clarence C. Miller, Paul Lau, Samuel Pike, Harold Lamb, Ragnar Lunell, Edward Langton Fernald, George T. Yowell, Joe and Credon McGann, Wm. A. Sinner and C. Roland Kerbaugh. Others sent in contributions which we are unable to use, and are invited to try again.

Answers to July Tangles.

- 1. The pictures on the chess board are as follows, in order from left to right: Eagle, Angle, Daisy, Acorn, Lemon, Index, Whale, Heart, Nose, Elbow, Rhomb, Skate, Music, Ovoid, Table, Towel, Indri, Ladle, Screw, Onion, Teeth, Camel, Label, Anvil, Kites, Negro, Razor, Easel, Notes, Knife, Rifle, Yacht, Italy, Album, Prism, Fifty, Apron, Egret, Match, Novel, Nails, Hands, Fence, Libra, Sword, Hinge, Cubes, Arrow, Wheel, Eight, Llana, Eland, Union, Auger, North, Pansy, Jewel, Ivory, Seven, Years, Raven, Trout, Equal, Names. The 28 signers of the Declaration of Independence are: Adams, Chase, Clark, Clymer, Ellery, Franklin, Hall, Hancock, Hart, Hewes, Jefferson, Lee, Lewis, Lynch, McKean, Nelson, Paine, Paine, Penn, Ross, Rush, Sherman, Smith, Stockton, Stone, Read, Wilson, Wolcott.
2. 1. Independence. 2. Nathan (Hale). 3. Detroit. 4. Evacuation (by the British). 5. Pakenham. 6. Ethan (Allen). 7. New Orleans. 8. Delaware. 9. Erie. 10. Newburg. 11. Cowpens. 12. Edward. 13. Dartmouth. 14. Anthony (Wayne). 15. Yorktown. Initials spell Independence Day.
3. Flag, Line, card, cube, Jack, Tree, Arch, Aces, Take, Cone, horn.
Zig-zag spells firecracker.
4. 1. Stony Point, Wayne. 2. Stillwater, Gates. 3. Lexington, Parker. 4. Ticonderoga, Allen. 5. Brandywine, Washington. 6. Princeton, Washington. 7. Trenton, Washington.
5. Begin with the central letter, T. "The Surrender of Vicksburg, July Fourth, Eighteen Sixty Two."
6. Bartlett (Labette Co., Kansas), age, 47 years. Morton (Pottawatomie Co., Iowa), age, 52 years. Franklin (Williamson Co., Tennessee), age, 70 years. Thornton (Tallapoosa Co., Alabama), age, 62 years. Rush (Webster Co., Georgia), age, 31 years. Harrison (Hamilton Co., Ohio), age, 35 years. Hart (McDonald Co., Missouri), age, 68 years. Total ages, 366. July 5, 1777, 366 days following the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Fort Ticonderoga was recaptured by the British, under Gen. Burgoyne.
7. Begin with I in the third square from the top of the right hand column and read downward and around the square three times. Independence Day, Thomas Jefferson.
8.



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- 9. The final letter of each word is A. The initial letters spell the alphabet. 1. Avola. 2. Burma. 3. Canea. 4. Desna. 5. Edina. 6. Fulda. 7. Genoa. 8. Hekla. 9. Itata. 10. Jaffa. 11. Korea. 12. Llana. 13. Malta. 14. Nubia. 15. Oruba. 16. Piqua. 17. Quita. 18. Rolla. 19. Sofia. 20. Tloga. 21. Utica. 22. Volga. 23. Waika. 24. Xenia. 25. Yampa. 26. Zebra.

NEW TANGLES.

10. CONNECTED HOURGLASSES. Left upper hourglass: Hasty; moderate; relating to the earth; a kind of nut; the larva of a certain fly; a letter in placer; uncooked; small; relating to medicine; an original model; one who is guided by reason. Perpendicular centrals: The act of filtering. Left lower hourglass: To make a preliminary survey; to make known formally; a Mexican horse of small size; pertaining to voice; the unit of electrical resistance; a letter in placer; the grandfather of Ahtub; a leather thong; staidness; capable of being derived or inferred; pertaining to settlements in fluid. Perpendicular centrals: Indifference. Right upper hourglass: Ungodly; a pangyrist; ostentatious; unyielding; a young goat; a letter in placer; to thrust; a leguminous plant; the planet Venus when morning star; the science of water; interpretation. Perpendicular centrals: An inference. Right lower hourglass: A peculiarity; slightly quivering; to perceive and recognize; faith; short for Abraham; a letter in placer; the fifth son of Jacob; to provide food; proceeding by tens; made up of parts; obstinacy. Perpendicular centrals: Nocturnal study. Central hourglass: Lying beyond the sea; sphericity; an expression of applause; a kind of cloth; a member of a certain Indian tribe; a letter in placer; a person distinguished for amusing sayings; imagination; propriety of manner; to form into grains; unplying. Perpendicular centrals: Abounding in mountains. —Page A. Perry.

11. PROGRESSIVE ENIGMAS. (1) There was a bright 1.2.3.4.5 in the 6.7.8.9.10 that stood near the 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8.9.10. (2) The actor who played 1.2.3.4.5.6.4.5.6 the man in free who presented him with a 1.2.3. (3) I was in the 1.2.3.4.5.6 when he brought the tin 1.2.3 for me to 4.5.6. (4) In his 1.2.3.4.5.6.7 the boy had always been dressed 1.2.3.4.5.6.7 clothes. (5) Our cat, named 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8, will roll like a 5.6.7.8 in the 1.2.3.4. (6) When I heard the 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8 on the porch I let a sailor 5.6.7.8 on my 1.2.3.4. (7) The sailor danced a 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8 with a 5.6.7.8 in his mouth, while I played the 1.2.3.4. (8) The 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8.9 I bought was not the

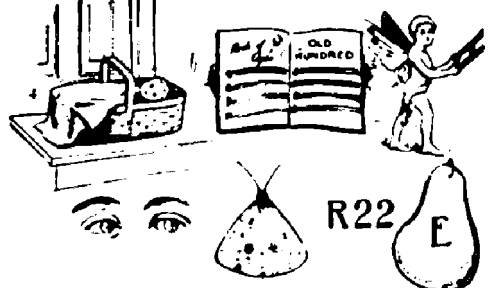
kind of 5.6.7.8.9 sister wanted for patching her 1.2.3.4. —Sherman Spurrier.

12. COMBINED SQUARES. Cut figures 1 and 2 each into four equal parts and so combine these eight portions into one square as to complete a sentence denoting that we enjoy our present employment. Figure 1. Figure 2.

Grid for Figure 1: N G N K W E, H I U C H I, O F T H T E, R I C A T A, I T H I N T, A R E M U E, N T E A M E, D I N B O Y

Grid for Figure 2: S I L E, S S S I, E S E R, H E N T

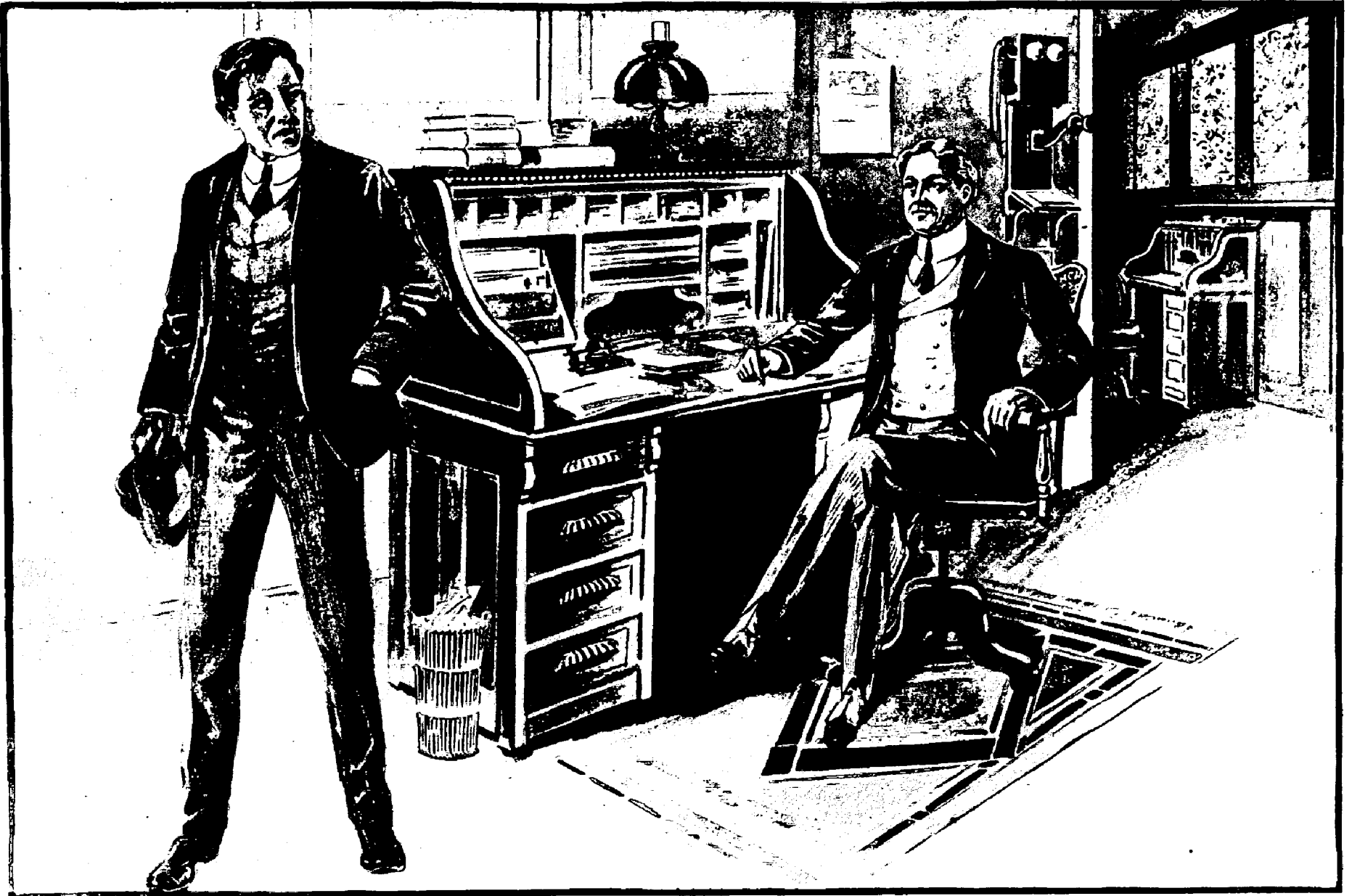
13. ILLUSTRATED PROVERB. From the Book of Proverbs. Give chapter and verse. —The Gopher.



14. ACROSTIC OF THE RULERS. The initial letters of certain required countries, whose rulers have the following titles, spell the name of a country whose ruler is a president. The parenthetical words name the grand divisions in which the countries are situated. Khedive (Africa), Emperor (Asia), President (North America), Emperor (Africa), King (Europe), Sultan (Asia), Czar (Europe). —Eugene M. Stewart.

15. BASEBALL CHESS. Find 40 or more terms used in connection with the game of baseball, by following the king's move in chess, which is one square in any direction, using each letter as often as needed, but repeating no letter without first moving from its square.

Chessboard grid with letters: F A S N G F A T, H E U A T G I C, R I M B L T E H, L T P L Y R L C, U O F A E D O T, H M E R N T O I, I K I T U M P E, C P F F S C O R



The above is a reproduction of Helm's Famous Drawing, entitled

“TURNED DOWN.”

"The young man and woman start out in the arena of business life, fresh from the home in city or country; they feel that the world of labor and usefulness lies broad before them; they are filled with ambition, hope and energy, and confident that their ability and earnestness will meet recognition; that soon they will be placed where they at least will be self-supporting, while many look forward in these first rosy visions to being able to help the dear ones who have cared for them so far on life's journey. Confidently, with heads erect, they make their first application for work, knowing they are willing and ready to do whatever is given them. Then comes the time of trial! Health, energy, and even willingness seem to find no place for their exploitation.

Time after time they see those with no more

ability, if as much, take a settled position in the ranks of labor. The erect head loses its confident poise, the buoyant spirit changes to a heart-sickening doubt in their own ability, as again and again they are 'TURNED DOWN' because they are not considered competent.

NOW, INDEED, A CRISIS HAS ARRIVED!!

Many sink back utterly discouraged, taking odd jobs of any kind where there is only a dreary, hopeless round of drudgery, with no prospects for future betterment, and no certainty of keeping the present work, for the world is only too full of unskilled labor, ready to work at any time at whatever comes. The rosy visions are all faded now, and something like the blackness of dull despair has taken their place. The ability that owing to youth and inexperience

may at first have been overestimated, is now far underestimated, from being repeatedly 'TURNED DOWN.'

My dear young friends, take heart and a new start!

IT IS NOT LACK OF ABILITY, BUT LACK OF TRAINING AND MARKETABLE KNOWLEDGE.

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September
1903.



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A PIECE OF PIE



LD ISAAC WESTON and his daughter Amanda lived on a small farm near my home when I was a boy. One day Amanda came over to our house and said:

"Father is going over to his brother Hiram's in Benton County, for a little visit of three or four days, and I want to know if one of your boys can come over to our house and stay nights with me. I'm not a bit afraid to stay alone in the daytime, but I always get nervous and skeery if I am alone when night comes."

"One of the boys can go over and stay at your house nights," replied mother. "Shall Dan or Evan come?"

"I reckon Dan had better come," replied Amanda. "He is bigger and stouter than Evan, and if anything should happen he'd be more of a protection. I don't know that I'd feel so skeered about bein' left alone at night if it wa'n't for that sawmill outfit over in Trimpy's woods so near our house. They are a dreadful rough lookin' gang o' men. Some o' them have been up to the house to buy milk an' eggs an' I never saw a rougher lookin' set. I keep our doors locked even in the daytime. They carry on dreadfully at their camp. I can hear them screechin' an' yellin' all hours o' the night, an' that's what makes me so skeered o' bein' left alone nights while father is away."

Miss Amanda did not look like a lady who could be easily "skeered." She was a tall, muscular and masculine looking woman of about forty five years. Her sunburned face had high cheek bones and she had short black hair. I remember that we discussed the object of Amanda's visit after her departure, and father said laughingly that his sympathies would be with the invader who had the temerity to enter Miss Amanda's home uninvited. It was known that Amanda was of uncertain temper, and that she had at various times shown great spirit under unusual provocation.

It was I who had been chosen to act as Miss Amanda's protector, and I remember that when I left my home to go to her house my brother Evan called out:

"If you hear any noise as of some one breaking into the house you'd better crawl under the bed and call Miss Amanda!"

It was nearly dark when I reached the Weston farm, and Miss Amanda said when she met me at the door:

"I was getting real nervous, an' I'm glad you have come. One of them rough sawmill men was here a few minutes ago to get a dozen eggs. He kind o' snooped around as if he knew that I was alone, but I never let on that father was away. He asked if the 'old man' was around. Said he wanted to see him about workin' for him through the hayin' season because he was tired of the sawmill work, but I never told him that father was away."

We sat on the little front porch and talked for awhile in the twilight, and then Miss Amanda said:

"I reckon we'd better go inside an' fasten the house up good for the night. Ain't scared any, are you?"

"I guess there isn't anything to be scared of," I said, evasively.

"No, I reckon not. As I have said before, if it wa'n't for them sawmill men so near I don't think that I should feel scared my own self. I'll light a lamp an' you carry it for me while I go around an' lock the house up an' see that the windows are all secure."

I carried a tiny hand lamp while Miss Amanda locked and bolted doors, fastened windows and looked in closets and under beds for possible men. We even went into the cellar and then explored one or two sheds near the house. Then we returned to the house and went into a small pantry at end of the kitchen. There were two or three tempting looking blueberry pies on a shelf in the pantry. One of the pies was cut and a part of it had been eaten.

"I'd offer you a piece o' pie, Dan, but I don't think that it would set well on your stummick after you'd gone to bed," said Miss Amanda.

I felt like saying that I would assume all risks in regard to the pie "setting well," for I was inordinately fond of pie, and of all pies I liked the blueberry variety best. I felt that it would not be quite polite for me to ask for a piece of the pie, but I looked longingly toward it as we left the pantry. Next to pie

I think that my boyish appetite craved doughnuts more than anything else, and there was a shining tin pan nearly full of big "twister" doughnuts on a shelf above the one on which the pies were so temptingly displayed.

I was about to go upstairs to my bedroom when Miss Amanda went into a small room at the other end of the kitchen and came out with a long, clumsy old musket.

"I reckon you know how to fire off a gun?" she said.

"I never fired off a gun like that," I replied.

"No, I s'pose not, but this gun will go off all right. Father killed a woodchuck with it the other day, an' it won't kick you over if you hold it just right. I think you'd better take it up to your room, an' if you hear any suspicious noises in the night you might fire the gun off just to skeer any one who might happen to be around. Of course, I wouldn't want you to really kill any one. It 'd be so kind o' unpleasant to have anything o' that kind happen on the place. But you might fire the gun out o' the window to let prowlers know that you are armed. See?"

I told her that I saw, but I did not add that I had not the least intention of firing off a gun with the well-known "kicking" propensities of Isaac Weston's old musket. I took the clumsy old gun up to my room and stood it in a corner. Then I went to bed with my thoughts intent not on burglars, but on—pie. It seemed to me that I had never in my life been so hungry for pie. The blueberries on our farm had not yet begun to ripen, and I had not tasted blueberry pie that season. I fear that I had that blueberry pie in mind even when I said my prayers, and I know that I was thinking of it when I got into my bed.

I dropped off into a light slumber only to dream of blueberry pie. I awoke to lie with wide open eyes thinking of the pie down in Miss Amanda's pantry. My longing for it increased. Then the tempter came and I found myself saying:

"Miss Amanda would not care in the least if you had a piece of the pie. She said that she would have given you a piece, but she feared that it might not be good for you. She didn't know that you had eaten many a piece of pie just before going to bed and slept like a baby afterward. If she knew that you were really so hungry for a piece of her pie that you could not sleep she would say, 'Why, go and get a piece of the pie and welcome to it!' What is a piece of pie or even a whole pie to a generous woman like Miss Amanda? Why not just slip down stairs and help yourself to the pie?"

It was easy for the tempter to make a hungry, pleasuring boy of sixteen think that this line of argument was all right. I was sure that I could slip out of bed, wrap a blanket around me and find my way to the pantry without a light. The clock in the kitchen below me had begun to strike eleven when I softly opened the door of my room on the way to the pantry in which was the pie of my desire. The door of my room creaked slightly on its hinges as I opened it, but the carpeted floor of the hall gave forth no sound as I stepped across it in my bare feet. The stairway leading into the kitchen creaked in a way I did not like as I stole down it, and my heart pulsations were quicker than usual when I stumbled over a chair in the kitchen on my way to the pantry.

Groping my way across the kitchen in the darkness I presently found myself in the pantry. I passed my hand along the shelf on which I had seen the pies, but I could not find them. I was groping in the darkness for other shelves when the door of the pantry closed with a bang and the key turned in the lock. Then the harsh voice of Miss Amanda cried out:

"I've got you, you scamp! An' there you'll stay until help comes! I'd like to see you break down this good old oaken door! You're as safe as if you were in a dungeon—you scoundrel!"

Then I heard her calling at the foot of the stairs:

"Dan! Dan Benson! Oh, Dan, come quick! I've got a scamp of a man in the pantry, an' I want you to go for your father! Dan, why don't you answer me?"

Of course there was no reply, and in a moment I heard Miss Amanda say irritably:

"I wonder if that boy is lying there scared to death! A purty protector he is! Oh, Dan, Dan! Well, of all things! Come down here afid bring that gun, Dan!"

Then I heard Miss Amanda climbing the creaking

stairs, but I could not hear what she said when she burst into my room and found it empty. When Miss Amanda again descended it was by the front stairway and I heard her front door close as she left the house.

A family named Duncan lived but a short distance from the home of Miss Amanda, and while I was a prisoner in the pantry a victim of remorse and chagrin, Miss Weston was hurrying toward the home of the Duncans. There was no outlet from the pantry excepting by way of the door, and Miss Amanda was right when she said that it would resist all efforts to break it down.

My appetite for pie had suddenly vanished, and "twister" doughnuts had no charm for me as I stood in the pantry in the darkness wrapped in my blanket, dreading the return of Miss Amanda and some one from the Duncan farm.

In what seemed to me to be an incredibly short time I heard the sound of footsteps in the hall of the house. Then a faint line of light shone under the pantry door.

"He's in there still," I heard Miss Amanda say. "I knew that he couldn't get away. He'll find himself in a still safer place before long—the scoundrel!"

Then she added:

"To think of that Benson boy streaking for home when he heard the commotion down here! I went up to his room only to find his bed empty. He either got out of the house some way an' went home, or he has hidden some place about the house! I have heard that he didn't have much grit, an' now I know it!"

Then she rapped on the pantry door and said severely:

"You might just as well give up, sir! Here is Mr. Duncan and his hired man an' they are both armed! Mr. Duncan thinks that like enough you are the thief who broke into his house two weeks ago an' carried off a lot o' pie an' cake! You won't carry none off from this house unless you've et a lot since you've been in there! Now, I'm goin' to open the door an' it'll be no use for you to show fight for we are three to one, an' when I git my dander up as I have it up now, I count for three or four! So here goes!"

The key turned in the lock and the door was flung open. Miss Amanda held a lamp aloft. Its rays fell on me as I tried to shrink into a corner with a part of the blanket held over my crimson face. I heard Miss Amanda give a little gasp and then she said sharply:

"Well, if it ain't my brave protector! Of all things! What on earth does this mean, Dan?"

So confused that I hardly knew what I was saying, I stammered in reply:

"Well, I—I—was just going to get a—a—a—piece of pie!"

"A piece of pie? My goodness, boy, if you wanted a piece of pie why didn't you say so? If I ain't beat! All this hubbub for a piece o' pie! When I heard you on the stairs I never for a moment doubted that you were a burglar! An' you didn't get the pie after all, for I found some horrid ants in the pantry after you'd gone to bed an' put the pie in my tin cake box in the cupboard! You can have a piece now if you are still hungry for it."

"No, I don't want any," I replied.

"I shouldn't think that you would," replied Miss Amanda, dryly. "I'm dreadful sorry to have got you up in the night this way, Mr. Duncan, but how was I to know that it was only my protector on the rampage for pie? I reckon he'd better go to bed, an' I'll protect myself the rest o' the night!"

That was the last night I did duty as Miss Amanda's protector. I dressed myself at the first sign of approaching daylight and hurried homeward without waiting to make any adieux to Miss Amanda. She manifested a spirit of real kindness and forgiveness by sending me a large and tempting looking blueberry pie the next day, but somehow I had no appetite for it.

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Making Collections

BY ANNE LEONARD

Collections—of what? Certainly there is a wide range, from the treasures of the ages stored in the palaces of kings and in the great museums of the world, to the little child's hoard of bright-colored pebbles or broken bits of glass.

Curious are some of these collections, and one I heard of seems to me unique. I asked a friend of mine if his boy had ever collected postage stamps. "Postage stamps," said he, "why, there is nothing that boy has not collected. At one time a room in the attic was filled with cigar boxes of all kinds. But when he began to collect flour barrels and store them in an out-building, I thought it time to draw the line, and said that collection must stop just there." Then a few days ago I read in a story of a girl who collected precious stones, diamonds, rubies, etc.; her father owned a gold mine so that might be possible for her, but for most of us I fear that collection would end before it was begun.

Thus, while "collecting" is very general, what we collect varies greatly, according to the tastes and opportunities of the collector. I shall put aside to-day scientific collections, such as birds' nests and eggs, moths and butterflies, shells and minerals, of which others can write much better than I can, and tell of some in which I have been interested.

It is interesting to see how individuality shows itself in a collection. Some years ago it was the fashion to take the ends of worsted left over from various pieces of fancy work and crochet them together haphazard, making a sort of "crazy" afghan. A party of young girls in their grand-mother's house divided her stores, and it was curious to see how differently their work came out, each apparently working in the same way, from the same stock. So it is with our collections; two friends may work with the same end in view, but with widely differing results.

Collecting postage stamps is both popular and satisfactory. Of course, the first idea of the young collector is number, he wants to have more than the other boy, so takes anything he can get if only it is a stamp and will fit in his book; but he soon becomes more interested in one department than the others. He has a fine collection of United States stamps and wants to make it more complete. Another boy finds that he has a number of the pretty South American stamps, and is desirous of making that department complete, so all his "trading" is done with that end in view. Another wants one of every country, which he finds in his big book, and devotes himself to that object. It is a very good way for the small boy to begin with a little blank book, with the names of the countries written at the top of the pages. When he has learned to put his stamps in neatly and to distinguish those of the different countries, it will be time enough to think of getting an album, and if he has to work and save for it, so much the better, for he will value it the more when he gets it. Then he will have the pleasure of arranging his small collection in the big book, and stamp collecting will have a new interest for him.

Many of you are now studying American history. Have you ever tried to illustrate it? For the younger children a scrapbook, in which they can paste the pictures of Washington and Grant, of Dewey and Decatur, will be a source of great pleasure. The older boys and girls will want something different. A good way is to get a number of large manila envelopes, marking on the outside of each the subject and date, for instance, "The Discovery of America and the Spanish Conquests, 1492-1607." All pictures relating to that period can be neatly mounted on cardboard and placed in the envelope; others would relate to the Colonies, the War of the Revolution, etc. Another way would be to have a number of small scrapbooks marked in the same way. The plan of mounting the pictures and keeping them in envelopes is more satisfactory, for as we get new pictures it will frequently happen that there is no place left for them in the book. The history of America is a large subject, it might be better to take one period; for instance, that which is so fresh in the minds of us all, the Spanish-American War—of which you will easily be able to procure most satisfactory pictures. Two friends would enjoy taking different periods and exchanging pictures.

A very interesting collection of portraits of authors and scenes from their works can be made, and autograph letters would add greatly to the value of such a collection. Take, for instance, the poems you learn at school, most of you know Sheridan's Ride; but how many of you know what the great general looked like? And after you have his picture and that of Winchester, you will want one of the author of the poem, T. Buchanan Read.

And the girls who have read "Evangeline." Do you know those two lovely pictures of her—the young girl in her Norman peasant dress?

"Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her," and the woman, faded and old, "with faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead," who "Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him;"

and then you will want a picture of the poet and of his beautiful old home.

And this suggests another form of collecting, which has always had a great fascination for me—what is called "extra-illustrating," that is, to take a favorite book and add to it all the pictures you can get which will illustrate it. I think the older boys and girls who care for books will find this very delightful, although it requires time, patience and a little money. In the first place, you want to choose a book that you care for—Evangeline perhaps. Besides the two pictures I have already spoken of, there are views of Acadie, the Grand Minas, the English vessels, the hospital; any kind of picture can be used, engraving, wood cut, water color drawing, photograph. Having chosen your book the next thing will be to procure a large copy, on fine paper, unbound and uncut, and a quantity of fine plate paper of the same size, on which to paste the small pictures, or those having too narrow a margin. I have found Higgin's Photo Mounter the most satisfactory paste. It will be well to go over your book carefully and make out a rough list of the pictures you want, this will help you to start on your search. If you have a camera, choose a book whose scenes are laid in your neighborhood; taking the views you desire will add pleasure. Extra-illustrating on an extensive scale can only be done where you have access to the old print shops to be found in the large cities, where prints can be found in price, varying from ten cents up—those you particularly want are very apt to be "up"—but much may be done by those who will keep their eyes open and take some trouble. Perhaps in the attic you may find a store of old magazines and pamphlets, which will yield treasures manifold. Do not be impatient to finish. Collect what you can, then wait patiently weeks, perhaps months, for what you want.

An autograph collection can be made most interesting. We all treasure a few lines written by one we care for; nothing brings them more clearly before us than the words their hands have written. So we treasure the handwriting of the men whose names are graven on the pages of history, the great traveler or discoverer, the hero whom we admire, the author whose books we love. But for the autograph collector, many valuable letters would be lost. Richard Henry Stoddard, writing of his fine collection, mourns over the loss of a long, interesting letter written to him when a young man by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which he threw away! When he realized its value it was too late.

To make a really valuable collection of autographs would be very absorbing and very expensive, unless one had a large acquaintance among distinguished people, but such a collection I am not proposing to the boys and girls, only that by a little thought, patience and trouble they should procure a few letters of interest to themselves, and undoubtedly those gained in this way are of more value than when it is simply a matter of how many money can buy.

It is always more interesting to have a letter, a note, a few words, rather than just the bare signature, and, of course, if the words have any reference to what makes the autograph especially desirable, as of an author about his books, it is so much the more valuable. A friend may be able to procure the writing for you, or give you a letter which, as he is not collecting, may be of no special value to him. To write a little note on a subject of interest to the person addressed will sometimes bring us the few lines so earnestly desired, and I need scarcely say that a personal note will be especially prized. Let me remind you that in writing to ask for an autograph you should always send an addressed and stamped envelope.

I find that it adds greatly to the interest of my collection that nearly every letter is accompanied by a portrait. And I suppose that every collector has his "blue rose," the one name for which he longs. Shall I confess that mine is Sir Walter Scott's.

For the fortunate girl who travels much I should like to suggest the "Souvenir Spoon Collection," especially the little coffee spoon, which is inexpensive, is easily carried, and will in after years, as one looks at design or date, recall many pleasant hours. Many such collections have been made by those traveling abroad, but it can be done very well in this country. In many cities you can buy especially designed souvenir spoons; thus a collection from American cities includes one from Washington, with the Washington Monument; Chicago, with old Fort Dearborn; Pittsburg, with Fort Pitt; Boston—well, the only one I have seen from Boston had a bean pot, but I think there must be prettier ones; from Philadelphia came a piece of really old silver, while one enameled with the Stars and Stripes commemorated the Spanish-American war. Among the foreign ones in a collection were the winged lion of Venice, the lily of Florence, the thistle of Scotland and a Norwegian enamel. But an odd little spoon can be found almost any place and the name engraved on it. I should strongly advise that each spoon be marked with a date, and, if a gift, with the initials of the donor; as time passes we forget, and it is well to keep

a little record, which, as the years go on, will enhance the value.

And yet, just as I advise this collection, I read in the papers of a Chicago girl, who, at home and abroad, had during ten years collected fifty four gold and silver spoons, and the burglars took them! She offered a reward of one hundred dollars, but the thieves, after some correspondence, refused to give them up for less than two hundred and fifty. "Since they are so valuable to you as keepsakes, and since, too, they represented many years of energetic searching on your part." I do not know whether she recovered them or not. We, who are collectors, can sympathize with her, and it may be a question whether

'Tis better to have had and lost Than never to have had at all.

A collection that interests many boys is one of relics from the battlefields. Let me make a suggestion—don't buy them! A bullet or piece of shell that you have picked up at Gettysburg or Lookout Mountain, or that a friend has brought you from Manila or Santiago, means a great deal; a bit of rusty iron labeled "Antietam, price . . . cents," is a very different thing. I would value one of the Indian bullets, which, when a child, I picked out of the great tree on my grandfather's lawn—a relic of the Indian wars—but I don't want to buy one. And one word more—don't collect buttons!

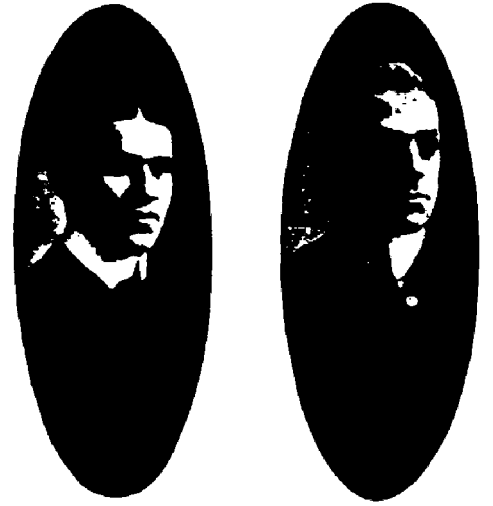
To show the possible value of collections carefully, patiently and intelligently made, I will close with a story which I read in a paper lately.

A young English girl had been interested in the study of insects and had made a small collection of butterflies. Some years ago she went with her brothers to California, settling in what was then a wilderness. She soon found that the woods about her were full of rare specimens of butterflies, and knowing how to prepare them for the cabinets of collectors she entered into correspondence with collectors and museums in America and Europe, and was able to build up a large and profitable business. She now owns a splendid ranch in Northern California, which she owes not only to the beautiful beetles and butterflies of the country, but also to her own skill, taste and energy in collecting and preserving them.

lutionize the mechanical style of the automobile motor in the future.

R. B. Otis, of Ann Arbor, and W. H. Radford, of Detroit, graduates of the mechanical engineering department of the university, have recently completed a gas or gasoline engine. On July 21st the machine was connected with the gas supply and tested. It did all that its designers and builders had hoped for it, and it was taken to Detroit to be given a further trial in a launch.

Mr. Otis, who is the designer of the engine, described it as a twelve horse power machine of the four-cycle type, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds. The remarkable thing about the construction is that the valves work mechanically from one shaft, and all the



R. B. OTIS

W. H. RADFORD.

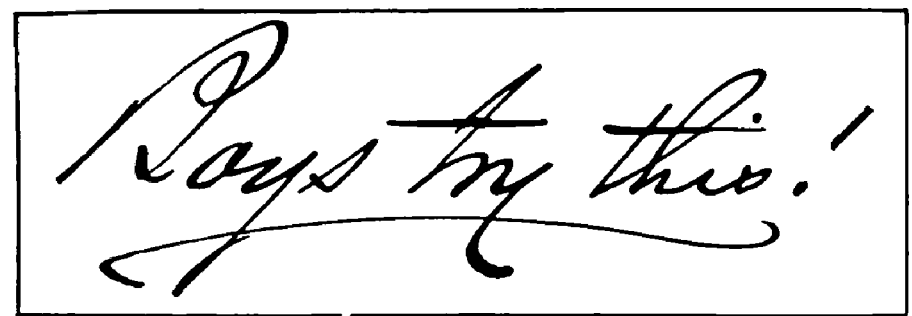
cylinders receive the spark from one coil instead of four as in other models. But one oil cup is used, from which every part of the machine is oiled automatically.

The machine was built entirely by the two young men, no part of it being copied from any design but their own. They made the design the subject of their graduating thesis, and then worked out the theory in a practical machine that has received the highest commendation from Prof. M. E. Cooley, who says it is the simplest he has ever seen.

Mr. Otis has accepted a position with the Packard Motor Car Co. of Warren, Ohio, and Mr. Radford will be with the Nunhem Mfg. Co. of Detroit, next year. —Detroit Journal.

Clever Invention by Ann Arbor Students.

Recently it has become quite a fad for students in the engineering department of the University of Michigan to build, during their course in the university, the "main works" for an automobile. During the past few years, several machines constructed here have been creditable productions, but it has remained for two '03 boys to build not only a first-class engine, but to so improve upon the old plan that the new design may revo-



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THE new teacher of the Poplar Grove district school arrived at the little brick schoolhouse very early on the morning of the day on which he was to open the school. A damp and musty odor assailed his nostrils as he opened the door. He had thrown back the solid wooden blinds from the windows, and had every window raised that the crisp, fresh air of that late October morning might have free course through the little room. He was wiping the thick layer of dust from the small table that was to do duty as his desk when he heard steps on the platform in front of the open door. The next moment a voice with a rich Irish brogue was saying:

"Good mornin', sor."

Mr. Hartley looked up and saw a red-haired, blue-eyed and excessively freckled girl with a stubby, pug nose in the doorway. She wore a faded blue cotton dress, and a bright plaid shawl over her head, but it had slipped from her shoulders revealing a great shock of coarse red hair. But her voice was pleasant to hear, and there was a merry twinkle in her blue eyes. Behind her was a boy of about fifteen years who looked so much like the girl that it was evident that they were brother and sister. The boy wore a faded suit of rough butternut brown jeans and he carried a small tin dinner pail in his hand. A slate and three or four books were under his arm. The girl glanced about the untidy room and said as she lifted both hands:

"Luk at thot, now! Phwy didn't Oi t'ink to come over here last wake wid me broom an' mop an' clane up this ould pigsthy av a room? Sure an' the school board had little pride to sind a strange gintleman to such a dhirty ould place! This is me brother Timmy."

She pushed the boy forward as she spoke. He doffed his cap and made an awkward bow.

"I am very glad to see you both," said the teacher, going forward with outstretched hand. "I suppose that you are both to be pupils of mine."

The girl threw back her head with a ringing Irish laugh, and said:

"A foine pupil Oi'd make! Sure an' you'd have yer hands full wid me for a pupil! Sivinteen years old last Chewsdan an' Oi can barely scrawl me own name! Me school days are done, but Oi'm hopin' that Timmy's are just beginnin', as it were! He's the makin' av a scholar in 'im, has Timmy, but it's harrud to make him t'ink it. Loike enough he'll be callin' himself a fool to your face widin a wake, he's thot alsy discouraged. Here, bye, take this piece av chalk an' show the teacher the foine writer yez are!"

She picked up a bit of chalk from the table and handed it to Timmy, but he declined to use it and his sister said impatiently:

"It's loike him to not be willin' to show off phwat he knows. Sure, sor, an' he's a dale smarter nor he luks!"

Timmy gave his head a disdainful toss, and his sister pinched his ear playfully, saying as she did so: "Don't he be a queer wan, sor, not to be plazed wid honest praise?"

Perhaps it was because he feared more of his sister Rosy's "honest praise," that Timmy suddenly broke away from Rosy and disappeared around a corner of the schoolhouse. Then his sister said more seriously:

"Thot hye is not the gossoon he'd have you t'ink he is. He's a good moind under his red topknot, but he lacks—phwat is the wurrud? Oh, yes! confidence, thot's it! He's so little confidence in himself, an' wan has to be arlways chirkng of 'im up to mek him believe thot a poor Irish lad has as good a show as anny wan to git the booklarnin' an' to be somebody in this country."

"Does his father and mother encourage him?" asked the teacher.

"His feyther an' mither?" said Rosy. "The bye has neither the wan nor the other. They wint in the same munt wid a fever three years ago. There's only Timmy an' me an' little Bridgy, only folve years old. We live over beyant the river bridge. It's the top av our little house ye see through the trees to the east. Of came over wid Timmy to ask ye to be patient wid the bye an' to kind o' chirk 'im up now an' then. It's the hope av me loife to see Timmy a rale scholar. It was the hope av his mither. She'd

a great-uncle who was a judge back in ould Oireland, an' she always said thot Timmy favored his uncle in looks an' in his moind, an' her dyin' wish was that the bye might grow up a scholar. Oi've no moind av me own to speak av, but Oi have the good muscle av the Murphys an', although Timmy kicks ag'in it, Oi'll run our little farrum all roight if he'll only go to school an' turn out a foine scholar such as our mither would be proud av!"

This and much more the warm-hearted girl told him before she returned home with a final admonition to Timmy to "put yer best fut to the front, bye, an' show the teacher phwat a smart bye yeez are."

Mr. Hartley soon discovered that Rosy was right about Timmy's "wake spots." The boy was unusually bright, but he lacked self-confidence and he was given to frequent spells of depression. It required the united efforts of both Rosy and the teacher to keep Timmy up to his level best in his work.

Rosy's cheerfulness and courage never wavered, and her loyalty to Timmy touched the teacher's heart. The Murphys were very poor, and Rosy had to work early and late to keep Timmy in school.

"But thot's not worth mintioning if the bye only turns out the good scholar he may be if he will," said Rosy.

When Timmy was cheerful and hopeful he was one of the brightest boys in the school with the native wit of his race. When depressed he was almost a comical picture of despair, and nothing could coax a smile to his freckled face.

The school had been in session a month when Mr. Adoniram Perkins, the county superintendent, a pompous gentleman with an exaggerated idea of the importance of his office and of himself, visited the school. When called upon to "make a few remarks" he first reminded the boys that each one of them had before him the possibility of becoming the President of the United States, and he added with feeble wit that some girl present might yet be the wife of a future President of the United States. After making a few more equally original and inspiring "remarks," Mr. Perkins said that he had an announcement of special importance to make, and he made it in these words:

"My very near and dear friend, the Honorable George William Masterson, member of Congress from this congressional district, with whom I had the pleasure of dining when I was in Washington and from whom I received other marks of his confidence and esteem such as I shall never forget, authorized me to visit the rural schools of this his native county, in which he was himself a poor barefooted country boy, and to say that he had at his disposal a scholarship in the Peabody Academy, an institution of learning that ranks even higher than some of our smaller colleges. My very near and dear friend, the Honorable George William Masterson, wishing to stimulate the youth of the male sex of our county to the highest effort in their studies, bade me say that he would give this scholarship to the boy under seventeen years of age who would write the best oration or essay on the life and character of George Washington.

"I am authorized by my very near and dear friend, the Honorable George William Masterson, to say that on the afternoon of the fifth of December the contestants for this magnificent prize will assemble at the county court house in Wilford, eight miles from here, where the essays will be heard and the judges, of which I have the distinguished honor to be one, will announce their decision and give the scholarship to the winner of it. I trust, my dear young friends, that you fully appreciate the very great generosity of my very near and dear friend, the Honorable George William Masterson, in making this remarkable offer. I must add that there can be but three candidates from each school to compete for the prize."

Mr. Hartley had to pass the Murphy cottage on his way to his boarding place, and when he was near the house after school on the day that Mr. Perkins had made known the offer of his "very near and dear friend, the Honorable George William Masterson," Rosy Murphy came running out to the gate, and said eagerly:

"Timmy must thry for the prize, sor! Stop in an'

tell the bye he must, sor! He says it's no good for him to thry for it! He's in the dumps over it, sor, an' Oi'd take it koindly if you'd stop an' chirk him up a bit!"

"Phat's the use of me fooling away me time when I know I'd stand no show at all?" said Timmy, who did not speak in the rich brogue that marked his sister's speech.

"Come, come, Timmy," said the teacher. "You must brace right up and do as Rosy wants you to do. You owe it to her to make the attempt to win this prize that would mean so much to you and to her if you won it."

"Hear thot, now!" said Rosy, clapping her hands gleefully.

"You and Horace Neverson are the only boys in the school who are eligible to enter the contest or who would be at all likely to win the prize."

"An' I'd stand no chance against Horace," said Timmy.

"I'm not so sure of that, Timmy. Horace is perhaps a somewhat better declaimer than you, but you are his equal when it comes to composition, and you have a number of weeks in which to improve in declamation. You just say, 'I will,' instead of, 'I can't,' and the effort will do you a world of good even if some other boy won the prize."

Timmy was still dubious and dejected when the teacher went on his way, but the next day when Timmy appeared at school his homely face was aglow with enthusiasm, and he told the teacher that he intended to "sail in" and work for the prize. Mr. Hartley intended to go to the city the next Friday evening, and Rosy hailed him when he was passing her home that evening.

"Would ye do me a favor in the city, sor?" she said.

"Certainly, Rosy, half a dozen of them if I can."

"It's loike ye to say so. It's this: Timmy must have books about thot man Washington, whoever he



was, or how can the bye foind out annything to write about him? Oi'm thot ignerant Oi dunno if he was a Prisdint or a pirate. So here's folve dollars Oi'd saved bit by bit for a new pair av shoes an' other t'ings the saints know Oi stand in nade av, but Timmy nades the buks more, an' if you'll please buy him folve dollars' worth av such buks as would be helpful to him in tellin' about thot man Washington, Oi'd be thankful for the favor."

The "buks" were bought and Timmy received them with so much delight that Rosy rejoiced over the sacrifice she had made that the books might be purchased.

Timmy's spirits rose and fell during the weeks that followed the announcement of the prize offer. One day he would be hopeful and the next day he would toss his books aside and say despondently that it was of no use for him to try to win the prize.

"They say there'll be no less than fifteen boys to

foight for the prize, and what chance have I against so many?" and Rosy would say in reply:

"Tut, tut, bye! Phwat koind av talk is thot for a bye wid the blood av the Murphys in his veins? Didn't the teacher say only last noight whin he stopped in on his way home from school that phwat you have written about Mr. Washington so far reads beautiful, beautiful? An' here ye are in the dooms the day! Come, come, bye! Have ye less grit than your sister, an' her only a girrul?"

Then she would add cajolingly with her arm around Timmy's neck and her cheeks close to his:

"Brace up, now—thot's a good bye, an' a brave wan! T'ink av our mitner, Timmy, lad, an' do yer best for her swate sake!"

Timmy sometimes felt a hot teardrop on his cheeks when Rosy said this, and he would sigh and say that he would do the best he could to win the prize.

Horace Neverson, the only boy from the school beside Timmy who had entered the contest, was a determined contestant for the prize although he needed it far less than Timmy, for the Neversons were the wealthiest people in the district. But the honor of winning such a prize was worth striving for, and Mr. Neverson had told Horace that if he won the prize there would be added to it a hundred dollars, the gift of his father. Stimulated by the prospect of this double reward Horace entered the contest with the fixed determination not to be defeated by a "red-headed Irish boy," as he called Timmy.

In his more cheerful moods Timmy would declaim all that he had written when Mr. Hartley tarried at the shabby little cottage on his way home from school, and the teacher noted a steady improvement in the boy's declamation while he was surprised at the boy's remarkable diction in the writing of his essay.

The court house was filled to its utmost capacity on the afternoon on which the contest was to take place. All forenoon the people had been driving in from far and near and it was a kind of a gala day in town. It was Saturday afternoon and every farmer in the county seemed to have given himself a holiday. There was great applause when the contestants for the prize marched in and took their places on the platform. Mr. Hartley noted with a sinking heart that Timmy was not among them, and as he thought of Rosy and of her bitter disappointment over Timmy's probable lack of courage and self-confi-

dence at the last moment his heart grew bitter toward Timmy.

"To think that he should show the white feather at the last minute after all that poor Rosy has sacrificed for him!" said Mr. Hartley to himself with rising indignation. "And last night when I was at the Murphys, Timmy read his essay as he had never read it before. I shall be surprised if there is a finer essay read by any of the boys. And only Rosy and I know of the sacrifice that brave girl has made that Timmy might have the new clothes he needed for today? I can not forgive him if he really shows the white feather now."

Eleven of the young contestants had spoken and Timmy had not appeared, Horace Neverson was manifestly the favorite when the eleventh contestant had taken his seat. The last contestant was about to come forward when, from a door at the side of the platform, a girl in a faded blue cotton dress and a shabby old felt hat on her red head suddenly appeared on the platform with a paper in her hand. Her face was crimson and her appearance was that of a person who was almost exhausted. She panted for breath with one hand pressed to her heaving chest and her voice was unsteady as she said gaspingly:

"Me brother Timmy! The bye can't come to read his piece about Prisdint Washington! He is sick, is Timmy! It is the troot Oi tell yez! The bye hasn't been himself these three days! He's not over an' above strong an' arl las' noight he tossed wid a fever! He got up an' tried to come an' whin he got to the gate down he wint arl in a heap as pale as the dead! Not for twinty prizes could the bye come, an' so Oi brought his piece myself, t'inkin' some wan mebbe moight read it for Timmy! Oi walked arl the way—eight long miles to bring Timmy's piece an' plaze, gintlemin, isn't there some wan here who would read it for a poor bye sick in his bed at home? Must he lose his chance because of phwat the poor bye couldn't help? It breaks me heart to have all the bye's weeks an' weeks of wurruk go for naught! Would it be allowable for some one to read Timmy's piece for him?"

"It is not really stipulated that the essays shall be read by the writers of them," said the chairman of the committee acting as judges. "In this case it seems to me that it would be nothing but right and just that the sick boy's essay should be entered in competition for the prize. But who will read it?"

Mr. Hartley was about to say that he would try to

read it, when there was a slight commotion among the boys on the platform and Horace Neverson came forward and said:

"If you will allow me to, gentlemen, I will read Timmy Murphy's essay for him. I have heard him read it two or three times when he has been practicing it before the school and perhaps I can read it as well, if not better, than any one else because I am familiar with it. Let me have the essay, Rosy."

"Hivin's best blessings be on you, lad!" said Rosy, tearfully, as she handed the essay to Horace.

Something of the nobility and generosity of the great man he had been eulogizing had suddenly entered the soul of Horace Neverson. His young heart was full of sympathy for the poor Irish lad sick and disappointed in his poor home, and the loyalty and love of Rosy as she stood there shabby and tearful and ready to drop to the floor with fatigue brought to the surface all that was best in Horace. His voice was clear and steady as he read Timmy's essay with even better effect than he had read his own. When he had uttered the last sentence with remarkable oratorical effect the applause was prolonged for fully three minutes and no one had any doubt that Timmy Murphy was the winner of the prize. There was still more tumultuous applause when the judges announced that Timmy's essay was really, in their estimation, the very best of all the essays read, and that the prize had been awarded to him.

Then some one in the audience cried out: "Three cheers and a tiger for the boy who was magnanimous enough to come to the rescue of a fellow schoolboy even at the risk of losing the prize himself!"

The old court house rang with the cheers that followed these words and the impulsive Rosy created a second burst of applause by suddenly darting forward and giving the embarrassed Horace a hug, while she cried out with streaming eyes:

"The saints above bless the lad!"

Thus it was that Timmy Murphy went four years to the Academy where he won by hard and faithful work a scholarship in a higher institution of learning. Today one may read on the door of one of the most successful law firms in a large western city the names "Neverson and Murphy." One member of the firm is Horace Neverson and the other is Timmy Murphy himself whom the still loving and loyal Rosy, now a portly and well-cared for matron with half a dozen children of her own, still calls "thot bye."



EMILE MARTIN was a little French Canadian. His home was in northern New Brunswick, and he was glad it was, for he felt there could be no other country in the world that could afford him so many sources of real enjoyment.

In winter the wide rivers and long lakes froze solid as steel and smooth as marble. Sometimes, too, when a big storm of snow ended in rain, and this in cold weather, the fields, as well as the rivers and lakes, became crusted hard with ice. At such a time as this pleasure rose almost to madness. The boys for miles around collected on skates in the moonlight far up the sides of the long, sweeping hills; then, each holding to another, in single file they would shoot with bird-like speed down the hill and far out on the lake. That was the winter. Is it any wonder Emile thought well of his home?

But the spring had pleasures too. It is of one of these this little story is to tell. It was the spring Emile was thirteen. He was not tall, but he was broad and brown and strong. It was seldom, if ever, that Emile was not the first boy to appear at school in "bare feet."

In northern Canada one of the first signs of coming spring is the "honk" of a stray wild goose, on the way northward to Labrador, where scores of

thousands hatch during the summer unmolested, on the great, still marshes and inland lake shores.

Emile had noted the flocks grow larger as the spring advanced. Sometimes the great V-like forms in which they flew were far up out of hearing, almost out of sight. Again, they would fly so low that the gray white of their breasts could be clearly distinguished.

Not far from Emile's home there were great, wide-stretching, marshy meadows. The snow had left the "springy" places of the meadows early, and here and there the gray ground was showing little spots of green. The flocks of geese that flew low, and with heavy, tired wings, seldom passed these oases in the desert of snow. Emile had watched them pass, then circle, "honking" wildly, and finally alight. He had stolen out towards them more than once with his gun, but the sentinel that always stood with upstretched neck, as the others cropped the grass, had been too sharp sighted. Long before he had ever got within gunshot, the signal had been given, and the flock rose with a long slant and swept away.

But the average French-Canadian boy is ingenious and original. Emile was, anyway. He set his heart on getting one of those biggest birds he had ever

seen. The thought of how he would carry out his resolve came to him suddenly. He had seen that the geese, when they lit on the marsh, had a kind of understanding that one should watch at a time, while all the other fed carelessly here and there. He saw that the entire flock walked and fed without any suspicion of what might be upon the ground. He would set traps and catch what he could not shoot.

Emile's father hunted some, and traps were plentiful. He marked well the spot which the geese most frequented; then, one afternoon he placed his traps, scattering corn and grain near them.

The following day a large flock of geese settled on the marsh. Emile watched eagerly. His heart gave a great leap of delight as he saw them soon rise and fly excitedly around. He was now sure his plan had succeeded. Filled with boyish enthusiasm, he hurried across the wide meadow towards his prize. He was not disappointed. One of the finest birds of the flock was fast in his trap.

He carried in his hand a strong stake with which he had intended to strike the bird on the head. As he approached, the goose struggled fiercely for freedom. It honked frantically, and plunged from side to side. Again, it stood erect. Its white, broad breast was mud-stained. Its long, proud, velvety neck, fine head, and bulging eyes appealed strongly to Emile. Though he had lifted his weapon to deal a death blow, he hesitated. Was it manly to strike such a magnificent and helpless bird?

He thought of the long miles it had flown; of how it, like himself, must feel the joys of living; of the gap that must be made in the flock; of the beauty and strength he must spoil if he struck that blow. And then, had not God made the wild goose for a life of freedom? And had he not taken a mean, unfair advantage of the noble bird? Would the dead prize be of any use to him? Could he think afterwards of the deed he was about to do as brave and honorable?

Gradually Emile drew back. He felt ashamed. He threw the stake behind him. He resolved at once on his course. He advanced to the prostrate bird that had now ceased to struggle, and lay with outstretched wings and neck, panting for breath. Was he too late? Was the noble bird dead? He would see.

Firmly as he could, he placed a foot on each spring of the trap that cruelly gripped the great bird's leg. The next instant the jaws fell apart, and a moment later the goose rose with a hoarse, wild scream—free.

Emile gathered up the rest of his traps and took them home. That night he slept happily. And why should he not? He had done a brave, manly deed; and that is a good deed.

The Horses of the Roosevelts—Waldon Fawcett

The Badger—F. R. Moorhead.



THE PONY ON WHICH THE ROOSEVELT CHILDREN HAVE LEARNED TO RIDE.



THE PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE SADDLE HORSE.



MRS. ROOSEVELT'S SADDLE HORSE.

NEVER before in the history of the country have the stables at the White House at Washington been occupied by horses so fine as have been quartered there since the Roosevelt family took up their residence at the presidential mansion. Fifteen horses regularly find shelter in the stable at the executive mansion, of which number eight belong to the Roosevelt family and the remainder to the government. The impression which has been gained by many persons that Uncle Sam provides the President with horses and carriages is an erroneous one. True there are in the presidential stables seven horses which are owned by the government, but the President and his family seldom if ever use them. They are virtually reserved for the use of the secretaries to the President and the messengers at the White House, all of whom are, of course, government employes and use the government equipages only in their official capacities.

The White House stable is divided into two separate and distinct divisions. On one side live the horses owned by the government, while on the other are quartered the equines for which the nation's highest official has paid out of his own pocket. This same idea is carried even further. Uncle Sam pays for feed for his own horses and for men to care for them, but the President must use his private funds to provide keep for his own horses and to hire stablemen to look after them.

As one of the nation's greatest horsemen, President Roosevelt is naturally a keen judge of the good points of the most intelligent of animals, and the thoroughbreds which he owns are as fine specimens of horseflesh as may be found in all this broad land. Some of them he has purchased since he became President.



ARCHIE ROOSEVELT'S ALGONQUIN.

but the greater number have been in the possession of the Roosevelt family for some years, having been brought to the White House from Oyster Bay when the youngest President took up the duties of his present office.

One of the most interesting of the four-footed inhabitants of the White House stable is Bleistein, the President's favorite saddle horse. Bleistein is a large strong-limbed, full-chested light bay, with a white star on his forehead and two white hind feet. When Bleistein is sick the President uses his other hunter, Renown. Renown is a dark brown Canadian horse, five years old and very large and strong, measuring about seventeen hands high. Both animals are famous jumpers, Renown having a record of six feet eight inches, and Bleistein of six feet five inches. Both of the President's hunters are good runners as well as jumpers, and Bleistein especially will take a fast swinging lope and keep it up mile after mile, up hill and down, on good roads and bad, over smooth stretches and fences without seeming to tire, and well merits his reputation as a champion "long-distance horse" with great staying qualities.

The President goes horseback riding regularly every day in the week except Sunday. Promptly at half past three o'clock the United States cavalry sergeant, who has been assigned as orderly to the President, appears at the private entrance to the White House, mounted upon his own horse and leading one of

the President's hunters. Dismounting, the soldier walks the animals up and down until nearly four o'clock, when the President, with all the enthusiasm of a boy, runs down the steps and springs into the saddle. The President seldom if ever misses his afternoon ride when in Washington. The heaviest downpour of rain does not deter him, and the only difference in his attire on such occasions is found in the addition of a long rubber cape and boots.

Sometimes Mrs. Roosevelt or some friend joins the President on the afternoon ride and on such occasions the cavalryman does not go, but whenever the President sets off alone the orderly follows, riding fifteen paces directly behind him. This is not so much for protection—since the President always carries a revolver and is well able to take care of himself—as by way of precaution in case the President should meet with an accident during the ride. Inasmuch as President Roosevelt delights to turn his horse into the wildest and most inaccessible places which the animal can traverse, there is always more or less danger of mishap, and inasmuch as these localities are invariably isolated, news of an accident might be long delayed were not there an orderly to bring the tidings. It may be cited in this connection, as an evidence of Bleistein's wonderful staying qualities, that the President's favorite horse has already "worn out" four regular cavalry horses—that is, that number of army mounts have become incapacitated and ultimately have been condemned and sold because of the strain which they underwent in trying to keep up with the sturdy Bleistein. Both Bleistein and Renown are as sure-footed as they are fast, a very important element in a saddle horse, and are as kind and gentle as kittens.

It may be noted that President Roosevelt rides in what is known as the American fashion, rather than with the "English seat," which is taught nowadays in many fashionable riding schools. The American manner of sitting in the saddle, which is also known as the "Mexican" and the "frontier," is that used universally by United States cavalrymen and cowboys. The President, in adopting this "rough rider" mode of sitting his horse, rides with a full length stirrup, the leg being fully extended and the ball of the foot only resting upon the stirrup. In this method of riding, the President, with his feet little more than touching the stirrups, uses the latter merely to balance himself and depends for the maintenance of his seat upon a rigid grip with legs and knees on the horse's sides.

The President, like the cowboys and vaqueros of the western country, uses his bridle merely to guide his horse, instead of finding it necessary to keep a tight hold upon it and pull upon the bit, as does the pupil of the fashionable riding school in order to maintain his seat upon the animal. Many men and boys who own saddle horses or ponies might profitably follow the President's example in the care which he exercises over Bleistein. Asphalt pavement is, as is well known, very hard on horses' feet and consequently the President seldom urges Bleistein to a pace faster than a walk until the city streets have been left behind for dirt roads. As a result of this watchfulness, Bleistein has never once been lame. Bleistein has a docked tail, but the President does not approve of the practice of docking horses' tails and the hair is allowed to grow as long as possible.

Many boy readers will probably incline to the belief that the most interesting equine in the White House stables is not the President's favorite hunter, but the famous pony Algonquin, the property of Archie Roosevelt. Algonquin is not, as has been generally supposed, a Shetland pony, but is instead a native of Iceland, and was imported from that dreary isle by Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, who presented him to Archie. The pony is a male, eight years of age, stands thirty three inches in height at the withers and weighs three hundred and fifty pounds. He is without question one of the finest animals of the kind ever brought to America.

Algonquin is in color an iron gray or dun with white spots and is compactly built with round barrel, small ears, clean

pony face and stocky limbs. The Iceland ponies of which Archie's little steed is an exceptionally fine specimen, are smaller and more beautifully proportioned than the Shetland ponies, which are oftentimes scraggy and gaunt. Algonquin was the hero of a unique episode when, during Archie Roosevelt's recent illness, the little horse was led into the White House and conveyed by means of the elevator to the second floor, where he paid a visit to his sick master. The pony, which is a good-natured though spirited little beast, was on his good behavior on this memorable occasion. He shivered a little when the elevator started, and looked wildly about once or twice, but seeing this, Charles, the footman, who looks after Archie's wants, stroked him in a reassuring way, and the diminutive horse behaved well both coming and going.

There is another pony in the White House stables and he is well beloved by every member of the Roosevelt family. This is old Black Diamond, the polo pony which the President used when as a young man he played polo and upon whose back every one of the Roosevelt children, from Miss Alice to little Quentin, learned to ride. This veteran horse having now attained the age of thirty two years is of course well nigh useless and has been "pensioned" by the President. So great is the love of the Roosevelts for their old comrade that they have him brought to the White House stables each winter for fear he will not fare well at Oyster Bay. Mrs. Roosevelt has a very handsome little Kentucky bred saddle mare, which is also used by Miss Alice when she rides, and the President has three fine carriage horses, named General, Admiral and Judge, which are estimated to be worth more than one thousand dollars each. On the bridles and on the blankets which the horses wear when in their stalls, appear the President's initials, T. R., forming a pretty monogram.

Mother Couldn't Object.

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess.

"No, ma'am."

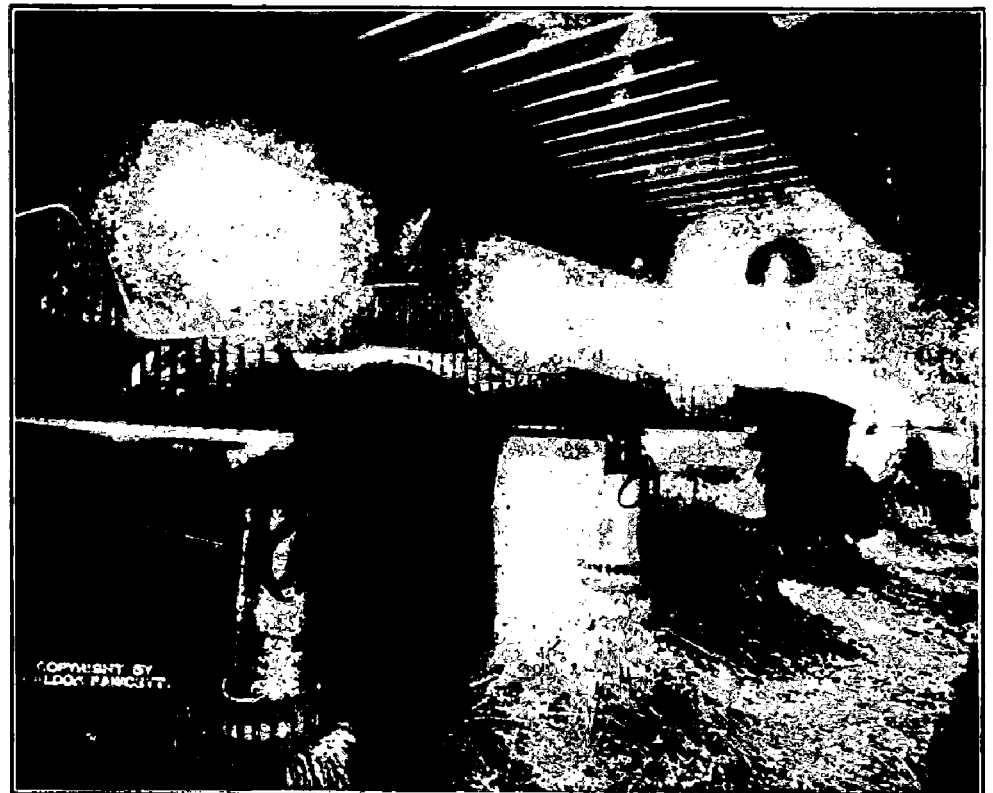
"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie confidentially, "this isn't her pie."—Ex.

Few animals are more interesting to me than the badger. It is a very cunning animal and none can come nearer laughing. About the first of May, 1902 my eleven year old son noticed a mound of fresh earth on a hillside near our farm. Coming up close to it he heard tiny growls from what appeared to be the bottom of the hole in the mound. He communicated these facts to his older brothers and induced them to dig into the mound. After digging several feet they persuaded their shepherd dog to go down into the hole. Having done so the dog brought out two little cubs, one so badly squeezed that it soon died. The boys took the other one home with them and put it in a small box with a young fox squirrel. The badger was so young it did not open its eyes for over a week after it was captured and had to be fed with a nursing bottle. When a month old he ate nearly everything. The box then became too small for the two animals, so they were removed to a cage six by eight feet, the open side of the cage being covered with wire netting. Here the badger and squirrel continued to drink out of the same dish and eat out of the same platter for some time. When their meal was ended the squirrel would always wipe his mouth on the badger's back and then caper about and play all manner of tricks on the badger to the latter's great discomfort. But the badger was not without his sport. When an opportunity offered, he would catch the squirrel by the end of his tail and dance around the cage pulling the terrified little fellow after him. If a piece of apple was thrown into the cage the squirrel, who is the more active of the two, would get it first, and then hop up a small ladder which led to a shelf at one corner of the cage. The badger soon learned to climb the ladder, but he never could learn to come down. Once up, he would lie on the shelf and whine until some one helped him to the ground. After a while he learned to dig, and it was not long before he dug out of the cage, but he would not run away. He knew his name and would come when called. Sometimes he would become very angry, but when the boys took him up in their arms he would soon forget his troubles. Evening was his favorite time for play. Then he would romp with the dog as well as with the boys, catching the boys by the seats of their trousers and even allowing himself to be lifted bodily from the ground rather than loosen his hold. At other times he would flatten out his body on the ground, throw up his head and tail, open his mouth as wide as possible, and come the nearest to imitating the human laugh of any animal I have ever seen. One bright sunny day in September last, after a hard fight with a strange dog, our badger took his departure, probably preferring the hardships of a prairie life to home comforts with a strange dog.

"Martha," a Big Snake.

The New York Zoological Gardens holds a prize in the way of a big snake, to which has been given the name "Martha." Martha was brought to New York in September, 1900, together with her mate, "Brownie." The two snakes together measured forty feet in length. A short time ago Brownie died, and after his death the spirit and courage all went out of Martha. Her disposition changed from that of a ruler among her kind to that of a very meek and lowly individual. The keepers for a long time had to use all kinds of schemes to keep her alive. Recently, however, she shed her skin of widow's weeds and seems now to have forgotten her grief. She bears the proud title of "Queen of the Zoo" snakes.



THE WHITE HOUSE STABLES



American Boy Lyceum.

All correspondence for this department should be addressed "Editor of Lyceum," care of AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich. Do not expect personal answers, and do not look for your ideas in this department too quickly. Copy is prepared a month or more in advance of the date of publication, and plans are laid for several months in advance. But the editor wants you to write, giving your needs, your likes and dislikes, reports of debates and prize-speaking contests. He will answer your questions and will meet your needs as far as space and the general plan of the department will allow.

Parliamentary Practice.

PART III.

PRECEDENCE OF MOTIONS.

This subject is of enough importance to allow repetition. Certain motions take precedence of others. That is, while one motion is before the club, another, of the right kind, may be introduced, and claim to be considered before the original motion. Those especially valuable for interrupting the usual order are given in the table below. They not only take precedence of the original motion, but of one another in the order of arrangement in the table.

1. To fix the time to which to adjourn.
2. To adjourn (unqualified).
3. To lay on the table.
4. For the previous question.
5. To postpone to a certain time.
6. To commit.
7. To amend.
8. To postpone indefinitely.

Commit this and the following table to memory and you will be splendidly equipped for any parliamentary contest that may suddenly arise. The rest will come from alertness and practice as the occasion presents itself.

1. To fix the time to which to adjourn...	Amendable as to time. Not debatable if another question is pending. Can be reconsidered.
2. To adjourn.	Not amendable. Not debatable. Cannot be reconsidered.
3. To lay on table	Not amendable. Not debatable. Cannot be reconsidered.
4. Previous question	Not amendable. Not debatable. Cannot be reconsidered.
5. Definite postponement	Amendable to change time. Debatable to limited extent. Can be reconsidered.
6. To commit.	Amendable. Debatable. Can be reconsidered.
7. To amend.	Amendable. Debatable. Can be reconsidered.
8. To postpone indefinitely...	Not amendable. Debatable. Can be reconsidered.

NOTES.

TO FIX THE TIME TO WHICH TO ADJOURN.—This motion takes precedence of all others, but if made when no other motion is before the club, it ranks as any principal motion, and is debatable.

GOT TO Have Sharp Brains Nowadays or Drop Back.

The man of today, no matter what his calling, needs a sharp brain and to get this he needs food that not only gives muscle and strength but brain and nerve power as well.

A carpenter and builder of Marquette, Mich., who is energetic and wants to advance in his business read an article about food in a religious paper and in speaking of his experiences he said: "I'm to three years ago I had not been able to study or use my thinking powers to any extent. There was something lacking and I know now that it was due to the fact that my food was not rebuilding my brain.

"About this time I began the use of the condensed food Grape-Nuts and the result has been I can think and plan with some success. It has not only rebuilt my brain until it is stronger and surer and more active, but my muscles are also harder and more firm where they used to be loose and soft, and my stomach is now in perfect condition. I can endure more than twice the amount of fatigue and my night's rest always completely restores me. In other words, I am enjoying life and I attribute it to the fact that I have found a perfect food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

TO ADJOURN.—When unqualified, this motion takes precedence of all others, except to fix the time to which to adjourn.

TO LAY ON THE TABLE.—This motion is made for the purpose of stopping present discussion or of delaying final action. If carried the whole matter is removed from consideration until a motion to take it from the table is carried.

A motion to take from the table cannot be entertained when another motion is before the club. If carried the question is revived at the same stage as when tabled. A motion to take from the table is not amendable, cannot be postponed, committed or laid on the table.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.—This motion if adopted closes debate and leads to a vote on the pending question. Form of motion, "I move the previous question." Form of putting the motion, "Shall the main question be now put?" An affirmative vote brings the club to an immediate vote on the main question.

TO POSTPONE DEFINITELY.—If this motion is carried the whole matter under consideration goes over to the fixed time. It is amendable to the extent of changing the time. When the time to which postponement was made, has arrived, the Chairman should announce the fact, and the whole subject is again before the club. If another question is before the club, some member may call for the special order, thus deferring the pending question temporarily.

TO COMMIT.—There are usually regular or standing committees to whom matters may be referred for investigation. If the motion to commit is not to one of these, it should include the number of the committee and the manner of their appointment. It is the custom of giving the president the privilege of appointing the committee. The first name on the list is chairman. By courtesy the member moving to commit is usually named first on the committee.

TO AMEND.—This is the motion most frequently used to modify the original motion. It can be amended, but an amendment to an amendment is the limit; to which it can be carried. But after an amendment has been disposed of other amendments of the same degree may be offered.

An amendment may add to the original motion; it may strike out parts; it may strike out parts and add other parts, or it may substitute an entirely different but germane motion after the words, "It is moved that." But even in this case it is necessary to vote upon the original motion as amended after the amendment is voted.

TO POSTPONE INDEFINITELY.—This motion gives scant courtesy to the original question. No time is named for any further consideration of the question, the object being to destroy the proposition. It is debatable, opens up the main question for discussion, and is not the proper motion to close debate. The "previous question," if agreed by parliamentarians, shall close debate, and call for an immediate vote. Of course, a motion to adjourn, if successful, not only closes debate, but all other business which would follow.

Public Speaking.

Some time ago the Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, the eloquent young Senator from Indiana, contributed a very interesting article on the subject of "Public Speaking," to The Saturday Evening Post. The most important parts of this article may be summarized as follows:

"A great speaker must speak 'as one having authority.' The very essence of public speaking is revealed in those biblical quotations, 'And the common people heard Him gladly,' for 'He taught them as one having authority.' The great speakers instruct, and in doing this they assert. The men who made the greatest speeches of history did not weaken them by suggesting a doubt of what they had to say. Not one immortal utterance can be produced which contains such expressions as 'I may be wrong,' or 'In my humble opinion,' or 'In my judgment.' The great speakers in their highest moments, have always been so charged with aggressive conviction that they announced their conclusions as ultimate truths. They speak 'as one having authority.' All this means that the two indispensable requisites of speaking are, first, to have something to say, and, second, to say it as though you mean it."

A loud voice is not necessary to success as a public speaker. Wendell Phillips seldom spoke in any voice except a conversational tone, and yet he was able to make an audience of several thousands hear distinctly.

It is a remarkable thing that there is neither wit nor humor in any of the immortal speeches that have fallen from the lips of men. Where there is an earnestness of

thought (and earnestness is only another form of seriousness) there will always be the same quality in manner—an impressiveness in bearing and delivery.

The American audience properly demands, above everything else, that the speaker get to the point. Speech must now be a statement of conclusions. The listeners, with a celerity inconceivable, sum up the arguments on either side of the proposition that you announce and accept or reject it with an almost unconscious process of cerebration.

The best argument in a law case is always the statement of the case. In form the sentences should be short. In language the words should be as largely as possible Anglo-Saxon. These are the words of the people you address, therefore, they are the most influential with them. Cultivate this language by reading the Bible, the King James translation of which is undoubtedly the purest fountain of English that flows in all the world of literature.

What nonsense the repeated statement that public speaking has had its day, that the newspaper has taken its place, and all the rest of that kind of talk. Public speaking will never decline until men cease to have ears to hear. How hard it is to read a speech—how delightful to listen. Speaking is Nature's method of instruction.

The college method of speaking is wrong because it is irrational. The studied gestures, the "cultivated" voice, the staccato impressiveness, are all artificial devices to attract the attention of an audience to these things instead of to the thought of the address.

A simple, quiet, direct address, a straightforward, unartificial, honest manner, without the tricks of oratory, is the most effective method of lodging truth in the minds of one's hearers. Any affectation, any mannerism detracts from the thought, because it calls the attention of the listener to the mannerism or affectation, when his whole attention should be monopolized by the thought.

The method commonly employed in preparing speeches is incorrect. That method is to read all the books one can get on the subject, take all the opinions that can be procured, make exhaustive notes, and then write the speech. Such a speech is nothing but a compilation. It is merely an arrangement of second-hand thought and observation of other people's ideas. It never has the power of living and original thinking. The true way is to take the elements of the problem in hand, and without consulting a book or an opinion, reason out from the very elements of the problem itself your solution of it, and then prepare your speech. After this, read everything you can get on the subject to see whether your original solution was not exploded a hundred years ago, and also to fortify and make accurate your own thought, but as you value your independence of mind—yes, even your vigor of mind—do not read other men's opinions upon the subject before you have clearly thought out your own conclusions from the premises of the elemental facts.

And as to style, seek only to be clear. Nothing else is important.

"Another word more; and to this word listen and hearken and bind it on the tablets of your understanding. Insincerity cuts the heart out of all oratory. You may marshal your arguments and concoct your pretty devices of words and work yourself into a great heat in the speaking of them; but if you do not believe what you are saying you are only a play-actor after all—a mummer reciting your own lines. You had far better be a professional actor—that will, at least, insure you excellent lines to declaim."

"To effect anything; to achieve a result; to make your words deeds, as the old Scotch thinker declared they should be or else not be uttered, you must teach, and in your teaching you must teach 'as one having authority.' To the Master we must go, after all, even for our methods of utterance; and at His feet learn that oratory is the utterance of truth by one who knows it to be the truth. And so will your words be words of fire and your speech have weight among your fellow men."

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This cut shows the **Baltimore Hammerless**

Double Barrel Shot Gun (Grade A) that we will offer for a limited time at \$22.00 each; the regular factory selling price is \$33.00. If you consider buying a High Grade American made gun that is up-to-date in all improvements, made by responsible makers and fully guaranteed to withstand without becoming loose, both smokeless and black powder, this is YOUR CHANCE to-day for the money. The price we are asking is considerably less than its value, and this opportunity should not be lost, for when our present limited stock is sold we cannot duplicate at this special figure. We have about 1000 guns in 12 gauge, 28 and 30 inch barrels, 7 to 7 1/2 lbs. and will ship sample gun on receipt of \$2.00, C. O. D. for balance \$20.00 and allow privilege of examination at express office.

Bear in mind we guarantee all goods to be as advertised and will refund if not otherwise stated.

Lack of space prevents us from going more in detail regarding the desirability of this gun, but we have issued a circular that we will mail on application, and also include several hundred shop worn new guns and rifles that we offer at less than cost.

BARCAIN LIST
We are now having printed our regular fall catalogue consisting of 86 pages of guns, rifles, revolvers, fishing tackle, military arms, ammunition, golf, base ball, foot ball and general athletic goods. In this list we have included as everything new, and during the past season owing to the advance in making smokeless powder there have been designed numerous new cartridges, and consequently new arms to take them. If you are INTERESTED send me 5 cents in stamps and catalogue number 951 with 4 page booklet of IN FIRE ARMS War Relics and Souvenirs will be mailed.

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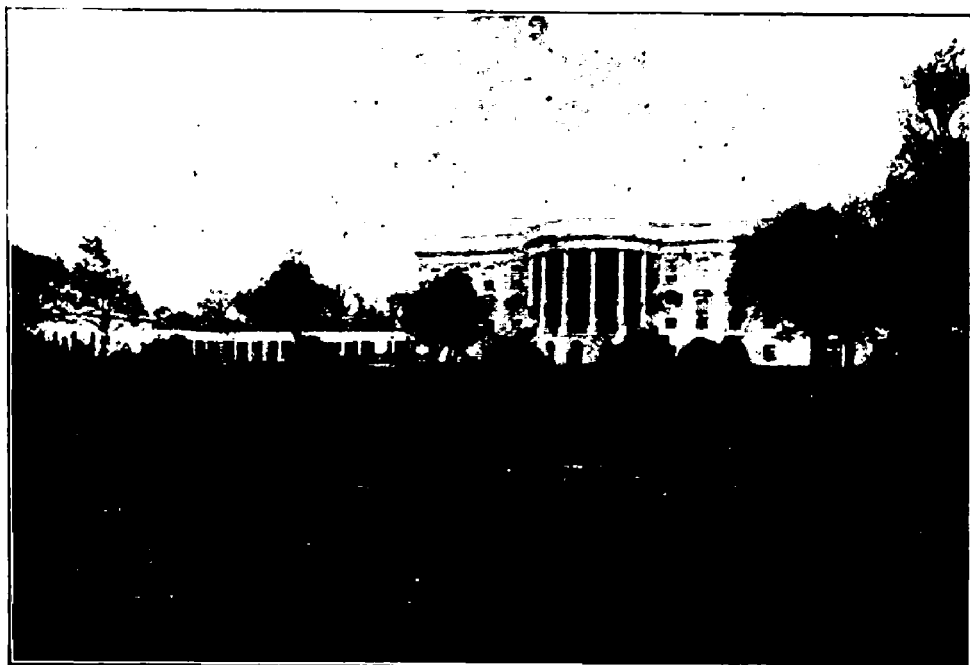
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The first and only Breech-Loading Air Rifle made. Every boy or girl should have one. Sold by all dealers, or sent direct from factory upon receipt of price.

MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Playground of the Roosevelt Boys—WALDON FAWCETT



THE good times enjoyed by the children of President Roosevelt during the long summer months which they spend on the farm at Oyster Bay, Long Island, so admirably adapted for use as a gigantic playground, have long been famous, but it may surprise some of our boy readers to learn that the President's sons have almost as great opportunities for enjoying themselves when they are at the White House in Washington. Of course, the Presidential Mansion is set down in the heart of a very busy city and hundreds of people are daily coming and going at the Executive Mansion; but for all that, things are so arranged that the lads have every opportunity to enjoy themselves without being interrupted or annoyed.

The young Roosevelts have probably the largest playground possessed by any American boys who reside in a city. The White Lot, which is a government reservation just as truly as is an Indian Reservation in the West or the Yellowstone National Park, comprises not less than eighty acres. The boys can roam all over this at will, but in the rear, by rights, the front of the White House, is a tract shut off by a high iron fence to which the general public can never gain admittance and which is reserved especially for the use of the young people as a playground.

It is in one corner of this private playground that the Roosevelt boys have just had constructed for their use a fine tennis court. The lawn is firm and kept closely cropped and is thus admirably adapted for wrestling bouts and other contests, while there are several level walks that offer excellent opportunities for marble combats. In the center of this private playground is an immense fountain surrounded by a large basin, and while the latter is not large enough to form a miniature fishing preserve it affords a fine place for the younger children to sail small boats.

Archibald and his younger brother have "played Robinson Crusoe" in the President's big back yard on many occasions, and each has one special tree in the branches of which he has rigged up a "tree house" that serves as his retreat. Then, too, the back yard being for the most part quite level, affords an excellent place for the still walking, of which the younger Roosevelt boys are so fond; and Archie has even demonstrated his ability to get considerable enjoyment out of bicycle riding on the firm turf. This private playground is dear to the Roosevelt boys because it constitutes a cemetery where lie buried the remains of several of their best-loved pets, including the favorite black and tan dog "Jack," which was brought to the White House from Oyster Bay and which, when he died some weeks ago was accorded the honor of an especially elaborate funeral, although every death in the Roosevelt "menagerie" is followed by a funeral of befitting solemnity. This White House playground is shaded by many trees and inasmuch as it faces the Potomac River, which is but a short distance away, there is usually a good breeze stirring.

Miss Ethel Roosevelt, who is something of a "boy," spends considerable time in the playground, which her brothers claim as their very own, and even Miss Alice occasionally comes to give her huge pet Angora cat a romp on the lawn. On that portion of the White Lot which is not fenced off is an excellent bridge path, reserved for the use of horseback riders, and it is here that Archie spends much of his time on his famous pony Algonquin and it is here likewise that Quentin, the youngest member of the family, comes for his daily lesson in horseback riding.

Several times a year the Roosevelt boys give up their playground for a day at a time to the juvenile world in general. The most memorable occasion is, of course, on Easter Monday of each year, when the great egg rolling festival takes place; but another event quite as interesting is the occasion of the annual sham battle, which is held each

spring by the cadets of the military companies connected with the Washington high schools. When President Roosevelt first assumed office the general public was allowed to walk across what is now the boys' private playground in order to secure a "short-cut" to some of the government buildings beyond the White House, but the Roosevelt lads complained that they were annoyed so much by persons who sought to talk to them or secure their photographs that the President was obliged to follow the example of President Cleveland and order that the gates leading to the backyard be kept closed and locked in order to protect the youngsters from intrusion.

When at Washington the Roosevelt boys have the use of a floating playground which is deserving of mention in connection with a discussion of their opportunities for having a good time. This aquatic headquarters for sport and fun is the handsome yacht Mayflower, which is kept at Washington most of the time for the use of the President and his family in making short excursions down the Potomac River and in Chesapeake Bay and in traveling from Washington to the Roosevelt summer home at Oyster Bay. The Mayflower was formerly the pleasure boat of a wealthy New Yorker, but during the Spanish-American war she was sold to the government, refitted as an auxiliary cruiser, and played a very important part in that great conflict. Thus the Roosevelt boys have the satisfaction of knowing, when they go for a cruise, that they are traveling on a genuine war vessel with a history.

The Roosevelt boys get the most fun out of the Mayflower when, accompanied by their mother, they are allowed to go for a hunting and fishing cruise down the Potomac River and along Chesapeake Bay. At such times the boat is completely at their disposal and goes when and where they wish. Usually she lies at anchor all day while the boys go off into the marshes to shoot duck or perhaps tramp across country to some lake where the fresh water fishing is known to be good. At nightfall the party return to the vessel and have prepared for the evening meal the fish or game secured during the day. All the Roosevelt boys are pretty good sailors, but, even were they not, the Mayflower is so large that there is little to be feared in rough weather, and she is so comfortably fitted up with facilities for indoor amusement that the lads are never at a loss as to how to spend the time when rain interrupts the sport. It was on such a cruise as this that the entire junior contingent of the Roosevelt family spent Easter week of this year when the older boys, Theodore, Jr., and Kermit, were home for vacation. Each of the older lads now owns a handsome gun of his own and takes great pride in his marksmanship and also in the not less important duty of keeping his weapon clean and in the best of condition. The Roosevelt boys have recently had an extensive addition made to their playgrounds by the erection of terraces or one-story brick buildings, which extend 165 feet on either side of the White House, and the flat tops of which, ornamented by trees growing in boxes, constitute splendid race tracks and fine playgrounds when the grass on the lawn is drenched from heavy rain.

LINCOLN'S EARLY DAYS.

Some Reminiscences of His Boyhood in Indiana.

Until a few years ago there was in Gentryville an old wooden fire shovel, on which Lincoln had traced these verses:

Time—what an empty vapor 'tis,
And days, how swift they are;
Swift as an arrow speed our lives,
Swift as a shooting star.
The present moment—

The stanza was not finished, but it was

kept for many years until the old fire shovel disappeared, and its whereabouts are unknown to this day.

There used to be a character around Gentryville in its early days known as "Old Holmes," who was often intoxicated.

One winter night "Old Holmes" would have been frozen but for Lincoln, who found him and carried him home, sitting up all night to resuscitate him. This incident started a temperance wave over Spencer county, and the debates were startling and interesting.

Halfway up the long wandering street for many years stood an old blacksmith shop. In front of it was a wide spreading tree, that still waves its boughs, but every sign of the old shop is gone.

The ground on which stood the smithy for years was owned by the Rev. Fred Heuring, past commander of the Indiana Grand Army of the Republic, but is now the property of Jacob Dendinger, a town marshal.

This old blacksmith shop was a famous place in the life of Gentryville, and was a favorite resort for the people of Spencer county.

The old blacksmith, whose name every one seems to have forgotten, was a natural story-teller, and he had around him a crowd of as good story-tellers as himself.

Abraham Lincoln was at this shop a great deal, and it was a common resort for his father, Thomas Lincoln, and Abraham's uncles, John and Dennis Hanks. The shop was the country news-stand and the lecture platform, and it was there that Abraham Lincoln learned many of the stories that he told in after life.

It was here that Dennis Hanks told the story of Sykes' dog, a story that Lincoln told to Grant after the fall of Vicksburg, and which was one of the most famous of Lincoln's stories.

Sykes had a dog that was a nuisance, and some one fed him a large cartridge that exploded, and the animal never amounted to much after that as a dog.

Lincoln's application of the story was that those who were complaining of Grant for paroling so many of Pemberton's army did not realize that after the fall of Vicksburg it did not amount to much as an army.

The Crawford school, which Abraham Lincoln attended, was situated about three miles from here. It was built of round logs, and was not more than six feet high.

Some of the older persons in this county remember their parents telling of Andrew Crawford, the teacher, and his brother, Josiah Crawford, the latter known as "Blue Nose" Crawford, a name given him by Abraham Lincoln.

Josiah Crawford once loaned Lincoln a copy of a "Life of Washington," and Lincoln got the book wet, for which Crawford charged him seventy five cents, a debt that Lincoln paid by working for three days pulling fodder.

The local history is that he never forgave Josiah Crawford, and the name "Blue Nose," that it is said he gave him, is part of the legends of Spencer county to this day.

Of the enemies that Lincoln made, none were greater than some members of the Grigsby family, many of whose descendants still live in this neighborhood. Sarah Lincoln, sister of Abraham, married Aaron Grigsby, and two years later died.

Abraham, it is said, always declared that his sister was not properly treated by the Grigsbys. This brought about a social feud—Gentryville, (Ind.) Correspondent St. Louis Republic.

The Barefoot Boy.

The barefoot boy is coming, and right now he has the blues.

Because his cautious mother will not let him shed his shoes.

He's anxious for the freedom of the barefoot boy at dawn.

Who does not have to bother with the footwear girls put on.

He wants to wade in water every morning when he goes

To school with other youngsters, and get mud between his toes.

The barefoot boy is coming, and, ere long, he will be here.

With feet as tough and dirty as they could be made, I fear.

He'll have stone bruises on them and will oft be walking lame.

And yet you may be certain he'll be happy just the same.

He'll stub a toe quite often, yet a little thing like that

Won't faze him for a minute! He'll be Johnny at the bat!

The barefoot boy is coming, and if you were once a boy

You know that when we see him we will find him full of joy.

He will not mind the bruises! Has not every youngster paid—

In injured feet—full value for the chance he got to wade?

He will not mind mosquitoes, nor for briar scratches care;

And he will sneer at stockings—when his sunburned feet are bare!

—J. C. Stewart in St. Joseph Gazette.

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MODEL 10

is the best arm you can put into a boy's hands. It is accurate, hard-shooting, safe. It is strong, durable and handsome. It will delight your boy's heart and train his eye, ear, hand and brain to alertness and quick action. Nothing else develops manhood in a boy so rapidly and solidly as outdoor sports, in which he is master of himself and has opportunity to learn his own skill and prowess.

Let Your Boy Shoot

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- Ask your dealer to show it to you or write for our free folder.

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this fine \$4.00 ball and an official rule book absolutely without a cent of cost to you if you will do a little easy work for us. Our football is of standard size, regulation form, double sewn cover, stout inner bladder, complete, strong, lasting. FOR TWO HOURS' WORK you can get it. Write and we will send you 30 packages of our Crushed Violet Perfume to sell at 10 cents a package. When you have sold them send us the \$3.00 and we will forward your football at once. Write now. Don't wait.

FULLERTON MERC. CO., 234 Fullerton Ave., Chicago.

Spalding's Official Foot Ball Guide

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP.

Contains the New Rules for 1903, with diagram of field as newly arranged; special chapters on the game, All-America teams, Middle-West Foot Ball, Foot Ball West of Mississippi River, Southern Foot Ball, Southwestern Foot Ball, Canadian Foot Ball, Records and Pictures of nearly 300 players.

Price, 10 Cents.

AMERICAN SPORTS PUBLISHING CO.,
3 Park Place, New York.

Wireless Electricians

The Navy Department wants men to operate Wireless Telegraphy. Young men who wish to enter the service can do so in a short time by purchasing a set of Clark's Wireless Instruments.

Complete set of Junior type instruments suitable for this purpose costs but \$25. By its use, any youth can soon learn enough to pass the government examination. Write for information, Theo. E. Clark Wireless Telegraph-Telephone Co., 67-71 Michigan Av., Detroit, Mich.

Field Secretaries Wanted

We want to engage men and women in every section of the country at a liberal compensation to look after the interests of the Success League, the largest federation of self-help clubs in the world. Write at once for particulars.

The Success League, Headquarters, Room B, University Bldg., New York.

The Boy Photographer

Edited by Dr. Hugo Erichsen

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.

A Suggestion.

During the coming winter, you will have time to take interiors and family portraits. We would suggest, therefore, that you devote the summer months to more seasonable subjects, as, for instance, marine photography, flowers, trees, landscapes, animals, particularly your own pets, picnic groups, etc. We may have special photographic contests on some of these subjects during the closing months of the year, in which case negatives secured during the warm season will prove of service. In order to obviate development during the heated term, which presents various difficulties, you may keep plates that have been exposed during the summer until fall, and then develop them at your leisure.

THE EDITOR.

The Very Best Day.

The very brightest day is not always the very best day to take pictures. Now that the sun is getting well up in the heavens, it is well to keep in mind this fact. Probably the very worst time to take a picture is at noon on a cloudless day in June or July. The shadows will be short, and the contrasts between sunshine and shade violent. During these months do your outdoor photographing either early in the morning or late in the afternoon. With the quick plates now on the market there is little danger of under-exposure.

A nice day to select to take prize pictures is one where there are fleecy white clouds. This gives a diffused light, and while there will be shadows, they will not be of that intenseness that makes a white face under a broad-brimmed hat turn black. On such a day use a moderately large stop and as short an exposure as possible. And in order that the picture be not flat, let the sun be anywhere but directly at your back, though when facing the sun one must be careful that it does not shine in the lens.

Cloudy days also help to make good pictures of woods. The reflected light that shifts in through the trees is not accompanied with those bright streaks sure to spoil almost any picture. And if there happens to be a picnic party in the foreground of the view desired, the faces will not be mottled by the rays of light striking them, making them look as if they were just recovering from the smallpox.

ABOUT COMPLEXIONS

Food Makes Them Good or Bad.

Saturate the human body with strong coffee and it will in time show in the complexion of the coffee drinker.

This is caused by the action of coffee on the liver, thus throwing part of the bile into the blood. Coffee complexions are sallow and muddy and will stay that way until coffee is given up entirely.

The sure way to recover rosy cheeks and red lips is to quit coffee and drink Postum Food Coffee which makes red blood. "I had been for more than 20 years an inveterate coffee drinker and it is absolutely true that I had so completely saturated myself with this drug that my complexion toward the last became perfectly yellow and every nerve and fiber in me was affected by the drugs in coffee."

"For days at a time I had been compelled to keep to my bed on account of nervous headache and stomach trouble and medicines did not give me any relief. I had never consulted a physician in regard to my headaches and terrible complexion and I only found out the cause of them after I commenced the use of Postum which became known to me through Grape-Nuts. We all liked the food Grape-Nuts and it helped us so we thought Postum must certainly have merit and we concluded to try it. We found it so delicious that we continued the use altogether, although I never expected it to help my health."

"After a few months my headaches were all gone and my complexion had cleared wonderfully, then I knew that my troubles had been caused by coffee and had been cured when I left off coffee and drank Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Postum will change the blood of any coffee drinker and rosy cheeks and health take the place of a yellow skin and disease.

Dark Rooms Everywhere.

W. B. Blackhall, one of the many successful photographers in the Toronto Camera Club, contributes to the Canadian Photographic Blue Book the following suggestions for those beginners who are groping their way and thankful for every little help:

When on a photographic tour it is sometimes desirable that the exposed plates be developed, to ascertain if proper exposure, composition, lighting, etc., have been obtained.

Most photographers leave the developing of the plates until their return home, being under the impression that it is impossible to do otherwise. It is, however, a very simple matter, and one that well repays the slight trouble involved.

I have developed plates in log cabins, farmhouses and city hotels, with perfect cleanliness, as follows:

Every room being a dark room at night, requiring only the closing of the door and drawing down of the window blind, the only articles necessary are: Two trays, one for the developer, and one for the fixing bath. A folding candle lamp, one yard of oilcloth, a packet of powdered hypo and a bottle of developer. Also borrow two ordinary pails, each half filled with water. Begin by laying the oilcloth on the table, pin the corners up so as to form a large dish, place the lighted candle lamp in the center with the developing tray in front and to the right-hand side. The fixing tray in front and to the left-hand side. Just behind the lamp place the two pails, one to the right and the other to the left. It will be seen that all operations will be conducted over the oilcloth dish, and not one drop of any kind can fall upon the floor.

Having closed and fastened the door, throw a towel over the shoulder, and, drawing a chair up to the table, sit down. Taking the first plate from the holder, rinse it thoroughly in the pail on the right hand side of the table, next place it in the developing tray, and when developed, rinse off again in the same right-hand pail, to stop developing. Having carefully inspected the plate it is now passed over and into the fixing tray, where it remains while plate No. 2 is being developed. After which the first plate is removed from the fixing bath to the left-hand pail, slightly rinsed, and stood up on end face in, to the sides of the pail; the second plate, meantime, going into the fixing bath. Leave the plates in the left-hand pail for an hour, after which stand them round the outside of the pail to dry and pack them up in the morning. These negatives, of course, contain some hypo, which would in time spoil them, therefore wash them thoroughly upon returning home. To change the plates in the holders during the daytime, draw down the blind, making the room as dark as possible, then turning down the bed covers, place the holders with the exposed plates in the center of the bed, with a box of unexposed plates alongside. By replacing the bed covers and passing the arms underneath, one can, without difficulty, empty and refill the holders. The film side of the plate is easily recognized by applying the fingernail. Place the exposed plates in the box and close it before lifting the covers.

Printing on Linen.

Those who desire to do their printing on linen, sensitizing their own cloth, can do it by first thoroughly washing the linen and then soaking it in the following mixture:

Water 8 ounces
Bromide potass 45 grains
Bromide cadmium 15 grains
Potassium iodide 15 grains

After drying it is sensitized in the dark room in a solution of

Water 5 ounces
Silver nitrate 15 grains
Citric acid 15 grains

It is dried in the dark and when printed, developed with

Water 7 ounces
Pyrogallol 75 grains
Citric acid 6 grams

A good washing next follows, when it may, if desired, be toned with a bath made as follows:

Water 1 pint
Sulphocyanide aumn 187½ grains
Gold chloride 7 grains

After all these operations have been gone through with, fix and wash as you would a print.

Simple Hints.

Chemicals dissolve quickly if hung in a bag of muslin or calico near the surface of the water. When they are at the bottom, the heavy solution soon collects around them and prevents the water from acting on them.

When making up developers always add the sulphite first, then other chemicals, such as bromide, citric acid, and at last the pyro or hydroquinone.—Photo-Beacon.

Developers Compared.

Herr J. Gaedlicke made an interesting comparative test of developers lately. Among other things he found that metol is the most rapid developer and hydroquinone one of the slowest.



STEVENS BOYS

You will soon have a chance to do some shooting, as the "game laws" are off and the time for the greatest of outdoor sports is at hand.

You must have a firearm that you can depend upon, and that hits the mark every time. Try the "STEVENS," Boys, it is just the arm for your requirements, because it is built exactly right. Besides, there is our experience of almost fifty years in the same line of manufacture back of every gun. That shows how good our firearms are, and that there is absolutely no chance of going wrong in selecting the "STEVENS." Try them, and prove what we say.

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391 Main St., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Our Portfolio.

If there would be such a thing as a third prize, it would have been awarded this month to E. G. Nyce, of Vermont, Pa., whose "Way Down On the Branch Creek," showing two boys in a flat-bottomed boat, is decidedly good. "The Return From the Field," by Nick Brucht, of Sherwood, Wis., would have been improved by a more natural pose. "Jim Dumps and Bill Bailey," by K. R. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., is an example of a good idea poorly carried out. It was toned too long and badly mounted. Moreover, the title should have been pasted on the back instead of the front. Remember, attention to details constitutes genius. J. Howard Andorfer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., submitted a good picture of Grant's tomb; his "Grazing Sheep," however, shows halation in the upper third. "In the Daisyfield," by R. E. Hackman, of Philadelphia, Pa., might have been a beautiful photograph had it not been spoiled by being printed too deeply and toned too long. The same remark applies to "The Barnyard Stump," by Glen A. Culbertson, of Dale, Wis. "Chums," by C. H. Sawyer, of Grand Rapids, Mich., looks like a poor print from a good negative. Try again, Carter, R. M. Goho's "In the Early Spring," showing grazing sheep on a river road near Harrisburg, Pa., his home, has too much contrast. Moreover, it is not a subject that is adapted to the bromide print. Albert J. Colcord, of Fort Allegheny, Pa., sends us two pictures of a baseball boy that are fair specimens of the photographic art; the mounting, particularly, is commendable. "Feeding the Pigs," by Harley R. Francis, of Three Rivers, Mich., is also a good photograph, but devoid of general interest. A very interesting photograph of Hawaiian surf riders, Kanakas, who are expert swimmers, is this month's contribution by Geo. A. Goncalves, of Honolulu, T. H. We hope to receive further evidences of his skill. A photograph of father and son, submitted by W. W. M. Allister, of St. George, Utah, represents a 17-year-old boy who is six feet four inches in height, while his dad, standing beside him, only measures five feet six inches. Robert Grierson, of Ottawa, Kan., sends us a batch of photographs, of which only one, however, is noteworthy—that of the state university at Lawrence, Lloyd McKinley's "Guinea Pig," temporarily housed in a pair of shoes, is a Jacksonville, Ill., photograph that girls would be apt to call "cute." Earl L. Douglas, of McKeenport, Pa., appropriately terms a photograph of one of Bostock's lion cubs "An American Boy Consumer." Three owls on a stump are the subject of a praiseworthy photographic effort by Horace J. Houf, of Fulton, Mo. For "A First Trial," a little photograph submitted by Fred C. Schmelz, of Rodney, Ont., is decidedly commendable. "Morning" and "Evening" of July 4, showing what happened to a boy who celebrated not wisely but too well, is printed too deeply and would be improved by a greater attention to detail. The remaining photographs of Laurin E. Hutchinson, of Grand Rapids, Mich., are above the average. G. W. Codwise, of Kingston, N. Y., closes the list this month with the distinction of having submitted the best landscape view.

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"THE LAST LOAD."

Second Prize: Fred Paulus, 660 Prospect Ave., Canton, O.

When Writing to Advertisers Mention THE AMERICAN BOY.

Painting the Dome of the United States Capitol WALDON FAWCETT

BOYS who admire the cheerful braving of daily perils by men who follow careers of danger and daring have every reason to feel an especial pride in the achievements of the workers who this summer performed the herculean task of painting the dome of the United States Capitol building at Washington. The foundation for this pride is found primarily in the fact that every one of the twenty-five workmen engaged in this difficult undertaking was a young man, picked for his activity and strength, and, furthermore, almost every one of the men is a native of the land of the Stars and Stripes.

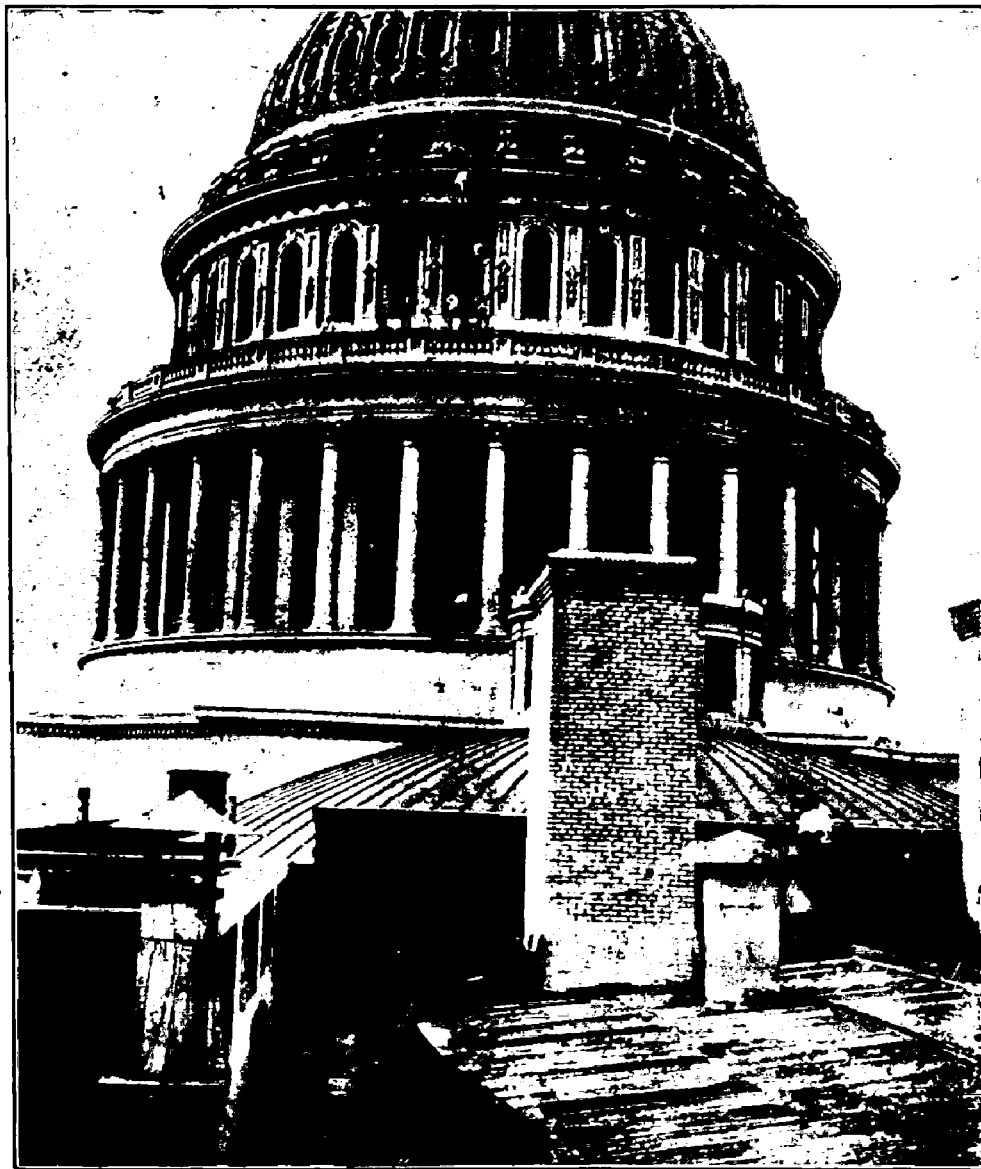
Uncle Sam has carried out a great housecleaning enterprise at the Capitol since the adjournment of Congress—an undertaking which has involved a total expense of nearly \$50,000, or a sum equal to the annual salary of the President of the United States. Not only has the monster dome received a new coat of white, but there has also been repainted all that portion of the Capitol building which is constructed of sandstone—or, in other words, the entire center section. The two wings which contain the meeting places of the United States Senate and the House of Representatives, respectively, are constructed throughout of marble and consequently they require only scrubbing, not painting.

Every schoolboy has been, by means of pictures, made familiar with the appearance of the huge dome of the Capitol, but probably most lads, even including those who have visited Washington, have supposed that the huge bell-shaped structure was built of stone or marble, as is the rest of the building. Such, however, is not the case. The dome is constructed entirely of steel and consequently it requires painting from time to time to preserve it. Uncle Sam plans to have this "freshening up" done at least once in four years, but very often the work is postponed, as will be appreciated when it is explained that it is fully seven years since the dome received its last previous coat of paint on the outside; whereas more than thirteen years have elapsed since the structural iron work inside felt the transforming influence of the painter's brush.

In order to clearly indicate what an immense amount of paint is required to cover the dome it may be explained that the great structure is composed of inner and outer shells, the latter being connected to the former by a network of heavy iron and steel supports. What is known, strictly speaking, as the interior of the dome—the portion which the public sees and where the great paintings of historical scenes are located—is not included in the vast job of painting which has lately been carried out. It will be artistically decorated later on and Congress expects to spend about \$60,000 on this work alone.

Two coats of paint have been given to the Capitol dome. As viewed from the ground, the towering structure appears to be a dull gray in color, but in reality the paint used was a smoky white. This was selected in order that the color might appear nearly the same as that of the marble wings, and in order that there should be no great glare such as would be produced were a pure white employed. It required 1,600 gallons of paint to cover the dome and in mixing this there were used ten barrels of oil and more than five tons of lead. To paint the dome inside and out cost the government nearly \$7,000.

All of the painters who have been engaged upon this unique and pic-



tion of being the only man who had ever climbed to the head of the statue which, as has been explained, caps the dome.

This intrepid climber, in his two score years of strange and hazardous work for Uncle Sam, has had many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes. Asked recently what he considered his "closest call" he designated the occasion on which he slipped from the feet of the statue of the Goddess of Freedom; and quickly went sliding and bumping along the thirty-foot curve of the upper part of the dome, which culminates in a cornice below which is a clear drop of several hundred feet. By an almost superhuman effort the daring man, shooting downward, clutched with the desperation of despair the edge of the cornice upon which depended his sole chance of life; but with all his frantic energy to arrest his flight his body had gained such momentum that he was unable to overcome the force of gravity until his legs were dangling over the edge into space. Then by a supreme effort he managed to swing himself, after the fashion of a trapeze performer, back on to the cornice ledge to which he had clung despite the fact that his hands were cut and bruised.

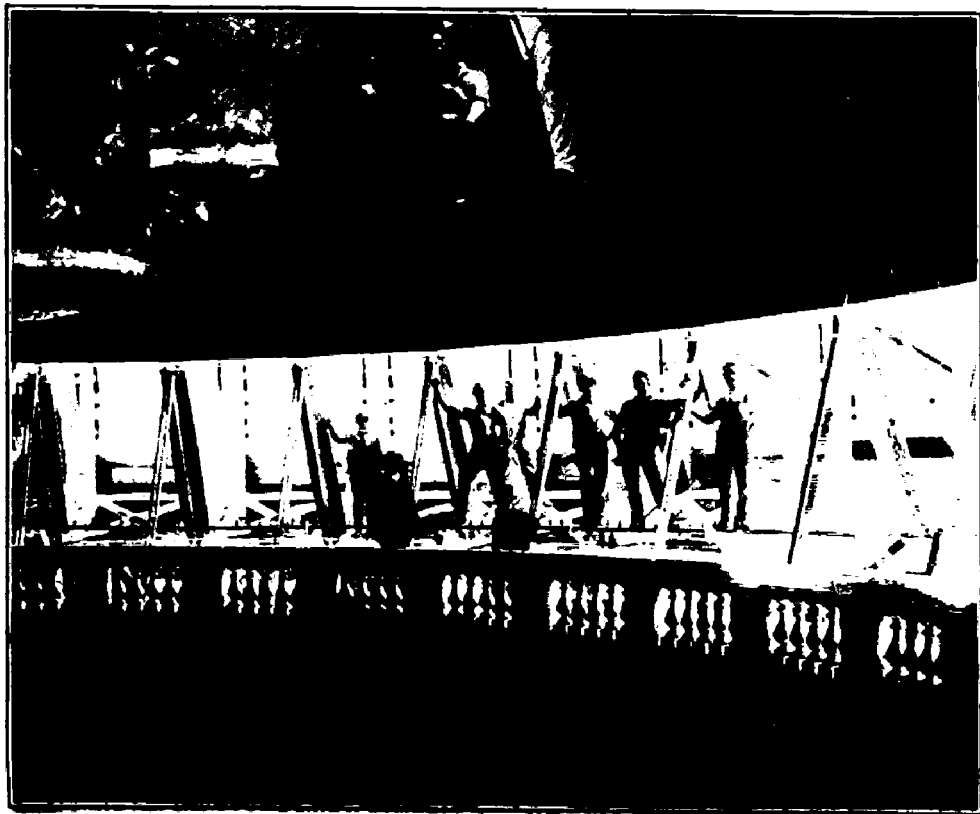
The ropes and ladders and scaffolds which were used by the men who performed the work on the Capitol differed but slightly from those with which every boy is familiar who has prowled around a house in process of construction. The men who worked at the very top of the dome even used an ordinary thirty-foot ladder which had been broken once and "patched" in a manner seemingly none too secure. Even on very windy days the painters thought nothing of walking along ledges only half a yard wide and one-eighth of a mile from the ground.

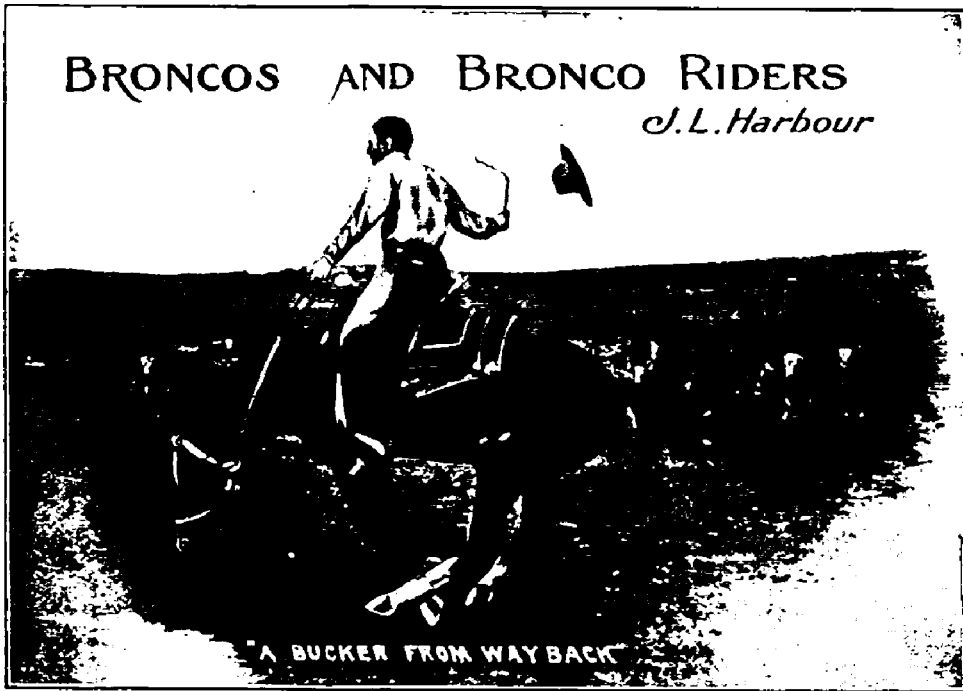
The knights of the brush who worked with such unconcern nearly three hundred feet above solid earth, employed methods as ingenious as they were audacious. From the highest railing that can be reached by visitors who climb the hundreds of steps to the dome, a thirty-foot ladder extended to the feet of the statue. The wonder-worker, Al. Ports, lashed it in this position. In painting the highest portion the men stood upon this ladder and reached out as far as possible. When they had covered with paint all that portion of the surface within arm's reach the ladder was moved and thus gradually worked its way around the dome. On the long curve of the dome there was employed a ladder built to fit the curve. The moving of this ladder was a very difficult task and required the combined efforts of four men—two at the bottom, one at the top and one at the middle. The upper end was lifted by ropes and pulleys, but the man who had to handle the ladder in the middle was ever in great danger, for he was obliged to sit upon one of the decorations which project from each ridge of the dome, and, clinging only by his legs, lift the ladder over the ridge.

turesque task have daily performed feats that would appal a person not accustomed to working in mid-air. They have been obliged to display all the nerve, cool-headedness and agility required of men whose business it is to construct high bridges, and at the same time they have been compelled to face the perils that confront steepleclimbers. For all that they have been obliged to take their lives in their hands, the men appeared to actually enjoy the daredevil work, and there was keen rivalry as to which of the men should be allowed to undertake the cleaning and recoating of the gigantic statue which surmounts the dome. This statue, which represents the Goddess of Freedom instead of the Goddess of Liberty, as most of the school histories declare, is, with the base, nearly forty feet high. From the time it was put in place until this year it was never cleaned. As a part of the present work a scaffold was built around the goddess and the huge figure of the goddess was given a dress of acid proof

enamel, which it is hoped will enable her to withstand the weather better than before.

Of all the brave fellows who have been at work on the home of the legislative branch of our government the greatest risk and the greatest responsibility fell to the lot of Al. Ports, the veteran "rigger" of the United States Capitol building, who was entrusted with the work of rigging up all the scaffolds, ladders and swinging platforms upon which the painters stood when at work. Mr. Ports has been employed by the government for nearly forty years and up to this year he enjoyed the distinc-





A COLORADO cowboy whom I once asked to tell me the difference between a bronco and an ordinary horse said in a slightly contemptuous tone because of my ignorance.

"Well, you just get a-straddle of a bronco that's never had the hyena and wild-cat taken out of him, and let him go to bucking or jumping straight up into the air and you'll find out the difference between him and an ordinary horse mighty quick."

But I had already seen too many broncos with the "hyena" instinct still strong in them to have the least desire to prove the difference between them and the well-behaved, mild-spirited horse in common use in the east by mounting the bronco. I had seen better horsemen than I could ever be sent flying from the backs of these treacherous little animals, and nothing that I had yet seen in the average cowboy commanded so much of my admiration as the splendid and fearless way in which some of them mounted and mastered the most obstinate and rebellious of broncos.

Broncos are largely a product of Texas, although they come also from Mexico and from California, and they are admirably suited to the use cowboys make of them, being small and remarkably tough and wiry. A cowboy will bring one in from its grazing place and ride the spirited little animal forty or fifty miles in a single day, and the tough little creature may take to bucking or rearing and plunging on the last mile of the journey, showing less sign of fatigue than the ordinary horse shows after a slow, plodding journey of twenty five or thirty miles.

The bronco can get along very well without a grain of corn during the entire summer, and it will even get through the winter and come out in fair condition in the spring after having fed on nothing but the scanty but highly nutritious brown, dead-looking grass of the western ranges.

Broncos are high-spirited and hard to "break" little animals, but not all of them have the vicious, bucking, biting and rearing and plunging tendencies of the very high-spirited Texan bronco. The cowboy finds a keen delight in mounting and mastering an animal of this class, and the successful "bronco-breaker" is a good deal of a hero among his fellow cowboys.

When a bronco gets into a bucking mood down goes his head between his legs, up goes his back in an arch like the back of a cat on the defensive, and while in this attitude he will spring straight up into the air, all four of his feet leaving the ground at once, and down he comes with a jar that threatens to dislocate the neck of his rider.

It takes an exceedingly skillful rider to keep from being unhorsed during such a trying performance as this. And when the bronco repeats the performance again and again in rapid succession his rider, with all his skill, may find himself sprawling on the ground while the bronco darts off with the speed of an arrow free and victorious.

The bronco rider nearly always uses a Mexican saddle with a double girth, and spurs are always a part of his riding outfit. With a double girth drawn up as tight as the muscular cowboy can draw it, and with sharp spurs cutting into its sides the bronco would seem to have some justifiable excuse for doing its best to unseat its rider. That the double girth is objectionable to the bronco is proven by the fact that many broncos take to bucking and show their displeasure in other ways the moment the flank girth is drawn up.

At a cattle "round-up" on the great western ranges is the place to witness some very clever and exciting feats of horsemanship on the part of bronco riders. Here they have many unusual opportunities of showing their skill and daring while gathering together, separating, or "cutting out," or giving swift chase to young steers as wild and rebellious and almost as swift-footed as the broncos themselves. But the cowboy must have a well-disciplined bronco for such work as this. It is no time

for bucking and pitching and plunging exhibitions on the part of the bronco. He must "attend strictly to business," as his rider would say, and must reserve his bucking performances for some other occasion.

The bronco riders are fond of giving exhibitions of their skill in fancy riding. They like to perform such feats as picking up coins or other small articles from the ground while riding at full speed, and they run some of the maddest, swiftest races with each other ever run outside of a Roman arena. Sometimes a party of bronco riders will start on a wild race for a given point five or six miles distant. Away they go over the brown, dusty plain with wild shouts and yells, using spur and whip as they urge their horses on faster and faster, riding as only the cowboy rides.

This is no time for bucking, nevertheless some bronco, rebellious against the too free use of the spurs when he is doing his best, may stop so suddenly that his rider goes bounding out of the saddle to run the risk of breaking his neck, but little reck the bronco if such disaster comes to pass.

The bronco and the bronco riders are alike products of the west, and it is there only that one sees them at their best, or at their worst, as the case may be. They are a restless and reckless class of men, in whom one will sometimes find strong traits of kindness, manliness and real generosity.



CALF INSIDE A CALIFORNIA PUMPKIN. Photo by Frank Nicol, Santa Paula, Cal.

Boy Artists.

Interesting pen and ink and pencil sketches have been sent in by the following:

- Sabin K. Elder, Flemington, Mo.;
- Eugene Cunningham, Sandy Hill, N. Y.;
- Frank Hoyt, Thomaston, Conn.;
- Robert L. Smith, St. James, N. Y.;
- Clyamon McDowell, Fowler, Cal.;
- Studley O. Burroughs, Chicago, Ill.;
- Francis Eddy, Fall River, Mass.;
- Frank Hiney, Harrisburg, Pa.;
- Walter B. Carter, Neola, Kas.;
- Bertram Hills, Vernon, N. Y.;
- George M. Borthwick, Scranton, Pa.;
- L. A. Baldwin, Danbury, Conn.;
- Norman Yeakey, East St. Louis, Ill.;
- Percy Reed, Royersford, Pa.;
- Frank Parratt, Oakfield, Wis.;
- Dracos A. Dimitry, Jr., Jeanerette, La.;
- Hermann C. Pherson, Pherson, O.;
- Bonsall Schroeder, Manteno, Ill.;
- Earl Burdett, St. Paul, Minn.;
- John Griswold, Jr., Houston, Texas.;
- Byron B. Johnston, Oberlin, O.;
- Kennet Clark, Artesian, S. D.;
- William De Wolf, Albuquerque, N. Mex.;
- Erich Poehle, Detroit, Mich.;

Josef Hofmann, Pianist.

FRANK H. SWEET.

In 1887 Josef Hofmann came to America, a dimpled little boy with warm brown eyes, a lovable smile, and ten phenomenal, small fingers. He was a child prodigy. Even the critics were compelled to admit that. They saw more than precocity, however, in the child pianist. They prophesied that the prodigy would develop into an artist if the men who were exploiting him for commercial reasons would let him go quietly home and work out his musical future without pausing for concert tours. He did go back, and for a long time was scarcely heard of—indeed, he seemed to be almost forgotten by the American public.

But at the end of ten years he came once more. The dimples, the smile and the warmth in his clear brown eyes were little changed, but the child had become a man—the prodigy had become an artist. Today Josef Hofmann is one of the most remarkable pianists and one of the most interesting personalities with whom the American music-loving public is acquainted. He has created a great furore and is the object of much attention; but happily he is not spoiled by it. In spite of his twenty six years he is as unaffected as any good-natured lad of sixteen. He is so boyish, both in appearance and in manner, that it is not easy to think of him even now as other than a prodigy. But this impression changes with a more intimate knowledge of him. He is still a prodigy, perhaps, but a prodigy of genius, not of precocity. As for his boyishness, his love of fun, his modesty, they are apparently only the outward evidence of a temperament which is self-contained and firm.

Some people who have seen him only on the platform speak of him as stolid. Nothing could be more incorrect with his character. He has a delightfully keen sense of humor. He is devoted to athletic sports. He talks well, and with enthusiasm. He produces an impression of keen alertness and interest. And it is not a mere form. His interest is genuine and active. Some one asked him while he was here whether he had any ambition outside of his music.

"Surely," he answered, "I've ambition in everything I do—I want to do it better than anyone else."

There was one man in whom young Hofmann centered the most devoted hero-worship of which he was capable. That man was Anton Rubinstein. Aside from the elder Hofmann, Rubinstein was the boy's only teacher. He gave him forty lessons, and in return Hofmann felt for his master a loyalty and a devotion which amounted to idolatry. When Rubinstein died, Hofmann, who was in London at the time, shut himself in his room for two days, refusing to eat food and to see any one.

If the people who have called him stolid had said that he was undemonstrative or self-contained, they would have spoken more correctly. His father says that he has never seen the boy shed a tear—that is, since Josef was a mere child. When anything happens to worry or depress him, he goes about, sometimes for a day or two, with scarcely a word to any one. He does not appeal for sympathy. He apparently wrestles with his problems, and works them out, or gives them up, all by himself. In this way giving evidence of his independent nature.

Hofmann's father is a German, while his mother is a Pole by birth. Josef himself was born in Cracow, January twentieth, 1876. The family moved to Berlin, however, when he was only two years old, so his education and environment have been German. But in many ways he is essentially a Slav. Like all Poles, he has a remarkable facility in acquiring languages and now speaks five of them fluently: Polish, Russian, German, French and English.

When he was only three years old he began to pick out tunes on the piano, playing them with one chubby, baby finger, and improvising some exceedingly infantile accompaniments with his left hand. His first real appearance in public was in Berlin, in 1886, at the Hotel de Rome.

"What the little mite, who scarcely looks nine years old, who could not yet reach the pedal with his feet, and is, therefore, in need of a special appliance in order to use it—what he accomplished as pianist and musician is so incredible that the present generation has in all probability not yet experienced anything like it." It was in this way that one of the critics wrote after the initial concert.

Hofmann played a second time, and another critic wrote: "An indescribable excitement took hold of the public—the word 'Mozart' was on the lips of every one." The next year he came to America and gave fifty concerts in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. It was a harvest of gold, but partly owing to the stand taken by certain Americans, who felt that the boy's future was being sacrificed, he was taken back to Berlin to finish his musical education.

At this time his father was his only teacher, with the exception of Professor Urban, with whom Josef studied the theory of music and the art of composition. It was the realization of his dreams when he was accepted by Rubinstein as a pupil.

It is well known that Rubinstein refused to follow with Hofmann the method he pursued with other students. It was his custom to play a new piece for his pupils so that they might better understand it. Asked why he never played anything for Hofmann, he replied: "He does not need it; he gives everything out of his own self."

While studying with Rubinstein the young musician practiced three hours a day. He believes that most students make the mistake of over-practice. When he

came to this country the first time, he was practicing an hour a day. For two years after his return to Germany he practiced two hours a day. During the next two years he averaged four hours daily, and after that, until he went to Rubinstein, six hours daily. This he regards as excessive.

"One's mind grows stupid and confused," he says, "and one's fingers follow the confusion of the brain. Another mistake of young pianists is that they use too much force in practicing. One should play just hard enough to keep the fingers and wrists from getting stiff. One is not aiming for artistic results as one is in concert playing. It is the fingers which need constant practice."

Perhaps these theories will not be as applicable to the ordinary student as they are to a genius like Hofmann. In the first place, he has an astonishing memory. While he was in this country he did not have with him a single piece of music for his own use. He brought only the scores for the orchestra. During the early part of his season here he sprained his wrist slightly, and for a week he did not touch the piano. At the end of the week he appeared in concert, and played with the orchestra a Beethoven Concerto, which he had not similarly played for eight years. His only preparation was to sit up in bed just before the concert and look over a borrowed score.

When he is expecting to play in the evening he scarcely touches the piano during the day. Perhaps he plays for half an hour some exercises to take the stiffness out of his fingers. That is all. Although he seems to practice comparatively little, he has a degree of power which is astonishing. His hands are rather small, but the muscles of the palms stand out like bunches of hard rubber. His arms are like those of an athlete. Along with the medals and decorations which his playing has brought him, he cherishes a number which he has won in wheeling, tennis playing and boating.

He is devoted to skating, a fact that is evident from a story his father tells of their visit to St. Petersburg in the winter of 1897. Josef was summoned to play before the ex-Empress, the hour named being from three to four in the afternoon. It was a perfect day. The Neva was frozen over, of course, and the skating was at its height. Immediately after luncheon Josef's father found his son dressing as if to go to the palace.

"Where are you going?" he demanded. "To play for the Empress."

"But you were not to go until three o'clock."

"Three o'clock! If I wait until then it will be too late to go skating—I'm going now."

He went. And it is not a surprise to any one who knows Hofmann to learn that he played for the ex-Empress as soon as he reached the palace, and that he then went off and skated the rest of the afternoon.

He is very prone to become so interested in things that he forgets how time flies, and he is quite as likely to do this when he is to play as at any other time. Often when his father and his manager, after an hour of anxious waiting are on the point of going to the theater and calling off the concert, Hofmann rushes in all out of breath and with hands red and stiff with cold. He plunges them into hot water to take out the stiffness, then gets into his evening clothes at top speed, jumps into a carriage and is driven to the theater without stopping to taste food.

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LONE ISLAND

Helen E. Kittamore.

BOOM! Boom! The sunset gun sounded clear and loud over Nonparell lake, starting echoes from hillside and glen, just as the great golden orb sank in a sea of glory behind Mt. Chocorua. Dazzling reflections of gold, crimson and tender green rippled and sparkled like liquid fire on the surface of the lake, while the cool, crisp air of the New Hampshire hills cut every outline into gem-like distinctness.

John Dale and Dick Morton were the two boys in Birch Camp whose proud duty it was to touch off the sunset gun every evening, and to haul down the colors flying from the flag pole, near by. That at least was one duty that the counsellors could count on for never being shirked.

"What a night it is going to be, Dick! A row out to Lone Island would be better sport than the camp-fire."

"A row out to Lone Island tonight?" said Dick. "Say, it would be a lark, but we could never get permission."

"Why not?"

"Because Mr. Ralph would say: 'This is the time for camp-fire, not for rowing, boys—it would be dark, and bedtime before you could return,' and Dick exactly imitated the manner of Mr. Ralph Graham, head and supreme authority of Birch Camp and forty lively boys.

"Taps at eight-thirty is too stiff for me," growled John. "Are we babies?"

"No, but we're here on the early to bed and early to rise scheme, and don't you forget it." Besides, you can't swim."

"That doesn't cut any ice."

"You know as well as I do that since you can't swim, a counsellor must go with us, even if we had permission to go, which we haven't and can't get."

"How about Jack and Longlegs and Snappy and Jim?" They go, evenings, whenever they like."

"Oh, they're a picked lot. They are the natural historians of the camp, you know, and I suppose the cause of science would cease if they didn't go to hear the whip-poor-wills sing and the owls hoot and the tree toads tune up and the bullfrogs go 'ker-blinkity-blunk.' Besides, they take Mr. Thornton. We could never get permission, I'm sure."

"Very well, then—let—us—go—without—permission," said John bluntly.

Dick's eyes grew quite round. "What's the matter with you tonight, anyway, Johnny? Mutiny on board? Struck for longer hours, or what? I know this is your first year here, and you're expected to be slightly fresh, but you know better than to try that, as well as I do. Mr. Ralph is awfully good and chummy, don't you know, but woe betide you if you break one of those few rules of his. I heard him say once that the responsibility was turning his hair gray, especially on account of the lake. He'd as soon send a boy home as look at him if he doesn't behave. No, let's go up to the camp-fire. See! They've just started it."

"Oh, come off! or come on, rather. The lake is as smooth as glass, hardly a cloud in the sky—starlight—moonlight—no wind—and so much cooler paddling in the evening than there's some fun in it. They'll never miss us. They won't even think of it. We can get back by taps, and if we don't we can get out of it somehow. Come on!"

Richard Morton was the most popular boy in camp. Bright, good-natured, generous to a fault, always up to everything and into everything that was going on, and, left to himself, always ready to keep rules and give little trouble. Why must one fault mar so sweet and sound a nature? He couldn't say "No," and stick to it. He just couldn't. The other fellow always had the stronger will and came off victorious. "Well, how are we going to manage it?" he temporized—and, with Dick, "He who temporized was lost." As he looked far up the slope from the ledge where they stood, and saw the crimson tongues of flame licking up against a background of dark green pines toward the sky, he made another stand. All the boys were trooping in from various directions in their camp uniforms of gray and green, toward the one objective point—the glorious camp-fire. They had fires that were worth while at Birch Camp. Four boys were detailed every morning to cut the wood and stack the fire ready for evening, and they built it wide and stacked it high, in anticipation of the jolliest hour of the day, when counsellors and boys joined alike in jokes and stories and songs from sundown to bedtime.

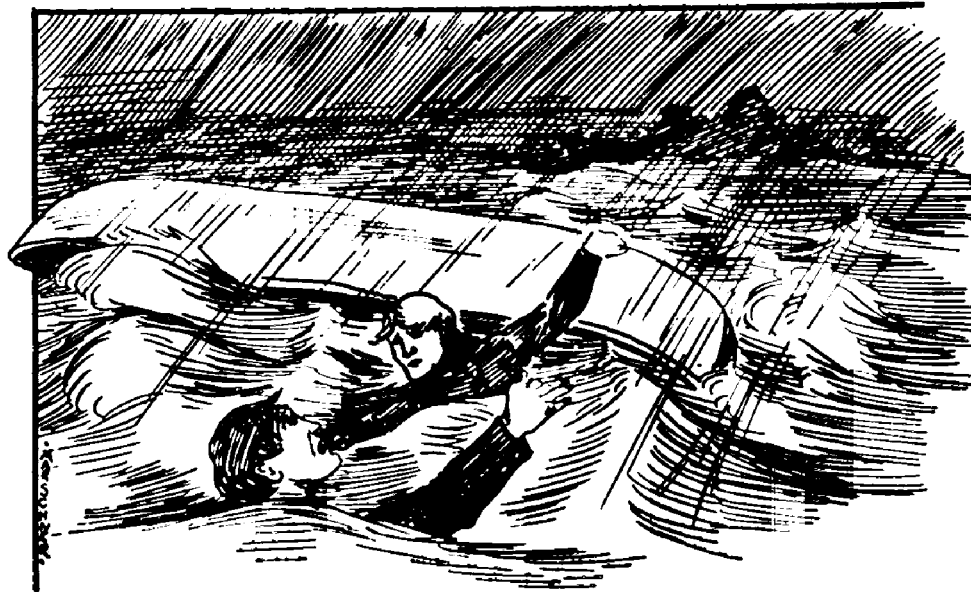
"Let's put off the trip until tomorrow morning, Johnny. We'll get Mr. Boyd to go with us, and go decently and in order. I don't want to lose the fun at the fire. It's great—and I think they're going to have a corn roast tonight."

"Oh, corn roast nothin'. We have corn roast any old time and camp-fire every single night. I want to paddle over to Lone Island, and I want you to go with me."

"Well, I said how are we going to manage it?" said Dick, vexed but unstable as usual.

"Manage it? Why just go down to the boathouse, take our canoe and go. Nobody will notice. We aren't watched in this camp. We're on our honor here, you know." Dick looked rather stunned at this new idea of honor and murmured—"But if we do get caught!" However he finally consented and they turned off into a path that wound around and down among trees and bushes, far out of sight to the water's edge, where were the boathouses and the little wharf—the row-boats, canoes and barges belonging to the camp. John was one of the few boys who had brought his own canoe, and they all admitted it to be the "corkingest" one of the lot. John was to have a couple of million in his own right some day, if he didn't kill himself having his own way, before he came of age.

The boathouse was locked for the night, but luckily—or unluckily—John had left his canoe in one of the racks outside, near the float, and soon they were paddling out on the smooth, rosy bosom of the lake in the delicious evening air. If stolen fruits are sweet, they had the sweetest that evening. Never had earth and sky combined to such a complete loveliness. The last faint colors were floating in the sky and in the lake; the evening star shone glorious in a horizon of pale green, and the young moon was slowly going down toward the West. All the curves and inlets and contours of this little lake were exquisite—the soft greens of pines and hemlocks



In a second the lad had him by the collar.

and birches sloping quite to the water's edge. Lone Island stood out clear and bold about a mile away. It was the only island in the lake, and an objective point for many excursions.

As the daylight faded, John noticed that the moonlight was now clear, now obscured, and glancing to the West saw the moon toiling toward the horizon through piling clouds of white and grey and black. At the same time, the surface of the lake, but now so smooth and still, began to freshen and ripple under a light wind.

Dick noticed it also and said: "Hadn't we better turn around and go home? The way a squall comes up on this lake quicker than lightning is a caution!"

"We'll get to the island in five minutes," said John. "If a squall does come up we'll be safe there until it blows over."

"But it may not blow over—any more than the squall will at camp when they miss us. What do you think they will do when the storm is on and they find us gone?"

"Wait sensibly until we come back of course. Don't they know we're big enough to take care of ourselves? Ha! my paddle is gone!"

As it floated past, Dick made a dive over the side for it, and thereby lost his own.

"Now we're in a pretty fix," said John, and no sooner had the words left his lips than all the fury of the four winds at once seemed to strike the lake. The waves ran with white caps and lashed over the sides of the canoe, and the paddles were nowhere within reach. Thunder rolled in the distance, lightning dazzled their eyes and in a few moments came the blinding sheets of rain. The slight, treacherous canoe was tossed up and down in a whirl of mad foam, and their only hope was that they were being driven toward instead of away from the Island.

"Now, will you do it again?" said Dick, white with fear. "Now will you be good?" and John muttered through his teeth—"It don't look as if I was going to have the chance. If we go over it's all up with—," and just then the canoe

filled with water and capsized, and Dick and John were in the lake.

"Oh, for God's sake," shouted John, "I'll drown!" "No, you won't!" called Dick, and in a second had him by the collar.

"I've got hold of the canoe. Now you take hold of it, straight, and don't lose your wits. Hold on to the canoe and let me alone, and I can swim and push it ahead of me to the island. We're nearly there."

For a wonder John did as he was bid, and soon they felt the shallow water and the sand beneath—and drenched and exhausted threw themselves upon the bank.

"But for you, Dick, I should have been dead by this time," panted John, when he could speak. "How in thunder did you do it?"

But Dick did not answer. Before long, however, he sat up and looked around in a dazed way, and seeing John's frightened look, said, "Oh, I'm not dead yet, I was only getting my breath. We're not out of this yet," and he pointed to where the boat was dashing against the rocks. "The paddles are lost, and now the canoe's a goner and you can't swim a stroke, and not a soul knows where we are."

Just then there floated faintly toward them on the night air the sweet far notes of a bugle.

"There go taps, Johnny. I suppose this is better than the corn roast and the camp-fire and dry, warm beds! Now the inspector will miss us and the racket will begin."

The racket had indeed begun, and with lanterns and torches, with cries and hallooes, with distracted searching in every direction, the camp was hunting, and hunting in vain, for the missing pair.

"There is but one thing to be done," said Dick, "and I'm going to do it."

John looked up in despair. "I don't see anything to be done, I must say. We might as well be Robinson Crusoe and Friday for all I see. If they happen to find the canoe gone they'll be dragging

lodges, and under orders had gone to bed, but they were full of excitement, wondering in much whispered conversation what could have happened, and always ending, even as at last they fell asleep, with the bewildered query: "Where is John Dale?"

As soon as it could be done, Dick was carried to Birch Rest, and laid in a soft, cool, immaculate bed. It almost paid to be ill at Birch Camp, to have the privilege of staying at the Rest. A rustic lodge, a little apart from the others, had been fitted up as a place for the sick, and for whiteness and coolness, with sweet breezes and odors of pine and hemlock wandering in, its equal could not be found.

Toward morning, Dick woke and came to himself enough to remember the events of the night. With a start he asked for Mr. Ralph, with such evident anxiety, that Mr. Graham was speedily sent for, and as speedily came, anxious and grave, to the bedside. In a few broken words Dick told him the story—taking, brave boy, all the blame—and urging that John be sent for with no delay.

Two counsellors, a boat, dry clothes, food and stimulants were on the way to Lone Island almost as soon as the story was told, and they were anxiously watched by many of the campers, as in the early morning light they sped through the waves, still running high from the storm.

On reaching Lone Island a hasty search was made for the missing boy, but no answer came to the shouts and hallooes. The counsellors were beginning to turn pale with anxiety, when they heard a low moaning sound at no great distance, and before long they came upon poor John lying upon the wet ground. He was shivering with ague and burning with fever and wandering in a delirium which did not let him know that help had come.

"This is hard luck, we must get him home quick," said Thornton.

They stripped John of his damp clothes, put on dry ones and carried him to the boat where they laid him on a blanket in the bottom and covered him with another. He fought all the time and gave the counsellors a pretty bad quarter of an hour, but by the time he was in the boat he was exhausted and ready to die still. Putting out with all speed, they soon made the landing, where stout and willing arms helped carry the lad to Birch Rest and a soft, cool bed.

By this time the bugle had blown for breakfast, and all the boys were in the dining-room talking over with suppressed excitement the events of the night.

"What in time were they up to?" said George Pratt to the boy opposite him. "Whatever it was," answered Fritz, "I'll bet John was at the bottom of it. He's too fresh to exist and needs more rough-housing than we've given him yet to bring him to his proper level."

"Dick ought to have more sense, said one. 'Oh, well,'" said Francis Brown, "you know Dick; he couldn't say 'no' to a goose if his life depended on it."

"What will Mr. Ralph say to them, that's the question, it strikes me," said Percy Henderson, in an undertone, apprehensively looking toward the head-table. I suppose they'll go home in disgrace and have another row under the parental roof. I'm glad I'm not in their shoes."

"I was up near the Rest when John was brought in," said little Max Edger-fool, "and he won't go anywhere for the present. I can tell you that. I wish you could have seen him."

"Besides," added another, "John's whole family is in Europe. They put him here because they didn't know what else to do with him. I guess his mother's too much of a highflier to bother with kids."

Dick recovered first and was all right in a day or two, but no curiosity or wheedling or coaxing could get a word from him. He wouldn't tell a thing.

Nothing was said or done, apparently, to punish him, and the days went on as usual, until John Dale finally appeared again, rather white and thin—but ready to talk and tell all about it. After giving the plain unvarnished facts to the boys congregated in one of the dormitories he wound up with—"It was all my own confounded fault, fellows, anyway. Don't blame Dick." Then he slid out and disappeared.

The boys one and all wondered what would happen next, now that Dick and John were well. They seemed so different, somehow, that all the boys were nonplused.

"I'll be hanged if I understand it," said one to another. "The rough-housing we meant to give John as a celebration of this event, doesn't seem to be needed—and where's that sudden gump-tion of Dick's come from?"

Dick and John were not sent home, they got no call to the office, even, and the silence of all the authorities seemed ominous and strange.

The following Sunday all the campers were assembled as usual in the beautiful little chapel formed only of rows of seats under arching trees, and breathed through by the open air of heaven. In the natural chancel at the far end stood a high cross of white birch, and in front of this was the altar, which was built up of rough stones and covered every week with fresh leaves and ferns and flowers. One could never worship there without a feeling of peace and reverence and nearness to God such as many a gorgeous city church failed to inspire. "The groves were God's first temples," and they are still his best.

Mr. Ralph read the beautiful service, the hymns were sung and then came the

The boys had scattered to their various

sermon—the heart-to-heart talk with his boys which Mr. Graham had each week. Today the subject was Manliness—Christian Manliness—and moral courage, honor, obedience were the themes. Ah! here was the punishment at last! What he said and the way he said it, almost with the tears running down his cheeks—why, Dick and John would rather have taken a flogging a piece any day. Every sentence pierced to the joints and marrow, every word scorched like a purifying fire. Less plastic, impressionable hearts than those of the young boys before him would have melted like wax in such a fervent heat.

After the service the boys scattered, hardly daring to look or speak to each other—and as for Dick and John, they were nowhere to be found for some time.

That was all. No other word ever passed Mr. Graham's lips. They were not scolded. Their parents were not told. They were not sent home.

What John had suffered alone on that island that night, in the dark and cold and wet and suspense, was never recorded anywhere save in one place—his own soul—nevertheless it was written large and plain for all to see henceforth. It changed his character.

As for Dick, he was cured for all time. From that day forth he knew how to say "No" and stick to it—and Mr. Graham's sermon did the rest. Moral courage, honor, obedience, grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength until a noble Christian manhood claimed them for its own.



DISFIGURED BUT STILL IN THE RING.

—Photo by Geo. A. Furness.

Boys in Foreign Lands.

MELVILLE C. HARRIS, Honolulu, T. H., sends us a neatly written letter, in which he expresses his appreciation of THE AMERICAN BOY. He is twelve years old and lives in the city of Honolulu on the Island of Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Islands. He was born in Kansas, but his parents removed to Honolulu when he was five months old. He says he knows nothing about some of the sports American boys have, such as skating, sleigh riding and snowballing. He says the boys there go barefooted the whole year round. They have nine months of school during the year, their

school hours being from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. His father's house is at the foot of a mountain called "Round Top," and from his bedroom window upstairs he can watch the steamers and sailing vessels enter the harbor. He can also see an extinct volcano named "Punchbowl." He says the Hawaiian's chief food is poi and fish. The poi is made from taro. Melville likes living there very much, and says the islands have to be seen to be appreciated. He sends us a picture of a cowboy which he drew from imagination, as he never saw one. It is very good indeed. He also sends a poem he composed when he was only eleven years old, entitled "The Potato Bug."

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Gavena Galloway, White Water, Wis. writes: "We use Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit for breakfast, as dessert for dinner, toast for tea, and for chafing dish luncheons in the evening and would not be without it."

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Boy Mechanics and Artisans.

B. J. ESTY, Welshfield, O., would like information as to how to make a log-of-mutton sail.—GEORGE V. HARTMAN, Bucklin, Kas., sends directions for making a small steamboat which are very good.—JAMES SWANN, Oak Grove, East Tenn., also sends plans for a boat.—V. R. LANE, Linneus, Mo., wants to know if any reader of THE AMERICAN BOY can tell him how to make a wheel of the following description: A wheel is made of paper resembling the wheel of a windmill. This wheel is fastened onto a stick so it will not turn unless the stick turns. When the stick is rolled in the hands and released it will rise in the air. Can any one answer? HENRY S. LEIPER, Blauvelt, N. Y., would like directions for making an electric motor and batteries to run it.—L. A. BALDWIN, Danbury, Conn., would like to see an article in the paper on how to make locomotives.—CLAUDE HOPE, Clinton, Mo., wants to know if anyone can tell him how the Indians made their arrowheads and other weapons, what tools they used, how long it took to make an arrowhead, a hatchet, etc., and especially the arrow darts? Claude is very much interested in arrowheads and is making a collection of them.—ALMA ASH, Salt Lake City, Utah, would like some suggestions on how to make a motor cycle.—HENRY V. DEMOTT, Metuchen, N. J., sends us the photograph of a model of the "Kentucky," the model having been built by a boy from directions on "How to Build a Miniature Navy," published in the March, 1900, number of this paper. We are sorry we cannot reproduce the photograph, but it is not sufficiently clear. We doubt if there are many boys who could do as good work as this photograph shows to have been done by our correspondent's friend, who did his work under very unfavorable circumstances, being unable to obtain any white wood and having only tools to use that had seen twenty years' service, and without any experience whatever.—FLOYD E. AVERY, Dunmore, Pa., sends a diagram for a fox trap, together with a description of how to make it, which is very good.—CARL HARTSHORN, 59 Irving Street, West Somerville, Mass., would like to know if any of our readers can tell him how to make a cleaning solution for type and rollers that is not explosive.—HOWARD PARKER, Lincoln, N. b., would like plans for building a cheap bird house.—C. H. THOMPSON, Leaf, Miss., would like to know how to make a small dynamo at little expense.—VANCE JUDSON, Mansfield, O., would like to see more articles in the paper on the subject of electricity.—CLARENCE A. SWOYER, Ashville, O., and a boy friend of his have been experimenting with wireless telegraphy. He says they were able to ring an electric bell five and one half feet away without the use of wires. They can also start a small electric motor and work a telegraph sander by wireless method. In their coherent they use aluminum filings placed between two solder plugs, which are enclosed in a glass tube. Clarence made an apparatus for use in his Philosophy class at high school with which they electrocuted a mouse, frogs, tadpoles, etc., using a small shocking machine to generate the electricity. He has been experimenting with electricity for about four years and is very much interested in it.—GEORGE S. JOHNSTON, Grand Rapids, Mich., would like directions for making a three quarter horse power or one horse power gasoline or electric motor.—ALDER R. JEANDRON, Brooklyn, N. Y., wants to know how to charge a candle battery with electricity, and also how to make one.—FOSTER WENTZ, Portland, Ore., wants instructions on how to make a light canoe that can be used on hunting and fishing trips.

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For a name. We desire to obtain from the general public some appropriate name for Hall's Glass Razor Hone, which we can use as a trade mark for same. We make the following proposition to every purchaser of our hone, whether bought of agent or direct from us. If purchased from agent, the paper bearing the name you suggest must bear agent's signature. Write plainly the name you think most appropriate for our hone and inclose one dollar with same and we will send a hone to your address, postpaid. The contest closes Dec. 31, 1903, at midnight. No letters bearing post mark later than that will be considered. If several send the same name, and that name should be the one that we select, the one bearing the earliest postmark will be the one to receive the \$100. Send at once, be first. Send money order (positively no stamps taken). Not responsible for money sent in letter unless registered. What are you getting for your money? You are getting a razor hone that an inexperienced man can hone his own razor with; that alone is worth ten times what you pay for it, and you may possibly be the one to secure the \$100. Follow directions carefully when honing your razor and we guarantee satisfaction. Every day we are getting testimonials from the thousands that are using our hone, who never shaved themselves before because they could not keep their razor sharp. No home complete without one of our hone. It is the greatest seller of the 20th century. Agents make big money handling them. They sell themselves. Write to-day for agents' price list, etc. WILLIAM C. MALE CO., ATLANTIC, MASS. Gen. Agents for U. S. and Canada.

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Farmers' Sons Wanted—with knowledge of education to work in an office; \$60 a month with advancement; steady employment; must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, London, Canada.

IN THE TRAP OF A BEAR

HARRIET WAELER.



WAS-A-NUNG was the noblest Ojibway upon the reserve. He was a deacon in good and regular standing in the mission church, a brave fighter, and the most successful bear trapper in the country round. The winters were devoted to this favorite pastime and he never failed to leave substantial evidence of his success, in the shape of the head or shoulders of a bear, at the mission manse.

One day in April Mr. Hemenway and his two sons, Henry and Payson, sat on the bank repairing the log bridge which spanned the river. It was a bright and balmy afternoon. The grass was taking on its spring color. The odor of the pine forests floated across the water. The river rippled merrily on its way to the great lake. The sound of paddles broke the stillness and a canoe shot round the bend.

"Was-a-nung is returning from his bear trap and he looks the worse for wear. Let us go down," said Mr. Hemenway. They hastened to the shore and pulled the canoe alongside of the bridge. An enormous black bear lay on the bottom of the canoe with a little cub curled up beside her.

Was-a-nung's face and hands were badly scratched and his clothes torn and dirty.

"You have had a tussle, Was-a-nung," said Mr. Hemenway. "The old bear evidently fought for her cub."

"Ugh, Ugh," grunted Was-a-nung. "Well, come up to the house and get something to eat, and then you can tell us all about it," returned Mr. Hemenway.

They hauled the canoe upon the beach. Was-a-nung spread his blanket over the bear, and the boys carried the cub up to the house. Was-a-nung followed Mr. Hemenway in silence, seated himself upon the kitchen floor, and devoured the food prepared for him. Mr. Hemenway understood the Indian character too well to ask any questions, but assisted the children in feeding the cub some warm milk. This was not an easy task, for the cub was very surly and bit and scratched them in good earnest. But the warm milk mollified his temper and he curled up in the basket of shavings and fell asleep.

Was-a-nung lit his pipe when the meal was finished. The children gathered about him, knowing the story was coming. Was-a-nung puffed away in silence, then he laid down his pipe and began.

"The bear is very wise," said he. "Sometimes he is wiser than the Indian. I went up the river this morning, planning to set my last trap for the season. I beached my canoe five miles up and walked a mile into the forest. I found some bear tracks and followed them up to an old tree. There I discovered cub. I knew the mother would return soon and I commenced my trap at once. I built it three logs high and twelve feet long. When it was finished, I crawled over to fix a log on the other side. I tripped and fell, pulling the three logs on top of me. I struggled for twenty minutes to move them and failed. I heard the great bear sniffing above me. I glanced up and saw her pacing back and forth upon the top log. Finally, she jumped off, took the log in her teeth and fore paws and hauled it upon the ground. I crawled out. My gun lay on the other side of the bear. There was nothing left for me to do but make for the river. As I tore through the bushes, I thought of a hollow log lying near the river. I heard the bear behind me. I crawled into the log, expecting her to follow. I knew she could never squeeze through it, and once in the log, I could make short work of her.

But she decided not to follow. She sniffed and growled at both ends of the log, then rolled it into the river, climbed on top and waited. The current carried us slowly down stream. "I'm in the trap of a bear," thought I. "How shall I beat her?" I knew there was a bend in the river below us. I must get back to my gun some way. I crept to the end of the log which dipped into the river. I dived down and kept under the water until the log disappeared around the bend. Then I swam ashore and made through the bushes for my gun. It was lying where I left it and loaded. I took the shortest cut through the bushes for the river and hid behind a clump upon the bank, waiting for the log. It drifted slowly toward me. The bear was pacing back and forth on top of the log. She missed her meat. Then she splashed into the river, stood upon her hind legs and grasped one end of the log, and peered through the hole. She threw the log from her and burst into a howl of rage. She dragged up and down the river searching for her lost meat. I took good aim as she came down stream, and fired two shots into her. She reeled over upon the bank and I at her with my knife. We had a hard tussle, but I finished her. I

went back for the cub, loaded everything into the canoe and came home. You may have cub. I'm done with bears for this season." Was-a-nung struck the ashes from his pipe and strode toward the door. "Bosho," he said and walked out.

The children gathered about the cub's basket, delighted with their new possession. Gradually he became accustomed to his surroundings and became a great pet of the family. He accompanied the boys in their tramps through the forest, swam with them, and became an accomplished gymnast. He climbed the greased pole, turned somersaults on a springboard, danced, jumped rope, played leap-frog and passed round the hat to an admiring crowd of Indian boys. This training took place in a pasture behind the barn. It was not accomplished



"We had a hard tussle, but I finished her."

without serious conflicts with Cub. The boys' arms and legs were black and blue with the marks of his teeth. As for their clothes, they were the despair of Mrs. Hemenway, who patched late into the night to keep them together. But Cub learned to enjoy the fun and became the pride of his masters. He was given the freedom of the Indian village and strolled about among the wigwags to his heart's content.

One midsummer day Mr. Hemenway sailed over to Bayfield to purchase provisions for the mission. The family were at tea when he returned.

"What do you say, children, to selling Cub to a circus," he asked, when he had taken his seat.

"Never, never," cried the children. "There isn't any circus around here," said Henry. "Father is only joking."

"I met Mr. Van Amberg, the proprietor of Van Amberg's circus, today. He is stopping at the hotel at Bayfield. Someone told him about Cub. He inquired all about him and made me a cash offer. How much do you suppose it was, boys?"

"One hundred dollars," exclaimed Payson.

"Two hundred," echoed Henry.

"Oh! children, children!" exclaimed Mrs. Hemenway. "Surely not more than twenty five dollars, Leonard."

"Five hundred dollars," said Mr. Hemenway.

"What do you think of that, mother?"

"A providential offering," responded Mrs. Hemenway.

"So I regarded it," returned Mr. Hemenway. "Five hundred dollars will send Henry to Beloit College for one year and clothe him, besides. What shall we do about it, children?"

"Oh, send Henry to college and tell Was-a-nung to find us another cub," shouted Payson.

"You can settle that matter later with Was-a-nung," said Mr. Hemenway. "Tomorrow we will have a holiday and sail Cub over to his new master."

Early the next morning, Mr. Hemenway and the two boys made a cage for Cub out of a dry goods box. He decidedly objected to being placed in such quarters

and needed quantities of honey to keep him goodnatured.

By nine o'clock the family were sailing down the river and noon found them at the Bayfield pier. They ate their lunch under the shade of a wide-spreading elm and then the procession moved on to the hotel piazza.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mr. Van Amberg. "Here is a regular circus brigade. Turn the cub loose, boys, and show what he can do. The boys tore off the slats of the cage and Cub bounded out. The ladies screamed, the men shouted, and Cub, jubilant over his freedom, danced and turned somersaults as he had never done before. Mr. Hemenway handed over his hat and Cub gravely marched about the circle while the crowd applauded.

Mr. Van Amberg placed five one hundred dollar bills in Mr. Hemenway's hand, saying, "Cub is a drawing card, and I've struck a bargain, Mr. Hemenway."

Mr. Van Amberg turned the contents of the hat into Henry's hand.

"Take this as a parting gift from Cub and spend it as you please," said he. The children thanked him, but the tears came and a lump rose in their throats as they walked down the steps, and it was altogether a sad and solemn party that returned to the mission house that night.

Preparing a boy for college is a serious task in a missionary's family, and Mrs. Hemenway toiled early and late, burning the midnight oil in order to accomplish her work. There were many tears mingled with the stitches as she thought of the dangers and temptations which might come to her boy. The trunk was carefully packed. There was nothing elegant in the outfit, but numberless tokens of a mother's love and a letter tucked securely in one corner to be read when the tortures of homesickness assailed him.

Oh, the love of a loyal mother's heart! It knows no limit of endurance; there is no sacrifice it does not joyously make.

of them stepped back and said: "I say, Hemenway, come on to Van Amberg's circus with us."

"Van Amberg's circus! Where is it?" said Henry, jumping up.

"Down on the flats. Come on! We've no time to lose."

"I must go and see Cub," said Henry. "Mr. Van Amberg paid me five hundred dollars for him this summer. That money is sending me to college this year."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed his companion as they hastened forward. "You must tell the boys all about it."

"I will, after the circus." The performance had commenced when they reached the grounds. The boys hurried into the tent. "I'll be along after a while," said Henry. "I want to find Cub first."

He entered the animal tent. The animals were being fed. Henry followed one of the keepers to the bears' quarters. Suddenly a howl arose from one of the cages. Cub had discovered him.

The animal sprang against the cage, trying to break it down.

"Lie down there," said the keeper, lashing his whip.

"He was my pet bear," returned Henry. "I can quiet him." Henry took one of Cub's paws. "Hello, old fellow. Dance, Cub," he said, whistling a favorite tune.

Cub sprang onto his hind feet and whirled about the cage. A crowd gathered. Mr. Van Amberg was one of the number.

"I say, young Hemenway, this is a lucky meeting. That bear hasn't performed one trick since he parted from you in Bayfield. I'll give you ten dollars if you will take him in to the ring this afternoon and show the keeper how to manage him. Put him through the tricks you performed last summer."

"I'll do it," said Henry.

The keeper handed over Cub's chain and the pair came out of the cage.

"I'll go ahead and make the announcement," said Mr. Van Amberg.

"You come in at the side door when I whistle."

Mr. Van Amberg waited until the elephants' march was finished and then advanced to the center of the ring.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began. "I have the pleasure of announcing a performance by a trained bear. This bear was caught upon an Indian reserve in northern Wisconsin. The bear was trained by a missionary's son. The money I paid for the bear is sending the lad to Beloit College this year. He is with us this afternoon and will conduct Cub's performance. I have the pleasure of introducing Master Henry Hemenway."

The whistle sounded and Henry bounded in, leading Cub. The cheering dazed him for an instant. Mr. Van Amberg beckoned him forward. The band struck up a waltz and Cub started off at a great pace. Rounds of applause followed. Cub passed from one trick to another with perfect ease. He finished with a game of leap-frog which sent him leaping out of the side door. The audience cheered themselves hoarse. Henry pocketed his ten dollars and marched off, the hero of a crowd of boys. They halted in the college campus and rested on one of the mounds while Henry told them the story of Was-a-nung and the cub.



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WHEN RAMA KILLED THE ELK.



Far up the Ceylon mountain where the village huts crowded together, the little naked children, open-mouthed and wondering, chattered and admired respectfully around the camp and in the glow of the campfire.

About it lay the doers, the masters, all young men laughing and hearty, with short pipes in their teeth. Between their legs, listening gravely, lolled the veteran hunters, the leaders of the pack, the wiry, low-running, clear-throated beagles. Back in the shadows, with a proud disregard of the village and the villagers, the dog-boys and the horse-boys tended their charges, ate their rice and talked of the elk of the mountains.

There were swift runners to follow the horses, each with his bright shining hunting blade secure in its sheath, each in the livery of his master. Some wore snowy head cloths, and some caps of the skin of the panther. Black and brown were their faces and their lean limbs, bare from the knee, with feet impervious to thorn or flint stone.

Suddenly from the mountain ridges there rang a cry.

To their feet leaped the white men; to their legs jumped the beagles; the attendants ceased their work and their chatter; even the naked children forgot their awe and listened. It came again from the distance—the bark of a great bull elk calling for a mate.

The hearts of the young men thrilled; the swarthy beaters and followers squatted down again, polishing with renewed ardor the weapons of the masters; the dogs whined restlessly in their leashes, and the pet veterans licked the masters' faces, eager then and there, by the white moonlight, to follow the chase.

"A grand fellow by his bark," said McNaughton, chief of the hunt. "He should give us a run, if we can fasten on his scent tomorrow."

"Over Malulla way," said young Prior of the Bank, "that is where I judge, and bad country, too."

"I believe you," said another. "Look out for croppers tomorrow, if we have a run. The place is full of jungle patches and little rocky streams, and dry gullies—lots of jumping."

"Yes," said McNaughton, "and don't forget that precipice where the Malulla lake lies. We must head him off from there, or he's lost to us. A man down Badulla way, old Merriman, was telling me of a hunt years ago where the elk took the leap plunged into the lake and swam safely away."

Then to the well-cleaned huts of the well-paid villagers the hunters betook themselves, and the attendants rolled themselves up by the dogs and horses and silence fell upon the camp.

Rama lay awake and apart from the other servants—Rama, a dog-boy and a swift runner, with a proud heart, now very sore. All the evening he had remained by himself, lying in the long grass, sullenly watching the firelight play on the faces of the masters.

Rama was a newcomer to McNaughton's tea estate. Black, with bright eyes, straight, swift of foot and strong of wrist, McNaughton had soon noticed and admired him as one athlete admires the sinews of a rival. So Rama did not work in the field long, but was brought to the kennels and the stables and trained by the wealthy master to ride, to shoot and to carry his master's second gun.

Rama was soon longing for a chance to show his strength and skill, and lo! the chance had come, and he was disgraced. On the setting out of this, Rama's first elk hunt, misfortune had befallen him. The master's favorite horse had strained its shoulder at exercise—and Rama was blamed. Also, a young beagle had strayed and been lost, and Rama was blamed. More, on arrival at the camp, the master found he had forgotten his field glasses, and again Rama was blamed. The master had even said that Rama was unworthy to follow the chase and must go back to the lines and work in the field with the dumb coolies.

Therefore Rama lay in the dew-wet grass with a bitter heart, for he admired and worshiped the master, and it is hard to be thrust back by those whom we love.

When the sky in the east grew suddenly gray, and quickly changed to pink and gold, off rode the huntsmen. Behind and beside them ran the gambolling beagles. On foot came beaters, horse-boys, dog-boys, and a very few bearing rifles. In the island of spices—Ceylon—one must no more shoot an elk than one would shoot a fox, but run him fairly down with dog and horse, and the keen hunting knife, to win the horns.

They were well in the wild Malulla country before the sun was hot. Thickets of jungle were there, and rocky brooks and gullies deep and stony.

"Tis somewhere here he lies; 'twas from here we heard his bark. I'll swear it," growled McNaughton.

As he spoke—near by a densely tangled thicket that no dog larger than a beagle could worry through—old Yorke, the veteran

of many hunts, gave tongue, barking as a terrier at a rat hole.

An angry, roaring, barking cry! The thicket is burst on the other side and out runs the great elk, with spreading horns thrown high and furious eyes.

The keepers called to the dogs, and at last old Yorke burst out and rushed on the quarry. The elk made to throw him high on his antlers, but wary Yorke leaped aside. Then, bewildered by the uproar, the great beast turned and dashed away.

Among the first behind him was the swift runner Rama.

The elk went straight away over mountain shoulders; he crossed big-shouldered brooks with a rush and a bound. He scrambled down jungle-covered ravines, deep and rocky, and dashed up the other side. He climbed the mountain, but the veteran beaters were already there with waving arms to head him off.

With set lips—no yelling now—the horse-men followed. And ever at his heels the beagles and the swifter deerhounds yelped and snapped.

Twice he plunged into deep jungle and lay in the depths panting, but the eager beagles worried him out. From the second thicket he fled, wearied. McNaughton had watched that thicket closely.

"Back of us lies the Malulla lake," he condescended to explain; and hardly had he spoken when the jungle opened and out came the wild-eyed elk and charged the crowd!

Clean through them all he burst. Young Prior's horse shied and threw him. The servants howled in dismay and scattered. The elk rushed right through and was again away.

"We have lost him!"

"Head him off!"

"He's making straight for the lake!"

But the dogs and McNaughton followed, and, as swift as a horse on that uneven, stony ground, ran Rama—Rama, the swiftest of runners.

Straight for the lake went the quarry, straight for the precipice where no horse or dog could follow.

At the edge the beast faltered and turned at bay. The dogs sprang on him, and he tossed them high in the air. McNaughton saw hope and leaped from his horse, drawing his long knife, making ready for the dangerous attack.

But the elk suddenly turned and leaped, and a great plunge followed the leap. The dogs yelped dismally on the brink. The beaters wailed. But, almost as quick as the elk, Rama dived.

McNaughton looked over, silent, breathless. The dog-boys cried out in amazement. The elk was swimming. Rama dived deep and came up. The elk saw him and swam madly for him, bellowing. Rama had his long knife in his teeth and dived again. The elk rose high in the water with a loud bellow of agony, and the lake's surface was stained with blood. Rama had stabbed him behind the left shoulder, deep into the heart.

A looped rope was on the pommel of a saddle, and before the diving animal could sink Rama had it passed to him and had slipped the noose round a hind leg, himself dodging the sharp hoofs and horns cleverly. Then the bearers cheered and chattered and howled as they hauled up the elk and Rama. McNaughton, in a whirl of delight, dived deep into his pockets and handed to Rama as many rupees as he could hold in his great fist. But Rama turned away, bent his head and did not touch the money. All the beaters and servants were silent in astonishment at the refusal of so much wealth, but McNaughton understood. He turned to the crowd.

"Behold!" cried he in their own tongue. "Behold! Henceforth my best of huntsmen, leader of all of you and chief, whom I misjudged and to whom I make a gift." He smiled on Rama and Rama looked up and smiled, and there was peace between them.

For the Lawyers.

In the incident related below, a boy twelve years old conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer fighting for a bad cause.

Walter was the important witness, and one of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

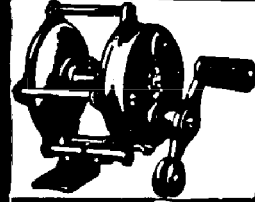
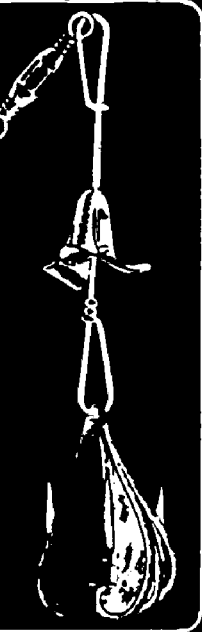
"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.—Mass. Ploughman.

Nine hundred young men and women received degrees at the Commencement of Columbia College, New York, June 10. It was Columbia's one hundred and forty ninth commencement.

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Caused Strong Men to Shed Tears.

As a rule railroad men are about as hard-hearted as the average, says the Los Angeles Times, and it takes something out of the ordinary run to bring tears to their eyes, but a whole crew on one of the Southern Pacific's local trains shed tears early the other morning, and a little black dog without a friend in the world caused it.

The Colton local had just passed a little station called Nahant, when the engineer saw a man lying at full length on the track only a few hundred yards in front of his engine.

The usual danger signal was given, but the man did not move, and the train was brought to a standstill a few feet from him.

A glance at the body from close range showed the engineer that the poor fellow was stone dead. In a few minutes the conductor, engineer, and trainmen were standing around the body.

Up to this time they had not observed the presence of a little black dog, but as soon as they approached his master he made a dash for the nearest man, and for a few seconds fought with all his puny strength to keep the men away.

They were there for the purpose of examining the body, however, to see what could be done, and the little dog was rudely kicked one side. He did not howl with pain as a dog generally does when kicked. He simply gathered himself up and quietly made his way between the men's legs until he reached his dead master's head, when he placed his little face by the side of his master's, and after looking at the intruders a few seconds began to whine, and big tears were noticed running down his nose.

"I have often heard," said one of the witnesses, "that dogs have been known to shed tears, but I never believed it until then, and I have lots more respect for the dog family than I ever before had. When I looked around at my companions there was not a dry eye."

"The old man, who was probably a section hand, was removed from the track with more care than is usually displayed in such cases. His blankets were carefully spread, and his remains were handled as gently as a mother would have done, and all on account of the tears in that little dog's eyes. As soon as the dog discovered that our roughness had disappeared he became friendly, and seemed to appreciate what we were doing for his master, but we could not induce him to leave his dead friend and when the train pulled out he was still sitting at the old man's head."

The old man was probably walking down the track during the night when a train came along and ran over him. Its whole length must have passed over his body, but, strange as it may seem, there were only a few bruises about the head. He had been dead several hours when found.—Our Dumb Animals.

Soon Altered.

A commercial traveler entered a hotel a few days ago, and approached the register of arrivals. He made a few inquiries, and then proceeded to disfigure the book with a row of marks like this:

II II IIII

The clerk resented this disfigurement with the remark:

"This isn't a drawing school, sir; neither is it a headquarters for the solution of idiotic geometrical problems."

At the conclusion of this little speech he glanced once more at the register, and saw, to his surprise, that by a few strokes of his pen the visitor had transformed the disfigurement into


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BROWNING'S SACRIFICE

WILLIAM HEYLIGER



"He can't do it," said the doctor. "He must," insisted the professor. "No one else can hold them down." "But he can't," cried the doctor. "His wrist is all swollen and inflamed. If he throws a ball today, he'll never pitch again."

Professor Hendricks sighed. "It is hard," he said. "The school has not lost a game this season, and now, when we are playing our most important game, Browning's wrist goes lame. It is certainly hard luck."

"Put in Davis," advised the doctor. "I'll have to, but that won't do any good. As soon as they begin to hit him, he'll go up in the air. We have only one pitcher who can hold down Marion Academy, and that's Browning."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Doctor Nelson, but the professor did not hear him. He was gazing out the window of the clubhouse at the players practicing on the diamond and at the people in the stands. They had come to see the Ridgefield High School—his school, win; and they would be disappointed.

"It—it is hard luck," he said again, after a long silence.

"Can't be helped," said the doctor. "We've got to make the best of it, so come and start the game."

The professor followed him meekly, for he had lost heart. As they came out of the clubhouse upon the field, an anxious boy in the uniform of the Ridgefield school stepped back from the doorway, and at sight of him the two men stopped.

"Can I play, doctor?" he asked quickly. "No" was the answer.

"But—" "Now, look here, Jack Browning," snapped the doctor, "you can't play, and that's all there is to it. Come on, professor."

They walked away across the field, and the boy followed after them. He was filled with a sullen anger at he hardly knew what. In his heart he knew the doctor was right, and still he was angry. He took no part in the discussion of rules at the players' bench, nor was he at the professor's side when the coin was tossed for ins or outs. He saw them bend over it as it fell, and then, as the professor raised a disappointed face and the Marions took the field, all his resentment left him, and in a moment he was running toward the crowd gathered beside the bench.

"Where's Davis?" he asked.

"Here," answered a voice. Without uttering a word, Browning turned and led the speaker out of earshot of the crowd.

"Davis," he cried, "you've got to pitch today as you never pitched before. Don't get rattled. If you do, the game is lost, for I can't go in. You are our only hope, and—and you must win."

"I will win," answered the boy quietly, and then they separated, for the Ridgefield nine had gone out in one, two, three order, and it was now the Marions turn to bat.

Jack Browning was troubled as he once more came to the bench; but as he watched the play going on around him, his face brightened until finally he smiled; for Davis was in superb form. He struck out the first man who faced him on three pitched balls, and the two men who batted next could only knock short infield flies that were easily caught. Things began to look bright for the Ridgefield nine, and for the first time that day the professor smiled.

"Fine game," observed the doctor, who was sitting next to Jack.

"Yes," said the boy, "and we're going to win it."

For eight innings the game went on, with neither side scoring. In the stands the excited, nervous spectators were cheering and shouting; on the diamond, the hot, dusty schoolboys were playing as they had never played before. Professor Hendricks was standing near the foul line, very tall and very silent, while over at the player's bench, Doctor Nelson and Jack were watching Davis as the hawk watches the unsuspecting sparrow, and when the inning was over and the Ridgefield boys came in from the field, both heaved a sigh of relief.

"He's weakening," said the doctor. Jack nodded.

"Yes," he admitted, "he is losing his speed. If—if he weakens, don't you think I might—?"

"No," said the doctor sharply, "you would ruin your wrist."

Jack was silent, and the ninth inning began. Swinging a bat as he walked, one of the Ridgefield players strode to the plate. Two strikes had been called on him. The people in the stands were groaning, when suddenly he shifted his position and swung his bat, and the next moment he was running wildly around the bases. It was a three-base hit, far to center field, and the people cheered him again and again. With none out, it

seemed that Ridgefield must now certainly score. But the next two men struck out, and suddenly, sick at heart, the spectators sat down.

And then, all in an instant, they were on their feet again, cheering madly, for the next batter up had hit the ball. It was a weak, puny hit, but it fell safe and the player on third base scored. It made no difference to them that the next man struck out, Ridgefield had one run to its credit, and they made the welkin ring with their shouts.

The Marions came in to bat with determination stamped on every face. Again Jack and Doctor Nelson were watching Davis, and as the first man up sent the ball flying toward the outfield, their eyes met in one hasty glance. Then, before they scarcely knew what had happened, a batter had been hit, another had been served with four wide balls, and the bases were full. Davis was up in the air.

He knew it, the people knew it, and the Marions knew it, too. One appealing look he sent at Professor Hendricks, and then the professor looked at Jack.

"I'm going to pitch," said the boy, quietly and firmly.

"You're not," exploded the doctor, "you—"

The people in the stands saw a scuffle at the players' bench, and then a boy walked out on the diamond toward the pitcher's box. In an instant he was recognized, and a shout went up.

"Browning! Browning! Browning!"

Jack nodded vaguely and took up the ball. His face was very white, and for a moment he looked half-regretfully at his wrist, as though even now he would turn back. But the eyes of the professor and of all Ridgefield were upon him, and with a suddenness that contorted his face in a look of pain, he sent the ball whizzing toward the plate.

It was hit foul. Up, up, up it went, until it was no bigger than a pea, and then it came down, swift and heavy, into the catcher's mitt. One out, and Ridgefield still ahead.

The next batter hit the first ball pitched. Straight for Jack it flew. He saw it coming and braced himself to receive it, but it bounded out of his hands. The man on third base was running home, when, with a desperate effort, he caught it up again and threw it to the catcher. The ball and the runner reached the plate together, and Jack and the Marion captain started across the diamond.

"Judgment," they cried together.

"Out," said the umpire.

The people cheered, and then settled back in their seats. A Marion player was walking toward the plate, the hardest, heaviest batter on their nine. It was now or never, and Jack gritted his teeth in a determination to win.

His wrist was red and swollen, it pained him to move his arm. But, nevertheless, he clasped the ball in his fingers, and, leaning forward, threw it with all his strength.

"One strike," called the umpire.

The ball was returned to him. Again he leaned forward, and again he pitched.

"Two strikes."

A cold, damp sweat was on Jack's brow. Again, even though his wrist break in the doing, he must pitch that ball, and pitch it well. Back and forth he swayed on his feet, and then, with a groan of pain, he shot forward his arm.

The ball seemed to float and swim in the air as though it would never reach the plate. Dizzily he watched it until it appeared to go out of his sight. He saw the batter make a sudden lunge, he heard a mighty shout of triumph, and then, turning, he staggered toward the clubhouse, while the hot, burning tears ran down his cheeks.

Out on the field, the professor and the doctor were surrounded by a cheering, joyous crowd; out on the field, a college song of victory was being sung; while over in the clubhouse, a shivering, moaning boy was staring at a red, throbbing thing that was once a wrist, but which would never control or curve a ball again. And as he looked, his thoughts found expression in words.

"I—I don't care," he gasped, "we won."

To Steer a Boat Without Rudder or Oar.

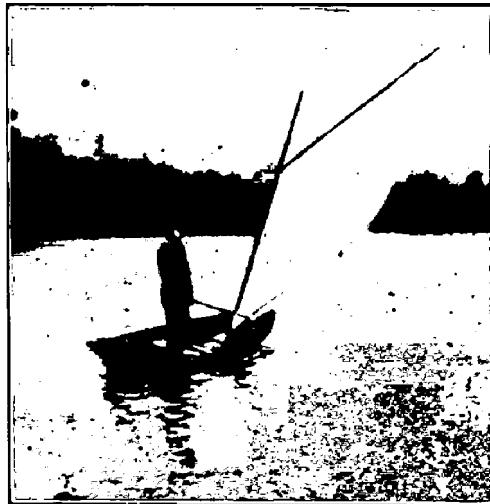
N. E. BRIGGS.

To steer a sailboat without a rudder or an oar, and to guide it well, will probably seem an utter impossibility to the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY; but it is no trick, once you know how, as the writer can testify.

The illustration shows one of Uncle Sam's postmasters on Lake George (N. Y.) sailing out of Gull bay to cross the lake to Hague.

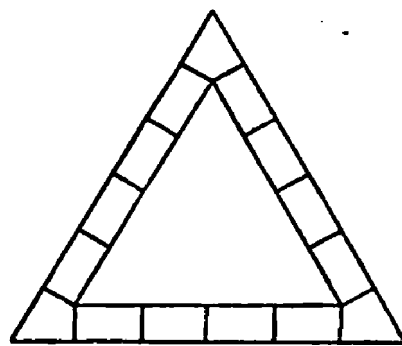
Mr. Peabody, the postmaster, told me when asked why he did not put a rudder on his boat, that he thought it a rather useless appendage, but added that his remark applied only to the smaller class of boats in which a sail was used.

The trick or know-how of sailing a boat without a rudder or an oar, is in sitting on one side of the boat and moving along a little forward or backward,



as the case requires, to steer the boat. Moving a little forward throws the bow down, causing the boat to run up in the wind, which, if on the starboard (left) side, would turn the boat in that direction; while, if on the port (right) side, a little move back toward the stern would raise the bow and allow the boat to swing round to the right.

No particular advantage could be ascribed to this method of steering other than that a person when alone would naturally sit on one side of the boat to keep an even keel. The method is convenient, too, in that it gives full freedom to the hands in handling the sails. A knowledge of this method of steering might prove of great benefit in case a rudder was broken or lost and no oar was at hand.



The Magic Triangle.

The Chicago Tribune gives us a puzzle which it calls "The Magic Triangle." The trick is to put in the fifteen spaces of the triangle fifteen different numbers in such a way that the total of the numbers on each of the three sides shall be eighty four.

Dog and Adjective Game.

The players seat themselves in two rows facing each other. The first player on one side begins by saying, "Our dear little dog is active." Then the player next to him must take up the phrase and, before the first player can count ten, substitute some other adjective beginning with "a" for "active;" thus, "Our dear little dog is amiable." If he fails he drops out of the game, but if he gives a correct answer he then counts ten while the second player on the other side is getting an answer ready. Thus the phrase passes from side to side until all the players on one side are out.

Eugene H. Lehman, Rhodes Scholar, p Winner.

According to the May "Success," Eugene H. Lehman, the young Colorado college student, the first American to be awarded a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, worked his way through Yale, where he got employment as a tutor at a dollar a day, and wheeled an invalid in her chair for twenty five cents an hour. His credentials showed a higher percentage than those submitted by two hundred other students. The following extract from the "Success" article by Roger Galeshows shows something of Mr. Lehman's purpose:

"When I was a mere boy" said Mr. Lehman, "I asked myself, as every one of human intelligence must ask, what the object of that intelligence is. I could not believe that the answer is 'happiness,' for intelligence varies too greatly for its grasp of the word 'happiness' to be depended upon."

"I looked for some other reason than happiness for my life. It is not possible, it seemed to me, for humanity to believe humanity's happiness to be a reason for its own existence. Happiness is not enough. Knowledge is not enough. Love is not enough. These are all parts of the picture, means to some end. Humanity itself seemed to me only part of the picture. The great whole—the end—what is it? Surely, universal law, universal obedience to law, universal harmony! To live in concord with that law became my whole ambition. I could do that best by attaining to as high intelligence as is possible to me. My fight for education has been with that thought only in my mind. The result is that, though I resolved not to live merely for happiness, yet in this resolve I found happiness itself."

In other words, when a schoolboy Eugene H. Lehman thought: The average schoolboy is utterly without real self-consciousness. Thousands of boys reach the high schools without asking themselves a single great "Why?" Indeed thousands of men and women of opportunity live and die without wondering. But Mr. Lehman wondered. He found his presence in the world to be a jest, unless he approached a solution of that very presence. This he conceived to be, not a blind struggle for happiness, not even an intelligent struggle for happiness as an end in itself, but an attempt to live in harmony with the laws of the universe. Obviously, the highest intelligence could accomplish this better than ignorance. It was a simple proposition to him, and he worked it out. The winning of the scholarship shows how he has succeeded.

A Boy's Heavy Handicap.

"Can any good thing come out of Wall street?" Yes, here is something good from the Wall Street News:

It is related of a wealthy Philadelphian, now dead, that a young man came to him one day and asked for help to start in business.

"Do you drink?" inquired the millionaire.

"Occasionally."

"Stop it! stop it for a year and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year again presented himself.

"Do you smoke?" asked the great man.

"Yes, now and then."

"Stop it! stop it for a year, and then come and see me."

The young man went away and cut loose from the habit, and, after another twelve months, once more faced the philanthropist.

"Do you chew?"

"Yes."

"Stop it! stop it for a year and then come and see me."

But the young man never called again. When some one asked him why, he replied:

"Didn't I know what he was driving at? He'd have told me that as I had stopped chewing, smoking and drinking, I must have saved enough money to start myself."

How to Get a Start.

The New York World received from one of its young readers a letter in which the boy said he was seventeen years old and not well educated. He said the people for whom he worked called him foolish, "dopy," etc. "Having heard," says he, "that fish makes brains, I would like to know if it is true." He ends with a request that the editor of the "World" state a remedy that will give him more pluck, of which he has run short.

The editor replies that an unprepossessing exterior and persistent shyness and lack of courage are disadvantages against which many men have fought their way to eminence from the time of Demosthenes down. Eating fish, he says, will not make brain, nor is there any magic remedy to develop it. Nevertheless, brain can be developed. He advises the boy to attend night school, hear all the free lectures he can, read improving books, particularly biography and books upon the business that he wants to engage in. Such study not only improves the brain, but alters for the better the appearance and expression of the face. It even changes the shape of the head. He advises also that the boy take regular gymnastic exercises. In conclusion, he says that six years of work in odd hours will make a boy an educated man; and that, given a fair physique, six months in a gymnasium will greatly improve his appearance.

Fine Deeds by Brave Boys—H. Irving King

No. 7—PRINCE RUPERT OF THE RHINE

Among those who became famous during the English civil war between Cromwell and Charles I., the most romantic figure is that of young Prince Rupert of the Rhine, the king's nephew, who fought many battles for his uncle, and besides becoming a soldier of renown, was a sailor of fame and a man learned in history, literature, languages and many arts and sciences—especially chemistry.

The young prince was a born leader of men. The cavaliers, as they charged on the field of battle, used to shout: "For God, for the Cause; for the Church; for the Laws; for Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine."

Soon after Rupert was born, his father, the King of Bohemia, was driven out of his capital and country by an Austrian army. In the hurry of departure the baby was forgotten and left lying on the floor of the palace, where it was found by a courtier, who jumped with it into the last carriage in the train of the fugitives, and drove off just as the hostile soldiers appeared.

The courtier, not being used to handling babies, tossed Rupert into a compartment of the carriage upside down, where the child would have suffocated had not his vigorous squalling called attention to his perilous condition.

Thus early did Rupert begin that series of extraordinary adventures by which his life was pre-eminently distinguished.

The exiled family took refuge in Holland. When Rupert was three years old his father wrote: "The little Rupert is very learned to understand so many languages."

When he was thirteen years old Rupert could converse in every language spoken in Europe, and he could not only read, but speak Latin.

He had learned also to ride and fence, to handle a musket and a pike, the latter a heavy iron-tipped staff carried as a weapon by most of the foot soldiers in those days.

Rupert at that early age was familiar with geometry and the science of building fortifications. It is said of him that "at the age of eight he handled his arms with the readiness of an experienced soldier."

Rupert went to war when he was thirteen, accompanying his cousin, Prince Henry of Holland, in a campaign against the Spaniards. The campaign was short

and successful, and on his return Prince Henry held a tournament to celebrate his victory, as was the custom in those days—knights and gentlemen contending with each other in an enclosed arena.

Rupert was a big boy for his age, and his body had been developed by an out-of-door life and gymnastics. At this tournament the boy beat all his competitors, though they were grown men of experience in such affairs. And he did it, writes the English ambassador, who was present, "with such grace as drew the hearts and eyes of all the spectators toward him."

The next year he enlisted as a private soldier in his cousin's army and went to the wars again. The courage of the boy astonished the old soldiers, with whom



he became very popular, and who exerted themselves to protect from harm their young comrade who took no care of himself.

Rupert saw many battles and sieges in this campaign, and when he returned he had become famous. His uncle, King Charles, invited him to visit him at London. The court of King Charles then was the most splendid in Europe. It was thronged by the most famous painters, sculptors, musicians and scholars of the time.

The king was delighted to find that besides being a famous soldier, the boy loved art as well as he did himself and knew as much about it, while as a scholar he held his own with the learned men of the court.

Rupert stayed in England until he was eighteen years old, studying all the

time, and especially devoting himself to acquire a knowledge of naval affairs and of seamanship and shipbuilding.

The University of Oxford made him a Master of Arts in recognition of his learning. The wonderful boy then matured a scheme for founding a colony in Madagascar, but was dissuaded from it by the entreaties and fears of his mother.

When he was eighteen years old, Rupert left England to go to war again. He joined the army of his cousin, Prince Henry, who was then besieging the city of Breda, and a chronicler of the time says that he "let no day pass without doing some action at which the whole army was surprised."

When Breda fell to the Dutch arms, Rupert began to raise an army with which he intended to make an attempt to regain his ancestral domains, the Palatinate of the Rhine. But his mother declared that he had had enough of war for the present and, much against his will, sent the young prince to Paris to complete his education.

He did not stay in Paris long, for his brother Charles, having raised an army to invade the Palatinate, Rupert, now nineteen years old, joined it and was put in command of a regiment of cavalry.

The troops of the German Emperor fell on the army of invasion and defeated it in a pitched battle. Twice did Rupert withstand a charge of the whole imperial cavalry by which his small force was greatly outnumbered. At the third charge his troops gave way. Rupert was taken prisoner and an officer of the imperial forces, striking up his helmet, demanded to know who he was.

"A colonel," replied Rupert. "Par bleu! A young one!" exclaimed the officer.

A soldier coming up recognized the boy and exclaimed: "The Electoral Prince!"

There was much joy among the imperial troops that Prince Rupert, whom they had learned to fear, was captured at last and he was taken as a prisoner to Vienna.

Rupert was kept a prisoner until he was twenty years old, when he was released. Soon afterward he went to England to begin that service in the cause of his uncle Charles which has made him a figure in history.

we have only spears, and they manage their canoes far better than we do. They are sea robbers. About once in three months they land on our island, and no matter how hard we fight they beat us and take away much plunder. Now that you have killed the monster of the sea, if we could only win a great victory over these robbers we should be a happy people."

"When will they come again?" I asked. "In about four days, I think. They always come in the full of the moon. Do you think anything can be done?"

"I am sure of it. I think I can give them such a fight that they will never dare to land on this island again."

The king and I talked for a long time and laid our plans. I did not want the help of his people to fight. I wanted them to be on the watch for the robbers and let me know as soon as the fellows landed, and then I would do the rest.

Next day I cut a lot of switches from the trees and toughened them by holding them over a fire, and I had sentinels stationed on the seashore to give me early notice when the robbers should be sighted. I did not mean to kill any of them unless obliged to, but I did mean to give them a great fright.

On the fourth morning, just as daylight was breaking, the king came across to my house and shook me by the shoulder as I lay sleeping and said:

"Wake up, Joe Jolly Boy. I have word from the seashore that three canoes full of robbers are in sight. There are about sixty men in all."

"I was in hopes the number would be two hundred," I said, as I got out of my bed. "You will see how quickly I shall put sixty of these sea robbers to flight."

"But you must be careful. They can shoot their arrows very straight and strong, and if you should be killed it would be a great grief to us."

I assured the king that I had no fear and at once set out on a run for the shore. When I reached it I hid behind a big rock, and I warned our people to keep out of sight.

The robbers came on boldly, although they were so few in numbers, and presently they landed almost beside the rock that sheltered me. I heard them wondering why no people were to be seen, and I heard them further say that they had come this time to capture the king and take him away prisoner.

Pretty soon they set off for the city,

and I let them get a good distance from the water before I showed myself and uttered a shout. In five minutes more I was among them. I was a giant to them, the same as to the Jolly Landers, and my size frightened them.

Then I laid the switches over their half-naked backs as hard as I could strike, and it was hardly a minute before I had them on the run.

I kept shouting and yelling and using my switches, and now and then I seized two of the robbers and knocked their heads together, or picked up one and sent him flying through the air. You may be sure they hastened for their canoes and paddled away as fast as possible, and when I could no longer use the switches on them I threw stones.

They were so frightened that I knew there was no danger of their coming back. When they had been driven off, the king kissed my hand and said:

"Joe Jolly Boy, I did not believe that any one could be so brave. You have vanquished our enemies and made us more happy than we can tell."

In my next I shall tell you about a sea serpent and a wreck, and I think you will be much interested.

(To be Continued.)

Egg Lore.

Frog eggs are almost transparent. They are laid in long linked chains, in stagnant water, and show there like uncanny ropes. Fish eggs are likewise almost transparent. It is possible to watch the development within their filmy walls. An odd thing about them is that the fry appear to develop almost wholly from the albumen. The yolk-sac remains intact, and clings as a sort of stomach after the fry are swimming about; indeed, they are nourished by the yolk-sac throughout the first weeks of existence. It shrinks and shrinks as it is gradually absorbed, until at last it becomes invisible.

Egg production varies enormously. A hen's capacity is about four hundred eggs, divided pretty equally through the first three years of her existence. Other domestic fowls lay much fewer eggs. Against this, fish lay from three thousand to one hundred thousand each season, according to the species. Turtles lay one thousand a year, and live a hundred years, and insects lay in the course of a few weeks anywhere from three to five hundred eggs.

An odd fact regarding turtle, alligator, and crocodile eggs is that the young may be cut out of them several days before maturity, yet live and thrive. Further, they make for water instantly, and will snap viciously at anything which comes near them, or resent to the utmost of their power, an attempt to turn them from their chosen way.

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JOE JOLLY BOY

(BEGUN IN APRIL.)

IN WHICH HE TELLS HOW HE PUNISHED THE SEA ROBBERS.

My killing of the sea lion, as described in the last chapter, made a tremendous sensation, and the people picked me up and carried me back to the city on their shoulders, each one laughing and shouting as we went.

When the city was reached they carried me through the streets, and it was a good hour before they set me down at my own door. After dinner I took fifty men and returned to the dead body of the monster and cut away his tusks. I gave the king one, but kept the other to show to my people when I should get home.

When the tide rose, the waves took the body out to sea for the sharks to devour,



and the Pigmies cheered as they saw it go. That night, as I sat with the king in his palace, he said to me:

"Joe Jolly Boy, you are so brave that I am going to tell you of another enemy we have, and who makes us much trouble. On an island about fifteen miles away are another lot of people. They are no taller or stouter than we are, but they are brave fellows.

"They have bows and arrows, while

Two Young Defenders — Ad. H. Gibson

MR. EVERETT and his little family, consisting of his wife and two children, were among the first settlers along the Mississippi, in the state of Illinois.

He had selected a fertile piece of land bordering on the river, near the bank of which he had constructed a log cabin.

They were about six miles from their nearest neighbors, and a lonely enough life theirs would have been, if they had not been so busy.

But during the day all hands were employed with the garden and the growing crops, and at night they were tired enough to lie down and seek that sound sleep which comes from healthy occupation. Making a home on the frontier, leaves little time in which to lament isolation from society.

Mr. Everett had provided himself with a kind of stout bateau by which he could transport his farm products up the river to a small trading post, about fifteen miles distant.

One day the boat was loaded with early vegetables, to be carried to the trading post to be offered in exchange for those things which they needed. Mrs. Everett was to accompany her husband to make a few purchases for herself.

Roy and Bessie stood on the river bank and watched their parents depart in the bateau.

"We'll be back as early as possible," called Mr. Everett to the children, while their mother waved her hand in good-bye to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett had not the slightest apprehension that anything would happen to Roy and Bessie while they were gone.

Roy was a robust boy of fifteen, and as trustworthy as a man. Bessie was a plump, brown-eyed little creature, and although but ten years old, she was brave and womanly.

Though their home occupied a lonely place indeed, there did not appear to be any danger threatening it. Not an Indian had been seen in that vicinity in three months, when a party of friendly Winnebagoes, speaking broken English, had stopped at the cabin to beg a lunch.

The Winnebagoes had reported the hostile Sacs and Foxes to be living peaceably across the river in that country now known as Iowa.

This was true. The United States Government had bought the land of the Indians, who, though at first stubbornly refusing to quit those fertile prairies, had been forced to do so that the white settlers might have possession.

"Roy," said Bessie, when the boat was almost lost to view far up the river, "what would we do if some Indians come while we were alone?"

"The Winnebagoes wouldn't hurt us," returned her brother.

"No, but I mean real bad, painted ones," said Bessie.

"Oh!" remarked the boy with some contempt, "There's none of that kind on this side of the Mississippi."

"But I meant if there was," insisted Bessie.

"But there isn't; so what's the use of imagining such a thing?" he asked. "I guess I could take care of both of us, if an Indian did come. I'd try mighty hard to do it anyhow. But, Bessie, I thought you told mother you wasn't a bit afraid to stay here alone with me today."

"Well, I'm not afraid," answered the little girl, laughing.

"That's right. Nothing will hurt us," added the boy reassuringly. "You know we agreed to hoe and weed that patch in the garden, and surprise, father and mother when they get back."

"Come on! If we're busy we'll not feel lonesome."

It was not hard to persuade Bessie to work, and soon they were busily employed in the garden beyond the cabin.

They worked away faithfully until noon, when they went into the cabin and prepared themselves a little dinner.

After they had eaten, Bessie cleared away the dishes, while Roy went down to the well to bring some fresh water.

He had filled his bucket, and almost reached the cabin, when he happened to glance down the river.

What was his surprise to see a large canoe full of Indians rowing rapidly toward the bluffs below the house?

The boy was impressed at once with a strange feeling that their mission was not a peaceful one.

He had been standing behind some bushes on the brow of the ravine, which screened him from the observation of the red men, and he waited to see no more, but ran swiftly to the cabin, and barred the door securely behind him.

Then turning to his sister, he said: "Bessie, there's a canoe full of Indians down the river."

"Indians? Oh!"

"Yes," he went on, trying to keep his voice calm, "but you must be brave and try not to cry. Maybe there's no cause to fear. But I thought I'd shut up the house and make them think nobody's at home, if they come prowling around."

"Are they real, bad Indians, Roy?" she asked, looking at him as she clasped her little hands in fear.

"I don't know, but I'm afraid they are," he answered.

Bessie's face was white with sudden apprehension, but controlling herself as best she could, she helped her brother secure the two small windows and "blind" them by tacking up quilts.

This done, Roy made sure that his gun, a gift from his father the preceding Christmas, was ready for use, if need be. "Don't shoot, Roy!" whispered the little girl.

"Not unless they make me," returned the lad.

"Don't be frightened," he added, "I only mean to be ready, if anything does happen."

She sat down in a corner of the cabin, where Roy stood on a box, extracting the peg from one of the loop-holes which Mr. Everett had put in the walls.

The wooden peg removed, Roy had an unbroken view for some distance up and down the river.

The Indians had reached the bluffs and were in the act of leaping ashore.

"They're coming, Bessie," Roy said, in a cautious tone. "Now, try to keep very quiet. If we make them think there's nobody here, they'll likely go off."

Roy watched them skulk along up the rocky ravine, almost concealed by the dense bushes and trees on its banks. If he had failed to see them, they could easily have slipped up to the cabin and given the young pioneers a complete surprise.

It was evident from the manner of their stealthy approach that the Indians believed their movements were unobserved.

They made a momentary halt down the ravine, then creeping forward again, dashed toward the cabin, only to discover it to be closed and apparently tenantless.

Roy could watch them from the loop-hole himself unobserved. Their look of chagrin in finding the cabin vacant, as it appeared to them, was almost ludicrous.

There were ten braves in the party, and very ugly indeed they looked, with their faces painted with deep vermilion. Nearly all were armed with tomahawks and bows and arrows. Some two or three, however, could boast a rusty musket apiece.

Roy shuddered as his eyes fell on the tallest warrior in the party—evidently a sub-chief—from whose belt hung two fresh scalps. This was dreadful proof to the boy that the Indians were on the warpath.

Bessie had heard the tread of their feet outside, and a thrill of alarm ran through



Roy had an unbroken view for some distance up and down the river.

her. Expecting every moment that they would break into the cabin, she covered her face with her hands and hid both in her coarse check apron.

But the red men walked about in the yard, surveying the house and the river alternately, as if undecided what course to adopt.

Finally, they withdrew to the trees and seemed to be holding a consultation.

Roy watched them closely.

However, they soon started back to the cabin, and it now became clear to the boy that their dwelling would be broken into.

One of the braves caught up a large pole which was lying in the yard, and made toward one of the windows.

Roy's face grew white with fresh terror, but summoning his courage, he grasped his gun, determined to die, if need be, in protecting Bessie and his home.

Instinctively his sister seemed to realize that their safety was menaced. Uncovering her face she looked at Roy. His white, stern face and compressed lips told her more plainly than words that there were grounds for her worst fears. Again hiding her face in her apron, she prayed with all her little heart for their deliverance.

Suddenly, Roy noticed that the warrior dropped the pole, and turned with his companions to receive a solitary Indian who came running up the ravine.

The new comer talked rapidly in their language, which Roy did not understand, and pointed up the river, and then back to the house.

It was clear that the new arrival was advising and urging them to act contrary to their first intentions, and which would be most gratifying to their savage natures.

However after considerable persuasion had been brought to bear upon the In-

dians, he prevailed with them to follow him down the ravine.

What did it mean? Roy kept his eyes on them, until he saw them conceal themselves behind the rugged bluffs along the river.

And now the truth flashed upon him. The Indian spy had been up the stream, and seen Mr. and Mrs. Everett coming back in their bateau. If they had met with good luck in disposing of their vegetables Roy knew it would soon be time for their return.

The warrior had run ahead to inform his fellows, and prevent the burning of the cabin, the smoke of which would give the whites ample warning.

Roy understood it all now. The Indians had prepared an ambush behind the bluffs, and as soon as the boat landed, his parents would be overwhelmed and massacred without mercy.

He must manage in some way to warn them. But how? He could not think of leaving his sister alone in the cabin.

"Bessie," he whispered, after he had thought a while, "I must go up the river and let father and mother know that bad Indians are near. But where can I hide you, while I run to tell them?"

"Couldn't I go with you?" she begged, naturally horrified at the thought of being left alone.

"No," he returned gently; "I'll have to crawl a good deal of the way to keep the Indians from seeing me, and then run very fast."

"O, Roy!" she pleaded, "don't leave me here in the cabin."

"But where can I hide you?" he asked, sorely puzzled.

"I know," she cried.

"Where?"

"In the hog-cave."

"The hog-cave! The very place!" returned Roy. "If the Indians should come back, they'd never find that place. But you must keep inside and be very quiet while I'm gone," he said, earnestly.

The hog-cave, as the Everetts called it, was a small natural cavern under the rocks up the ravine, and being within the rail enclosure for the pigs, it had been a resort for those animals, from which cause it received the name mentioned.

Slipping out of the cabin and keeping themselves well hidden behind the thick bushes, Roy and Bessie crawled cautiously away to the refuge. The cabin held no porkers now, for there was a new lot on the opposite side of the ravine. Therefore, Bessie would infringe upon no one's rights by hiding from the Indians in the old abandoned cave.

It was not hard to reach the place without being seen by their foes, for it was on the other side of the cabin from the bluffs where the red men lay in ambush, beside which the trees and bushes covered their retreat from the cabin.

Roy left Bessie safe in the cavern and started on his perilous exploit.

Crossing the ravine he dodged behind the trees until he gained a clear view of the river to the north of the cabin.

Would he be in time to warn those whom he loved? And if he was, would they be able to resist the attack of a dozen fierce savages?

Mr. Everett had his rifle with him in the boat, and Roy held fast his own gun. If he could reach his parents in safety, he believed they would be able to make a successful defense against the Indians. He had little time to think of their great peril and its probable issues when he saw his father's boat shoot into sight about a mile up the stream.

The Indians observed it, too, for Roy, with throbbing heart, could see two or three dusky faces peering above the rough bluffs beyond the gully.

If he could only reach the boat without being discovered by the Indians! But that was impossible.

He was still safe behind the bushes, but he must cross an open space, barren of all vegetation, where he would be in plain view of the miscreants.

He was likely to lose his life in trying to warn his parents of the ambush. But this thought did not change his resolve. If he could but save the loved ones what mattered it if his own life was forfeited.

The boat rapidly approached, and with a mute prayer for help and strength, Roy crept forward to make the dangerous attempt.

At last the barren piece of land was reached. Leaping to his feet he ran as swiftly as he could toward the river.

He made for a sand-bar, extending into a small peninsula that jutted into the stream, calculating that the boat would reach that point about the time he did, if the Indians did not stop him before.

They saw him, and, divining his purpose, rushed over the bluffs and down the gully, in hot pursuit. Wild yells rent the air, and arrows came flying after him, as he sped towards the peninsula. But the youth was too far in advance of his foes to be in immediate peril from them.

It was indeed a race for life, and Roy could not hope, even with the advantage of an excellent start, to outwind a dozen foes.

But he did his best, for he was a plucky youth and precious lives were in danger.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett saw him flying toward them, pursued by savages. They caught the situation at once, and the bateau was instantly headed for the peninsula.

Roy gained the sand-bar in safety,

when his foot struck an unseen rock, throwing him violently to the ground.

He heard his mother's cry of despair, and realized that escape was now hopeless.

But what was that he heard?

It was the sound of horsemen coming rapidly. Mr. Everett gave a glad shout, and when Roy looked up, he saw the Indians flying to their canoe pursued by a small party of armed settlers.

The Everetts had a happy reunion when Bessie was released from her hiding-place.

They learned from the settlers, who had arrived so opportunely, that the Sacs and Foxes under Black Hawk, had recrossed the Mississippi and were committing frightful depredations on the frontier settlements.

The men were pursuing that very band of Indians, who had burned several cabins down the river, and had just slain two settlers.

Roy recalled with a shudder the fresh scalp locks which he had noticed in the warrior's belt.

The Everetts found refuge in a block-house several miles distant, to which the settlers safely escorted them. Roy and Bessie were duly praised for their wise action in outwitting the Indians.

After Black Hawk's fearful raids had been brought to a close, our friends returned to their home to repair the ruin that had been wrought there. Roy and Bessie both lived to fill useful places in life.

General Funston as a Boy.

General Frederick Funston, who has distinguished himself by capturing Aguinaldo and thereby probably putting an end to the insurrection in the Philippines, is an interesting personage to boys just at this time. The New York World has interviewed the General's father and mother, who are living on a farm near Iola, Kas. The father speaks as follows of the boyhood of his son:

As a child Fred was absolutely fearless. The bogie man had no terrors for him.

When he was five years of age I sent him across the prairie to the post office, a mile away. Darkness soon came on and thinking that he would be frightened, I started to find him. I met him strolling homeward, whistling merrily and unconscious of danger.

His passion for reading was so great that, fearing for his physical development, I forbade him the use of the library and limited him to his schoolbooks and the newspaper. I withdrew the restriction, however, when I discovered that he had unearthed a lot of Congressional reports and was thoroughly familiar with their contents.

He displayed no special liking for the animals of the farm and rode bareback simply as the easiest way to get from place to place.

When he was old enough to plough I gave him a gun. He was proud of it for a little while, but in six months it was "traded off," and after that he didn't care whether he owned one or not. Hunting had no fascination for him.

A few days after I gave him the gun he organized the small boys of the neighborhood for a coon hunt. Some older boys planned to scare the youngsters, and that night in the dark timbers they burst upon the little fellows with a series of terrifying howls. His following ran for the open country, but Fred stood his ground and began to shoot. No harm was done, but it was some time before the discomfited jokers told of the affair.

The mother says:

Fred's strongest characteristic as a boy was his love of reading.

Before he was ten he had read the "Life of Capt. Cook," and was familiar with the adventures of Livingston and of other African explorers.

The history of the Civil War and the lives of the leading Generals were his favorite subjects, yet I never heard him express a desire to emulate the achievement of any of the generals.

When he had read all the books in our library he drew on the bookcases in the surrounding farm houses. He wasted no time reading dime novels.

He was two years of age when we removed from New Carlisle, O., to Kansas. On the journey he amused himself by naming the letters of the station signs.

As a boy he whistled from morning to night. I always knew just where to find him on the farm by his whistle.

He has a remarkable memory and easily learns a language.

He likes a joke. When he was home the last time he exhibited the sword presented to him by the citizens of Kansas. As he turned the flashing blade and jeweled hilt, he said with a smile: "Won't 'Aggie' feel stuck up when I run that through him?"

Since he was sixteen, Fred has always subscribed for some humorous publication.

His teachers have told me more than once that he never studied more than he had to. He concluded that it was not worth his while to finish his college course.

I guess he wanted to travel and meet with stirring adventures.

Teacher—"Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Jack—"At the bottom."—Somerville Journal.



A BOY OF OLD VENDOME.

VIRGINIA SHARP-PATTERSON
AUTHOR OF DICKEY DOWNY.

In the early years of the second quarter of the Eighteenth Century, that is to say, between 1725 and 1735, in the old French town of Vendome, lived a boy whose after life was destined to have a peculiar interest for Americans.

The young lad, whose christian and family name was Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, played with his brothers and other companions along the grassy banks of the beautiful River Loire, which flows through the town, chasing butterflies in the sun or tossing "cup and ball" under the tall poplars. Sometimes they scampered like a troop of wild ponies around the big statue of Ronsard, the great French poet who had lived two hundred years before, and whom the people of Vendome were proud to claim as a native of their town.

There was much to attract a bright boy in the old city. The fine and varied architecture of the numerous chapels, colleges and churches with their galleries, rich traceries and flying buttresses, had long been objects of note for their beauty. The boy little dreamed that in the second year of the twentieth century, 1902, he would be accorded greater honors than those given to Ronsard; that he would be honored by the greatest free government in the world.

Often he went to worship with his brother in the abbey of the Trinity, which is still celebrated for its pure, florid Gothic style. It was even then a very old church, dating back to the fifteenth century, and its stone spire and high steeple are yet noted in the annals of church architecture. Amidst such surroundings the boy spent his childhood and was then sent away to the neighboring city of Blois to study for the priesthood.

Blois is a famous old place and has figured extensively in French history from the earliest times. Here it was that the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, were assassinated by command of Henry III. In those barbarous times that was considered the easiest way to rid oneself of an enemy. Blois was the birthplace of Louis XII. The college which our boy from Vendome attended was founded by the "Grand Monarque," Louis XIV., who, though a vain man, did a great deal for education and art. Here in this old historic city with its steep streets more like stairways than streets, Jean Baptiste de Vimeur remained with his books preparing himself for what he supposed was to be his life work. But it was otherwise ordered.

Changes took place in his family. His elder brother died and young de Vimeur's plans were wholly altered. The idea of his ministering to souls was given up and the church lost a pastor while the army gained a soldier. He was then just sixteen years of age and was made aide-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans.

As France was always engaged in fighting some other country a French officer had plenty to do, and so well was our young friend adapted to his new vocation that he was rapidly promoted during his military service in Bavaria and Bohemia and acquired great renown for his skill in drilling troops. At the early age of twenty four he became governor of Vendome. Later he was in active service in Germany, Minorca and other countries, gaining both wounds and laurels, and in 1780 had reached the high rank of lieutenant-general. It was at this period of his career that, as Americans, our real interest in him begins, for it was then that he was given command of 6,000 disciplined French troops, and with them he sailed away to the American colonies to help them in their struggle for independence.

He no longer is to our readers Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, but the Count de Rochambeau, the brave patriot of our beloved Lafayette. What joy his coming brought to our great Washington and our hard-pressed little army! Acting first in conjunction with Gen. Washington he proceeded against the British general Clinton, who was strongly entrenched in New York. In the summer of 1781 Lord Cornwallis had selected Yorktown, Va., as a suitable defensive post, as its situation at the narrowest part of the peninsula formed by the York and James Rivers enabled him to so place his men as to command the peninsula. But, as all the world knows, he was outwitted by Washington, who, with Rochambeau, joined by Lafayette and ably aided by Count de Grasse, who entered the Chesapeake with his fleet, hemmed the English general in and compelled his surrender.

What a scene was that on that October day in 1781 when Lord Cornwallis yielded up his sword to the victorious Americans! The combined Continental army was drawn up in two lines, the French on one side in their brilliant uniforms, making a fine appearance as they marched up to the inspiring music of a band. Band music was a

novelty to our men, who were accustomed only to the simple fife and drum. The Americans lined up on the other side and did not look so dashing and imposing as they were only partly uniformed, and their clothes were rusty and badly worn out, but the brave, spirited expression which characterizes the true soldier made up for these deficiencies. And who minds how heroes are dressed? It is what they have accomplished that compels our admiration. Washington, mounted on his fine war horse, attended by his staff, was at their head. Count de Rochambeau with his suite in front of the French soldiery completed the picture of the famous surrender. It was a day alike memorable to the cause of liberty and dear to every patriotic American heart. Proudly Rochambeau went back to France with the cannon presented to him by Congress which had been taken from Cornwallis, and accompanied by the grateful thanks of Congress and the gratitude of the young nation following him like a benediction. The French people at that time so cordially disliked the English that the possession of the enemy's cannon taken in a foreign land probably gave Count de Rochambeau much satisfaction.

This all happened one hundred and twenty one years ago, but the country which he helped to free from the oppression of a king has not forgotten him and his kindly aid in the hour of need. That country has grown from a feeble, struggling colony to a world-power, magnificent in scope and grand in achievement.

Of the group of noted foreign officers who offered their lives and swords in defense of American liberty Lafayette has received the highest appreciation among our people. Of the forty seven states and territories there are forty which have towns or counties named in his honor. Pennsylvania alone numbers as many as nine, varying from Lafayette and Fayette to Fayetteville, Fayette City and Fayette Springs. Ohio and New York each have four and many other states have two and three places named for him.

The Alsatian general, von Steuben, who volunteered in the American service in 1777, is represented in seven states by towns called by his name. The brave Kosciusko, a Polish officer, has thus been honored in Indiana and Mississippi, while there are in eleven states towns named for the Count Pulaski, also a Pole, who fell at the siege of Savannah.

On his return to France Count de Rochambeau was further distinguished by being made a Knight of the Holy Spirit by Louis XVI., an order very highly esteemed in Roman Catholic countries, and admittance to which is a great distinction. But though Rochambeau was thus loaded with honors he did not find his path a smooth one in that turbulent France, which was already secretly preparing for the terrible scenes of the French revolution. He was created a field marshal and made a brilliant record through subsequent campaigns, but by a twist of fickle fortune he was afterward arrested and narrowly escaped being one of the victims of the bloody Robespierre. Happily, the guillotine was cheated of its illustrious prey, and Rochambeau lived to be pensioned by Napoleon and to receive from his Imperial hands the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

This is the man whose name will ever be associated with the early struggles, the triumphs and glorious beginnings of the Republic of the United States.

Floral Competitions for School Children.

A year ago last winter the Superintendent of Schools in Bloomington, Ill., planned a stereopticon entertainment, the slides being historical and geographical in their nature. A list of slides was sent to each teacher handling a geography class. She then assigned selected subjects to different pupils, and they were prepared to talk upon their subjects when they were thrown upon the canvas. Tickets were sold at ten cents each, and a certain part of the sum realized was set aside to buy flowers for the school yard, and for seeds to cultivate at home for a fall exhibit. In this way 4,000 packets of seeds and bulbs went into the hands of the school children, with appropriate directions for culture. Early in October a flower exhibit was held and nearly 2,000 potted plants in full bloom were brought into the schools, each plant tagged with the name of the grower. Floyd Godfrey, fourteen years old, earned the prize of a gold badge.

This year China aster seeds were given to the children and the exhibit this fall will be an aster show.

"Maw, I know why freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."
"Well, Tommy?"
"Cause she couldn't pronounce his name!"—Exchange.

A Fierce Battle With a Whale.

The Chicago Tribune tells of a fierce battle with a whale fought by the "Puma," a 100-ton whaling steamer, off the coast of Newfoundland last April. The Puma, manned by eleven men, was cruising in Placentia Bay when two whales were sighted. The cow was killed with a cannon shot and a man in a dory was put off to watch the carcass while the steamer went after the bull. The fight with the bull whale that followed lasted three days and nights and covered 356 miles.

The battle began when the whale, with a shot in his tail, took a dive for the bottom. Failing to go deep enough to pull the Puma with him, he backed off as he rose and measured the distance between himself and his enemy. Then he charged the steamer, and the only thing that saved it was the captain's order, "Full steam ahead!" the whale rushing by the stern at express speed. Following the charge the whale, mad with pain, chased the steamer for two hours.

Then, as a trout brought to bay on the end of a hook, the monster tried other tactics. Main strength gave way to cunning. Off he went with the speed of a race horse. All the slack was gone. Suddenly the Puma sprang madly in the wake of the whale. As whale and steamer rushed across Placentia Bay the captain gave an order to be ready to cut loose from the monster if necessary.

Night fell with the Puma still being towed at the rate of thirty knots an hour, the steamer's engines backing all the time to sooner tire out the whale. Several times the whale turned and charged, but each time, by clever maneuvering, the captain saved his ship. Again the monster would drop straight down and hang its entire weight on the line. Several times the rull of the Puma was all but under water, and the man stationed at the windlass with an ax twice lifted his instrument to cut the rope, when the ship bobbed up again.

On the third day of the fight the whale was towing his captor at the rate of only three miles an hour, and at length, tired out, he stopped to rest. Then a shot from the ship's cannon was fired into a vital spot and the battle ended. It was the biggest whale ever captured off Newfoundland. He measured 97 feet from snout to tail, weighed 87 tons, and was old beyond calculation. In his grizzled flanks were the scars of half a dozen harpoons which had hit but failed to take him in the days long bygone. Whalers valued the carcass at \$1,200.



WILLARD M. MEWARD,
Student McKinley High School, Washington, related to the family of President McKinley.

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"Yes, my boy; I spent two years on science."
"When you look in a mirror the left side of your face appears to be the right side, and the right side seems to be the left. The looking-glass reverses it, doesn't it?"
"Yes."
"Then why doesn't it reverse the top and bottom of your face the same way?"
"Why—er—ah!"

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Three Good Cronies—Gabrielle E. Jackson

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Eile mit Welle!" said a deep voice, and Bess and Bert looked up to find themselves in the arms of their friend of the island who smiled as he added: "Well done, little girl! You won that race in magnificent style, and no one is prouder than I am to have seen you do it!"

"Oh, it was the wheel, it really was the wheel! Did you ever see such a splendid one? But I believe I would almost be willing to give it up right now if I could only find out who sent it to me; I'm so just ready to fly all to pieces with gratitude for it!"

"Take the goods the gods provide' is a wise old saw, my dear. But now let me have the honor of escorting you to the judges' stand for your well-earned prize," and before Bess well knew what had happened she was walking off with her elderly friend, her arm tucked confidently within his, and Bert prancing along behind, now and again giving his cap a toss in the air by way of giving vent to his pent-up feelings. Up to the judge's chair marched Bess to receive from that kindly man as pretty a chain bracelet as ever gladdened feminine heart.

Bess gave a little gasp as it was handed to her, and then cried:

"Oh, come with me quick to mamma, please, for I want her to see that every single wish I've had this whole summer is gratified. I wanted so much to have a bracelet like this, and a wheel, and now if I could only know who sent me that, and be able to tell her, I wouldn't have a single thing left in this world to wish for. Please come, Mr. ———?" and she stopped, questioningly.

"Mr. Marion," supplied her friend, with an odd smile.

"Come, Bert, we want you, too," she said, so brimming over with happiness that she would have included the entire assembly in her rapture.

They made their way to where Mrs. Clifton was surrounded by Bert's family, for they were equal sharers in the joys of their young people.

Pleasant courtesies were interchanged, but before a great deal could be spoken upon either side the diving contest was announced, and as Bert was a contestant in this also, all hastened to the long pier.

Each of the twelve boys were to dive three times, and many were experts. One after another sprang off the pier's end, to vanish beneath the blue water. Bert was among the last, but satisfied nods were exchanged when that stalwart young figure, with skin as white and dimpled as any girl's, but firm as alabaster, poised itself upon the pier's end, and a second later sprang out to cut through the water clean as a knife blade, and come up a hundred feet from where it had disappeared.

Wild were the acclamations at these feats, for with one exception, the other boys had come up sputtering like young gram-puses. Fast and furious bobbed the ladders in and out of the water, but from the first the championship was a foregone conclusion, and even the other boys were wild in their acclaims for Bert and his skill. Already the winner of a fine kodak, the prize given for the best oarsman, he now proudly displayed to his friends a handsome little model of the "Columbia" which, at the expense of much time and infinite patience, had been made during the previous winter by one of the guests of the hotel, and was truly a work of art.

Last of the children's contests was the pony cart parade, when each little lassie who was the fortunate possessor of a pony and cart, paraded before the admiring audience to display her skill in artistic decoration, and quaint and pretty they were, too.

Now, why is it that dear old Mother Nature, usually so gracious to her children, is apt to turn churlish when they grow particularly gay and festive? So absorbed had the guests become that only a very few of them noticed the ominous thunder-heads looming up in the northwest, and not until a startling thunderclap burst almost over their heads, did they realize that a violent tempest was upon them. Then came the usual scramble, and before one could have thought it possible, the hundreds of laughing, merry people who had a short time before dotted the hotel lawn and beach, had disappeared as if by magic, to seek shelter wherever shelter offered.

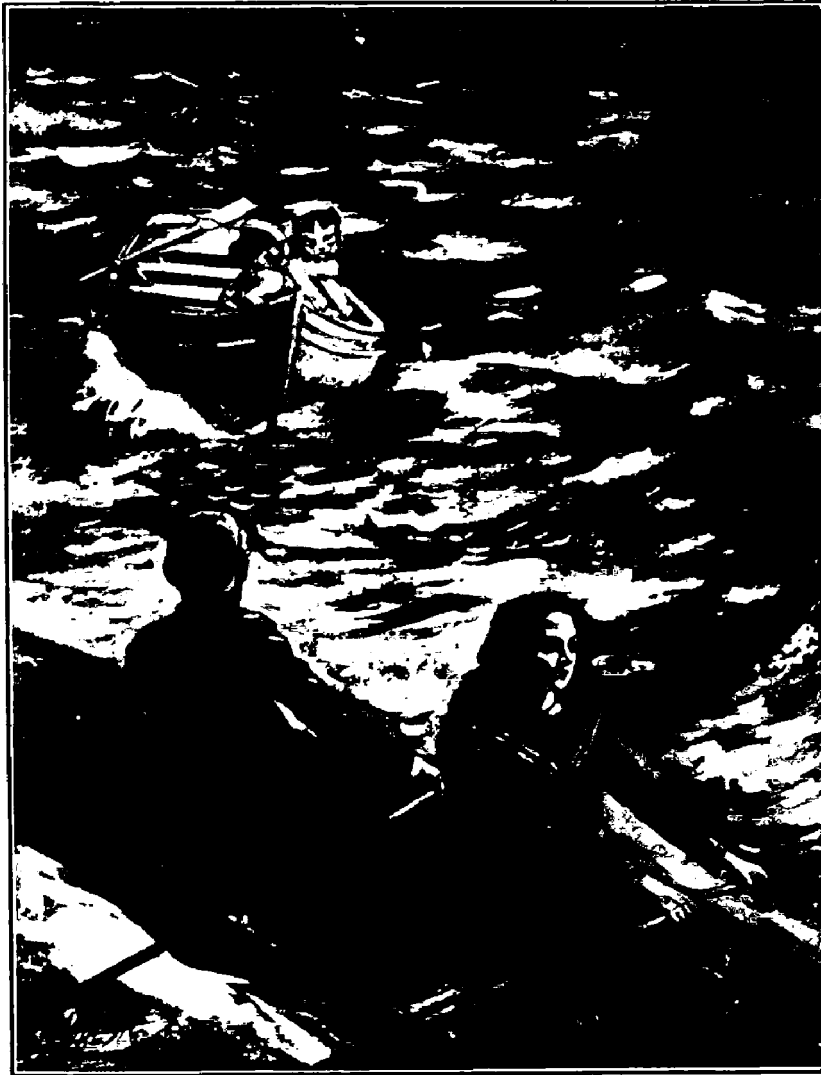
It so happened that the Stewards and Mrs. Clifton were near the former's cottage, and into it they all hurried. Unless one has witnessed such, it is difficult to realize the sudden changes which take place upon the water. An hour before nothing could have been more peaceful than that exquisite expanse of blue

water, which was now raging and tossing like a wild thing. The wind was blowing a furious gale from the southeast, dashing thither and yonder the boats anchored just off shore, while flashes of lightning, and peals of thunder caused the timid to start and the brave to marvel.

"I say, Bess," exclaimed Bert, while they stood watching the storm from the piazza, when the worst of it had passed, and a wild wave caused his boat to drag fiercely at her painter. "It's a lucky thing that I didn't get so rattled over winning that I forgot to make that boat tight and fast. I bet a dollar there'll be some adrift before this squall is over."

"I know it; and, Bert! look over there! There is a boat loose, and there's something in it, too! What can it be? Quick, come down to the rock," and catching up her heavy golf cape she flung it over her shoulders, dragged the hood over her head, and rushed down the steps, Bert scrambling into his mackintosh to rush after her.

"Children, children! Where are you going?" called Mrs. Steward, in dismay, while Mr. Steward caught up his cap and umbrella to follow the madcaps. The storm was abating rapidly, but still the waves were dashing furiously upon the rocks and beach. On tore the boy and girl, and on came the drifting boat, swaying, rolling, dashing about as only a helpless boat can, while high and shrill over the tumult of the



On came the tossing boat.

storm, arose the pitiful wails of a distressed cat, yowling and howling as nothing upon earth but a distressed cat can. That sound to Bess was as the fire alarm to a fire ladder.

"Bert! Bert! There is a cat adrift in that boat! And Bert, oh, Bert, it is Kitty Island!" the name they had given to the island cat.

"What a catastrophe!" cried a voice at their elbows, and there stood Mr. Steward. "What in this world are you insane children going to do?" he demanded, as Bess started down to the landing with Bert upon her heels.

"Why, we've got to save that cat, of course, answered Bess, and Bert echoed: "Let Kitty Island drown out there! Not if we know it!" and quicker than it would take a wholesome pulse to beat, the light steel craft, with its air-tight compartments in either end, went plunging through the waves, rowed as it had never been rowed before, for it would have been hard to tell which of her two friends pulling so valiantly to her rescue, loved the beautiful cat the better.

"Well, I'll be hanged," was all the placid Mr. Steward said, as he turned back to reassure the feminine portion of the household, "but I don't know as I blame them. Young folks will be young folks."

CHAPTER V.

"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray!"

On came the tossing boat, and poor puss seemed to realize that friends and help were near, for she punctuated her yowls with the ecstatic mew Bert and Bess had learned to understand as their welcome to the island, and digging her claws into the gunwale stretched as far as possible toward her rescuers as their boat drew nearer and nearer.

With the spray dashing around them and their hair blowing about their faces, the boy and girl did battle with the waves, meanwhile calling reassuringly to the cat, which seemed to understand them, for gradually the pitiful wails ceased and pussy's accustomed dignity returned, and she waited with feline patience and again a wild eye was cast at the tumult of water about her, and if ever cat breathed a sigh of relief, that cat breathed one as Bert's strong arms grasped the gunwale of the boat, and held on for dear life. With one final yowl Kitty Island gave a mighty bound and landed in Bess's lap, crouching down and trembling from fright, yet fully confident of protection. Bess could not let go of her oars, but her tongue was not engaged, and if ever tongue supplied the lack of other members, Bess's tongue did in this instance, and Pussy evidently felt that nothing was lacking.

At last the errant rowboat was made fast, and as the wind had now hauled in to the northwest, and was conducting itself less like a West Indian hurricane, the boy and girl decided that they would row back to pussy's home and restore her to her rightful owners, believing them to be the Dixon family. As the low-hanging clouds drew off toward the east, and the sun began to peep from below them before it bid the world a cheerful good night and dropped behind the western hills, the island stood out in all the beauty of its greens and browns, and every object upon it was intensified in that glorious light. As their boat drew near they saw that another was about to put out from the island, rowed by Mr. Dixon, while in the stern, to their boundless surprise, sat Mr. Marion. How he had come there, when barely two hours before they had seen and spoken to him at the fete, although, now that they came to think of it, he had suddenly and completely disappeared, they could not understand. However, there he was, and talking excitedly to Mr. Dixon, and as they drew closer to the shore they noticed that his face wore a very troubled look.

Puss, too, saw him, and giving a joyous "Meo-o-o!" bounded from Bess's arms and into his the very instant the boats touched each other. Bess looked dumfounded, nor was her astonishment lessened when, clasping the cat tightly in his arms, Mr. Marion said in tones which trembled:

"Meine Kameradchen! Oh, meine Kameradchen! Have they brought you back to me?" Then turning to Bess and Bert, he added: "Come with me, little friends; there is much I would say to you, and you have both won the right to hear it."

With their wonder clearly depicted upon each face the boy and girl followed their friend, who, with rapid, nervous strides, led the way up the path from the dock, where Mr. Dixon was now making the boat fast, along that to the one which led straight to the

farther end of the island. He still held the cat in his arms, and seemed loath to let it leave him.

Neither Bess nor Bert spoke one word, but followed as though in a strange sort of dream. Taking a key from his vest pocket Mr. Marion unlocked the little gate in the dividing fence, passed within the sacred precincts of "Money-bags Castle," and straight up to the "Castle" itself, where he dropped upon one of the pretty porch settees on the broad piazza, still holding the cat tightly in his arms.

Hardly knowing why they did so, Bess and Bert sat down beside him. For a moment or two not a word was spoken, and then with a final caress, Mr. Marion set the cat gently upon the piazza, murmuring as he did so: "Thank God that even this slender tie has not been taken from me," then turning first to one and then the other questioning face beside him, he laid his hands upon theirs and said very, very earnestly. "And they wrought greater than they knew."

Now, there is a certain high pressure when steam, and the feminine tongue, must have vent, or serious things happen. For fully fifteen minutes Bess had not spoken a word, but had kept curiosity, amazement, surprise, astonishment, and all the other try-

ing emotions tightly corked. Perhaps the truth would not be unduly stretched if I added that a masculine noddle was conscious of rather high pressure also. Then the safety valve began to work:

"Whose is she? Is she yours? Do you live here? Have you always lived here? Do you know Mr. Clarke? Were you living here the day we met you at the other end of the island?" were some of the questions which rattled about Mr. Marion's head like shots from a gatling gun. Mr. Marion smiled as he answered:

"Shall I try to answer them in order?" and then Bess blushed, as she realized her precipitation, and Bert broke in:

"Why, you see, sir, we're all sort of struck end-wise with astonishment, for—well—we didn't know that you—why—and Bert paused in embarrassment.

"Can you spare a little time from your happy young lives to listen to a story which has only sadness in it, but which a lonely man, whom you have taught to love you both, and also taught to believe that perhaps this world still holds a little sunlight for him, wishes very much to tell you? It will not take very long, but perhaps we shall feel that we have something in common once it is told." Mr. Marion paused, looked off over the water toward the mainland, and into his eyes came a look which caused both Bert's and Bess's eyes to grow strangely bright. Presently he resumed: "Twenty two years ago this island was my paradise, for thither I came with my bride, and here we spent the long, beautiful summer months. When October had painted the foliage in gorgeous colorings we went far away over the sea, and wandered about foreign lands, seeing, marveling, and enjoying as one can do but once in a lifetime. A year slipped by before we knew where it had gone, and then we made our way up to Dresden, and there our little Heartsease came to live with us. We thought we had been happy before, but we had not known what happiness meant. Somehow we grew to love that quaint, old city, and lingered on year after year, until our little German-born daughter was just the age of you, my dear," and Mr. Marion laid his hand upon Bess's head with a wonderfully tender gesture. "Then we thought it high time that we should visit her fatherland, and turned our faces toward home. From photographs sent to us from time to time, we knew of every change made here, and Heartsease was no stranger to her father's old home. Some time before the time set for our return to America a beautiful kitten had been given to Heartsease, and they were almost inseparable, for she loved cats even as you do. She had named it 'Kameradchen,' little comrade, and comrades they truly were. Well, we started upon our homeward voyage, filled with hopes and joys too sweet to name; too sweet for this world, I fear, for they were destined never to be realized. You will hardly remember the ship which went to the bottom of the sea that fatal year, carrying with her nearly every soul on board, and desolation into many a home. Fog, fog, fog!

May I never again witness such a sight!" and a shudder passed over him.

"We do, oh! we do remember it! It was the——" cried Bert, but Bess only clasped her hands tightly together and looked into Mr. Marion's face. As though the look recalled him he continued:

"It would have been better had the waves claimed me also, but I was dragged from them unconscious, and clinging to me with the strength of despair, was Kameradchen. She had been in the arms of Heartsease as I held her in mine hoping for rescue. My wife had been carried from the ship by the first officer, but neither was saved. I do not know when Heartsease slipped from me—I knew nothing more until I opened my eyes in the lifeboat and Kameradchen was mewling piteously in my bosom. Shall I tell you any more? Need I? Kameradchen is all that is left to me; all that is left of the happy life which made mine a joy from morning until night. When I first saw you with Kameradchen I started and almost held my breath; you are very, very like my little Heartsease; like her as she was when the sea took her from me; she would be seventeen now. She and her mother are not parted, thank God. I watched you that day from behind the trees. Saw the marine battle, overheard your controversy, and wondered what the outcome would prove. Later I learned, and also learned who you were. I——" but here Bess rose to her feet and cried: "And we never suspected! You are Mr. Marion Clarke! And——" Bess paused and gasped as she recalled how freely they had criticized Mr. Marion Clarke upon that eventful day. "And oh! I said such dreadful, dreadful things about you! I was so rude; so unkind! Oh, I am so sorry, so terribly sorry, for I never knew, I never knew. Dear, dear little Heartsease!" and warm-hearted, impulsive Bess, without more ado, dropped upon her knees and resting her clasped hands upon her friend's knees, sobbed as though her heart would break. Bert's eyes were full, but he would have died rather than let others suspect it, and stood with his head turned from them, saying in a voice which would quiver: "I don't see how you can like us. It was no end mean of us; just downright beastly. But you know we didn't know; we really didn't; yet, oh! hang it, that doesn't make it a bit better, does it?" and Bert confessed their shortcomings manfully.

Mr. Clarke bent tenderly over the remorseful little figure before him, gently smoothing back the tousled locks, and saying kindly:

"Don't sob so bitterly, my little girl. I was able to look deeper into the character behind the impulsive tongue than you guessed, and also behind the one underneath those blue eyes," and he laid a hand upon Bert's arm. "I beg your pardon, sir! I honestly do!" cried Bert, extending his hand. It was warmly grasped, as Mr. Clarke replied.

"Perhaps I needed a little waking up, and if I have won two such friends at the expense of a little plain speaking, I certainly am the gainer. Come, little

lassie, the shower has passed, the tempest is over and the clouds are dispersing. Presently the sun will give us promise of a happy tomorrow," and he raised Bess gently to her feet. Sunshine and shower were part of Bess's nature, although many clouds were needed to bring the shower, and as she rose to her feet she looked at her friend with brimming eyes, even though her lips were smiling.

Extending her hand she said, simply: "Will you please try to forgive me? I did not mean to wound you, and you have been so kind to me, and——" then a new light sprung into her eyes, "did you send it?"

Breathlessly, eagerly, she waited for the reply. With an odd smile curving his lips Mr. Clarke held the little hand in both his own as he asked: "Did I follow out the description as it was given?"

But this was too much. Two pairs of young arms were clasped about him, two pairs of eager eyes looked into his, and two pairs of lips formed questions faster than ever lips formed them before. Did he like it? Did it open a new world to the lonely, unhappy man? Off over the water a gorgeous rainbow arc had formed, bridging the mainland to one of the far distant islands. Standing upon the piazza of a home which would no longer lack the sound of joyous young voices was a middle-aged man, on one side of him a happy-faced girl with her arm about his waist, and his resting caressingly across her shoulder. Upon his other side a sturdy, frank-faced lad with his arm over his kind friend's shoulder, while that friend rested his hand upon the broad, strong ones that had so lately put forth their strength to rescue something very precious; something which, although to the world but a cat, was to him all that remained as a tie between his present loneliness and an ideal past.

A happy light shown in his eyes as he quoted Byron's beautiful lines:

"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray!"

[THE END.]

From George Washington's Diary.

"These are the things which once possessed
Will make a life that's truly blest
A Good estate on healthy soil
Not got by vice nor yet by toil
Round a warm fire a pleasant Joke
With Chimney ever free from smoke
A strength entire a sparking bowl
A quiet Wife a quiet soul
A Mind as well as body whole,
Prudent Simplicity certain friends
A Diet which no art Commends
A Merry Night without much Drinking
A Happy Thought without much Thinking
Each Night by Quiet Sleep made short
A will to be but What thou art
Possess'd of these all else defy
And neither wish nor fear to Die."

The Banking Business.

Few vocations offer so many inducements to beginners as banking; short hours, numerous holidays, good salaries, social standing, agreeable companionships. There is a fascination about the business that cannot be resisted, but it is not a business that can be learned without some hard knocks.

To be a successful banker the young man should learn to be a good judge of human nature, quick to commend the good and condemn the bad points of business methods and enterprises, should avoid speculation, should have decision enough to say No. He should be broad-minded, for there is no business in which it is so necessary to have a general knowledge of what is going on in the world. He should be a young man of strict integrity and honor, and always courteous. A college education is not an essential. Most of our bank presidents began as office boys or as clerks in banks. Promotion in banks is rapid in large cities, though it is slow in towns and smaller cities. The clerks in a large city bank are continually going through a sifting process, the incompetent ones being dropped and the good ones promoted. Shortcomings cannot be overlooked in a bank. From the time a boy enters a bank he comes under the influence of discipline and system. He absolutely must be quiet and orderly.

It is a good thing to begin your career in a small bank, where you can learn to become familiar with the various departments. Salaries paid in banks are, as a rule, more liberal than those paid in wholesale or retail houses, but bank clerks are, as a rule, not money savers. The spendthrift ought to seek some other employment. The boy who begins by saving money when he starts in to work in a bank finds by the time he has been promoted to an official position that he has the money with which to take advantage of the many opportunities for making money that come to the bank officer.

Mr. F.—"Tell the doctor to come to my house immediately. My wife doesn't quite like the baby's looks."

Norah—"He's out, sure, but don't yez worry—the homeliest babies sometimes grow up good looking."

President Roosevelt's Newsboy



THIS IS WILLIAM SMITH, the boy who sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to President Roosevelt every Thursday. Last fall William started to sell THE POST in Washington. He already sold newspapers.

One day, after he had received his supply of the out-of-town newspapers, he passed the White House and noticed that some papers which he had had for almost two hours were just being delivered. Next day was THE SATURDAY EVENING POST day. As soon as he had gotten his package he started for the White House on his bicycle at top speed, and sold as many copies as possible among the attaches. A few days later the President noticed a newspaper which he knew was to contain something in which he was interested. He called for his copy, but was told that it had not yet arrived. Inquiry was made as to where the copy which he had seen came from. He was told that "it was delivered by William Smith, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST boy," it being related how he had been supplying the White House staff ahead of the regular carrier. The President left instructions with Secretary Cortelyou that William be brought to him. He shook hands with him and said that thereafter he wanted him to deliver his copies of the daily papers and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The story of "The President's Newsboy" traveled, and now, in addition to his newspapers, William sells from 400 to 500 copies of THE POST each week, principally to members of Congress, the President's household, and department clerks.

There are 6000 boys like William Smith selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST all over the country. They do it Friday afternoons after school hours and on Saturdays. Some are making \$15.00 a week. We want more boys. It costs nothing to start; we send the first week's supply of 10 copies free. If you write to-day, YOU CAN START NEXT WEEK.

\$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

will be given Next Month to Boys who do Good Work

BOY DEPARTMENT, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
415 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 6



MARK up on the Blue Ridge turnpike is situated a large, old-fashioned house, which, each season, is converted by its owner into an inn for the accommodation of summer boarders who come up from the low country to while away the warm months of the year under the balmy influence of the cool, mountain breezes.

It was in October, and the five or six guests who had spent the summer with old Bobby Turner had returned to their homes. But a late arrival, Mr. Randolph St. John, of C—, had come up for the hunting season. He was accompanied by a fine setter which had been brought along to assist in hunting the mountain game birds.

The morning after his arrival, St. John and old Bobby were sitting on the long, front piazza of the house, awaiting breakfast. The sun had just risen over the valley, which lay in view through a rift among the hills, and the frost along the trail leading toward the valley glistened in the bright rays. St. John had been asking about the hunting prospects and was waiting for Uncle Bobby's hesitating answer.

"Yes," said the old man at last, "there's a good many pheasants an' some partridges round here, an' I reckon you kin get some very good shootin' out on the ridges."

St. John was sitting in a large, home-made rocking chair, and by his side was the fine setter, which he was fondly stroking with his hand.

"Hal, old boy," he said to the dog, "we must have some sport out of these birds today."

"Nice lookin' dog you've got," observed Uncle Bobby.

"Yes, an unusually fine one. I gave two hundred dollars for him before he was three months old. He has a fine pedigree—long line of noted ancestors." "Two hundred dollars for a dog? Why, I've never seed a boss, I'd give that much money for, let alone a dog."

St. John laughed.

At this moment a mountain lad appeared in the yard in front of the house, and he was followed by a small, brownish dog. The boy was about fourteen years old and was shabbily clothed, after the fashion of his fellows in that part of the world. He was barefooted; his trousers, reaching almost to his ankles, were very ragged, and his checked shirt stood open at the collar, showing a sun-browned neck and breast. His coarse, tangled hair was visible through a large hole in the crown of his hat; and a single strip of blue tucking across his shoulder served as a suspender for his pantaloons. The dog, in appearance, was a fit companion for its little master.

"Good mornin', Tad," greeted Uncle Bobby, as the lad came up.

"Mornin', Mister Turner," returned the boy. "I come down here to see if yer compny didn't want some yaller pippins."

Tad held out upon his knee a basket of bright, yellow apples, which he had brought on his arm.

"Come away from thar, Buck," suddenly commanded Tad, as the brown cur ran up the steps, showing a friendly disposition toward the setter.

Buck came back to his master's feet.

"What are your pippins worth, my boy?" asked St. John.

"Five cents a dozen."

"I guess I'd better invest about a nickel, then."

The sportsman thrust his hand into his pocket, while Tad counted out the apples upon the edge of the piazza.

"Come away from thar, Buck, I tell you," again called the boy, as the cur a second time manifested an inclination to be friendly with St. John's setter.

When the apples had been paid for, Tad turned about and retraced his footsteps up the road, closely followed by Buck.

"They are as well matched as any pair I have ever seen," remarked St. John, as he watched the boy and dog move away up the road.

And, indeed, Tad and his dog were inseparable. They seemed to thoroughly understand each other, and Buck was the only companion Tad desired in his rambles over the hills.

Breakfast was announced a few moments after the departure of the apple boy. Uncle Bobby led the way, and St. John, with his setter close by his side, followed. The animal seated himself against the wall in the dining room and was fed from the table by his master, much to the disgust of matronly Mrs. Turner. But she said nothing—St. John was paying for his dog's keep as well as for his own.

Tad now came regularly every morning with his basket of yellow pippins, in order to get his accustomed nickel from the guest at Uncle Bobby Turner's. But the boy would never allow Buck to get on intimate terms with Hal, the setter.

Tad seemed to realize that between his dog and that of the sportsman existed a wide disparity of station, which Buck might not attempt to surmount.

One morning when St. John was out hunting, Tad, also, was out rambling over the hills. Buck had started up one or two rabbits, but had lost them among the rocks. At last, however, he set off on a warm, new trail and was soon lost to view over the ridge. Tad sat down to await the dog's signal bark that the game had been treed. But he waited a long while in vain.

At last he arose and wandered slowly on up the hill in the direction taken by the dog. Reaching the top of the ridge he was just about to turn down into the ravine below, when he was startled by the report of a gun not far away, which was followed by a long howl of pain.

"That was Buck," exclaimed Tad, as a chill of fear crept over him, and he hurried toward the spot whence the howl seemed to come.

As the boy emerged from the bushes into a cleared space on the side of the mountain he came upon a scene which almost caused his heart to cease beating. There, before his eyes, lay Buck gasping his last in a pool of his own blood. A few yards away stood St. John with his gun in his hand, and by his side stood the setter wagging his tail and looking up into his master's face. Tad's heart swelled until it almost choked him, as he stood looking upon his dead four-footed friend, his daily companion since childhood. The lad did not shed a tear—his was a sudden grief too deep for any tearful expression of it. He simply stood and gazed like one struck dumb.

At length St. John approached, and, thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew out a five dollar bill.

"Here, my boy," he said, "is five dollars for you, which I think an exceedingly good price for a cur like that. I had to kill him because he was interfering with my setter."

Tad raised his eyes for a moment toward the face of the speaker, then lowered them again, but did not move, nor did he withdraw his hands from his shabby little pockets. The sportsman waited a moment, then turned away, allowing the bill to flutter to the ground near the boy's feet.

Tad did not move for a long time after St. John had gone. But at last he gave a deep sigh, and, stooping, took the dead body of Buck in his arms, allowing the dog's head to rest on his shoulder. Then he slowly turned his footsteps toward home, more than a mile away, down the valley.

When Tad reached the little garden behind the cabin where he and his mother lived, he tenderly laid the body of his dog on the ground beneath the branches of an old apple tree, and went to the house. Two or three times he tried to tell his mother what had happened, but the words would not come. At last he took her by the arm and led her to the spot where Buck lay, and silently pointed with his finger toward the dead body of his dog. From the house Tad had brought his coat, but a shabby little garment at best, and now made a winding sheet of it for Buck. Then the poor, faithful animal was tenderly interred by Tad and his mother beneath the old apple tree.

...

About two weeks later, Hal, St. John's setter, failed to come in for his dinner one day; and when he still did not come in during the afternoon, his master grew uneasy about him. Tad had not been seen at the boarding house since the death of Buck. But this afternoon, about sunset, while St. John and Uncle Bobby were sitting on the front piazza, St. John anxiously watching for the return of his dog, the apple boy suddenly appeared in the yard—and across his shoulder was the dead body of Hal, the missing setter.



R. W. TAYLOR CO. No. 24, DRUM CORPS, LOUISVILLE, OHIO.

Tad laid the body on the ground near the doorstep.

St. John sprang to his feet, the hot blood of excitement and anger mounting quickly to his cheeks. A dozen questions and as many curses were on his lips at once; but the boy said quietly, while looking down at the body of the dog:

"Thought you'd want to bury 'im, so I brung 'im home. Had to kill 'im, mister, 'cause he was interferin' wi' our sheep."

The sportsman stood still in open-mouthed amazement.

"An', mister," continued Tad, "'ere's yer money as has got the blood o' Buck on it."

He placed a weatherbeaten five dollar bill on the edge of the piazza, and, with his hands thrust down into his pockets, turned away through the gathering gloom of the evening.

Collecting Butterflies.

MAKING a collection of butterflies is one of the most interesting of recreations. Almost every boy likes to do it one time or another.

The materials used in capturing, drying and mounting them are very few, and an ingenious boy can make most of them.

The first thing to make is a cyanide jar. At the druggist's buy an ounce of cyanide of potassium. Also get a small quantity of plaster of paris. Procure a large candy jar with a wide mouth and put the cyanide into it. The utmost care must be taken with the cyanide, as it is very poisonous. Pour into the jar enough water to cover the cyanide. Then put enough plaster of paris into it to harden the cyanide and the water into a white substance. Always keep the jar covered when not in use. Be sure to wash your hands after handling the cyanide. If these directions are carefully followed the jar will last a season.

To make a net, procure a light pole, at least five feet in length. Get a piece of telephone wire five feet long and bend it into the form of a hoop. Fasten the ends to the pole with staples. Then make a net out of mosquito netting at least eighteen inches deep and sew it to the hoop.

In capturing a butterfly wait until it alights on a flower and throw the net over it. The butterfly will fly to the top of the net. Put your hand into the net and give the butterfly a slight pinch in the thorax. Take it out of the net and put it into the jar. Be sure to replace the cover after the butterfly is once in the jar.

Another way is to uncover the jar and put it up under the net so that the butterfly is right over the jar. A sharp stroke of the hand is enough to cause the butterfly to drop into the jar. This last way applies only to the smaller butterflies that have very fragile wings, and cannot be handled without injuring them.

After they have been in the jar for about half an hour, take them out to set them. To make a setting board get a soft pine board and plane it until it is very smooth. Stick a pin through the thorax of a butterfly and pin it to the setting board with the upper side down. Spread its wings so that the fore wing is at a right angle with the body. Pin two strips of cardboard over the wings, being careful that the pins do not go through the wings. A better way is to lay two thick pieces of glass over them. Leave the butterflies on the setting board for a few days or a week.

There are many ways of mounting butterflies. If your collection is to be mounted upon pins, the following is one of the best and cheapest ways. Go to a cigar store and get several empty cigar

boxes. Make a light wooden frame that will fit into one of them. Over this frame stretch a piece of wet paper. Glue the paper on the frame and let it dry until light. Then glue it to the box about two-thirds from the top. Before doing this, fasten a camphor ball in the box at one of the corners. Special pins for mounting butterflies may be procured at any supply store. They are long and slender, and are made of steel. Stick pins through the thorax of the butterfly that you wish to mount about an inch from the top. Push it through the paper to the bottom of the box.

The best way of preserving dead butterflies is to keep them in light tablets made of plaster of paris, with a groove in the center for the body and a glass for the top. They may be bought of dealers in butterflies, etc.

A favorite way of capturing moths is known as sugaring. Use a mixture of beer and cheap brown sugar, or molasses and water, into which are added a few tablespoonfuls of Jamaica rum. Apply it to the trunks of trees along a path in the forest at nightfall. At dusk many species of moths will appear, being attracted by the sweet scent of the mixture. Some beetles will also come out. The collector should always have a separate jar to put these and other insects into, for the horny antennae and legs of the beetles injure the delicate wings of the butterflies. Never sugar in the deep woods, as they do not contain so many moths. Moist and cloudy nights are more productive than dry, bright nights. It is better to go back to the place where you sugared in the morning, because butterflies are also attracted by it.

There are many other baits that are used to attract insects. Butterflies are attracted by the sap on maple trees. In passing through the woods do not fail to beat the bushes along the roadside.

It is very interesting work to capture and make a collection of butterflies, but it is still more interesting to classify them. It would be very presumptuous for me to try to classify butterflies in this short article, but a few hints may be desirable. Butterflies and moths belong to the order of insects called lepidoptera.

There are five families of butterflies. They are:

1. The brush footed butterflies.
2. The metal marks.
3. The hair streaks, blues and coppers.
4. The swallowtails, sulphurs and whites.
5. The skippers.

Every butterfly has a scientific name. The name of an individual is John Smith. John is his individual name, Smith his family name. In the butterflies the family name is called a genus and the individual name a species. The name of the common mourning-cloak is *Vanessa antiopa*, the genus first and the species afterward. The generic name always begins with a capital letter and the specific name with a small letter. Often the name of the man who named the butterfly is written after its name. *Vanessa antiopa* is sometimes written *Vanessa antiopa* Linnaeus. More commonly, however, the generic name is abbreviated and also the name of the man who named the butterfly. Then *Vanessa antiopa* would be written *V. antiopa* Linn.

In some species there are several varieties of only one species. Specimens of *Papilio turnus* vary greatly. The commonest form is yellow, but there is a black form in the female, found in Florida and the Southern States. This black form is called *P. turnus glaucus* Linn.—New York Herald.

A Precocious Boy.

(From a London Weekly.)

I remember, writes a correspondent, hearing Lord Dufferin tell the following story of the late Sheridan Le Fanu, Sheridan's father—the Archbishop of Meath. I think—was a great stickler for punctuality, a regard his son did not share. One morning young Sheridan, then about eight years old, descended unusually late for breakfast and was met at the door by his father, watch in hand. "Is this right, sir; is this right?" demanded the prelate in stern tones. "I don't know, sir," replied Sheridan, looking at the watch and pretending to think the question applied to it and not to his conduct. "but I rather think it's fast."

For this impertinence young Sheridan was condemned to write an essay on "The Three Ages of Man." Here is what he wrote:

- There are three ages of man—
1. When he is engaged in planning every conceivable mode of wickedness. This is known as the age of innocence.
 2. When he is putting his nefarious plans into operation. This is called the prime of manhood.
 3. When he becomes anxious about his soul and turns to religion. This is dotage.
- And this from a child of eight!

Uncle Tangler. Attalla, Ala., 1903.

Detroit, Mich.
Dear Sir: I know that you think I am rather slow in thanking you for the book which you sent me as a prize. I have been absent from Attalla for some time and consequently have not had an opportunity to write you. I want to say that I do not see how you can afford to give such beautiful prizes for so little work. I think the book is a fine one. I am going to try for the prize again.

Again thanking you for the book, I am,
Your grateful nephew,
EUGENE M. S. STEWART.

TWO OF A KIND



ERNEST GILMORE.



OLD BLACK HANNAH was resting and meditating on the kitchen doorstep, her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands. Her cabin home was decidedly homely, but the September flowers made the backyard beautiful. The marigolds and poppies were all aglow. The zinnias were radiant with the touch of the setting sun. Down by the picket fence, hollyhocks and sunflowers held up their heads proudly. Suddenly from around a corner of the barn scampered a rabbit. Hannah's hands went down and her head went up wrathfully.

"Dat ar Gabe ain't fah behind dat rabbit," she exclaimed, "he's f'rever a chasin' somethin'."

Sure enough, there came Gabriel, a little bare-footed negro from around the barn in full chase after the scared rabbit.

Hannah was on her feet, waving her bare arms threateningly.

"Heah, yo Gabriel Jackson!" she called peremptorily, "leave dat rabbit alone or I'll wallop yo."

But Gabriel, evidently, was not afraid of the threatened "wallop," for he neither stopped nor spoke, and he soon disappeared in the thicket below the garden.

As far as Hannah was concerned, there was not the least objection to Gabriel getting the rabbit, but it was the way he had of getting it that vexed her soul. She was exceedingly fond of rabbit pie, but to quote her own words—"I like 'em made out ob shot rabbits stead ob chased ones."

As Gabriel disappeared, a black crow arose from the thicket, flapping its wings and cawing loudly. Hannah looked distressed.

"Somethin' drefful is comin' to dat Gabe," she said with dismal foreboding, "ev'ry time he's a chasin' dem rabbits, a black crow comes up from dat thicket en flaps its ole wings en caws."

Under cover of the darkness Gabriel stole quietly home an hour later. Old Hannah was snoring in her rocking-chair when he crept past her on tiptoe.

"I wonder mammy don't wake de dead—sometimes," was his grim thought. "Ef I wuz dead I'z shuah I'd wake up when I'd heah her a snorin'."

Usually old Hannah and little Gabriel retired early, but this night was the exception.

"I shan't go ter bed till mammy does," was the boy's resolve. "I wish—I wish she'd wake up an-an-cook that rabbit. My, but it's a fat one!"

He threw himself down on the old rag rug, stretching out comfortably on his back, his unwashed hands clasped under his woolly head. It occurred to him that he ought to wash his hands. He knew that he would be obliged to do so when mammy awoke for she was the "pink of neatness." He was not quite sure what the "pink of neatness" was, but he knew that it was something that made him wash his hands oftener than he considered necessary. He had often heard their colored friends say that was what his mother was—the "pink of neatness." He meditated on it now as he watched the big open mouth from which the snores proceeded.

"I'd never call mammy a pink," he said to himself scornfully, then—taking in the two rows of big white teeth—"I'd sooner call her a choppin' knife. He! He!"

He had not meant to laugh—the consequence followed promptly. Mammy's thrown-back head readjusted itself and her eyes blazed wrathfully.

"Gabriel Jupiter Romulus Jackson, is dat yo—yo—good fer nothin'?"

"Yessum," grinning and quaking a little—just a little, for Gabe knew by long experience that "mammy's b'k am wuss dan her bite."

Mammy yawned and shook her head dismally.

"Whar dat rabbit yer was a chasin'?" she demanded, with a shade of anxiety in her voice.

"It am a nice fat one, mammy," was his response.

Mammy regarded her offspring with stern disapproval.

"I axed yo whar dat rabbit wuz. Whar am it?"

Gabe was on his feet the next minute. "Oh, mammy, you'se a goin' ter cook it—ain't yer?" he exclaimed joyfully. "It's a hangin' up in—"

He had already started to get the rabbit, but mammy's complaining voice recalled him.

"Yo needn't bring any chased rabbits fo' me ter cook. Now, ef you hed shot it."

A look of reproach came into Gabe's eyes.

"Why don't yer let me shoot, don? Yo know yer won't let me hev a gun—if yer would I'd—"

"Yo'd shoot yosef—dat's less what you'd do. Rastus Johnsing sed ef yo had a gun yer'd kill yosef."

"I come mighty near killin' Pharaoh Othello Jones onc't," gleefully, "Yo 'member—don't you, mammy?"

There was withering scorn in mammy's voice.

"I 'member," she said sternly. "I 'member somethin' else, too. I remember how I walloped yer."

"Fer not killin' Pharaoh Othello?" Gabe questioned with lurking humor.

"Now," was the quick rejoinder, "yer know bettah dan dat, yo got walloped case yo came neah killin' pore leetle Pharaoh Othello."

Gabe giggled derisively.

"Poor leetle Pharaoh Othello!" he repeated. "Oh, mammy!" der ain't no sech pusson es pore leetle Pharaoh Othello."

The Pharaoh I came near shootin' ez bigger den me—nuff s'ight bigger. I wuz tryin' ter shoot a hare, en I did shoot a hare—a dozen hairs. Hi! Yi!"

"Stop dat lyin'!" commanded mammy.

"I ain't been lyin'," asserted Gabe. "didn't de shot jes graze Pharaoh's head an hit him in de hair ob his head?"

The pun was not lost upon mammy, but having suddenly thought of Gabe's hands as the clock struck nine, she ordered him to wash them clean and go to bed.

"Widout any suppah?" he whined.

"Yo done hed one suppah five o'clock. Does yo tink yo's a mill-yun-hair, ter hev two suppahs?"

"I less hed some cawn cake."

"An yer hed a big fat pickle an a piece of sausage."

Gabe looked as if he did not have a friend in the world.

"What's dat, when right out in de shed der's a rab—"

"Hush," said mammy. "I doesn't wanter heah anuder word 'bout a chased rabbit—I can't hear 'em. Go ter bed."

A quarter of an hour later both mammy and Gabriel were in Slumberland. That mammy snored loudly at intervals mattered not to the boy now, for soon after sleep closed his eyes, he was having a delightful time chasing rabbits.

Mammy had her dreams, too, mostly of feasts which invariably consisted of rabbit pie, but never satisfied her. No matter how much her mouth watered for them they evaded her at the delectable moment like a will-o-the-wisp.

She awoke with a start as the old clock struck two. She sat up with a dazed look on her face as if she had had a shock. Presently her face cleared.

"It am dat chased rabbit dat woke me up," was her thought. "I wish 'twas mawnin'," throwing herself back on her pillow, then suddenly raising herself again. "It is mawnin'." It done struck two. It was mawnin' when it struck one."

She arose quietly, lit an ancient lantern and made her way to the shed.

It was a little past four when Gabe awoke from a blissful dream of rabbit pie. It was dark as Egypt in his small closet room. He thought perhaps the "Day of Jubilee had come." He surely smelled rabbit pie. He got up and groped his way to mammy's bed in the next room. He could not see, but he felt all over the bed—mammy was not there. He felt bewildered. He recalled mammy's oft-repeated prophesy, "Somethin' drefful is a comin' ter dat Gabe fer chasin' rabbits." But, oh, what a good smell! He turned around. There must be a light in the kitchen; he could see it creeping under the closed door. He crossed the room and opened the door softly. A whiff of deliciousness nearly overpowered him. Mammy, attired in a short yellow cotton skirt and a green cotton waist with a gay plaid bandanna wound about her head was just sitting down to the table. Her back was toward Gabe. On the table was a brightly shining lamp and a smoking-hot rabbit pie. Old Hannah bent her head. She meant to say considerable, but the words did not come readily. Her short "blessing," however, revealed the true state of her heart.

"Ole Hannah's mighty tankful, deah Lawd, ter yo fo dis splendiferous rabbit pie," she said in rather a high key, "but ef it hadn't a been fo ma leetle Gabe, I wouldn't ha had any."

"En yo haln't got any now," interrupted Gabe's shrill voice. "Dat's my chased rabbit, mammy. Yo sed yer wouldn't tech it wid a ten foot pole."

"I didn't tech it wid a ten foot pole, he! he! hi! yi! Wha fo should I tech a pore leetle rabbit wid a ten foot pole? Get right down, ma honey, an hev some ob de rabbit pie."

"Oh, mammy, am yer goin' ter let me cut wid my night gown on?"

"Jess dis onc't."

The rabbit pie was disappearing with rapidity when Gabe remarked exultingly: "Chased rabbit ez a boss dish, mammy."

"Dat's so, der couldn't be anything bettah."

"Not even a shot one?"

"Not even a shot one, ma honey."

Small Boy—I want to get a bale of hay.

Dealer—What do you want with hay? Is it for your father?

Small Boy—No, sir. It's for our horse.

—The World's Events.

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Some Country Games.

"Stray Goose" is a game played in country towns. One or two boys are the geese and the other boys are the hunters. The geese are given a start of two or three minutes and the hunters run after them, and, according to the rules of the game, the geese must shout "Stray Goose" whenever the hunters call "Milly Milly Moller," unless they are within such short distance of the hunters at the time that they could not escape by running if they were to make their presence known.

The game of "Gray Wolf" is a game somewhat similar. Two of the boys are gray wolves and the others are dogs. The game is started by hurling a stick as far as can be thrown. The dogs must run and get the stick and put it back at a place agreed upon as a base. As soon as the stick is back upon the base the dogs can start after the wolves, but they must always keep in a pack. If they can catch the wolf and slap him three times on the back he becomes a dog and the boy who catches him becomes a wolf. If the wolf, however, can get back to the base and throw the stick, the dogs must pick up this and carry it back to the base before they can catch the wolf. By that time, of course, the wolf is out of sight again. Perhaps when the dogs are far away from the base one of the wolves will slip in and hurl the stick, yelling as he does so, "Gray Wolf." The dogs must then return and replace the stick before they can continue the chase of the wolves.

A Boys' Bill of Rights.

A grouchy individual in Chicago objected to the boys playing baseball on a vacant lot near his home and called on the policeman to stop it, whereupon the boys sent a petition to the mayor which read as follows:

"MAJORITY."

Majority, as everybody knows, means most, and rules in all lawful cases. If majority did not rule the country would have one hundred Presidents, each state would have one hundred governors, and each city would have one hundred mayors, and the government would go to ruin.

Every man could kill his fellow men without restriction and it all would lead to civil strife.

NOW WE, the boys of Prairie avenue, hope that one man's influence cannot extend as far as to spoil many hours of enjoyment and healthy exercise.

We know that if you were a boy in our place, you would like to indulge in healthy and pleasant sports.

Hoping that you will sympathize with us and give us a permit to play that healthful sport, baseball, we remain,

Yours very truly,

JAKE R. LOWENSTEIN.

SAM HIRSCH.

LAWRENCE G. LEOPOLD.

The youngest boy who signed the petition was eleven years old, and the oldest fourteen. The result was an order by which the boys were allowed to play without molestation.

Music from Pins.

The music-loving boy, who is so unfortunate as to possess no instrument of any kind whatsoever, has only to procure a quantity of pins, and a soft deal board an inch thick. The following directions will show him how to make melody out of those simple articles.

An essential preliminary is to first select the tune that the instrument is to play, and get it thoroughly fixed in the brain. Then drive a pin into the board and keep trying it with the finger nail till it sounds like the first note; drive another for the next note, and so on. The farther a pin is driven in the higher the note is produced, and, of course, for the low notes the pins stand out higher. The length of a note must be regulated by the distance between the pins; set them closely for quick music, and wider

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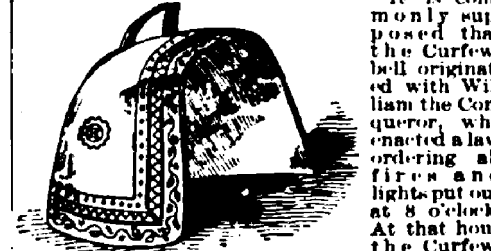
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apart for slow. The tune is played by running, say, a long hat pin along the row of pins. It is capital fun getting the affair started, and if proper care has been taken, the result always proves a surprise and delight.

The Curfew.



It is commonly supposed that the Curfew-bell originated with William the Conqueror, who enacted a law ordering all fires and lights put out at 8 o'clock. At that hour the Curfew-bell was rung and people were about to go to bed. But the Curfew-bell existed before the time of William the Conqueror, for Alfred the Great ordered the inhabitants of Oxford to cover their fires every night at eight o'clock on the ringing of the Curfew-bell. For the purpose of covering the fires there was a utensil called a "curfew," or "couvre-feu," from its use, which was to suddenly put out the fire. The embers were all carefully gathered at the back of the hearth as closely as possible. Then the curfew was placed over them, its open part resting against the back of the chimney. All the air was thus excluded and the fire went out.

A SEVENTH SON

BY
EDWARD
S.
ELLIS.



ACCORDING to the old popular superstition, Peleg Perkins ought to have been destined to a wonderfully fortunate life, for he was the seventh son, in a family which numbered four daughters in addition to eight boys; but when he reached the age of twelve years, we all looked upon him as the unluckiest lad that attended the Billville school, which stood on the edge of a stretch of woods, hard by the cool, crystalline creek in which we youngsters used to frolic, on the sultry summer noons, or after school had been dismissed and we ought to have been hurrying homeward.

Peleg was big, awkward, freckled and undeniably the homeliest youth among a score, none of whom could be credited with more than an average degree of personal attractiveness. When we played "snap the whip," he never seemed to suspect why we always placed him at the extreme end, until the whirling string of boys was in full swing, and, unable to keep up with the ever-increasing pace, he let go, and in obedience to the law of centrifugal force, turned several somersaults, with hat flying, and then climbed slowly to his feet, looking at us in an accusing way, as if he didn't think he had been used quite right.

In playing tag, every one could outrun him. At ball, he was so clumsy that he was called "Butter-Fingers," and finally neither side would choose him as a player. At leapfrog, each boy over whom he tried to vault never failed to duck his head and shoulders, so as to let Peleg land on his nose; and when he stood erect and thoughtfully surveyed the rest of us, some lad would slyly kneel behind him, while one of us would saunter up, as if to engage him in conversation, and then give him a quick push, that toppled him over the grinning youth, on all fours behind him, with the victim's legs pointing skyward and everybody laughing at his discomfiture.

It was no better within the school itself. Peleg was a poor scholar, and when we chose sides for a spelling match, he was invariably the last selected, for we knew his habit of spelling "dorg" (dog), "tizr" (phthisic), "shugure" (sugar), and so on. More than once, when the number of contestants was odd, he was left out entirely.

Peleg was naturally good natured, but the continuous slights and ridicule to which he was subjected could not fail to produce their effect. Children are thoughtless, and we never suspected the hearburning behind the smile which he forced to his lips, after suffering from some outrageous trick. He was the butt of the school, and no more torturing lot can be conceived for a sensitive boy.

I can now see that Peleg's greatest suffering was caused by the girls, who were as unfeeling as the boys. They had all sorts of nicknames for him, and when he made a mistake in his studies, there was a general titter among them. It was Sarah Pressy, the belle of the school, who gave him the name of "Turkey Egg," because of those superabundant freckles that dotted his nose, forehead, cheeks and even the back of his neck. In those plays, like "Copenhagen," in which osculation formed the culminating feature, Peleg was given unmistakably to understand that he was not wanted. If he succeeded in capturing one of the pert misses, she struggled and fought so viciously, even to slapping his face, that he was compelled to resign the forfeit that was not denied to his playmates.

One day when the boys and girls, with their hands loosely grasping a lengthy, slender rope, took their stations, with grinning, happy Peleg among them, Sarah Pressy declared she wouldn't play if he was going to take part. Several others immediately joined in the protest, and Peleg, his tanned face crimson under the grins and jeers, dropped his hands and walked off into the woods, until beyond sight of his persecutors, when he sat down on a log beside the creek, as wretched a boy as ever lived.

"I wonder why it is," he said to himself in his misery, "that everybody dislikes me. I try to use the boys and girls right, but that doesn't make any difference; I'm not welcome anywhere. Sarah Pressy is the purtiest and sweetest girl that ever lived and—"

He abruptly checked himself and glanced furtively around, as if fearing that some one might overhear and laugh at the romantic fancies that had come to him more than once regarding the wilful beauty. So afraid was he of ridicule, that he gave no expression to the thought or dream that filled him with a strange, fairy-like pleasure.

"I wish I was dead!" he exclaimed in his bitterness, as the sounds of laughter and merriment came through the forest from the playground; "the only friends

I've got are the folks at home, and sometimes I think they don't care for me, 'cause I'm so much in the way. I'm the only one in school that the girls won't let play with them. I'd give the world, if Sarah Pressy—but she told them all she wouldn't take part, unless I was left out, and they're having the best time they ever had. There isn't one there that thinks of me, or, if he does, it's only to laugh. If they saw me sitting on this log, they wouldn't dream how bad I feel, and I'd die before I'd let them know it. I don't see what's the use of living."

With his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his palm, he looked gloomily among the trees, while the shouts and laughter pierced his ears, each with its own particular sting.

Suddenly something moved among the undergrowth, upon which his eyes were fixed, and he straightened out, and with the quick, flitting attention, peculiar to boyhood, became curious to know what it was that had entered his field of vision.

He was not long in doubt, for from the undergrowth emerged "Mix," the bulldog, belonging to Mr. Pressy, the father of the young heart-breaker Sarah. He was trotting slowly, with drooping head and his course such that he would pass within a rod or two of the boy, both being on the same side of the stream.

"There's one thing I forgot," muttered Peleg grimly: "if the boys and girls don't like me, the dogs do; Mix and I have had many frolics together. Here, Mix! come to me and shake hands."

To his surprise, the canine did not seem to hear him, and Peleg, rising to his feet, called to him in a louder voice.

"Mix! Mix! I wish you would go to the playground and bite Sarah Pressy and all the rest that treated me so mean; what's the matter with you? Come here, Mix."

The dog still gave no sign that he had heard the call. His course would take him within a dozen paces or so of the lad, and he was headed straight for the playground, as if attracted by the sounds

soothing words, and with hand extended assuringly, he began slowly approaching the brute, glaring and as fixed as a statue, but ever moaning with that horrible raucous noise. Peleg was aiming to get nigh enough to grasp the leathern collar, studded with brass nail heads. If Mix would stand motionless a minute longer he could do it.

Ten paces—eight—five—three, and then the dog, as if reading the purpose of the lad, whirled his head away, and resumed his drooping trot at a swifter gait than before. But in the same instant, Peleg made a bound and the out-reaching hand seized the collar of the brute. He made a fierce flirt that loosened the grip, but before he could fully free himself, the fingers of both hands closed like iron around the leather, and the muscular boy began tugging with might and main to drag the dog to the creek, where he meant to drown him.

The struggle was a frightful one. In his delirium, Mix possessed double his usual strength, and, nerved by that strange horror of water which is one of the symptoms of his mysterious disease, he put forth such sturdy resistance, that when within a few paces of the stream, he checked the lad, who had to dig his heels into the soft earth, or he would have been forced along with the brute. But Peleg was desperate, and never before did he exert himself as now. Yet, while he did not yield an inch, neither could he gain one. Each had fought the other to a standstill. The boy's hat had fallen off, and he was panting as hard as the dog, which snarled, snapped and tried again and again to bite his persecutor; but the latter managed, with his grip upon the collar, to keep his jaws away. In the struggle, the malignant mucus was repeatedly flung over his arms and even in the face of the lad.

"You've got to come!" muttered the youth, with compressed lips and tense muscles.

He bent lower to make his grip surer, for his fingers and wrist were aching, when what seemed a hot mop or swab struck him a blinding blow in the face.



The boy began tugging to drag the dog to the creek.

of merriment. It was not to be supposed that he would bite his young mistress, or indeed any one, for Mix was a good-natured canine and fond of playing with the boys and girls.

The indifference of the brute angered Peleg, who started forward determined that he should heed his call. Then it was that Mix stopped, growled and turned his head toward the boy, who for an instant was paralyzed with terror, for he saw that the animal was suffering from the rabies. There was no foam dripping from his parted jaws, for when a canine is thus afflicted, he does not froth at the mouth as is generally supposed. But the eyes were bloodshot and glaring, and the low rasping howls that seemed to be emitted with every respiration, were horrible, and made more so by their intermittent character and the efforts of the dog to free his mouth of a thick, ropy mucus.

Mix was making straight for the laughing boys and girls, not one of whom dreamed of their horrifying danger. In a few minutes he would be among them, snapping right and left, and inflicting suffering from which the bravest man would recoil.

In that instant, when boy and dog stared at each other, the whole extent of the awful situation flashed upon Peleg Perkins. Mix must not be allowed to leave that spot. But what could be done to prevent him? The lad had no weapon, and the hurried glance he cast around failed to show so much as a pebble that could be used as a missile. There was nothing in the nature of a club, and the precious seconds would not permit him to cut one.

But he could not stand idle. Speaking

around his couch, while he delivered an impressive homily on the duty of being good; but nothing of the kind took place. The good are no more subject to early death—nor indeed is the risk quite so great—than the evil. The father of Peleg, accompanied by Mr. Pressy, took the boy to New York city, where Professor Pasteur had just established his hospital for the treatment of persons exposed to hydrophobia, and when the scientific course was finished, the young hero was absolutely free from all danger of the horrible disease.

Of course, the self-sacrificing act of Peleg brought a complete revulsion of feeling toward him. He was the grandest of heroes to us, and will always remain so. In none, was the change of sentiment more marked than in Sarah Pressy. With tears in her eyes, she begged his forgiveness for her cruelty, and the happy Peleg said to himself:

"Jingo! that pays me for getting bit."

But the homely, honest face of Peleg had become beautiful because of its scar, and who would not be proud to wear such a badge of knighthood? When she, who was once Sarah Pressy, stood, as a blushing bride leaning upon the arm of her husband, with the two receiving the congratulations of their friends (and what a pretty romance could be written for youth, if space would permit to tell the story of that wooing and winning), she looked lovingly into those clear blue eyes, and said in a voice that we all plainly heard:

"The Victoria Cross was never more worthily worn."

A Big Paper Whale.

Experts from the American National Museum at Washington, D. C., have been making, at St. John's, Newfoundland, a full length mold of a gigantic whale over ninety feet long, which was towed to land near St. John's in April. From the mold a paper reproduction of the whale is to be made for shipment to the St. Louis World's Fair. The skeleton of the whale will then be taken apart, each piece marked, packed and sent to St. Louis, where it will be put together again and exhibited alongside the paper whale. After the fair the paper whale will be taken to the National Museum at Washington. The average length of the whales caught in the vicinity of St. John's is seventy five feet; the average weight about 160,000 pounds. The whale from which the paper cast is being made is ninety two feet long and weighs 200,000 pounds. The whale was lifted from the ground and a wooden structure built around it. Then this structure was filled with plaster of Paris until every inch of the carcass was buried. After the plaster had set the structure was removed and the mold sawed into sections for removal.

Something About Crocodiles.

Crocodiles are said to possess little or no brains, and yet a Frenchman, Monsieur Pernelet, has taught crocodiles to do a number of remarkable tricks. Twice a day for some weeks Monsieur Pernelet literally risked his life among a lot of crocodiles in order to train them. When it is considered that not only has the crocodile little brain, but that he is a vicious animal, we may understand how much nerve it required for this man to train these hideous reptiles. Monsieur Pernelet has been exhibiting his trained crocodiles in London. They are brought onto the stage in a huge tank with glass sides, the glass being three and one-half inches thick. In the tank are twenty crocodiles, of all sizes and ages, some of them as old as two hundred years. It is an exciting exhibition, for every time one of the big brutes opens its ugly mouth or switches its tail you expect to see the trainer lose his life.

Incombustible Wood.

Alum and glue in equal parts are dissolved in water strongly saturated with salt. Both solutions are mixed together. Dip splinters of wood into the fluid until every part is saturated; let them dry, and repeat the process. Wood prepared in such a way will not burn. To make the trick more interesting, and to avoid the suspicion that the splinters are prepared, mix them among other unprepared splinters after marking them in a certain way.

After burning a few splinters, pick out one of the prepared ones and declare that by your magic influence the splinter you hold in your hand will become incombustible. Hand it over to the audience, and it is easily understood that nobody will be able to set it afire.

Skill is Necessary.

Here is a trick which will cause amusement to young and old.

Get two balls about the size of billiard balls. Chalk a circle three inches in diameter on the tablecloth, and a line about two feet off. Place one ball in the center of the circle, and balance a penny flat on the top of it.

The trick is to bowl from the line with the remaining ball and try to knock the penny out of the ring. Simple as it sounds, you will find that it takes a great deal of practice, for nine times out of ten it drops inside.

The only way to do it is to bowl very slowly so that the ball knocks the other one very slightly, and the penny will roll out on top of the ball.

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STAMPS, COINS and CURIOS

Stamp Notes.

The "1 Gilt-Edge '02-'03" surcharge on the stamps of Iceland means valid or available for postage during 1902-3.

The report of the Postmaster General for last year shows that of the 30 cent due stamps 5,050 were issued and of the 50 cent 5,300.

On the commemorative stamps recently issued by Bulgaria may be seen the names of three battles—Shipka, Svarazagora and Sheynovo.

The United States 7 cent stamp was issued in March, 1871, to meet the demand occasioned by a reduced rate of foreign postage under the postal treaty with the North German Confederation. The 5 cent Taylor was issued for the new letter rate of postage under the Union Postal Union convention of 1874, and this reduction of foreign rates rendered the 7, 12 and 24 cent values unnecessary, and they were discontinued.

In the Argentine Republic newspapers are delivered at the postoffice for distribution in large bundles, are weighed and the bulk postage is paid in stamps by the publisher. The postoffice punches these stamps and returns them to the publisher. At first the punch consisted of several short lines, later a round hole, a star or some other punch mark, and the latest punch is the word "inutilizado," meaning cancelled or made useless.

The arms of Persia, appearing on the stamps of that country, consist of a lion holding an open "yataghan" uplifted in its right paw, and the rising sun dominating from its back. Persians from earliest history have been fire and sun worshippers. So the sun has been their insignia for generations before they adopted the faith of Mahomet. The lion was added about eight centuries ago, it being the emblem of one of the nomadic tribes whom the Persians had conquered. The double-edged sword signifies the absolute power of the Persian rulers. The emblem is used on the coins and flag as well as the postage stamps.

A portrait that caused considerable trouble and fuss for an issue of stamps was that of King Zomba of Sicily appearing on the stamps of that country in 1859. The most eminent engraver of the day—Aloisio—was called upon to prepare a portrait of his Majesty. After much tribulation in the cabinet the portrait was approved and engraved, and to this day is regarded as a superb piece of work. A special cancelling stamp had to be designed and put to use which defaced only the border of the stamp and left the sacred portrait untouched. All the stamps of this issue are very lightly cancelled, and handsome additions to a collection.

Stamps printed in two colors, requiring two separate printings have given rise to many curious errors. A sheet passed through the press upside down after one color has been printed results in one portion of the design being inverted. In the 1869 issue of the United States three of the values had the central portion of their design printed upside down. The 4d blue of the first issue of Western Australia is known with the swan on its head. A very recent example of this class of errors is found in the recently issued Pan-American set, in which the 1, 2 and 4 cent have the central portions inverted. These are sold at \$18 for the 1 cent, \$150 for the 2 cent and \$40 for the 4 cent, but the last value is surcharged specimen.

Occasional blunders in printing stamps are made, among which the Cape of Good Hope errors of colors are the most notable. In 1861 the 1d and 4d triangular stamps, then current, were exhausted, and before a stock could be obtained from the printers in England, a temporary supply had to be provided locally. This was done by engraving imitations of the originals. Stereos were then taken and made into plates for printing. By an oversight a stereo of the penny value was dropped into the four penny plate. Consequently each sheet printed in the required red ink from the penny plate showed a four penny wrongly printed in red instead of blue, its proper color; and every sheet of the four penny likewise yielded a penny stamp printed in blue instead of red. These errors are very scarce and bring high prices, even for poor specimens.

It sometimes happens that a sheet of a particular value has been printed in the wrong color. In 1869 copies of the 1s of Western Australia were printed in bistre instead of green, and a few years later the two pence was discovered in lilac instead of yellow. In 1863 a supply of shilling stamps was sent out to Barbados printed in blue instead of black, but it is doubtful if any of the errors were issued for postal use. In 1896 6,000 one shilling stamps printed in the color of the six pence were sent to Tobago. Several were issued to the public before the error was discovered. Another and much more common error in the early days of stamp production was the careless placing of a stamp in a plate upside down. A pair of stamps so placed are termed tete-beche. They have to be collected in pairs to show the error. The early stamps of France show many examples of this class of errors. The 6d and 14 stamps of the early issue of the Transvaal also come tete-beche.

A man who will be remembered by philatelists long after his countrymen have forgotten him is Charles Connell, who was Postmaster General of the little colony of New Brunswick, which in those days had a separate colonial government, and issued its own stamps. A change of currency from "pence" to "cents" necessitated a new issue of stamps. It was decided to give the new issue as much variety as possible by having separate designs for each stamp. Two of the series presented the crowned portrait of the Queen, and one of them the Prince of Wales as a lad in Scotch dress. Connell, apparently ambitious to figure in the royal gallery, gave instructions to the engravers to place his own portrait upon the 5 cent stamp. His instructions were carried out and in due time a supply of the five cent stamp bearing his portrait was delivered. Before many had been issued the news spread that Connell had outraged the issue by placing his own portrait upon one of the stamps. The matter was immediately brought before the higher authorities and the unfortunate stamp was promptly suppressed. Half a million had been printed and delivered for sale, but few were actually issued for use, and used specimens are very rare.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

R. G. Harris and Fred B. Yarn: No premium on your coins.—H. M. Mason City: The 1830 half dollar sells for seventy five cents.—Chandler Stewart: Your rubbing is from a brass "spl. mark" of no value only as a curio.—Albert Gustafson: Your Army and Navy coin is a common Civil War Token. Your other questions are answered in this issue.—Lewis B. Pusey: Your 1707 of George III. must be an error, as he did not ascend the English throne until 1760. It must be 1797, and your piece a half penny. With the date so poor the coin must be valueless. Your smaller one must be a farthing and a mate to the other. If in good condition it is worth a quarter at the dealers.—Chester Hewett: The dealers charge a dollar for a good cent of 186c.—Alex. B. Wilson: Cent of 1825, thirty five cents; half dime of 1832, if fine, a quarter.—Edgar Griffin: 1824 cent, twenty five cents; Jamaica penny, 1871, ten cents.—E. L. French: A good half cent of 1841 sells for a quarter. Your others are very common.—Samuel Anderson: There were both silver and nickel three cent pieces coined in 1865, of the former only 5,700 were issued, of the latter over eleven million. The former are rare. Your other pieces are common.—W. Tuttle: The half dollar of 1813 sells at the dealers for eighty five cents; 1847 over 1813 is worth a dollar. The cent of 1848 sells for ten cents.—J. J. Miller: (1) Turkish base silver, 1223 A. H., fifty cents; (2) Russian 2 kopecks, ten cents; (3) Army & Navy, a common War Token; (4) Bank of Montreal, half penny, common.—L. Harry Mixson: (1 and 2) English half penny tokens; (2) Massachusetts cent of 1838, sells for eighty five cents; (2) a common Canadian sou; (4) a French token, there are many varieties of these; (5) Nova Scotia half penny, common; (6 and 7) common Canadian half pennies.—Raymond Wilcox: Your rubbings are from common "spl. marks" or play money of no numismatic value.—Harry Grout: (1 and 2) common English coins; (3) a Japanese ten. The inscriptions in our language would be "Kuan yung tung pao," meaning current money of Kuan yung. It is common. The three cent silver coin of 1852 is worth fifteen cents.—F. L. W. Rochester: It is impossible to place a value on your old pieces without knowing more about them.

Albert Gormic: An 1832 half dollar sells for seventy five cents. 1833 and 1842 cents, ten to twenty five cents, depending upon their condition. Your other coins are from Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Spain, Italy and Canada. Nice for a collection but not rare.—J. V. Foley: The 1836 quarter sells for fifty cents. 1847 dime face value only.—Hal Gordon: 1838 half dollar, seventy five cents. 1848 dime, fifty cents; 1836 twenty five cents. 1870 silver three cent piece, if fine, half a dollar.—Clarence F. Nelson: All the early half and quarter dollars in gold of California have a ready sale at from \$1 to \$2. The \$3 of 1855 sells for \$4.50.—R. E. Ellis: The dimes of 1821 and 1827 sell for a quarter apiece. 1822 half dollar, eighty five cents. Cent of 1852, ten cent. Your "Confederate Helvetia" is a ten centime of Switzerland. The metal is nickel.—Earl Moody: 1837 quarter, fifty cents. A Hawaiian quarter sells for half a dollar. They were only issued in 1833, 1835 and 1838 dimes sell for a quarter each. Roslav L. D'Arj: The gold dollars of 1851 and 1856 sell for \$1.75 each. 1842 cent, ten to twenty five cents. Your others face value only.—Arthur H. Deute: (1) Guatemala, 1896, 1/4 real, twenty five cents. (2) Nova Scotia, half penny, 1822, ten cents. (3) Russia, kopeck of 1817, ten cents. (4) Rubbing is too indistinct to make out the inscription.—John Mason: The coins you mention are all very common and it is very doubtful if you can get more than face value for any of them.—Harry W. Penny: Your coins are worth from five to ten cents each.

L. T.: English six-pence of 1865, no premium. The 1833 "gold nickel" is a plated five cent piece. Not having the word "cents" on the coin evil-disposed persons plated the nickel with gold and passed them for five dollar gold pieces. For this reason the design was changed during the year and the one with V CENTS substituted in its place.—C. H.: Your coin of 1707, George III., must be an error, as George III. reigned only between 1760 and 1820. Examine it carefully and you will see that the tail of the 9 has been worn off, thus leaving a small 0. It should be 1797. Under George III. two coppers of this date were struck, a penny and a two penny piece; they weigh one and two ounces each. The last because of its size is called the "cart wheel" two pence, and is the largest copper coin England has ever struck. In good condition the pieces are worth fifty cents and a dollar respectively.—E. S. G.: No. 1, a common St. George medal or amulet worn by sailors and seafaring persons to protect them from the dangers of the sea, storm, shipwreck, etc.; No. 2, English model half-sovereign, of no particular value; No. 3, an early Roman denarius struck by the Family Furla in B. C. 68. It is not so rare as its age would indicate. There are no coin catalogues after the style of the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., still every dealer has his price lists or catalogues, which he is glad to send out to all who make the request. Some of these, while far from being complete, abound in much useful information to the collector or student of coins. Thos. L. Elder, 233 Sheridan avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., issues one of those we are glad to refer to.—W. J. E.: The half cents of 1803, 1809 and 1835, are worth twenty five, fifteen and five cents each respectively.—L. A. R.: Your Pocasset bill is of no value only as a curio. Collectors of paper money often are glad to pay a premium on such, which depends entirely upon

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TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.
 For Stamp Dealers there is no puller like THE AMERICAN BOY. Here is a letter dated August 8th, 1903.
 "The reason we did not continue our ad. in The American Boy was that it brought too many returns. From the two cover liners we ran we received nearly 800 requests for stamps for approval and are still receiving them. It is our intention to be with you again the coming season."

their rarity. Canadian fractional currency is worth face value in Canada and anywhere along the Canadian border in this country. The 1828 half-cent is worth ten cents. The new coinage for the Dominion of Canada, bearing the head of Edward VII. crowned, in the denominations of one cent (bronze), five, ten and twenty five cents, silver, have appeared in circulation.

BOYS IN THE SCHOOL

What Time Sees As He Passes.

A famous newspaper artist, Davenport, has a very instructive cartoon in the New York American Journal of May 31, representing a young man lying stretched at full length under a tree asleep, with Time—the old man with the scythe—passing by and looking upon him with pitying eye. The editorial accompanying the cartoon is worthy of every young man's reading. It warns young men against the idea that when warm weather comes it is time for idling, and asserts that spring and summer ought really to be the most active period of our lives, pointing out that animals grow, take care of their young and do their hardest work in warm weather, and that it is the working period of all nature, from the smallest herb to the tallest tree. It deprecates the fact that in warm weather we abandon ourselves to periods of wasted time and inactivity, and that hundreds of thousands spend their time at the races, doubtless overlooking the fact that the horses themselves are doing their hardest work just at that time. It suggests that the summer time is the time of the greatest opportunity; that while others are lagging in the race for success we may be pressing on and taking advantage of the diminished competition. Clerks, workers of all kinds, editors, actors, clergymen, all shut down steam and there is a general slackening up all around. The article causes us to remember that every hour is a precious hour in our lives, whether it be summer or winter, and advises us to remember that working in hot weather doesn't hurt us. It points to the fact that young men who have made great successes in life have been such as hardly knew whether it was summer or winter. John Wanamaker was described in a newspaper recently as working in his New York office in the middle of summer with the temperature at 100 in the shade, explaining his presence at the desk by saying, "I want my friend, Mr. Ogden (Mr. Wanamaker's chief lieutenant) to go up in the mountains for a short time, and this is the only way I can get him to go. He won't go away from his desk unless I take his place." Mr. Wanamaker and Mr. Ogden were at one time very poor young men. The article preaches not only against physical laziness in hot weather, but also against mental laziness, bewailing the fact that thousands of tons of utterly foolish books called literature are consumed every summer by people who believe it is too hot for serious reading, and goes on to say that hot weather is the best possible time for serious reading, when daylight lasts longer and the brain does its best work. It closes with the following exhortation:

Young man, millions of your competitors begin now to stop their efforts. Those ahead of you stop running and stop trying. This is your chance. Keep on and let the Autumn find you well ahead of where you are now, and not like the horse that has been turned out to grass, compelled to devote months to recuperation. Don't be afraid of overwork. It never hurt anybody. What hurts is foolish eating, foolish drinking, insufficient hours of sleep. Work will do you no harm unless you try to combine it with too many other things. Nothing can make you successful except work and energetic use of your hours in hot weather and in cold.

Boys and Animals.

RUSSELL SCHALL, Apollo, Pa., wants to see a good plan for a rabbit pen.—AUGUST SKYBERG, Hills, Minn., wants to know what causes his chickens to have sore legs.—E. A. ROWLAND, Lodi, O., has two ponies, one weighing 325 pounds and the other, a colt, weighing 186 pounds. He also has five red leghorn bantams and a "faithful yellow dog."—WILLIAM HANKS, Jr., Huntland, Tenn., wants to know how to train a bird dog and how to play football.



"MAKING HAY"

First Prize, by Nick Bruhl, Sherwood (Box 36) Wis.

An Honor for an American Boy.

The success of young Albert Spalding, the fourteen year old son of J. Walter Spalding, of New York, in securing a diploma as professor of the violin at the Bologna Conservatory of Music, which is acknowledged to be the leading violin school of Italy, is very gratifying to his friends in this country, who, however, are not surprised at his success, as



ALBERT SPALDING.

all who have heard him play consider him a genius.

The examination took place at Bologna on May 16 before a jury of six professors, and the young violinist's success was all the greater because of the fact that he was not a pupil of the conservatory, having studied under Professor Chiti, of Florence, and Professor Buttirago, of New York, and, consequently, was shown no favors, but passed on his merits with forty eight points out of a possible fifty. Only thirty points were required to pass. According to the records of the school he is the youngest boy to secure this honor.

During the past winter young Spalding has played in concerts at Rome and Florence with great success.

BOYS' BOOKS REVIEWED

HOW TO PLAY BASE BALL, by Connie Mack. To the American boy who aspires to excellence on the diamond this little book will be welcome, containing as it does all the instruction necessary to be an expert at our national game. The chapter headings are: The Art of Pitching, Batting, Catching, First Base, Second Base, Shortstop, Third Base, Outfielding, Base Running, Bas Sliding, Coaching, Scientific Bunting, Value of Team Work, Run-and-Hit Game, etc., with a short history of the game and portraits of well-known ball players in characteristic attitudes. 188 pages. Paper cover. Price, 25 cents. Drexel Biddle.

PARIS—Grant Allen's Historical Guide Books. To the visitor who expects to see Paris in two days and all Europe in a week this little book will be useless, but to the one who desires to know something of the real Paris, and to enjoy its paintings, sculpture, architecture and the many other interesting as well as beautiful institutions in which the city abounds, will find Mr. Allen's Guide "absolutely indispensable." The book does not interfere with the far-famed Baedeker or the trusty Murray, but is designed as a means of imparting that knowledge and culture which should be the end and aim of all foreign travel. If it is to benefit the traveler. The index at the end of the book will be greatly appreciated. 264 pages, 12 mo, red cloth cover. Price, \$1.25. A. Wessels Co.

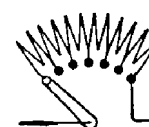
DINNERS AND DINERS. Where and How to Dine in London, by Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis, a new, enlarged and revised edition. Surely here is "enough and to spare" of places, big and little, small and great, whereat to satisfy the wants and cravings of the "inner man." The diner of the most epicurean as well as he of the simplest taste may in this book find the particular dining-place in which to content his fancy, his appetite and his purse. The author gives a list of restaurants, 119 in number, with address and description or specialties. There are fifty three chapters in the book, each of which, excepting the first and last, is devoted to the telling in most entertaining style of the dining rooms, menus, service charges and accessories of most of the great London hotels and restaurants. We are sure that this book will be of the greatest service to the visitor "doing" London. 376 pages, 12 mo, cloth. Price, \$1.25. A. Wessels Co.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE AND SELF-DEFENSE, by Robert Fitzsimmons. A great authority has said "In time of peace prepare for war;" and while we deprecate training boxing for fighting's sake alone, and condemn the brutal and degrading exhibitions of the prize ring, yet we believe the proper training of the eye, the hand and the body to be of the utmost importance in building up a strong and self-reliant people. To this end we commend to our readers the little book before us. Mr. Fitzsimmons' name and fame carry with them the weight of authority along the lines he writes of. Among the subjects treated are: The Proper Way to Breathe, Schoolroom Exercises, a chapter for women—to gain beauty with strength, Advice to Parents for the health and rearing of their children, First Lesson in Boxing, Bag Punching, Police in Boxing, Positions for the Hands, How to Land Blows, the Way to Strike a Hard Blow, etc.; also a short account of the life and battles of Robert Fitzsimmons. There are many illustrations of the different points treated in the text. 185 pages; paper cover. Price, 25 cents. Drexel Biddle.

LONDON AND LONDONERS. What to See; What to Know; What to Do; Where to Shop; edited by Rosalind Pritchard. With such a vade mecum in his pocket and the ability to read its straight, terse English, the stranger tourist "doing" London need not be afraid of being "taken in." The completeness of the information compressed within the covers of this manual is really astonishing. It tells about the sights one will want to see and how to see them; what to know regarding the Court, Royal Palaces, Embassies and Consulates, Bankers, Libraries, Newspapers, Societies, Schools, Hotels, Restaurants, etc.; what to do in the way of places of amusement, Theatres, Music, the London Season and Sport, with many practical hints which the "sojourner" within the gates of the great metropolis will find of inestimable value. Under the title of "Where to Shop" pointers, invaluable, are given, which will be hailed with delight by travelers of the gentle sex especially. Altogether, we consider that the equipment of the tourist in London is lacking without this "complete, concise and practical guide book." 400 pages, 12 mo, strongly bound in cloth. Price \$1.25. A. Wessels Co.

THE EGREGIOUS ENGLISH, by Angus McNeill. This book is written by a Scotchman and is in the nature of a quid pro quo for one on the Scotch written by an Englishman. Mr. McNeill's Scotch blood has been fired by the taunts and outrages heaped upon his countrymen and proceeds to scarily the Englishman in true Scottish fashion. Even the casual reader must realize that Mr. McNeill is in earnest, and writes plainly regarding the shortcomings and decadence of the English. He disputes their claim to superiority and says they are the best hated mortals on earth. In the Boer war, he says, "they have learned that in a fight the great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman, instead of being worth three Frenchmen, is worth about the fiftieth part of a Boer farmer." He strikes at the English in almost every capacity: sportsman, business man, journalist, politician, poet, soldier and churchman, and in all he endeavors to show them to be arrant lumbags. He pays his respects also to the Englishwoman in a chapter under the title of "Chiffon," and declares that the Englishwoman at forty, who was so pretty at twenty, has crow's-feet and flat checks, and a distinct tendency to the nut-cracker type of profile. Aside from the deadly animus of the writer, the book is of literary merit and worth while reading. 210 pages, picture cover. Price, \$1.25 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Bad Spell.

"Thomas, spell weather," said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils.
"W-l-e-a-t-h-e-r." weather."
"Well, Thomas, you may sit down," said the teacher. "I think this is the worst spell of weather we have had for a long time."

An Inconvenient Bottle.

Collier's Weekly tells of an old farmer who had been to the metropolis, and was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel at which he stayed. "Everything was perfect," he said, "all but one thing. They kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to." "Well," said one wag, "why didn't you blow it out?" "Blow it out!" said the farmer. "How could I? The pesky thing was inside a bottle!"

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In writing Advertisers mention this Paper



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 cannot undertake to return rejected puzzles nor to reply personally to letters.

ton, Edward Langdon Fernald, Vattel Daniel, Harold H. Norris, Wm. D. Meikle, S. Frank Kaup, Milton H. Schwenk, Chas. C. Curtis, George H. Stanbery, Robert Kleth Gordon, John Whitall King, Bert Huddle, Ralph H. Wirt, Leonard Steuberg, Frank Miller, Homer Allis, Sarah Gilles, C. Clyde Nickum, Roy McCray, Fred Voegelé, W. A. Stewart, Hugh Norman, G. Bruce Thomas, Lemuel C. Cook, C. R. Kerbaugh and Hervis S. Boessler.

Several others sent in answers to part of the July Tangles.

Merlin Sisson, Palouse, Wash., with seven new puzzles, wins the prize for best lot of original puzzles received by July 20.

Other contributors, whose puzzles we hope to use, are Vincent M. Sierwood, Louis Collins, Alfred Wyker, George Honey, Herbert F. Hills, Dana K. Merrill, C. R. Kerbaugh and Hervis S. Boessler. Frank Wagener's idea for a puzzle is excellent, but we object to Harry Tracy as a hero.

Others sent in puzzles which we are unable to use, and are invited to try again.

The surrender of Vicksburg occurred July 4, 1863, not 1862.

A cash prize of two dollars will be given for the best original puzzle or puzzles pertaining to Thanksgiving received by September 20.

A prize of a book will be given for the best list of answers to the September Tangles received by September 20.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST TANGLES.

- 10. PRECIPITANT TEMPERATE TERRENE PECAN BOT L RAW PETTY MEDICAL PROTOTYPE RATIONALIST TRANSMARINE EXPLANATION IRRELIGIOUS ENCOMIAST POMPOUS SOLID KID C JAB VETCH LUCIFER HYDROLOGY GLOBOSITY PLAUDIT LINEN UTE A WIT FANCY DECORUM GRANULATE RECONNOITER MORSELESS INGUARITY INTRODUCE BRONCHO VOCAL OHM A ELI LEASH DIGNITY DEDUCIBLE SEDIMENTARY

Perpendicular centrals; Perculation; Nonchalance; Implication; Lucubration; Mountainous.

11. 1. Light, house, lighthouse. 2. Hamlet, let, ham. 3. Pantry, pan, try. 4. Infancy, in, fancy. 5. Snowball, ball, snow. 6. Footfall, fall, foot. 7. Hornpipe, pipe, horn. 8. Sackcloth, cloth, sack.

Table with 12 columns and 12 rows of letters for puzzle 12.

The four outer pieces are cut from figure 1, and the four inner squares from figure 2. The whole, when arranged as above, reads: "I think we are much interested in the Tangles in this issue of THE AMERICAN BOY."

13. A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. Proverbs xxix., 15. (A child left) (two hymns) (elf bringeth H) eyes (I's), moth, R twos ham E.

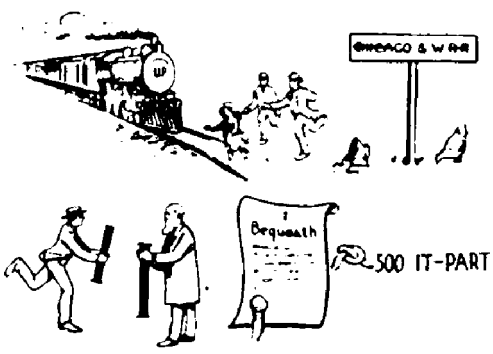
14. Egypt, China, United States, Abyssinia, Denmark, Oman, Russia. Initials, Ecuador.

15. Bag, bagger, ball, base, bat, batter, base hit, baeman, bunt, catch, catcher, fan, field, felder, fly, foul, hit, home, homer, home run, kick, kicker, mit, muff out, pitch, pitcher, play, play ball, player, roofer, run, score, scorer, safe, safe hit, strike, strike out, tally, tip, umpire.

NEW TANGLES.

- 16. GEOGRAPHICAL ZIG-ZAG. 1. The star path road downward is the name of an autumn flower selected as the state emblem by several states. 2. A county of Ark., Ill., Ind., Ia., Ky., Mo., Neb., and W. Va. 3. The largest city in France north of Paris. 4. A division, town and river of Mongolia. 5. A county of Ga., Minn., Neb., and Wis. 6. The most populous county of Michigan. 7. A city in Vermont. 8. A river of France. 9. A county of Georgia.

17. ILLUSTRATED PROVERB. From the Book of Proverbs. Give chapter and verse.



—Lot W. Armin.

- 18. CONTRARY KATE. Example: Kate is complex. Ans.: Complicate. 1. Kate is dainty. 2. Kate is double. 3. Kate seizes. 4. Kate instructs. 5. Kate tells. 6. Kate surrenders. 7. Kate purifies. 8. Kate peels. 9. Kate forks. 10. Kate disentangles. 11. Kate constructs. 12. Kate evades. 13. Kate sets apart. 14. Kate embezzles. 15. Kate dries up. 16. Kate chews her food. 17. Kate is hooked. 18. Kate lies. 19. Kate predicts. 20. Kate dwells in the country. 21. Kate promotes trusts and combinations.

- 19. TYPEWRITER TANGLE. In writing the word "typewriter" on a typewriter an observant typewriter noticed that every letter of the word was contained in the top row of keys, which on the universal keyboard is

Thereupon she set out to see how many other words it was possible to write without striking the keys on any other row. Omitting the many words of four letters and less that are so easily discoverable, how many and what words of five letters and over can you write, using only the letters of the top row of the typewriter keyboard? This includes names of people and places, and any word, simple or compound, found in the Century, Webster or Standard dictionaries. Lists must be written in alphabetical order and the totals given.

- 20. PLURALIZATIONS. Example: Pluralize unrestrained and find a border. Ans.: Free, frieze. 1. Pluralize a garden tool, and find garments. 2. A body of water, and find wooler, cloth. 3. A line, and find a flower. 4. A month, and find corn. 5. A Hawaiian dish, and find balance. 6. A bird's cry, and find reason. 7. A fish, and find to demolish. 8. A body of water, and find to grasp. 9. A steady rope, and find mien. 10. An animal, and find a short sleep.

- 21. HIDDEN WORD SQUARE. Five words are concealed in the following sentence, which, when correctly arranged, will form a word square. Before letting him have his dinner vegetables, I made the carpenter from Geneva deposit a dollar, because of that Rialto affair.

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- 22. MALTESE CROSS. The middle letter is R. 1 to 2, 3 to 4, 5 to 6, 7 to 8, are musical instruments. 1 to R, one who vanquishes. 2 to R, is neither one thing nor the other. 3 to R, to collect. 4 to R, a plunderer. 5 to R, a gentle wind. 6 to R, a clergyman. 7 to R, a Roman emperor. 8 to R, to moderate.

- 23. PRESIDENTIAL ACROSTIC. The initial letters spell the name of a famous president. 1. The county in which Andrew Johnson was born. 2. The county in which Thomas Jefferson was born. 3. The town in which Millard Fillmore was born. 4. The county in which Franklin Pierce was born. 5. The maiden name of Benjamin Harrison's mother. 6. The county in which John Adams was born. 7. The town in which John Tyler was born. 8. The given name of Abraham Lincoln's father. 9. The county in which Zachary Taylor was born. 10. The town in which William McKinley was born.

- 24. GEOGRAPHICAL OCTAGON. E A I are the same; E to F and G to H are the same; and both are states of the U. S. G to H and I to J are the same, an arm of the Tyrrhenian sea. G to E, a small village of Galicia. I to H, a mountain of Abyssinia. L to J, a town in Cattaraugus Co., N. Y. K to F, a river and county in Arizona.

- 25. TANGLE CHESS. Find 14 or more varieties of Tangles by the king's move in chess, which is one square only in either direction, using each letter as often as needed, but repeating no letter without first moving from its square.

Chessboard grid with letters Q through Z for puzzle 25.

—Russell G. Davidson.

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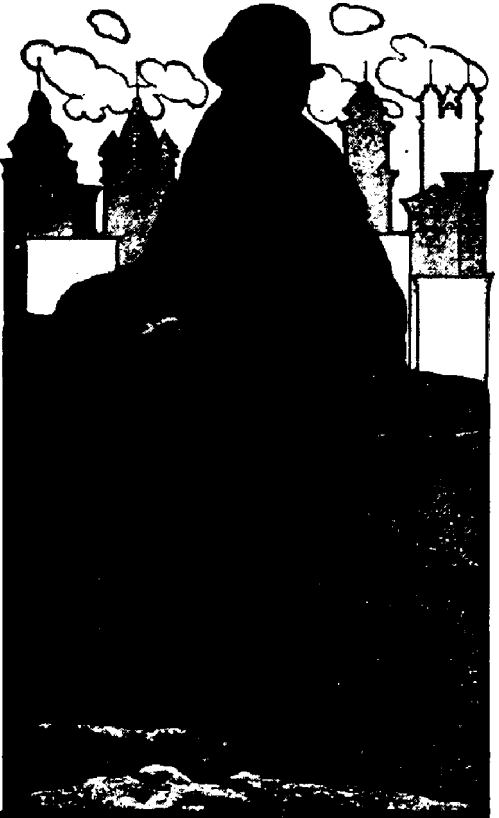
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Climb!



BOYS IN THE HOME

How the Farmer May Help to Keep the Boys on the Farm.

EBEN E. REXFORD, in The Wisconsin Agriculturalist.

I have noticed several articles of late on the tendency of the boys to leave the farm. In these articles, several theories have been advanced to account for the dissatisfaction which, it cannot be denied, exists among the young men on the farm. It seems to me that none of the theories fully meet the case. From my own observation, I am led to believe that the farmer is generally more to blame for this state of things than his son is. It is not so much ambition, on the part of the boy, to enter upon city life for the sake of its advantages, as it is a desire to escape from the drudgery of a life made unattractive and monotonous for him because it is a round of labor from one week's end to another—a life without variety, and one in which he plays the part of a machine, to a great extent.

It is a fact which cannot be denied that most farmers ignore the desire of their boys for variety, and seem to consider them unequal to the task of assuming any responsibility. This is, no doubt, the result of early training. They are simply bringing up their boys as they were brought up, and they excuse themselves for doing so by the foolish argument that what was good enough for them is good enough for their children. They cannot be blind to the fact that the world moves, and that the methods and practices of a generation ago can not be successfully applied to the present generation. I can never rid myself of the feeling, when I hear a man say this, that he feels sore over the hardness and narrowness of his own childhood and he experiences a desire to "get even" by making life as unpleasant for others as it has been for him. Perhaps I may be doing the average farmer an injustice in thinking this, but I find so many who say that what was good enough for them is good enough for their boys, that I can not help believing that I am not far out of the way.

I believe the farmer is the one who is most to blame for the exodus of the boy from the farm. This is an age of thought, of progress, of new ideas. The time has gone by when farming can be carried on automatically. Old methods must be superseded by new ones, which are in harmony with the progressive spirit of the times. These new tendencies are seen in all lines of life, and there is no reason why the farmer should remain in the old ruts. The boy feels this, and he would like to keep abreast with the times. He would do this if his father gave him any encouragement, but this he fails to get. He is kept in the background as much as possible, in the planning of farm work, and the management of the farm. Is it to be wondered at that he resents such treatment? He knows the possibilities of his nature, he feels himself equal to responsibilities, and the constant repression put upon his desire to do things in a new way, and be something more than a machine to operate at the will of its owner, galls and frets him, until, finding he has no chance to assert his individuality, he rebels at the old life and leaves the farm. Nine out of every ten boys who do this would be content with farm life if it could be made more attractive to them. They would be willing to work, but they want a chance to work in their own way—a way that has some thought and brains in it. They object to being treated as children after they are able to do a man's work. Let the farmer take his boys into his confidence and his council, and treat them as he would like to be treated by those above him in authority, and we would hear less about the boys leaving the farm.

Honored in Death.

In the corner of the garden of Marlborough House, England, there is a tiny cemetery which bears touching evidence of the love and remembrance with which England's Queen regards her pets. On four little tombstones that stand side by side are the following inscriptions:

- "TINY." The favorite dog of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Died March 16th, 1861, aged 18 months.
- "MUFF." The favorite dog of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Died 14th May, 1865, aged 2 years.
- "JOSS." The favorite Japanese dog of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Died 14th 10th July, 1864, aged 2 years.
- "BUNNY." The favorite rabbit of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Died June 8th, 1881.

But the most interesting grave in this domestic cemetery is that of "Boxer," the dog of the late Colonel O. Montague, a friend of the King and Queen. Poor Boxer came to an untimely end, being shot by a keeper whilst trespassing in the preserves near Virginia Water. Their royal master and mistress were so distressed at this occurrence that they had the dog's remains sent to London, and accorded them the honor of burial in the pets' cemetery.

Poverty a Fine Stimulus.

A European professor who has been studying the careers of wealthy men in this country says that extreme poverty is a most important stimulant to the man who is going to be a millionaire. It is absolutely necessary, he says, to have no salary if one wishes to get the power of using one's faculties in business. A poor boy who has to get the necessities of life for himself is much better able to disentangle the skein of life than is one born wealthy.

It Made Twain Happy.

Mark Twain was once walking along Unter den Linden, in Berlin, with a guide. The guide accidentally knocked up against a boy who was carrying a fish basket on his head. Mark Twain clenched his hand, glared and thundered out to his guide, "Why did you do that?" "I ran after the boy," says the guide, "gave him a silver coin, and begged him to turn around and smile at my employer. The boy smiled as only a German boy can smile—for a consideration—and Mr. Clemens was happy and good-tempered for the rest of the day."

The Value of the Religious Life.

There can be no better test of the value of a religious life than in its effect on the life and prospects of boys. A clergyman interested in this matter recently worked up a census of the religious boys who had grown up in several large towns, and another of the boys who had no religious affiliations. While there were exceptions on both sides the overwhelming preponderance of those who had become valued men and honorable citizens was on the side of those who, in passing over the slippery paths of youth, were helped and restrained by strong religious convictions and sympathies. The chances are more than eighty per cent, as shown by these statistics, in favor of religious boys as to success and influence in after life.

And a calculation might show even more striking results in reference to boys who come to the city to enter business. The companionship and affiliations here are so different that it is almost predestined that a truly religious boy will stand the best chance of success.

A little boy, after reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," asked his mother which of the characters she liked the best. She replied, "Christian, of course; he is the hero of the story." The dear child responded, "Mother, I like Christiana the best, because when Christian set out on his pilgrimage he went alone; but when Christiana started, she took the children with her." Wise little lad, instinctively loving the sweet motherhood on which he had always leaned, and in which he could always trust,—it is the mother who from the first moment, starting out on the pilgrimage of maturity, takes the children with her,—part of her own being, carried upon her faithful heart.

Teddy and Jimmy.

Here is an "American mother" who knows how to treat an "American boy." "One morning little Ted had been engaged in that most delightful of occupations, making mud pies. By and by he heard a shrill whistle, and soon saw the men coming down the street from the mill, by which token Teddy knew that it was noon, and papa would soon be home. So he scampered into the kitchen with a good deal of his pastry adhering to his hands and face.

"Wash your face and hands now, Teddy," said Mamma, placing basin and towel within easy reach of the short arms. But water for making mud pies and water for bathing are distinct elements in the mind of a small boy. "I don't want to wash," whimpered Ted.

Mamma waited a few minutes, but as Teddy showed no intention of doing as he was bidden, she said quietly: "You cannot come to the table as you are, little boy. If you do not wash you must go without your dinner."

On reflection Teddy decided that to obey was better than to sacrifice his dinner; while Jimmy, who had looked on with the half-amused expression affected by older brothers, grew thoughtful.

"Why is it, Mammie," he said, "that you and Pop can do just as you please about things, while we kids always have to do as you tell us? I don't think it's fair."

From the mother's heart a swift prayer for wisdom winged its way, before she asked:

"Did Teddy have to wash?"

"He did," said Jimmy. "or—"

"Suffer the consequences," finished his mother. "You say that papa and I can do as we choose, which is true. But if we do wrong we have to bear the punishment, which is no less certain because it comes from God. Little children do not always know right from wrong, so in order to help them, and make right easy, we reward them for being good" (stooping to kiss Ted's, now shining face) "and punish them when they are naughty. My little boys," she said, concluding the homily, "may do as they choose, just as long as they choose to do right."

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Boys Who Have Made Money and How They Made It.

(Continued from August Number.)

CARL LANGHEAD, Carthage, Missouri had a 5x7 Premo-A camera and for six months took pictures of the zinc mining district of Webb City, Mo., taking the miners in groups and delivering the pictures to them the next day. He cleared in that time \$64. As he was but fourteen years old at the time and in knee breeches, he got the name of the "Kid Photographer." He suggests that in summer time boys can make money by taking views of pets, houses, etc.—**CECIL DICKEY**, Hamel, Minn., earned money by driving horses on a horse-power engine. He earned 50 cents a day. His earnings to date are \$40.—**FRANK COOMBS**, Wood's Hole, Mass., suggests selling papers, saving and selling old brass, copper, lead, etc., and caddyng on golf grounds.—**FRANK A. FEENEY**, West Roxbury, Mass., bought extract of Hile's root beer for 25 cents, four pounds of sugar for 20 cents, two yeast cakes for 4 cents, and mixed these with five gallons of water. Then he bottled up the product in fifty pint bottles, and, erecting a stand on the street corner, sold the liquid at 5 cents a glass and 10 cents a bottle, on hot July days last summer. The profit on the lot was \$1.51. Three years ago he tried a new kind of business. He bought clothes pins at 60 cents a box, sixty dozen in a box, and sold them at two cents a dozen, making a profit of 60 cents on the box.—**WILLIE HORTON**, Albion, Mich., made money driving a horse for the butcher and delivering telephone messages, making \$12 from the two kinds of employment. Ten dollars of this he invested in a little black bull, which is now worth \$30. He is saving his money to go to the World's Fair.—**HARRY BECK**, Grant, Neb., planted an acre to watermelons, using an acre of sandy land well manured. He sold his watermelons when they ripened at 25 cents apiece early in the season, and later as low as 5 cents, clearing a little over \$50 for his summer's work, besides having all that he could eat and some to give away. His mother made a lot of sweet pickles out of the rinds. In the fall he was enabled to buy a suit of clothes, a reefer, a pair of shoes, a cap, and a shotgun. He is fifteen years old.—**HARRY F. BLANCHARD**, Ticonderoga, N. Y., made money buying and selling stamps, and by taking photographs and sending them to magazines to win prizes.—**RAY V. NOLAN**, Chicago, Ill., has found printing profitable. He has a 3x5 printing press and takes orders for tags, cards and small work. He has made as high as \$3.50 a week during the school year without interfering with his studies, and \$6 a week during vacations. He made money by getting the women of the neighborhood to contribute recipes, and these he printed in a little receipt book, which he sold. He has made money at popcorn and candy making.—**E. B. GERLACH**, Crown City, O., planted three-quarters of an acre to tobacco, which netted him \$10.—**BOWMAN DEWITT**, Murrys ville, Pa., was ten years old in January, 1901. He had a penny bank with \$6.75 in it. With \$5 of this money he bought a pig, and when it was ready for market it brought him \$14.21. With \$10 of this he bought four pigs on shares with his father and made \$21.41. In 1903 he bought four pigs for \$5, and expects to make a good round profit out of them.—**RAY WILMER**, St. Thomas, Ky., started a lemonade stand and cleared 75 cents in two hours. Then he bought an ice ball scraper, five gallons of root beer and some nuts, and rigged up a little stand near his home. On his first day's business he netted 80 cents, and the second day \$1.50. He kept his stand open only on certain days of the summer and at the end of the season had cleared \$12. The next season he fixed his lemonade stand up and was ready for business again, and that season made \$53 in fifteen weeks. He has made some money by soliciting subscriptions for magazines and selling rubber stamps. The stamps he sells at 75 cents, paying 38 cents for them. One day he made \$1.50 selling rubber stamps. He says he always manages to have money to spend and buys his own shoes.—**RAYMOND W. WALES**, New York City, N. Y., sold horseradish at 10 cents a can and made \$5. With this he purchased a dozen golden seabright eggs, which in time hatched out twelve perfect chicks. When they grew he advertised them for sale, asking \$4 a pair for them. He sold the eggs at a big price to those who wished them for settings. He says he now makes enough money to buy his own clothes and puts some in the bank. He thinks this kind of business the very best for boys. He says the bantams are graceful, extremely proud of themselves, very handsome, and attract great attention.—**D. N. DOUGHERTY**, West Elkton, O., made his money gardening, planting lettuce, radishes, peas, onions, sweet corn, popcorn, beets, muskmelons, and a few flowers. He purchased all his seeds and plants at \$4, worked hard, and in the fall found he had \$42.50 in bank. He bought his own school books, clothes, and some other things, and still had \$30 remaining.—**MARTIN HANSEN**, Newell, Ia., drove eight cows to pasture, getting

therefor \$2 a week. At the end of sixteen weeks he had \$32. He made \$20 out of gardening in one season, and about \$18.75 raking yards and cleaning cisterns, and \$6 for distributing circulars.—**HARRY HOWARD**, Morganton, N. C., planted three-quarters of an acre to sorghum cane. He paid out \$1 for hoeing and plowing, 50 cents for pollen fodder, 15 cents for cutting cane, and out of this product he made thirty gallons of molasses, which he sold at \$12. The making of the molasses cost him nothing as his father had a mill.—**CHARLEY W. SWANK**, Fredericktown, O., thinks the raising of poultry the best means of making money. He bought three turkey hens and a gobbler in 1901, paying \$1 apiece for them. By the next spring he had thirty five young turkeys, thirty of which he succeeded in raising and which he sold at \$45. His net profit, he says, was \$41. His experience in raising chickens was likewise fortunate. In that he made \$30.60 in one year. His net profit in the year from turkeys and chickens was \$74.69.—**CHALLIS GORE**, Auburn, N. Y., makes money caddyng at a golf club. A golf course is usually nine or eighteen holes long, and the caddy receives 10 or 15 cents for nine holes. He says sometimes the players feel good over winning a match, and give the caddy something extra; that he knows fellows who never pay the caddy less than 25 cents a round of nine holes. Cleaning caddy sticks is another way of earning money. He gets 5 cents for cleaning a set of these, using emery cloth. A boy with sharp eyes can find golf balls which have been lost, and these can be sold at from 5 to 15 cents each. The average earnings of a caddy, if he sticks to it, are about \$35 in a season. He has made as high as \$1.50 on tournament days.—**WALTER S. LEGG**, Lancaster, Pa., took a picture of the church that he belongs to and canvassed the congregation for orders. The pictures he sold netted him about \$10. He also has made \$7 delivering bills and goods for grocery stores. He made \$5 one summer selling flavored snowballs, and \$3 selling and delivering a weekly paper.—**GEORGE SWENDIMAN**, Dodge Center, Minn., made money raising and selling sweet corn. He got 10 cents a dozen ears. He made \$5 net profit from a small piece of ground which his father let him have. Trying it again the following year he made \$12.—**GLENN MORGAN**, Bradner, O., made money out of an onion patch. He commenced selling his onions about the middle of March, selling them at 5 cents for two dozen. He sold \$6 worth this last spring in about two weeks' time. He has now \$15 that he has made selling onions, \$1 of which he sends for THE AMERICAN BOY. He doesn't intend to spend his money until he is old enough to put it to some good use. This summer he is going to plant potatoes so that he can have some to sell in the fall.—**WARREN F. BROOKS**, Boston, Mass., made money on a newspaper route. He has two routes, for one of which he gets 50c a week and for the other 75 cents. His employer gives him 25 cents extra for every fourth week that he works. Running errands nets him about 50 cents a week. He has also some regular customers for magazines. He now has \$11 as his earnings.—**A. FAYER**, Philadelphia, Pa., has earned \$100 so far this year by examining eggs at 8 cents a case. He took his pay in egg cases. He took good care of the lids and fillers of the cases, fixing them up where they were not in good condition, and got from the shippers 7 to 10 cents for them. He says cases are in great demand with the shippers from March to September. He advises that they be kept in a dry place as the dampness rots the wood.—A boy of Prairie Depot, O., who fails to sign his name, made \$6.50 working for a telephone exchange as messenger boy. With \$2 of this he bought a small camera. After practicing with this for some time he bought a larger one. He has taken pictures with the large one that have netted him \$15 in about two months.—**ELSUM G. HEDGES**, Moweaqua, Ill., says that he made \$230 last spring and summer out of chickens and pigs.

(To be Continued.)

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The Next-Dash for the Pole



WILLIAM ZIEGLER, "BACKER" OF THE ALL-AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Every American boy has reason to feel an especial interest in the expedition which has lately left the United States for the purpose of making an effort to reach the North Pole. In the first place this latest expedition sails in a ship named the America, which is manned by an all-American crew. Moreover the men who are at the head of this daring undertaking are young men, and all are natives of the land of the Stars and Stripes. As will readily be realized by anybody who stops to consider the expense involved, it costs an immense amount of money to fit out an Arctic exploring expedition, and these funds have in the present instance been furnished by William Ziegler, a wealthy New Yorker, who is interested in having the American flag be the first national emblem to be unfurled at the long-sought point, just as Sir Thomas Lipton is anxious to win a yacht race from Yankee yachtsmen. That Mr. Ziegler is persistent, as well as patriotic, is proven by the fact that only a year or two ago he spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in fitting out an Arctic exploring expedition which failed to reach the goal.

The present expedition will be unique in many respects. An unusual number of ponies and dogs have been taken in order to enable the explorers to travel over the snow and ice in case their ship should become imprisoned in the great frozen fields, as often happens in the frozen zone. The party has, all told, not less than two hundred Eskimo dogs and about thirty Siberian ponies. These little ponies from cold Siberia are wonderful little animals. They are hardy and sure-footed and require very little food. To provide feed for the ponies, the America carries many bales of hay so tightly pressed that it occupies very little space.

That the dog sleds will be used to the best advantage cannot be doubted, since William J. Peters, the United States government scientist and explorer, who is at the head of this Arctic party, only a year or two ago made a trip of more than 1,600 miles in Arctic Alaska, using dog sleds throughout the entire journey. Mr. Peters, by the way, is a most interesting man. He was born in California and educated in the schools of that state. Some years ago he entered the service of the United States government as a worker in the Geological Survey, which makes a specialty of investigating unexplored places, and since 1898 he has lived much of the time in the far north. He has had plenty of experience in roughing it in the coldest kind of weather, and he is an expert in managing a canoe in mountain torrents where an ordinary canoeist would not think of venturing. Mr. Peters will have as an assistant, Francis Long, an experienced Arctic explorer, who was with the famous Greely expedition, which

went to the Arctic regions some years ago. Mr. Long acted as a hunter for the Greely party, it being his duty to keep the camp supplied with bear meat and other game.

The difficult task of navigating the ship, which carries this band of Arctic explorers, is in the hands of Captain Coffin, an American officer who for many years past has been captain of a whaling vessel. The crew which comprises thirty-eight men is made up of men who live at the famous whaling port of New Bedford, Massachusetts, and who have been sailing the northern seas for many years. Not a foreigner will be on board the vessel, and should the expedition prove successful, the entire credit will be given to the United States.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Education in Germany.

The Scientific American declares that the whole standard of education in Germany is higher than in either the United States or England. Surely this is true in technical education, which had its origin in Germany long before the Franco-Prussian war. Sixty years ago Liebig had fifty students working in his factory, and all of the German universities have had their own chemical laboratories since 1827, so that there are now in German factories 4,500 thoroughly trained chemists, besides 5,000 assistants more or less well trained. In Germany a young man is called upon to decide early in his career whether he will take a classical or scientific course. If he decides to take the latter he will go into the "Real Schule," or lower scientific school, to be elevated thence to the "Real Gymnasium," or Scientific High School, and thence to the Polytechnicum, or Institute of Technology, which is separate from the universities. Here he has science, engineering, mathematics, modern languages, history, and a mixture of practical and theoretical training in various technical branches, with frequent excursions for the purpose of inspecting work in factories and public enterprises.

The faculties of these institutions keep in touch with the manufactories, and when capable young men graduate they easily find situations. The technical high schools have courses in engineering, agriculture, drainage, irrigation, modeling, drawing, chemistry, modern languages, history, etc. A question for the people of the United States is, have we sufficient scientific education of the best grade, and are our educational institutions in close enough touch with the manufactories to supply the needs? If not, are we not hampered in competition with our great commercial rival?

Some Strange Facts.

The wings of the house-fly vibrate 335 times a second; those of the honey bee 440.—There are over ten million people in Italy who cannot read or write.—The great bulk of chalk is composed of eight different species of tiny shells.—All the cork used in the world in a year weighs a little over 1,000 tons. The bamboo has been known to grow two feet in twenty-four hours.—Alaska has paid for its cost to the government twenty times over.—It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.—Every square mile of sea is estimated to contain some 120,000,000 fish.

Government Irrigation.

Every one ought to know about the great appropriation made by the United States Government recently for the irrigation of western lands. A bill passed the last congress and has become a law making the present receipts from public lands, including those of the last fiscal year stated to amount to some \$6,000,000, immediately available, and the average sum of \$3,000,000 can be used each year for a steady continuation and enlargement of the work. It is estimated that during the next 30 years at least \$150,000,000 from the proceeds of the sale of lands will be available for public irrigation. The effect of the bill will be to encourage the settlement of the great wastes in some of our western states.

Typewriters.

The manufacture of typewriters is a recent branch of industry. Its rapid increase in importance in the last few years can be seen from the following statement: The capital invested in typewriter manufacture in 1890 was about \$1,500,000; in 1900, it was \$8,500,000, and the value of the products in the ten years has increased 91 per cent. New York city ranks first in number of establishments and value of products, and Chicago second. It will be interesting for you to know that the idea of a mechanical letter writer first occurred to an Englishman, who got a patent in 1711. A Frenchman got a patent in 1833; but the real history of the typewriter belongs to the United States, for our country was the first to make a practical typewriter. The first typewriter invented in the United States was called "The Typographer." It was patented in 1829 by William Austin Burt, of Detroit, Mich. This was the starting point of the great American industry. Subsequently other patents were granted to different inventors, among them to C. Latham Sholes, and two others, of

Milwaukee, in 1868. James Densmore became interested in the Sholes patents and made a contract with E. Remington & Sons, gun manufacturers, and this was the beginning of the Remington machine. The first person to make a practical business use of the typewriter was Mr. S. M. L. North, of Boston, Mass. This was in 1872 at Utica, N. Y. It was not until 1874 that the typewriter was placed on the market for general sale. It was first greeted by the public with skepticism. The first machines wrote only with capital letters. Among the first to recognize the usefulness of the machine were court stenographers. Then the lawyers came to use it, and finally the business houses. The official communications of the State department at Washington continued to be handwritten until May, 1897. Ceremonial letters addressed to sovereigns are still handwritten. The United States department of labor instituted an investigation and found that the average speed of typewriting is about four times that of handwriting. Inventors are now at work on what are called power typewriters, by which the operator has only to touch the key. There have been 1836 patents on typewriters granted.

How Rapidly We Think.

Helmholz showed that a wave of thought would require about a minute to travel a mile or more, and Hersch found that a touch on the face was recognized by the brain and responded to by a manual signal in the seventh of a second.

He also found that the speed of sense differed for different organs, the sense of hearing being responded to in the sixth of a second, while that of sight required one-fifth of a second to be felt and signaled. In all these cases the distance traversed was about the same, so the inference is that images travel more slowly than sound or touch. It still remained, however, to show the portion of this interval taken up by the action of the brain.

Prof. Donders, by very delicate apparatus, has demonstrated this to be about seventy-five thousandths of a second. Of the whole interval forty-thousandths are occupied in the simple act of recognition and thirty-five thousandths for the act of willing response.

Lobsters Are Cannibals.

Lobsters cannot be persuaded to grow up together peaceably. If a dozen newly-hatched specimens are put into an aquarium, within a few days there will be only one—a large, fat, and promising youngster. He has eaten all the rest.



THE "AMERICA," IN WHICH AN ALL-AMERICAN CREW WILL MAKE THE NEXT DASH FOR THE NORTH POLE.

THE AMERICAN BOY

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

We regret that it seems necessary to omit THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY department in this number of our paper.

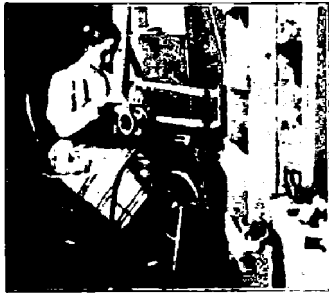
The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, who is the President-General of the Order, is spending the summer in Europe.

Our readers have already been informed of Kirk Munroe's journey around the world to gather material for two

continued stories for THE AMERICAN BOY, one of which is to begin next December. We are able to now inform our readers that Mr. Munroe has returned from his journey and is hard at work upon the first of these stories.

Boys desiring to organize companies of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY may obtain a pamphlet from us containing directions. It is sent for a two-cent stamp.

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THE TOYMAKER.

Picture of an American Boy who makes all kinds of toys with the aid of a scroll saw. Photograph by Albert Davis, Chicago, Ill.

WITH THE BOYS

RALPH SCOFIELD, Grangeville, Ida., and his brother Mac, sixteen and twelve years of age, respectively, are busy boys. As you will see, though Ralph says they have time for a scrap sometimes, Ralph publishes the Grangeville School Reporter, with about 150 subscribers and considerable advertising.

time after school hours.—GEORGE HERBERT ALEXANDER, Wanatah, Ind., is a farmer boy sixteen years old and weighs 125 pounds. He says he thinks the farm is the only place for boys to get muscle.

JUST Plain Writing, BUT WHAT A Noise YOU MAKE

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THE AMERICAN BOY



October
1903

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THE PARTIAL LIST of CONTENTS BELOW

can only hint at the interest underlying every line.

The Evolution of a Club Woman, by Agnes Surbridge, begins in this number. It is an autobiography and is the predicted success of the year. ¶ J. C. Hemment, the world-famed camera expert, begins one of the most remarkable series of photographic articles ever presented. They relate to his personal adventures at home and in foreign lands. ¶ The Silent Partner, by Lynn Roby Meekins; A Florida Cracker, by Virginia Frazer Boyle, are prominent among the fiction features, while the departments are fuller than usual of good things, with especial interest centering in the children's pages.

THE AMERICAN BOY

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At Dwight Mill

Susie L. Bacon

LARRY! you, Larry! come here this minute. Here's Mr. Nicholls from Dwight want'n' you. Ther ain't 'er feller enny whar roun', sir, lazier an' mo' triflin' than that boy, fur all the rais'n I've given him."

Mrs. McCauley spoke with an air of not to be disputed pride as she wiped her floury hands upon her dingy apron. The young man smiled as his quick eyes took in the broken step of the dilapidated cottage, the window panes stuffed with paper, and the general slovenliness of the woman's appearance, but he said nothing.

"When I fus' come here from East Tennessee," she continued, apologetically, "I 'lowed as we'd have a good bit of a farm an' raise cotton lively. But we hain't; we hain't raised noth'n' but a lot er good fur noth'n' children."

She showed her even white teeth as she spoke, and, looking back over her shoulder, called again, "You, Larry! come on here!"

Young Mr. Nicholls, as he was called in the village, sat down on the rickety step, having refused a somewhat dubious invitation to enter, and waited good-naturedly.

He was a tall athletic young fellow, with a bright, sunny face and happy smile. He was the manager of the mill some two miles out and was generally liked by the people, though they regarded him with something akin to wonder, for his energy and enterprise were new to the little southern village. He took an interest in everything and had a hand in the roughest labor merely to learn how it was done. His father, who lived in Boston, had built the mill at Dwight and sent Howard to superintend it.

The young man did his work well. It was true that he was unpopular with the thriftless and heartily detested by a certain set, which, if report was true, defied the law and operated a "dead still" on the mountain. But this fact did not seem to ruffle Howard's good humor in the least; he went on serenely, keeping meanwhile a keen lookout for illicit proceedings. His face wore a look of amusement now, as Larry came slouching into view.

Larry was a boy of about fourteen with a shock of sun-tanned hair, a dirty face, and a ragged coat and shirt. His suspenders were fastened with a bit of string and his jean trousers were too long for him, nearly covering his bare feet.

"Morn'n', Mr. Nicholls."

"Good morning, Larry. I stopped by this morning to see you on business."

The boy stared at him stolidly, but did not speak. "In fact, Larry," continued the young man, "I want a boy to mind my office and be there when I'm out—a good, reliable boy to run errands for me." He paused, smiling.

Mrs. McCauley broke in eagerly. "That's what he is, Mr. Nicholls; that's him all over. You jes' try him. I hain't raised him fur noth'n'. I's been keep'n' him from school to help me, but I'll let him go, bein' as hit's you."

Nicholls turned to the boy.

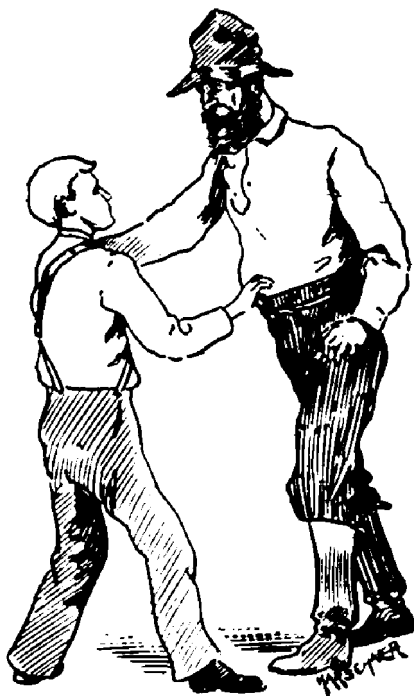
"Want to come, Larry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, get yourself cleaned up and be ready in half an hour to meet me at the compress," and with a nod and a smile, Howard started off with his long, swinging stride.

The day before, complaints had been brought to Howard of the boy Larry. It was said that he stole, that he was forever in mischief or disgrace, had been expelled from school, indeed that he was a veritable young outlaw for whom there was little hope of redemption. There was a hint of sending him to a school of reform at the nearest town. It was the minister who had talked of it; the young graduate had found his hands so full, in this seemingly peaceful village, that he had somehow formed a habit of coming to the superintendent for sympathy and advice. Howard had said, regarding Larry:

"Let's give him another chance. Boys often go



wrong for want of the right start. I'll see what I can do."

The minister sighed. "They're a bad lot, Mr. Nicholls. I'm almost certain the boy's father is mixed up with that illicit whisky business. I can't prove it, but I've my eyes on a dozen or more I suspect."

"That's a bad business, and one we'll have to put an end to," said Nicholls decidedly.

The Minister had taken comfort and gone away encouraged by Nicholls' words and manner.

Larry was five minutes late in keeping his engagement, but presented so shining a face and so improved an appearance generally, that the delay was more than excusable. He trotted along with a sense of deep importance, his short steps struggling to keep up with his companion's stride. The people they met stared curiously.

"Whatever's Mr. Nicholls doing with Larry McCauley? He'll get more'n he bargained for there."

Howard did not say much. He went along with only an occasional word to the boy, and soon they were on the dummy and off for Dwight.

Nicholls had selected for his home one of the neat little cottages built for the operators, in order to be near the mill. He had fitted it up cozily with the front room for his office. It was here that Larry's duties were to be.

He settled down to work more quickly than would have been expected. He had been beaten and cuffed at home, at school every disgrace had been his. Now the change of fortune well nigh dazzled him, and what had been a stolid admiration for Nicholls grew into an almost faultless adoration.

To the young man the boy was a never ending surprise. The warm, bright, summer days, which were full of the sweets of temptation, seemed powerless to draw Larry from his post.

"Want to go swimming today?" Nicholls would ask kindly. "Go, and I'll keep shop for you."

But the boy shook his head. "I b'leve not, Mr. Nicholls." His soft southern drawl sounded in odd contrast to the other's quick, vibrant tones.

It was not easy to draw him into conversation, and he looked at Howard in mute appeal when questions were put to him. Gradually the man grew accustomed to the boy's taciturnity and regarded him as a kind of automaton.

One day Nicholls strode into the office with one of the mill men, both talking excitedly. Larry, sitting motionless in his corner, was quite unnoticed.

"I'm going to have a stop put to it this very day," said Nicholls. "It's outrageous; half my operators spreeing with corn liquor. No counting on a man in the village while that stuff's circulating. I've got the scent though, and I'm going to telegraph now and have the revenue officers down tonight. There's work for them here and its got to be done. We'll manage it quietly, Andrews, and surprise them."

"What about that loose machinery, Mr. Nicholls?" "It will have to wait. No one goes near it but myself at present, and I'll not forget it. To think of two of my best men being laid out drunk! It's got to be stopped!" He sat down at his desk and scribbled a telegram. "Here, Larry, take this into town. I want it to go right away."

"Yessir."

The boy took the message mechanically and went out. He heard the whistle of the dummy, but it seemed impossible for him to hurry. His limbs seemed weighed down. The words he had heard rang in his ears. The revenue officers coming. And did not he know well the whereabouts of that dead still? Did he not know well that it was his father who was prime mover in the law breaking? There was all his father's hate of the law in the boy. And now to aid in giving up that father to it. How could he do it?

His head seemed whirling. The shrill shriek of the dummy seemed to find an echo in his own brain. He now stood outside the telegraph office. He could hear the click, click of the machine inside. Another moment and it would be clicking out the message of betrayal.

"I hain't never peached yet," he muttered. He drew back a little, his fingers playing nervously with the envelope. His bare feet turned over the pebbles in the sandy walk.

"I never was er sneak," he muttered again. Then suddenly he turned, thrusting the envelope into his pocket. "I'll give pap er chance. I'll warn 'im 'fore ever this goes, I will."

He turned his back upon the office and went resolutely on; but a sense of guilt was strong upon him.

"If only he hadn't sent me," he muttered, chokingly. "If only hit wasn't him."

"All right, Larry?"

A painful moment of hesitancy, in which the blood mounted to his face in hot waves, and then he answered, "Yes, sir."

"What's the matter; you look badly. Are you sick?"

At the kind tone of inquiry, the boy nearly lost control.

"Hit's—hit's so hot," he stammered.

Nicholls looked at him narrowly for a moment; then he arose.

"I'm going out for a while, Larry. Here's the keys to the mill; if Andrews comes give them to him. I'll probably stop in there later. I want to look at that machinery. It's dangerous, Andrews tells me, but I may not be there before midnight, and I have my key."

He nodded pleasantly to the boy, and went out whistling. The soft sweet smell of the clematis flowers came through the open window where Larry sat in guilty moodiness. The fast declining sun threw a patch of light on the wall opposite. There was a bird singing somewhere, and through its note he could hear Nicholls whistling as he went down the road.

With the misery of his broken word upon him, Larry sat motionless. Mr. Nicholls would never trust him again when he found it out. He would send him home, to that wretched home, or worse still to some school of reform. The happy importance, the independence he had gloried in for the last months, would be gone forever.

The patch of light on the wall opposite faded. The bird's song ceased. Long shadows lay across the floor and the room was half in gloom. The boy rose to light the lamp and as he did so there was a knock at the door.

"It's Andrews for the key," thought Larry, as he lifted the lamp. "Come in."

The door opened slowly and a man roughly dressed, unshaven and dirty, stood on the threshold. The boy started back almost letting fall the lamp he held.

"Why—why, is it you, pappy?"

(Continued on Page 986.)



WELLS, Silas Hogan! I'd like to know what you'll fetch home next!"

Mrs. Hogan's voice was sharp with reproach and resentment as she added:

"Last week it was a crippled coon and the week before a mud turtle as big as a bread pan, and now it is a goat! Where did you get it?"

"It belongs to me and Frank Hawley. We bought it of the Widow Murphy. He's half mine and half Frank's."

"Well, I wish that Frank would come and get his half," said Mrs. Hogan tartly. "Of what use is the creature?"

"Mrs. Murphy said that the goat was giving more than a quart of milk a day, and you know that milk has gone up to eight cents a quart."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Hogan in a tone of disgust. "I don't see how any one can use goat's milk. I wouldn't. How much did you give for the creature?"

"Five dollars. We paid but two dollars down and are to pay fifty cents a week on the balance."

"The idea of buying a goat on installments! I hope that Mrs. Murphy has a mortgage on the goat and that she'll foreclose the first payment you miss. It will cost fifty cents a week to feed the goat."

"Oh, I think not, mother; you know that a goat will eat anything, and—"

"It looks like it, I must say!" cried Mrs. Hogan angrily, as she seized a broom and ran down the steps of her back porch and out toward her clothesline where the goat was manifesting its omnivorous tendencies by feeding on a corner of Mrs. Hogan's "company" tablecloth which dangled from the line in snowy whiteness. A whack or two of the broom sent the goat to another part of the backyard, where it began nibbling at a piece of rusty tin roofing among some other rubbish in a corner.

"Now I'll have that tablecloth to wash over again," said Mrs. Hogan angrily. "I'll tell you what it is, Silas, if that goat makes a bit of trouble for me you'll walk it back to Mrs. Murphy."

"I'll keep the goat shut up in the stable or in the stableyard, mother, excepting when I am riding behind her in a little cart Frank and I intend to make or buy."

Mrs. Hogan smiled in spite of her indignation over the episode of the tablecloth.

"If you and Frank won't look pretty riding in the street behind an old nanny-goat! Is her name Nanny?"

"No, mother. Mrs. Murphy said that she had called the goat Eliza, after a daughter of hers that died when she was a baby. She said that she looked upon the goat as a daughter and wouldn't sell her but she is going to move soon to a place where she cannot keep a goat, so she would let us have her for five dollars. Goats are always called 'Nanny' or 'Billy' and I am glad that this one's name is Eliza."

"Do you forget that you have a great-aunt named Eliza?"

Silas looked a little perplexed at this, and his mother added:

"And did you forget that your Aunt Eliza is coming to make us a visit next week?"

Silas hung his head.

"And you know just how peculiar and particular your Aunt Eliza is. She'd say at once that you named the goat in ridicule of her, and she would not stay over night in the house."

"I guess I could stand that," said Silas bluntly.

"Silas! I will not have you saying anything disrespectful about your Aunt Eliza. She is a good woman, if she is a little peculiar, and you may some day be glad of any kindness and respect you show her now."

"Oh, yes, that's always the way!" said Silas in an outburst of boyish frankness and impatience. "Because Aunt Eliza is rich we must all toady to her and let her domineer over us. We must all be subject to her beck and call as if we were her servants, and like as not she'll leave her money to some hospital or orphan asylum. I s'pose I'll have to change the goat's name in order to get my own name in Aunt Eliza's will?"

"You may have to send the goat away altogether if it should prove to be annoying to Aunt Eliza. But I do not want you to insinuate that we are moved entirely by mercenary motives in our solicitude for Aunt Eliza's comfort and pleasure. I am not. She

was very good and kind to me when I was a motherless little girl and I am simply paying her a debt of gratitude by being kind to her now. I would be just as kind if she had not a dollar in the world."

"I know that you would, mother," said Silas frankly and humbly, "and I beg your pardon for what I said. You know how us boys blurt out anything. But about the goat. I s'pose I can call it Nanny while Aunt Eliza is here."

"You'd better, just to spare her feelings. Why do you not have Frank keep the goat while your aunt is here?"

"He hasn't any place to keep her."

Mrs. Eliza Gates arrived at the Hogan home the following week. She was a tall, thin, keen-eyed and very active and aggressive old lady, with marked ability in the direction of making everybody "stand around." Her advent into the homes of her relatives was the signal for a lapse of all authority that conflicted with her own, and a mute submission to her decrees by all the members of the family.

She had found Silas Hogan to be a little more unmanageable than any of the children of her other and numerous relatives, and in her secret soul she admired Silas for the manliness of his independent spirit, although she openly deplored his "dreadful obstinacy" and predicted woful results because of it.

"Aren't you afraid I will not leave you a penny?" asked Aunt Eliza one day when Silas had respectfully but firmly declined to give up an entirely innocent project that did not meet with his aunt's approval.

"I never give any thought to your pennies, Aunt Eliza," replied Silas quietly.

"You'd better," replied the old lady, but when Silas had left the room her severe features relaxed into a smile, and she said to herself:

"I like that boy."

Aunt Eliza, as Silas had expected, took a violent dislike to the goat.

"It looks low to keep a goat, Mary," she said to Mrs. Hogan. "It's worse than to have a lot of mongrel dogs around. And a female goat seems particularly vulgar to me. Goats are horrid looking things, anyhow. Si is a queer boy in his choice of pets. It wouldn't surprise me to have him come around with a hyena some day."

To Silas himself she said:

"What do you want a horrid old goat for, Si?"

"Oh, I think it is jolly to have a goat around, Aunt Eliza."

"Jolly! What's jolly about it? And I do think that the odor of a goat is dreadful. Mind that you do not come near me after you have been around that goat. What's its name?"

"We are calling it Nanny now," replied Silas with some hesitation.

"It's a pity that such an offensive creature should have such a pretty name. I think you'd better get rid of the beast as soon as you can."

Si did not say that he would do so, and when his Aunt Eliza was alone in her room, she said to herself:

"That boy has some independence. Some of my grand-nephews and my nearer of kin would have the goat murdered in cold blood if I objected to the creature. And they would expect me to make it up to them with compound interest in my will. Silas isn't of that sort, and I'm glad of it."

A day or two later Frank Hawley, Si's partner in the possession of the goat, came bounding into the dooryard in his usual tornado-like manner and cried out shrilly:

"Well, Si, how's dear old Eliza to-day? Cantankerous as she was yesterday?"

Before Silas could reply, the head of his Aunt Eliza was thrust out of her open window. Her face was indicative of the utmost indignation and her voice had an edge like a blade as she said:

"I'd let you know how I am if I had hold of you, young man! You'd find out just how 'cantankerous' this 'dear old Eliza' could be when she'd been insulted!"

She withdrew her head and closed the window with a bang before Silas could make any explanation. Frank looked dazed and stared at Silas in wide-eyed and open-mouthed consternation.

"Didn't I tell you that the goat must be called Nanny while my aunt is here?" asked Silas reproachfully.

"I forgot," was all Frank could say.

They went out to the barn and were harnessing the goat to the little cart they now possessed when Mrs. Hogan came out tearful and indignant.

"What does this mean, boys?" she asked. "Aunt Eliza says that you have grossly insulted her. I have never seen her so indignant. She is packing her trunk to leave on the afternoon train. What has happened?"

"She's got herself all mixed up with the goat," said Silas. "We'll have to go in and untangle the snarl, Frank."

Aunt Eliza heard the explanation of the boys in silence, but her wrath was too great to be instantly appeased.

"I have a great mind to go anyhow," she said angrily. "I'm not likely to find it very pleasant staying where there's a goat been named for me."

"It wasn't named for you, ma'am," said Frank. "It was named Eliza when we got it of Mrs. Murphy, and I guess that maybe Eliza is a regular Irish name, anyhow."

"I guess it isn't!" retorted Aunt Eliza, with returning wrath and a withering glance that set Frank to shaking in his boots.

"Well, if you didn't jump from the frying pan into the fire when you said that," said Silas, when they were riding down the village street in the little cart behind the goat.

Aunt Eliza finally consented to overlook the unintentional offense and to remain with her relatives until she had completed her visit, but the goat was more offensive to her than before.

One afternoon she was left alone in the house, an unusual occurrence because of her timidity, which was extreme notwithstanding her bluntness and apparent fearlessness. Silas and Frank had gone to a baseball game in a neighboring town, and Katie, the maid, was enjoying her afternoon out. After their departure a messenger came with an urgent request for Mrs. Hogan to attend the bedside of a friend who was seriously ill.

"You go right along, Mary," said Aunt Eliza. "There's no sense in me being so silly about staying alone in broad daylight. But such dreadful things are done in broad daylight nowadays. Every time I am left alone in a house I begin to imagine all sorts of things and to hear all sorts of noises until I am ready to fly with nervousness."

A few minutes later Mrs. Hogan had gone and Aunt Eliza was seated comfortably in a lawn chair in the somewhat retired backyard of Mr. Hogan's premises. Eliza, the goat, was enjoying a lunch of shavings and a stray newspaper in her corral near by. Aunt Eliza shook her book at the goat, and said, angrily:

"Don't you even look at me, you dreadful old creature, you! I'd order you into exile or have you poisoned, but it wouldn't do any good with a boy of Si's independence to deal with."

Then she added, after finding the place in her book:

"But proper independence of spirit is a pretty good thing for a boy to have. I hate a namby-pamby and I'm glad Si isn't one."

Two hours later Mrs. Hogan returned home and found her Aunt Eliza locked and bolted in her own room and almost in hysterics. Her first words on opening the door were:

"Oh, that dear old Eliza goat! I could hug the dear beastie!"

Then she told this exciting story:

"I was sitting there reading and had become very much absorbed in my book when I heard a twig snap near me, and when I looked up there was a most dreadful looking man standing near me! I know that he was after my gold watch and chain and my diamond pin and ring, to say nothing of more than a hundred dollars in money I had in my pocket. I was so terrified I couldn't open my mouth, and the next minute he was in the same condition, I guess, for that dear, blessed old goat—"

Here she threatened to become hysterical again.

"Well, the goat had got the gate of its pen open and first thing that scamp of a thief knew he was flat on his back, and every time he'd try to get up the goat would butt him down until he yelled to me to 'take the varmint off!' but I got into the house and up here to my room fast as I could. I feel sure that that dear goat saved my life and I shall pension it in my will!"

A little later Aunt Eliza went out and expressed her gratitude to the goat in a series of little pats, which would have developed into a hug had not the goat suddenly become belligerent and chased her out of its corral.

"But she's a dear goat all the same," Aunt Eliza declared.

A few days later Si was the joyful recipient of a beautiful little cart and a set of shining harness with nickel trimmings for the goat. Aunt Eliza went on her homeward way the following morning, and in the afternoon Silas and Frank were hitching the goat to the new cart when big Joe Hill came along. Joe was a shiftless, ragged, harmless fellow known to every one in the town. He was almost grotesquely

ill-favored in his looks, but he was the soul of good nature. He grinned foolishly when he saw the goat.

"I ought to jump over the fence and give that critter a good swatting," he said to the boys. "I'll tell you for why. One day I came along here and clim over the back yard fence an' was goin' up to the house to ask Mis' Hogan if she'd any odd jobs

for me, an' fust I knew my legs went out from under me an' this old goat nigh about butted the life out o' me! I own up I was skeered."

Both boys burst into a laugh.

"There was an old lady settin' out under a tree," added Joe, "an' the way she hustled into the house wa'n't slow. When she got to the door she screeched out:

"'Butt him ag'in, Elizy!' an' Elizy come at me full tilt—drat her!"

"So poor, foolish Joe, who wouldn't hurt a fly, was Aunt Eliza's desperado," said Mrs. Hogan when Silas had told her the story.

"Yes," replied Silas, "but Aunt Eliza and all the rest of us will be just as happy if she never knows it."

United States Senate Pages—Revere Rodgers



YOUNGEST PAGE U. S. CAPITOL.

Among the merriest and brightest boys of America are the well-dressed, good looking page boys of the United States Capitol. They are certainly a class to be envied, for they usually carry well filled pocketbooks and their work is interesting and highly instructive.

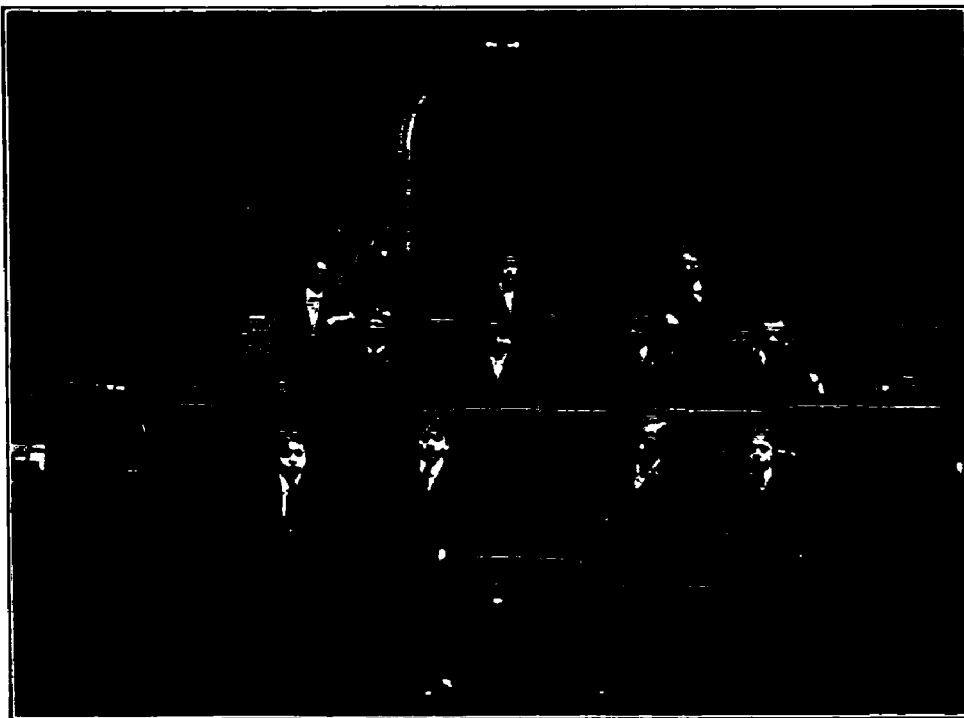
It requires a large amount of influence to secure a position as a page boy in the United States senate or House of Representatives. The demand for the position is, of course, great, as the pay is first-class, and the page has many opportunities of making money on the side, so that many of the boys average considerably over one hundred dollars a month. When the writer of this article was doing newspaper work at the capitol he frequently heard of boys making in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy five dollars a month. Pretty good for a boy scarcely in his teens!

Senators and members of the lower house are liberal with the little fellows, often giving them money for little services rendered. Then the lad has another means of adding to his income—that of selling autograph albums, which are eagerly purchased by visitors and by the legislators themselves. The autographs are those of the distinguished senators and members of Congress. The boys find little difficulty in getting these autographs, and in the course of a session it is not a matter of great difficulty for each boy to fill several albums.

Although with one or two exceptions the statesmen in the Capitol are courteous, there is one for whom the boys have more than usual affection, namely, Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, who himself was once a page boy. Doubtless this accounts for the uncommon courtesy with which he treats the boys. Indeed, Senator Gorman is noted for his courtesy to all. I remember being detailed to report a political meeting at which the senator presided. During the meeting the platform gave way and the senator was severely injured. His kind and courteous manner at the time did much toward preventing a panic among the spectators.

The late Stuart Robson, one of America's most famous actors, served several years as a senate page, and whenever he appeared in Washington he invited the page boys to the theater to see him play, giving them seats in private boxes. I was theatrical editor of a Washington newspaper when Mr. Robson inaugurated his policy of inviting the page boys to his show. He and I stood in the wings of the theater and watched the boys filing into the private boxes. As they kept on coming, the face of the actor lengthened perceptibly, for when he invited them he overlooked the fact that the number of pages had increased considerably during the many years that had elapsed since he ran errands about the Capitol. The boxes that night overflowed. I never saw dear old Stuart Robson so pleased as he was then by the applause which continually came from the boxes.

Although the pages are usually of good family, well dressed and possessed of a good supply of spending money, they are none the less manly and full of boy spirit. There used to be some rattling good boxing bouts



GROUP OF SENATE PAGES IN THE CHAIRS OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT, SENATE CLERKS, AND OFFICIAL REPORTERS.

pulled off in the basement of the Capitol in my time, between the senate pages and the house pages. There was then, as I presume there is now, considerable rivalry between the two sets of boys. They draw the same pay, but the senate boys make the most from tips and from autograph albums. For this reason the senate boys assume a social position a trifle above that occupied by the boys of the other end of the Capitol. This has led to more than one encounter with the gloves in some part of the Capitol where the eagle eye of the watchman could not hear their whispered enthusiasm nor see the battle.

The boys of the two houses have baseball clubs and are frequently pitted against each other on the ball field. Senator Gorman, who was a member of the senate ball team when he was a lad at the Capitol, is an enthusiastic "fan," and nothing delights him so much today as a well contested game of ball. This, too, adds to the feeling of regard that the boys have for the senator.

Page boys come to Washington from every state and territory. When a session of Congress is at an end they frequently visit one another at their homes in distant states. The boys from the west often take the eastern fellows out on a ranch, and the boys from the south entertain the northern boys in their plantation homes.

Many of the pages on leaving the service are so well informed upon the affairs of the nation that they themselves eventually become leaders in political matters, even finding their way back to Washington as members of Congress. It is, indeed, a grand education for a boy to serve in the capacity of page, as in his attendance on the sessions of Congress he mingles with the brightest and brainiest men of America, and learns parliamentary law and matters of statescraft.

Very often the boys set up a miniature congress. When Congress has adjourned, or when it is late in assembling, one of the older boys will seat himself in the chair of the presiding officer of the senate, who is, as you know, the Vice President of the United States, while the other lads take the seats of the senators. Then will follow such a burlesque on senatorial doings as surprises and delights the spectators, for they have the whole business down to a nicety and not only can mimic the proceedings, but can impersonate the senators in voice, gesture and peculiarities. It would make a stone image smile to see the boys mimicking their grave superiors, standing in oratorical attitudes, appealing to the chair to have the speech of the gentleman from Missouri, we will say, stricken from the record, or threatening each other and demanding to know whether the gentleman meant what he said as a personal reflection, etc. The deliberate rulings from the presiding officer and the manner in which he hammers for order increases the merriment.

I recall one morning during a noisy session of the mock congress, I came on the floor just as a manly, bright-eyed

page, who was then posing as "The gentleman from Kansas," pulled a five dollar bill from his pocket, mounted a chair, and, waving it, yelled, "The gentleman from Arkansas wishes to introduce this bill." No sooner had he made this speech than the boys made a wild break for him, vaulting over desks in their mad pursuit after "The gentleman from Arkansas," who had made his escape out of the senate chamber and was speeding down the corridor. The late Speaker Reed came in to me, and, seeing the performance, laughed heartily over it. The boys have great fun playing jokes, particularly on the cranks and eccentric people who haunt the Capitol.

Taken as a whole, I do not know of a cleaner or more manly set of boys than those doing duty at the United States Capitol, and as my newspaper work has thrown me into their society for several years, I believe I am capable of giving a fair opinion.

UNSALARIED FRIENDS

By FRANK H. SWEET.

One of my first recollections is a severe scolding for throwing stones at a toad. This was in my early days of trousers, when the small farm was a very large world whose outskirts were inhabited by the unknown and formidable creatures, the accepted way of conquering which was by journeying farther and farther, with big round eyes and small fists tightly clapping the boy's favorite weapon.

For a while, after the scolding, I regarded the toad with a shrinking deference, which, however, changed to keen interest as I grew more familiar with his useful and retired life. And there were always plenty of subjects to study, for my father never allowed toads and snakes and birds—with a few exceptions—to be molested.

My second scolding was in Florida, in my early manhood. My brother and I had gone there in much the same way we had sought the confines of the farm in our early trousered days, to see what- ever was new and whatever was unknown and formidable, and we still carried the stones in our closed fists.

In the boat up the St. Johns we were told most of the old snake stories and as many new ones apparently as the boatmen could invent, doubtless because of the look they saw in our eyes. In consequence of these stories our first purchase on touching land was the heaviest and longest legged boots we could find.

We did not have to wait long to show our prowess. A few days after reaching a temporary stopping place in the interior, we came across a snake among the pines. It was fully seven feet long, and was brilliantly colored. That meant and was promptly gave the battle and in due time vanquished the enemy. But when we returned to our boarding place with the story of our conquest we were met with black looks;



JOHN SOBOTKA, HONOR PAGE U. S. SENATE

and when we finished, our host told us angrily never to kill another king snake while in Florida if we wished to retain the friendship of the truckers and grove owners. He added that he would rather have a king snake on his place than the best dog or cat he had ever seen. After that we used discrimination in our snake killing.

Among farm friends, this beautiful, lithe, yellow and black king snake is perhaps the most curious. He is the friend of man and the determined and relentless enemy of anything that creeps or crawls, regardless of size or poison fangs. He will attack anything, from the rattler of our own south to the thirty-foot python of tropical lands, and invariably comes off victor. Apparently he is built in every muscle and bone for speed and tremendous constricting power, and it is said there is not another snake on earth that can withstand his assault. And yet in spite of his ferociousness toward his own kind, the king snake is friendly toward man and perfectly harmless.

Of the usefulness of many varieties of birds there has been no question. We have too much evidence of it on every side. And yet, in their own line, there is no bird more valuable than either of these ground friends that at first thought we instinctively shun, or even try to destroy. In the old world the gardeners and farmers are ahead of us in this, for in many places there the toad is so esteemed and understood as to have a recognized market value, as would the king snake also were he a native.

In contrast, within the past few days, an American farmer of fifty years experience killed one toad and searched for another that had gained the safety of a hole, because he did not "want such things around." And only that his daughter, with more progressive ideas, had surreptitiously assisted the second toad to security. It would unquestionably have shared the fate of the first.



Five Lacon (Ill.) boys out for an afternoon with their home-made "auto" in the making of which they labored long and hard. They suffered two break-downs, but perseverance won out. Photo by Mrs. Jennie M. Richmond.

AT DWIGHT MILL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 363)

The door opened wider and the figure of another man appeared. The two advanced upon the trembling boy, and then his father took him roughly by the arm.

"Now, then, sonny, hand over those keys to the mill and be quick about it." He shook him as he spoke. Larry's heart beat fast.

"Fur—fur what, pappy?"

"Never yer mind," returned the man, savagely. "Give us the keys."

His hand involuntarily closed over the keys as they lay hid in his pocket.

"I want to know fur what," he repeated, doggedly.

"That's none er your business; that's ourn. Here, give up those keys, boy, or I'll make you wish you had."

With a sudden wrench, Larry jerked himself away and rushed to the window, but the next instant a blow struck him to the ground. He felt his father's hand in his pocket, and heard him say:

"I didn't know ther chap wuz so gamy, but I'll fix 'im up, t'wouldn't do to leave 'im this way."

The next moment he felt a rope passed under his arms, and knew that he was being bound securely.

"Better stop his mouth, too," said the other man. "Naw, ther' ain't er soul in hear'n," said his father. Then jingling the keys on his finger he looked down at the boy.

"Now, my little game cock," he said, "we'll fix your high and mighty friend, Mr. Nicholls. Oh, yes, we ain't fooled; we know he's got ther revenues on us. We knows hit an' we're ready fur 'em. But we're goin' ter fix 'im fust. Loose machinery 's mighty convenient—er sorter dispensation of Providence. So ter speak, an' we'll be thar ter help it drap, we will."

He broke into a laugh that made Larry shudder.

"He'll go er stepping in thar mighty easy-like," continued the man, "an' then, jes' er step mo', 'en it'll come er crash'n down an' shut his mouth fur-ever. He'll never peach on us again!"

The man leaned over as he spoke and put out the light.

"Now, we're all right. Come on, mate."

How long Larry lay there half unconscious, the boy did not know. The horror upon him was so great it shut out all else. This then was what he had done! Had he not withheld the message, the officers would have come in time to avert this awful deed. He saw it all so plainly in the hideous black darkness which surrounded him. He saw, like an awful vision, Nicholls coming back, swinging along with his merry whistle, pausing a minute, perhaps, at the door, and then going in light-heartedly, and the door shutting behind him forever. The sun would come again and the birds, and the smell of the flower scents, and he, Larry, would be rid of these cords, but Nicholls, his good, kind friend, who had helped, had comforted, had had compassion on him as none other had done, he would not come again. And it was he who had done it—it was his fault.

Then he tried to drag his body across the floor. His limbs seemed not to belong to him. His head ached furiously from the blow upon it, and he felt sick and faint. If only he could drag himself across the room, and near enough to call, to warn Mr. Nichols when he came. He would try again. He shut his teeth hard and made the effort. By pushing with his bound feet, his hands at last touched the threshold of the door, and he felt the steps which led up to it. The dampness of the night was upon his face. It was very still; only a whip-poor-will sounded his plaintive note through the pine trees. There was no moon and the hush of the night was over everything. He strained his ears for footsteps, but in his faint and weakened state he could scarcely hear at all.

After what seemed a long, long time, there seemed to come suddenly the sound of footsteps. Surely he heard them. With a desperate effort he tried to

raise himself to move forward a little. There came a sick giddy feeling in his head, along with the pain, and he cried out sharply and then everything faded into the blackness around him.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on the bed and someone was holding water to his lips. Someone—who? His eyes vaguely, incomprehensively stared at the familiar face, the laughing eyes, only they were serious, tender eyes now, the cheery smile.

"You're—you're not killed," he gasped.

"I'm very much alive," said Nicholls with his ringing laugh. "Now drink this and don't ask any more questions."

He held out a glass, but the boy seized his hand covering it with passionate kisses. Then his eyes closed again and overcome by weakness he fell asleep.

Later on Nicholls told him all. How he had doubted him when he questioned him about the message and had gone down to the office himself, and finding his suspicions correct, had sent the telegram. He had waited there for the train which brought the officers of the law, and with them had started first for the mill. On their approach they had heard the boy's cry, and turned aside to look for him. Finding him insensible and bound, foul play was at once suspected, and the officers started in pursuit of the moonshiners while Nicholls took charge of the boy.

There were tears in his eyes as he leaned over the little bed drawing the cover close, as tenderly as a woman.

The officers were unsuccessful in their efforts to catch the two ruffians. The keys of the mill were found flung upon the ground, and it was supposed that the conspirators had become alarmed by some noise and had fled with their desperate purpose unfulfilled. Larry is not office boy now. He has with the help of his friend, risen to a high position, and as the years go on he promises to be the right hand man at the mill.

But the remembrance of what might have been on that awful night, is with him still and lends an added strength to his fulfillment of duty now.



Ted Martin was a peculiar boy—quiet, studious, observant and of a practical turn of mind. His mother was a widow, and was very poor, but Ted was very popular among his playmates. He was good-natured, jolly and accommodating, and always ready to help the boys have fun—of any innocent kind; he could not be induced to do anything wrong or cruel in the name of sport—and as a result, was, as I have said, popular despite his poverty.

It was the last week in May. School was ended, and the boys were entering upon the vacation period, and casting about for something to furnish them amusement when a gas well drilling outfit came to Morganville. The town was in the gas belt region of Ohio, and it came about that the Commercial Club had raised two thousand dollars by subscription, and was going to have a well drilled for natural gas. If gas was secured in paying quantities, then inducements would be held out to manufacturers to locate and use the gas for fuel.

The drilling rig was soon located and at work, and for a few days the boys were content to watch operations. It was something new, and they were interested. After a few days, however, many grew tired of watching the work, and turned their attention to other things—baseball, tennis, fishing, swimming, boating, etc. A few of the boys, however, Ted among them, remained true to the drilling outfit, and spent a good portion of their time there, much to the disgust of their fellows who had deserted for baseball, etc. Especially were they vexed at Ted, for he was the best baseball pitcher in town, and they wished him to play with them, they having in view a match game with the Steubenville nine.

Ted was deaf to all entreaties, however. He was greatly interested in the gas well, and the drilling apparatus was examined and studied until he was versed in the uses of everything about it, judicious and unobtrusive questioning having earned for him the knowledge. He knew the names of each and every part and piece, and knew its uses. Several of the boys, who, like Ted, had a practical, mechanical turn of mind, were almost as well posted as Ted, but not quite.

The work progressed steadily. Down, down, and still down went the drill, until

the well had reached a depth of nearly five hundred feet, and then something happened that stopped work several days, and came very near stopping it altogether, in so far as that well was concerned. One of the drillers let a drill-key—a sort of wedge of steel, two to three inches wide and six to eight inches long—slip out of his hand and fall to the bottom of the well.

Now, this may seem like a little thing, but as the hole drilled was just the size of the bit, and as the drill-key would naturally lie flatway across the bottom of the well, one of two things would have to be done: Either the drill-key would have to be fished out, or it would have to be pounded into small bits and ground up by the big drill—an immense shaft of steel twenty feet long, six inches in diameter, and weighing a ton.

The first named plan was tried first, and nearly a whole day was lost in a vain effort to fish the drill-key out of the well. Failure crowned all their efforts, and next day the other plan was tried. The point of the drill was hardened to the utmost point possible, and for nearly the entire day they pounded away in the vain attempt to break and pulverize the drill-key. They could not do it; the little wedge was made of chilled steel, and was proof against the pounding of the drill—in fact, it broke and ruined the point of the drill time after time, necessitating a repointing and re-sharpening each time.

Next day a return was made to the first plan, and another nearly entire day was lost in attempting to fish the drill-key out; for they were no more successful than on the first day. The superintendent, or drilling boss, was in despair.

"Well, that beats my time!" he cried, in disgust. "We shall have to give up, and abandon the well, that's all! Down five hundred feet, too! Seven hundred and fifty dollars' worth of work done, and a total loss! Great Scott! It's enough to ruin the patience of a saint! Boys, begin tearing up! We shall have to quit this well and start a new one!"

A big crowd was present. It had been this way during the time that the work of trying to get the drill-key had been going on. Even the boys who had deserted to play ball, etc., some time prior to the accident, had been attracted back by

curiosity to see the new and novel work go on. A large number of the men of the town were there, too—business men, and others—and among them was a fellow noted for knowing everything (or thinking he knew everything, rather), and when the superintendent gave the order to begin tearing up, this man, Tom Moggles by name, stepped forward with quite an important air, held up his hand, and said:

"Hold on, Mister! What would you give to have that piece of iron out of there?" The superintendent looked the fellow over, and then asked, contemptuously:

"Do you think you can get it out?"

"I know I kin!" was the positive reply. Some of those present who knew the fellow for his real worth, snickered, and one said, "Oh, you just bet Moggles can get it out, all right! If you don't want it out, don't let him have a try at it!"

"He can do it with his eyes shut and his hands tied behind his back!" from another, and a round of sarcastic remarks followed.

The fellow paid no attention to the jeers, however, and the superintendent, thinking the fellow might do something, said:

"Get that drill-key out of there, and I'll give you one hundred dollars in clean, cold cash!"

"Done!" cried Moggles. "I'll be back in fifteen minutes!" and he hastened down town.

He was back within the specified time, and brought a sort of grappling-hook, that he had found somewhere. It had claws at the bottom, on the ends of stems coming together at a common center, and fastened to a ring. The hooks would spread out when let down against anything, and would come together when pulled upward by the ring.

The superintendent shook his head. "You'll never do it with that thing," he said, with a look of disgust, but Moggles tied a string, a huge ball of which he had brought with him, to the ring, and lowered the grappling-hook into the well.

The superintendent's prophecy proved correct; the thing would not work, and after a half hour of fruitless endeavor, Moggles gave it up, and, hauling the hook to the surface, untied the string, leaving it lie where it fell, and strode away, quite crestfallen, followed by the jeers of the crowd.

And now came another interruption, this time from Ted Martin. He had been an interested witness of Moggles' attempt and failure, and a sudden bright idea had occurred to him. It was very simple, and at the same time practicable, and he was confident it would work, and that he could get the drill-key out of the well, even though a gang of experts in such matters had failed; so with eyes sparkling with excitement, he sprang forward and confronted the superintendent.

"Will you make me the same offer you made Moggles, sir?" he asked, his voice trembling.

The superintendent looked the boy over, and smiled in a half-amused, half-vexed manner.

"Here's another," he said. "Do you think you can get the drill-key out?" he asked.

Ted nodded. "I believe I can," he said. "I'll try it, anyhow, if you will let me."

"All right," said the superintendent; "go ahead. If you had been like that fellow who just left, who 'knew' he could get it out, I would have refused; but as you only say you 'believe' you can, I'll give you the

chance, and if you succeed, I'll give you the one hundred dollars, as I promised the other fellow. Now go ahead, but hurry, as I wish to get to work tearing up, as quick as possible, if you fall, as I think you will."

"All right, sir! It won't take me long!" cried Ted. "I'll be right back!" and with face flushed with excitement and heart beating at greatly accelerated speed, Ted rushed away in the direction of his home. This was only a few blocks away, and he was back again within five minutes. He carried a small object in his hand, and as he came close, and the superintendent saw what the object was, he started, and an eager light appeared in his eyes.

"By jove! who would ever have thought of that!" he exclaimed, half to himself. "I believe it'll work, all right!"

The object was a common horseshoe magnet—a big one, though, Ted having gotten a large one purposely, to use in some experiments he had been making. Quickly, but with nervous fingers, the boy tied the string around the magnet at the arch, and then rapidly lowered the magnet into the well. Down, down, it went, until the bottom was reached, and then, slowly and carefully the boy lifted on the string, raising the magnet and lowering it alternately, and trying first one side of the hole and then the other, until presently, when he lifted, he felt an added weight. He compressed his lips, and looked up at the superintendent with sparkling eyes. He did not say a word, however, but lifted, slowly and carefully, drawing the magnet up foot by foot, until at last, just as all were beginning to think there was no end to the string, the horseshoe came into view at the top of the well, and—the drill-key was sticking to the magnetized feet of the shoe as if glued there.

Ted had succeeded. Such a shout as went up! It was heard for many blocks, and people came running to see what it was all about. As for the superintendent, he was delighted, and paid Ted the hundred dollars on the spot, while to say that the boy himself was delighted is stating it altogether too mildly.

Ted did not get the "big head," however, but laid the money away, and intends to use it at the proper time to help him secure a good education.

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American Boy Lyceum.

April 25, 1903; Two Generations Under Freedom Feb. 7, 1903; A Page of History, May 30, 1903; Restricted Suffrage on Trial, April 11, 1903; Negro Suffrage in the South, June 13, 1903.

World's Work—Responsibility of Restoring Negro Suffrage, Jan. 1902; Race Problem, Mch., 1903; Supreme Court and Negro Suffrage, June, 1903; Deep Waters of Race Problem, Jan., 1903.

Harper's Weekly—Mr. Cleveland on the Race Problem, May 2, 1903; Recent Discussion of the Fifteenth Amendment, July 11, 1903; Packer on the Reconstruction Amendment, July 18, 1903.

Lines of Argument.

AFFIRMATIVE.

An evil exists. The constitution of the U. S. is violated. Harm comes to (1) the south, (2) to the negro, (3) to the nation. The negro is advancing industrially. He should not be denied the educating influence of citizenship. The evil is increasing. Wholesale disfranchisement of negroes in the south is likely to result. There is no remedy except in Federal control. This is constitutional. (Art. I, Sec. 4, par. 1; Art. IV, Sec. 4.)

NEGATIVE.

The evil is in the nature of the races and cannot be changed by law. The condition of the negro would not be improved, but would be made harder by Federal interference. It would stir up strife, increase race hatred. It would not be effective, as attempts to interfere with police regulations are against the genius of our government. It is not therefore clearly constitutional as all powers not expressly granted by the constitution are reserved to the States. Time will work out a remedy. Justice will at last prevail. But it cannot come through the strife of interference with local self-government.

NOTES.

There are two principal oratorical leagues in Michigan. The Michigan State High School Oratorical Association and The Peninsular League, and it was the League contest at which Mr. McNitt, whose picture appeared in the July number of THE AMERICAN BOY, represented the Ann Arbor High School. Mr. Cleon P. Spangler, of Saginaw, Mich., is president of the League. Senator Alger, of Michigan, has announced that he will give \$75 a year to provide medals for the six honor men who represent the University of Michigan in the annual debating contests. A subscriber asks if it is necessary for a motion to be seconded before it shall be put by the chairman. In actual practice in clubs and in Congress, and especially in routine work, the chairman does not wait for a second to a motion. On more important questions, a chairman may refuse to put a motion unless he hears a second, on the ground that the club ought not to give its attention to a subject unless at least two members are willing to stand for it. But of course it is the business of the chairman to carry out the will of the club, and it is always the privilege of a member to appeal from any decision of the chair.

The American Navy.

BY JOHN D. LONG.

Extracts from a speech delivered at Chicago October 9, 1899, at a banquet in honor of the President of the United States. Used by permission of the author.

I can more properly, gentlemen, join with you in your appreciation of the navy because, although its head, I am yet only temporarily connected with it and can look at it from the outside. I sometimes think, however, that the great public applauding the salient merits overlooks others which are quite as deserving. You cheer for the men behind the guns; you give swords and banquets here and there to an admiral—and both are richly deserving of the tribute—but remember that all up and down the line there are individuals whose names never get to your ears, or, if so, are already half-forgotten, who have earned unfading laurels. No man in the navy has rendered such sacrifice, however great, that others were not ready to fill the place and do as well. The navy is full of heroes unknown to fame. Its great merit is the professional spirit which runs through it; the high sense of duty; the lofty standards of service to which its hearts are loyal and which make them all equal to any duty. Who sings the praises of the chiefs of the naval stations and bureaus of the navy department who wept that there were no battles and glory for them, and who remaining at their departmental posts,

made such provision for the fitting out, the arming, the supplying, the feeding, the coaling, the equipping of your fleets, that the commanding officer on the deck had only to direct and use the forces which these, his brothers, had put in his hands? Who repeats the names of the young officers who pleaded for Hobson's chance to risk his life in the hull and hell of the Merrimac? Who mentions the scores of seamen who begged to be of the immortal seven who were his companions in that forlorn hope? In the long watch before Santiago the terror of our great battleships was the two Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, those swift, fiendish sharks of the sea, very engines of death and destruction, and yet, when the great battle came, it was the unprotected Gloucester, a converted yacht, the former plaything and pleasure-boat of a summer vacation, which, without hesitation or turning, attacked these demons of the sea and sunk them both. I have always thought it the most heroic and gallant individual instance of fighting in the war. It was as if some light-clad youth, with no defence but his sword, threw himself into the arena with armored gladiators and by his very dash and spirit laid them low. And yet who has given a sword or spread a feast to that purest flame of chivalrous heroism, Richard Wainwright?

Who recalls all the still more varied services of our navy—its exploits and researches in the interest of science; its stimulus to international commerce; its surveys of foreign harbors; its charting of the sea and marking of the pathway of the merchant-marine; its study of the stars; its contributions, in short, to all the interests of an enlightened and progressive country? Our foreign commerce is carrying in a swollen torrent the products of our industry the world over. You can hardly point to any great interest of the country that is not as you would have it; you can hardly think of any great principle which you deem vital in government that is not enforced. What more do you want? In the war with Spain our fleet was ordered to Manila because there was there a Spanish fleet, and every military interest demanded its capture or destruction. When that was done every military interest required not that our fleet be withdrawn, but that our hand upon the enemy's throat should there remain until his surrender. When that surrender came, and with it the transfer of the sovereignty of those islands from Spain to the United States, every consideration demanded that the President should hold them up, not toss them into the caldron of anarchy, and when violence began, should restore order, yet stretching out always in his hands the tender and opportunity for peace and beneficent government until Congress in its wisdom shall determine what their future status shall be. What more or what less could he do and do his duty?

Yes, my friends, the navy is, as the army is, as the school is, as the workshop is, as the counting-room is, as the college is—the navy is the state. You are the navy you are the army, you are the state, for you are the citizens. On you each are the responsibilities of your country, on you are its great duties. Awake to your high call! Do not fret, do not whine, do not fear to take up the responsibilities and to discharge the duties. Put your shoulder to the wheel, put your cheer into the heart of the man who is at your front. Be a part of the great progress and beneficence of the United States.

Parliamentary Practice.

SUBJECT FOR DEBATE.

The success of the debate depends in large measure upon the subject, and young men are most interested in questions from modern history, or from current political, social or economic problems. These are discussed in the daily papers and magazines; they are the problems of the men who are making history, and every young man wants to know more about them. This interest in the subject gives life and value to the argument.

MATERIAL.

But there must be material—fresh, timely material. One must not neglect the stores of his own mind, but he may give a better argument if he knows the freshest thought on the subject by some authority worth quoting. If he can give Ex-President Cleveland's or President Roosevelt's opinion on some phase of the question below, in favor of his side, he will clinch the argument. The news-dealer will sell you the magazines or books named below, or perhaps the public library will loan you some of them.

QUESTION:

Resolved, That the federal government should protect the southern negro in his right of suffrage.

References for Affirmative—Tourgee's "An Appeal to Caesar," Cable's "The Silent South," Lodge in Congressional Record of June 16, 1890; North Am. Review, Sept., 1890.

References for Negative—Bryce in North Am. Review for Dec., 1901; Nation, Aug. 7, 1900; Bryce's The Am. Commonwealth, II., chap. xxiii.

Recent magazine articles on the question:

Independent—Is Negro Suffrage a Failure? Feb. 2, 1903.

North Am. Review—Suffrage Restriction in the South.

Nation—The Alabama Decision, Apr. 30, 1903.

Outlook—Unjust Law in Ala. Apr. 5, 1902; Suffrage Laws Inquiry, Mar. 29, 1902; Race Problem a National Problem.

TWO TIPS

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"One day a friend told me what Postum had done for her husband and advised me to quit coffee and try it, but I would not do so. Finally another friend met me on the street one day and after talking about my health he said, 'You try Postum Cereal Coffee and leave coffee alone,' adding that his nervous troubles had all disappeared when he gave up coffee and began to drink Postum.

"This made such a great impression on me that I resolved to try it although I confess I had little hopes. However, I started in and to my unbounded surprise, in less than two weeks I was like another person. All of my old troubles are now gone and I am a strong, healthy, living example of the wonderful rebuilding power of Postum. It is a fine drink as well as a delicious beverage and I know it will correct all coffee ills; I know what a splendid effect it had on me to give up coffee and drink Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Not an ordinary cur, but a valuable pedigree dog that can be registered in the American Kennel Club. Write us and we'll tell you how to get one for a few hours work, and how to make money besides. It won't cost you a cent. Write now to H. B. Cole, 10 Champion St., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE KING FUN WITH AN AIR RIFLE

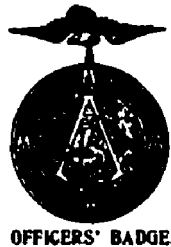
Boys can have unlimited sport with one of our "PRINCE," "KING" or "QUEEN" AIR RIFLES. They are built with handwork turned and polished walnut stock, genuine steel barrel, and will shoot BB shot or darts, as desired. Single shot or repeater. Strong, safe and accurate. Unequaled for target practice.

Made in the factory that produced the FIRST AIR RIFLE KNOWN, and embodies every improvement that experience has developed.

The "King" or "Prince" Single Shot Air Rifle, \$1.00; The "King" or "Prince" Repeating Air Rifle, \$1.25; The "Queen" Take Down Single Shot Air Rifle, \$1.50; The Chicago Single Shot Air Rifle, \$1.00.

The Queen is put up in a fancy box 1 1/4 x 4 x 14 inches. Every boy or girl should have one. Sold by all dealers, or sent direct from factory upon receipt of price.

MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

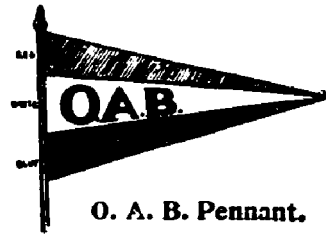


OFFICERS' BADGE.

The Great American Boy Army

FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.

EVERY ENERGETIC AMERICAN BOY SHOULD BE A MEMBER OF "THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY."



O. A. B. Pennant.

COMPANY NEWS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN COMPANY. No. 18, Mansfield, Massachusetts, holds its meetings on every other Friday evening. It expects to add several new members soon.—**JEFFERSON DAVIS COMPANY.** No. 3, Palmetto, Fla., has secured a room at the home of Librarian Howze, which it will fit up as a club room. It has a punching bag and has ordered a set of boxing gloves and is going to buy some new games. Company dues ten cents per month, with a fine of two cents for the use of profane language.—**OHIO VALLEY COMPANY.** No. 28, Bellaire, O., is very much interested in baseball. It has a fine baseball team and so far this season has met with great success. The boys wear blue uniforms, with white caps and red stockings.—**MINNESOTA GOPHERS COMPANY.** No. 9, Fergus Falls, Minn., recently held a debate on the subject, "Resolved, That electricity has done more good than steam." The question was decided in favor of the affirmative. During the summer months more time will be devoted to athletics.—**CHIEF WABASIS COMPANY.** No. 36, Rockford, Mich., holds its meetings every other Tuesday evening at the homes of the members. It has no regular dues, expenses as they arise being shared among the members. A fine of three cents has been imposed for misbehavior. This Company is chiefly interested in literary work.—**NORTH STAR COMPANY.** No. 35, Detroit, Mich., is planning for a big Fourth of July celebration. It will have fireworks and is anticipating a big time.—**RED RIVER VALLEY COMPANY.** No. 7, Hillsboro, N. D., holds its meetings on Thursdays at the home of Private Roy Smith, where a club room has been fitted up. Company dues, twenty cents per week. It has a library of fifteen books and will have its charter framed. The Captain promises us a picture of the Company.—**ROBERT E. LEE COMPANY.** No. 9, Marshall, Mo., has organized a baseball team. It has a library of twenty nine books.—**WHITE OWL COMPANY.** No. 16, Danville, Ind., holds its meetings on Wednesdays. Dues, twenty five cents per month. It has a club room, for which it pays a rental of \$2.50 per month. This Company expected to give an entertainment at the school house on April 11, from which it hoped to realize about ten dollars. A debate is held at nearly every meeting.—**BLUE MOUNTAIN COMPANY.** No. 11, Baker City, Ore., is getting along nicely. It will have its charter framed and the Captain promises us a group picture of the Company soon.—**BAY RIDGE COMPANY.** No. 19, Brooklyn, N. Y., celebrated the Indian Festival at the home of Captain Frank H. Waring. There were forty five present and the meeting was a great success.—**E. F. ACHESON COMPANY.** No. 19, Washington, Pa., has secured a club room and has had its charter framed. It offers a prize of a medal to the member who secures the most new members between May 1 and June 1. It has organized a baseball team. The members will wear flag pins with the letter "A" on them. E. F. Acheson, for whom the Company is named, presented it with a large map of the United States and two valuable books.—**ADMIRAL SAMPSON COMPANY.** No. 34, Wilmette, Ill., will soon have its charter framed. It expects to celebrate AMERICAN BOY Fair in great array.—**ANDREW CARNEGIE COMPANY.** No. 23, Marion, Ia., will have its charter framed. It will give an entertainment in the near future.—**WEST VIRGINIA STARS COMPANY.** No. 5, Martinsburg, W. Va., has a nice club room at the home of Librarian DeWitt Gerhardt. This Company is very much interested in athletics.—**GOLDEN GATE COMPANY.** No. 16, Alameda, Cal., is an athletic Company, and expects soon to have a fine "gym."—**FATHER DIXON COMPANY.** No. 32, Dixon, Ill., holds its meetings at the homes of the members. Monthly dues, seven cents. It has a fine gymnasium.—**RATTLE SNAKE COMPANY.** No. 18, Brownsville, Tex., holds its meetings weekly in a tent. It has a nice little library which was made up by each member contributing two or three books. The Captain promises us a picture soon.—**ETHAN ALLEN COMPANY.** No. 2, Brattleboro, Vt., holds its meetings the first Saturday in each month. Dues five cents per month. It has a fine club room and library and will have its charter framed.—**BOMAZEEN COMPANY.** No. 7, Madison, Me., holds its meetings on the first and third Fridays in each month. It has a baseball team and has played two games with the Grammar School team, winning one of them.—**GRIZZLY COMPANY.** No. 11, Berkeley, Cal., gave an entertainment on April 18, consisting principally of tableaux. An admission fee of five cents was charged, and the boys sold ice cream and lemonade, real-

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.



LAKE SHORE COMPANY, NO. 6, MADISON, WIS.

izing in all about four dollars. This Company expects soon to build a club house.—**THE ALAMO COMPANY.** No. 7, San Antonio, Tex., is having a picture of "The Alamo" painted for its club room.—**SIDNEY LANIER COMPANY.** No. 2, Columbus, Ga., has two large club rooms, lighted by electric lights, one of which is used as a meeting room and the other as a gymnasium. To introduce its club it gave an entertainment on the evening of March 26. It will have a baseball and a basket ball team.—**LITTLE BADGER COMPANY.** No. 17, Sheboygan, Wis., holds its meetings on Friday evenings at the home of Private Sydney McDuffie, where a club room has been fitted up. Dues, fifteen cents per month. This Company will organize a baseball team in the near future.—**SHACKAMAXON COMPANY.** No. 25, Tunkhannock, Pa., held Tree Planting exercises and reports a very pleasant time.—**FORT CONCHO COMPANY.** No. 6, San Angelo, Tex., is very much interested in baseball. It has played three games with local teams, winning all of them.—**FORT CRAWFORD COMPANY.** No. 14, Prairie Du Chien, Wis., is named after the old Fort Crawford, which used to cover a large portion of Prairie Du Chien. Meetings are held weekly, on Friday evenings, in a building that used to be part of the old fort. It is the only part that is still standing, and was used as officers' headquarters, being separated from the main building. This Company has a library and will soon have a gymnasium, for which it has already purchased a punching bag.—**COMMODORE PERRY COMPANY.** No. 15, Danville, Ind., has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. Meetings are held on Saturdays, from 2:30 to 4 o'clock, at the homes of the members. Dues ten cents a month. A fine of five cents has been imposed for absence from meetings three times in succession without good excuse, and also for refusal to take part in the literary program. It has organized a baseball team.—**PERE MARQUETTE COMPANY.** No. 21, St. Ignace, Mich., is very much interested in baseball. On April 4 the O. A. B.'s played the Bows and Arrows of St. Ignace with a score of 16 to 8 in favor of the former.—**SENATOR ALLISON COMPANY.** No. 33, Walker, Ia., holds its meetings every other Thursday evening in an unoccupied house, which has been fitted up for the purpose. Dues, ten cents, payable at each meeting.—**HENRY FOUR-M COMPANY.** No. 24, Henry, Ill., has organized a baseball team. It holds its meetings at the homes of the members, having no club room as yet. At a recent meeting the following debate was held: Resolved, That the invention of the steamboat has done more for the world than the invention of the locomotive. On the evening of April 23 a very pleasant meeting was held at the home of Private Jay Roth. After the business part of the meeting the boys played games and were treated to bananas and cake. Two weeks prior to that time the Company met at the home of Private George Yanochowski and was treated to sandwiches, oranges, bananas and candy. The Company is

planning to go camping this summer.—**WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH COMPANY.** No. 45, Rockford, Mich., holds its meetings on Tuesday evenings at the homes of the members. Dues, ten cents per month. It has a library of thirteen books. On the evening of April 14 the boys entertained their parents and teachers. An essay was read by Private Harry Gaines and selections were given by several of the other members. The Captain called upon Professor Kebler, Principal of the High School, for remarks, and he responded by congratulating the boys on their organization and their paper, and giving them some good advice. The boys then served popcorn, candy and peanuts, after which the company dispersed.—**BUCKEYE COMPANY.** No. 39, Cleveland, Ohio, has had its charter framed. It holds its meetings at the home of Secretary and Treasurer Harold Linn. Company colors, red and blue. The Secretary promises us a picture of the Company soon.—**BIG FIVE COMPANY.** No. 4, Canton, S. D., has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. Meetings are held weekly, on Friday evenings. Dues five cents per week. This Company expects to take a week's outing when school closes, and is looking forward to a big time. It has had its charter framed.—**OHIO VALLEY COMPANY.** No. 28, Bellaire, O., is very enthusiastic over baseball. It has played ten games so far this season, winning all of them. Its closest game was with the High School team, the score being 3 to 2 in favor of the O. A. B.'s.—**JUNIOR HOME ATHLETIC COMPANY.** No. 33, Oberlin, O., has fixed up a vacant barn which it will use as a gymnasium. It intends to purchase some uniforms and a pennant. This Company celebrated Arbor Day with some very fine exercises.—**MATTOON ATHLETIC CLUB COMPANY.** No. 27, has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. It will have uniforms of navy blue trimmed in white. Mr. Rudy, father of Private Owen Rudy, is captain of the militia in Mattoon, and he presented the boys with white caps and helmets like those used by the Union soldiers in the Civil War. It is needless to say the boys are very proud.—**BOMAZEEN COMPANY.** No. 7, Madison, Me., has a fine baseball team and also a football team.—**GRIZZLY BEAR COMPANY.** No. 36, Youngstown, O., is very much interested in stamp collecting. It expects soon to have a library. The Captain promises us a picture of the Company.—**BLUE MOUNTAIN COMPANY.** No. 11, Baker City, Ore., is getting along nicely. It has had its charter framed. Monthly dues, ten cents. It has \$1.30 in its treasury and expects soon to give an entertainment in order to raise some money. This Company is saving all its money, outside of necessary expenses, to help the poor next winter.—**VICTORIA COMPANY.** No. 1, Watervliet, Mich., is one of the prosperous Companies of the Order. It has a library of forty five books and is adding to it from time to time. This Company held a box social late in February, out of which it realized nine dollars net. It has a good club

room, and the Secretary says the people of Watervliet are taking a great interest in the Company and are doing all they can to aid the boys in every way. The members are all bright, manly boys and are striving to help other boys to be the same.—**GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE COMPANY.** No. 25, Nyack, N. Y., holds its meetings every other Tuesday. Dues, five cents, payable at each meeting. This Company has not yet decided upon a line of work.—**JAMES LANE COMPANY.** No. 8, Yates Center, Kans., is rapidly growing in membership. It has divided up its membership and organized two baseball teams.—**KNUTE NELSON COMPANY.** No. 7, Mankato, Minn., holds its meetings in the basement of the M. E. Church of that place. Dr. F. B. Congili, the pastor of the church, is the company counsel, and is doing all he can to help the boys. The Company will soon have its charter framed.—**PRAIRIE QUEEN COMPANY.** No. 16, Temple, Texas, has a fine library of forty six books. The Captain promises us a picture of the Company soon.—**GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE COMPANY.** No. 3, Bentonville, Ark., gave a supper on the evening of Rally Day for its young lady friends.—**THE HERMES COMPANY.** No. 16, Concordia, Kans., has a fine club room and is getting along nicely.—**OHIO VALLEY COMPANY.** No. 28, Bellaire, O., is growing in membership very rapidly. It has a fine baseball team. Their uniforms consist of blue shirts and pants, white caps with "O. A. B." on the front in black letters, and red stockings. On the front of the shirts is printed, in white letters, "O. A. B. '03."—**TEXAS PANHANDLE COMPANY.** No. 10, will celebrate AMERICAN BOY Fair Day in good style. It recently held a meeting at the home of Private Lewis Pendergraft and reports a fine time.—**HARDMAN PHILIPS COMPANY.** No. 22, Phillipsburg, Pa., has organized a baseball team.—**THOMAS B. REED COMPANY.** No. 6, Auburn, Me., has had its charter framed and hung up in the club room.—**IRON BRIGADE COMPANY.** No. 19, South Milwaukee, Wis., has fixed its dues at five cents monthly. Jacob G. Hulbert is the company counsel.—**BLUE MOUNTAIN COMPANY.** No. 11, Baker City, Ore., will celebrate AMERICAN BOY Tree Planting Day in good order. It has recently purchased a pennant.—**OCEAN VIEW COMPANY.** No. 15, San Pedro, Cal., expects to move into new quarters soon, when it will purchase a punching bag and other athletic apparatus.—**SHACKAMAXON COMPANY.** No. 25, Tunkhannock, Pa., is named in honor of the place where William Penn signed the treaty with the Indians.—**CLIFTON HEIGHTS COMPANY.** No. 11, Campello, Mass., gave an entertainment recently to celebrate its first anniversary. Cornet solos were given by Librarian Leo Monks, and guitar solos by Treasurer Harold Seshong, and the Misses Myra Bump and Myrtle Turner furnished recitations. After the entertainment ice cream and cake was sold. A short time ago this Company went on a straw ride and report a fine time. The boys expect to go camping this summer.—**KEKISTUWA ATHLETIC COMPANY.** No. 8, Owatonna, Minn., selected its name in a novel way—by taking the first two letters of each member's name and putting them together.—**WILLAMETTE CLUB COMPANY.** No. 9, Independence, Ore., holds its meetings on Friday evenings. The following are its officers: Captain, Ted Cooper; Vice Captain, Rheul Wolverton; Secretary, Maurice Butler; Treasurer, Johnnie Stark; Librarian, Frank Whiteaker.—**GENERAL ALGER COMPANY.** No. 32, Corunna, Mich., has its club room at the home of Captain Rollo Williams. Company dues, five cents per month. It has a punching bag, boxing gloves, dumb-bells, and other gymnastic apparatus, and hopes soon to have a gymnasium.—**OLIVET COMPANY.** No. 13, Olivet, Mich., is progressing finely. It has organized a baseball team and also a track team.

SUGAR CITY CO., NO. 24, BAY CITY, MICH.
The boy in the center holds the charter in his hands.

The Boy Photographer

Edited by Dr. Hugo Ericsson

Marine Photography.

In my letter box I find the following, bearing no signature: "Some one has asked why water scenes are so hard to perfect." In the photography of what someone has termed seascapes, in contradistinction to landscapes, everything depends upon the exposure. On bright sunny days the reflection of the light from the water is so intense that over-exposure must be guarded against. This can be done by the employment of the smallest stop and a very short exposure. Even then, it is well to develop tentatively, that is to say, cautiously, using a weak developer at the start and gradually increasing its strength until the image is fully brought out. Or, if development is attempted with a developer of full strength, it is wise to add a restrainer—5 drops of a ten per cent bromide of potassium solution (obtainable from any druggist) to the ounce. Only on days when the sun is obscured by clouds, is it safe to employ one of the larger stops. In photographing vessels, never attempt to take a full bow or stern view; a picture taken from the side or at an angle will prove preferable. On account of the color blue prints are particularly adapted to marine photography.



A WOODLAND PATH.
First Prize Photo, by Tracy Porter Rudd, 3 Washington Place, Norwich, Conn.

Homemade Negative Boxes.

Procure a number of cigar boxes, the size originally holding one hundred cigars, a lot of corrugated cardboard, glue and a few tacks. If the negatives are 4x5 the box should be 5 1/4 inches wide and 4 1/4 inches deep. Cut the corrugated cardboard in strips to fit in the inside of the box with the corrugations running across the length of the strip. Paste the strips on the two insides of the box and you will have a negative box that will hold about two dozen negatives. If the box is too wide, paste strips on the sides until they are built up to the desired width. When completed the box should have attached to the lid a leather strap with a slit fit to fasten on a tack driven in the box proper.—J. R. Harcourt.

Animal Portraiture.

Three things my experience has taught me are requisite to secure success: First, a rapid plate; second, a rapid lens; third, a quick eye and hand to see and feel when the subject is "set." I never use the shutter for single animals, but prefer the cap. I find I waste less plates. I wait patiently until the animal is as full of expression as possible, and then expose. I find in good light I can give about two seconds and get a good result.

To be a successful animal photographer, one should make a study of the show points of all animals, and so take them to show their good points and hide their bad ones. Few show animals are perfect in all points. Personally I have found visits to large dog and agricultural shows of great educational value.

Any one who essays to take animals will find a stock of persistent patience very valuable. My advice is, wait your time and don't expose until the subject is in the best possible position, remembering that one good picture is worth dozens of bad or indifferent ones.

If you can obtain the assistance of some one who will and can make a noise (the more unearthly the better) at the right moment, your chances of getting good results will be increased.—Thomas Baker, in the Practical Photographer.

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.

American Boys, Attention!

Now is the time to prepare for the winter contests. Appropriate subjects may be found everywhere. Every excursion into field and wood is replete with suggestion. Single giants of the forest, groups of trees, individual shrubs, the flowers of the garden, domestic and wild animals, the pets of the household—these are some of the things that afford picturesque material for the camera. Harvest scenes, the tired farmer taking his noontime rest, the cornfield, the romping of children on the haystacks, mother summoning the men to dinner with the farmyard bell—all these present opportunities for effective picture "taking." We want to hear more particularly of our boy photographers in foreign lands, the representatives of Young America in China, Japan, India, Africa, and various parts of Europe, by whom the monthly visit of THE AMERICAN BOY is eagerly welcomed. In a recent letter Fred C. Schmelz, of Rodney, Ont., states: "I do not write much, as I suppose you have too many other letters to answer." Now we do not want such an idea to gain a foothold; we want to hear from the readers of this page whenever they are in want of information or have anything of interest to impart. THE EDITOR.

Blue Prints or Cyanotypes.

At the request of Edward Mack, of Vergennes, Vt., and others, we herewith give Ehrmann's formula for the blue print process, but would call attention to the fact that ferricyanide of potassium is a deadly poison and should be handled with care:

SOLUTION A.

Ammonio-citrate of iron... 60 parts
Water 256 parts

SOLUTION B.

Potassium ferricyanide... 40 parts
Water 256 parts

Mix in equal parts, and to every 960 parts of the mixture add one part of bichromate of potash. Of course, the sensitizing of paper or any other material with the above should be done in a dark-room.

Discoveries in Photography.

Just now everyone is finding out that practically all the epoch-marking discoveries in photography are about fifty years old. We may swell the list by pointing out that the new and deservedly popular gas light printing paper had its prototype about half a century ago. The use of ordinary light, or lamplight somewhat subdued, for development, is still older; indeed, this was the first method of all.—The Amateur Photographer.

CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food Grape-Nuts and get well.

"My little baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed it had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong healthy child rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups as we have discovered in our family." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong healthy man or woman.

Grape-Nuts food stands for the true theory of health.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

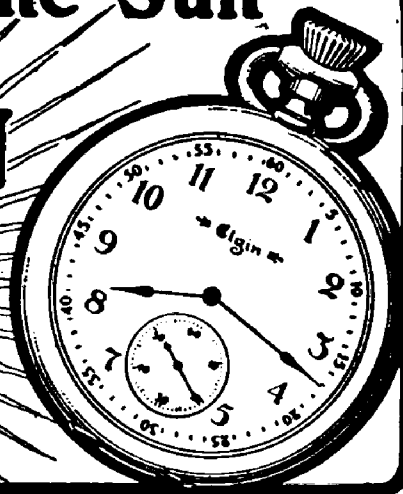
A Place Well Won Beside the Sun

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to-day regulates the world's time.

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Answers to Correspondents.

T. P. Rudd, Norwich, Conn.—When describing a photograph, reference should be made to the name of the camera, size of same, number of stop employed, length of exposure, nature of developer, and name of printing process.—H. Roy Stevens, Fairmont, W. Va.: Photographs that are folded or rolled are excluded from our competitions.

Our Portfolio.

Ira V. Wilson, Baldwin, Ka.: "Among the Posies" does not lack merit, but you attempted to include too much. "A Kentucky Mountaineer's Cabin," by Ralph E. Legler, of Portsmouth, O., would be greatly improved by being properly mounted; a smaller mount than a 4x5 would be suitable; there is too much foreground. "An Old Time Shoemaker," by the same, presents too much contrast and is not adapted to the bromide print. A print on a printing-out paper, such as Kloro, would yield better results. W. Wyman Parker's photograph of "A Southern Girl," who is a crack shot with a rifle, deserves commendation; it was taken at Roderick, Ga., his home. Karl Knollenberg, of Richmond, Ind., submitted an interesting view of the interior of the palm house at the Dayton (O.) Soldiers' Home. "Branding a calf" is the descriptive title of a photograph taken at Larson, Colo., by H. O. Bartek, of Denver; his "Home, Sweet Home" would also have been commendable if it had not been ruined in the toning-bath. In "Out for a Ride," by Roland Mathay, of Hutchinson, Kas., the forepart of the donkey appears larger than the hind part, because the animal was not taken on a plane. A photograph of two camels, submitted by Cornelius M. Smith, of Baltimore, Md., is technically perfect and would be worthy of reproduction if all of our readers did not know what these "Ships of the Desert" look like. "A Break-down on the Road," by Albert F. Muskopf, of Buffalo, representing a young man mending his bicycle, deserves special mention. Frank L. Vennings' "Dutch Windmill" is very good. Such subjects as "Chums," by Matthew H. Tardy, of Birmingham, Ala., requires the use of a wide angle lens; look at the lines of your window and mantel, Matthews.

Photographing Horses.

A horse must be taken from the proper point or his owner will not recognize the picture. If the camera is too near the subject, certain points will be exaggerated in the photograph.

The best results are obtained by placing the horse on a slight incline, so that the fore feet are a trifle higher than the hind feet. This position throws the head up. Then snapping the fingers or making any slight noise will cause the animal to prick up his ears, and at the moment when he is in this position of attention the photographer makes the picture.

When horses in harness are to be photographed they must be posed on level ground or on a slight incline. To make them look alive a hat or a card is sometimes scaled in front of them, and at the moment when they look up the snapshot is made.

When pictures of horses in action are made, the camera should be placed near the ground. By that means the best hoof positions are obtained, which cannot be secured when the camera is held or placed at the ordinary height.

To make pictures of jumping horses, the same method is employed, and the height of the jump is sometimes exaggerated by placing the camera below the track level. An excavation is made in the ground for that purpose, and pictures made from there increase the apparent height of hurdles and make a small jump look something remarkable.—New York Tribune.

REGARDING RENEWALS!

IF YOU WILL SEND US THREE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE AMERICAN BOY AND THREE DOLLARS WE WILL RENEW YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION FREE OF CHARGE. TRY IT! IT IS EASY TO GET SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE AMERICAN BOY.

Get it in the negative.



Photography HOME TAUGHT

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How the President Keeps in Touch with the World

BOYS AND ANIMALS

THE President of the United States is in many respects the busiest man in this country, and yet it is necessary for him to keep very closely in touch with all that is going on in the world. Indeed, it is far more necessary for him to keep himself fully informed as to what is going on in all quarters of the globe than it is for any ordinary business man to have such knowledge, for, whereas the interests of the average man are likely to be affected by only a limited number of influences, the welfare of the great nation over which our chief magistrate presides may be directly or indirectly affected in greater or less degree by seemingly minor happenings in the most out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

How to keep Uncle Sam's highest official fully advised as to what is going on without taking too much time from his work has long been a serious problem. Naturally it has attracted especial attention at times when the country was engaged in war and when, as our readers will appreciate, it is essential that the President, who is the commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States shall receive information

his advice as to what should be done under the circumstances.

All this was more than possible through the medium of the splendid war room which the late President McKinley conceived. By means of the special wires leading into this little bureau of information in the White House, President McKinley was able to learn of the exact location of the fleet of Spanish war vessels which threatened the American coast long before the general public had any information on the subject, and, indeed, he was fully advised as to the whereabouts of the hostile fleet during all the weeks that the country at large was in such suspense as to the movements of the prospective invaders. More remarkable still was the fact that it made it possible for President McKinley to personally direct, from the White House, the movements of the American forces in Cuba and Porto Rico. An excellent illustration of what could be accomplished in this manner was afforded during the stirring campaign against Santiago when an interval of only twenty minutes was required to transmit the President's orders from his office in Washington to the officers on the



NEW WHITE HOUSE OFFICES. In the foreground, where the "War Room" is located.

money could buy, and there have been provided so many time-saving and labor-saving devices that half a dozen telegraph and telephone operators here perform work that would require the services of fifteen or twenty men in an ordinary office. In order that the President's private telegraph office may be kept open day and night these operators work in three "shifts" of eight hours each, and, indeed, it is worthy of note that the war room at the White House is the only telegraph station owned by Uncle Sam which is never closed for a minute from one end of the year to the other.

Sixty five separate wires converge at the war room and whenever the President wishes to send a message to any part of the country, a special telephone or telegraph wire is instantly placed at his disposal and reserved for his exclusive use as long as he requires it. A private telephone system, which has its "central" in the war room enables the President to communicate promptly with any member of his cabinet, or with any one of the government departments in Washington without any danger that any person outside the White House will overhear what is passing over the wire.

All the great news associations which furnish the news to the daily newspapers throughout the country send copies of their dispatches to the White House just as they would to a newspaper office, and so anxious are they that the President shall hear every important piece of news promptly, it is safe to predict that were King Edward to die tomorrow President Roosevelt would be the first man in America, aside from the cable operators, to hear of it. In addition to these telegrams the President is constantly receiving messages from officials of the government in all parts of the country, and from agents of the government, diplomats, army and navy officers who are on duty for Uncle Sam in all quarters of the globe. Many of these messages are intended for no other eyes than the President's, and consequently they are sent in secret "codes"—which means that the President and the officials who report to him have, by mutual agreement, given hidden meanings to certain words, and thus a message which might appear to the ordinary reader as a senseless jumble of words, might in reality convey important information. The war room at the White House is convenient to the President's private office and the President often spends considerable time in the telephone and telegraph office sending and receiving messages. It is on this private information bureau that he depends for his news on election night, and it is here that he comes whenever he wishes to press a button to start the machinery at an exposition or fair in some distant city.

What's In the Glass?

It was John G. Saxe, who, fifty years ago, was America's leading humorist, who wrote this startling warning: "You have heard of the snake in the grass.

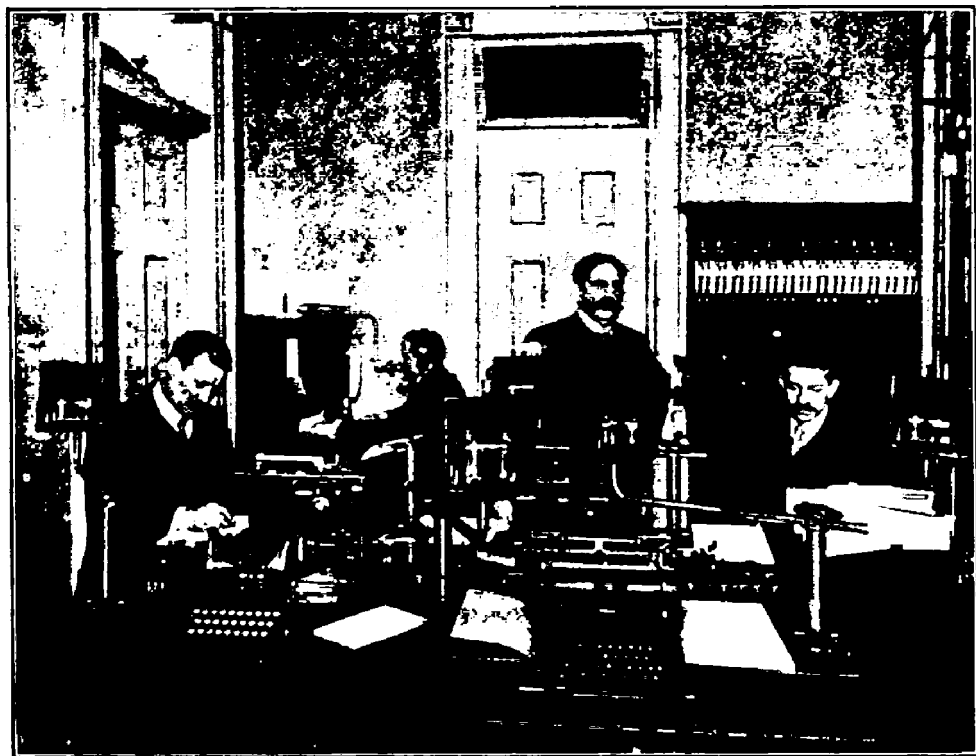
My boy,
Of the terrible snake in the grass;
But now you must know,
Man's deadliest foe
Is the venomous snake in the glass.

Alas!
The venomous snake in the glass."
And it was Henry W. Longfellow, whose "Psalm of Life" every American boy knows (or ought to know) by heart, that wrote:

"Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore,
To its very core.
Its perfume is the breath
Of the angel of death;
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware! Oh, beware!
For sickness, sorrow, and care,
All are there!"

All for Naught.

Mother—"So your Aunt Jane won't be able to come today, after all, Tommy?"
Tommy—"Boo-hoo."
Mother—"Why, Tommy, I didn't know you were so fond of Aunt Jane."
Tommy—"I ain't. But here I've gone and washed my neck and cleaned my hands all for nothing! Boo-hoo!"—Exchange.



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THE "WAR ROOM" AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

regarding the movements of the enemy not only as soon as it becomes generally known, but if possible even earlier.

During the Civil War, President Lincoln did not have so much as one telegraph wire leading to the White House, and when he could not control his anxiety to learn what the armies in the field were doing he would put on the quaint hat which he always wore and hurry over to the War Department, where there was a telegraph office at which news was received from the front. Later a small telegraph office was established in the presidential mansion, and during the great Chicago riots President Cleveland sat at the elbow of the telegraph operator in the White House and told the army officers in command of the United States regulars at Chicago just what to do.

It was not, however, until the outbreak of the Spanish-American War that there was evolved that wonderful "President's Intelligence Office," which has since become the marvel of the civilized world and to which a distinguished European statesman gave much of the credit for Uncle Sam's victory over Spain. President McKinley himself conceived the idea of this novel adjunct which is nothing less than a telephone and telegraph headquarters with special wires so arranged that the President may almost at a moment's notice communicate with any portion of the world.

Because of the great service which it rendered to the government during the conflict with Spain this institution has ever since been popularly known as the "War Room," and indeed it is a very appropriate one, for it has enabled the President to be, what he never was before, in reality as well as in name, the commander in chief of the fighting forces beneath the Stars and Stripes. Prior to the provision of this war room the President could only direct military operations in a general way. He could make known to the generals commanding the army and the officers of the navy what he thought could and ought to be done, but after giving these instructions he had to leave matters wholly in their hands to work out as they saw fit, and sometimes, when the unexpected happened, serious blunders were made which might have been prevented had it been possible to promptly advise the President of the new turn of affairs and ask

firing line in Cuba. Indeed, it has truthfully been said that if the line from the American trenches to the White House had only been a telephone wire instead of a telegraph system, it would have been possible for the President to hear the shots and listen to the cheers of the American soldiers when the Spanish flag was hauled down.

This famous war room, which was formerly located in the White House, but since the reconstruction of that mansion has been removed to the White House offices adjoining, is not at all an imposing looking place, but it is a very interesting one. It consists of a room of fair size filled to overflowing with telegraph and telephone instruments, typewriters, phonographs and other form of apparatus for transmitting and recording messages. The equipment is the best which



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COL. B. F. MONTGOMERY,
The "President's Intelligence Officer," in charge of the "War Room."

P. S. DUXBURY, Caledonia, Minn., is very much interested in poultry raising. He sends plans for making an egg tester.—CARL D. GRAY, Madison, Me., says that he has noticed by the paper that several of the boys have had a good deal of trouble with rabbits, and thinks he can help them out as he has had some experience with them and has never lost any excepting two, which were caught by the cat. In the first place he says, they should not be kept in hutches, but in a pen about 10x10 outdoors. He says they require a great deal of exercise and plenty of room. Feed cracked corn, a little oats and bran, with grass, hay, and leavings from the table. Be sure the doe has all the green stuff and fresh water she wants, with plenty of room, and she will bring up the little ones all right. Do not handle the young ones till they have had their eyes open two or three days. Carl has an Angora cat named Robert Fitzsimmons, and says the hair on his back is from five to seven inches long. He has promised to send us a picture of him.—FRED G. DOUGHERTY, Molalla, Ore., has started in the poultry business this year and thinks it a good business. He has a house 14 feet long by eight feet wide, and a yard 60 feet long by 35 feet wide, and calls it the "Fir Hill Poultry Yard," as there are several large fir trees on a hill back of the house. His mother gave him a hen and fifteen eggs. He set the hen and the result was twelve young chicks. Then they found another hen with fourteen young chickens, and these they put with his, so he now has twenty six chickens, fourteen white ones and twelve dominicks. Next year he is going to raise white Plymouth rocks.—WALTER W. LEWIS, Scranton, Miss., has two pet ducks. He says he had three pet coons, but the old one got away and took one of the young ones with her, and the other little fellow died. He also had two opossums and they died. He has a shotgun, and says that now, as the grapes, peaches, pears, plums and strawberries are ripe, he spends much time in the garden.

A Boy Poultry Raiser.

Walter V. Howe, of Omaha, Neb., is cutting quite a figure as a successful young poultry raiser. He is but thirteen years old, and, according to his own statement published in the Nebraska "Farmer" of June 4 last, he is successful to a very high degree. Walter caught the chicken fever last fall, when he and his chum went into business together, visiting the commission houses and buying chickens until their money ran out. The back yard of Walter's home was to furnish the accommodations for the new business. The first two or three weeks things went along swimmingly, and the young business men could see immense profits piling up in the prospective. As time went on Walter's chum proved a poor business partner, Walter doing all the work. A dissolution of partnership was thereupon agreed to and each took with him the chickens that he had bought. Since January 1 last Walter has been conducting business on his own hook. He says he now has twelve non-Union hens and one rooster, a mixture of Plymouth Rocks, buff cochins, rahmas, and three bantams. He has thirty two young chickens, with a hen due to hatch in a few days. He has kept an accurate account of his receipts and expenditures since January 1, showing that he has gathered 681 eggs, a large number of which were sold at twenty five cents a dozen. He has disposed of some of his hens and bought better ones, and has cleared \$8.15, besides having had lots of fun and learning something. Walter says if there is a boy in Nebraska than can beat his record he would like to see the color of his eyes and have him tell when, where and how he did it.

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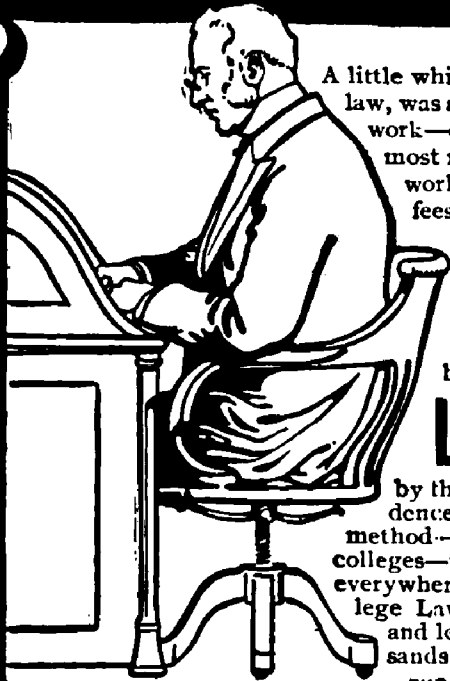
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A BOY IN THE HALL OF FAME



by Fred Myron Colby.

The boys and girls perhaps know the names of the larger number of the fifty famous Americans who were selected for a place in the Hall of Fame, and perhaps they know something of the great achievements of most of them. But I dare say that they have never thought that behind each one of these men whom we delight to honor stands a boy, who, like other boys, worked and played, and had his dreams and aspirations, and accomplished the small tasks which were the precursors to the grander deeds that have made his name immortal.

Yes; every one of these men were once boys, most of them poor boys who had to struggle hard for a livelihood, and who had little thought that they were to win the high honor that came to them. Among them all none perhaps had a more unpromising youth, and few are more famous, than Patrick Henry, the great orator and statesman of the Revolution. His name is not the first in the Hall of Fame, but it is close along after the first, and it is one that every American boy should love to honor and reverence.

His life may teach our young folks not to despair if they fall once or twice, but to keep on trying. If anybody ever made himself it was Patrick Henry. After failing in several other undertakings he finally hit upon the calling to which he was exactly suited and became famous. It was a long, hard struggle before he found out what he could do best, but his failures only incited him to fresh endeavors, and once on the right road he stuck to it and worked with all his might.

Patrick Henry was born and raised in Virginia, the home of Washington and Jefferson and many other distinguished men. His father was John Henry, a Scotchman, who came to America about 1730 to seek his fortune. Patrick and his elder brother, William, went to a school in the neighborhood where they learned to read and write and made some progress in arithmetic. When he was ten, Patrick was taken home, and under the tuition of his father who had opened a grammar school in his own house, the future statesman acquired a superficial knowledge of Latin and studied a little Greek. But he was fonder of mathematics than of the languages, and was not a great student at the best.

He loved better than all to go swimming and fishing and to hunt in the green, silent woods; not that he was as active as many other boys, but he loved to be by himself, to lie stretched out by the shaded banks of a rippling brook and to dream in the hidden recesses of the great forest. His mates sometimes would find him "talking to himself," as they called it, for he was too modest to tell them what he really was doing.

Later it was found out that he was studying the strange and beautiful things he saw in the streams and the woods and making to himself, pretty speeches about them which he repeated over and over. Thus early in life we can see how his mind was inclined and how he was naturally training himself for his future work.

Patrick's school days ended when he was fifteen years of age. His father's family had now grown so large that it became necessary for the older children to go out to earn their own living. Patrick was placed in a country store where he stayed as clerk for a year, and then his father set him up in business for himself.

The Henry store soon became a popular place of resort. People went there to talk and gossip with the Henry brothers; nowhere else did they have so good a time. Patrick was always asking all sorts of strange questions and getting them into discussions which were sometimes quite warm and lively.

The boy was thus acquiring knowledge and he was learning human nature; but as a merchant he was a failure. At the end of a year he left the store and went to cultivating a small farm. He had already married, a foolish thing for any boy of eighteen to do who has no means to support a wife. Unfortunately for Patrick Henry it was a poor year for farming, the crops were not good, and the young planter did not raise enough to pay the taxes and care for himself and wife. So he sold his farm and went to keeping store again.

His second attempt at trade was no more successful than the first. He had customers in plenty, but he was a poor collector, and he spent so much time in playing his violin and in reading and in discussion of grave questions, that at the end of two years he was worse off than ever and had to give up his store. But Patrick Henry did not give up trying.

He was now twenty three years old and had failed once as a farmer, twice as a merchant, and altogether in everything else he had attempted to do, except in making himself popular and in learning to control

and influence men. He was also a great reader, and was considered by far the best informed man in the neighborhood.

Nor had he lost his cheerful, sunny temper. In spite of his failures he was not despondent. "There's a good time coming by and by," he was in the habit of saying to his wife. The prospect, however, was not very favorable, and he and his young wife hardly had enough to eat at times.

How did he live during this time? He sawed wood, he helped his neighbors plant, hoe and fence; he did anything to earn money that he could find to do. His evenings he spent in reading and study. He began to acquire the reputation of being the best read man in the neighborhood.

Up to this time young Henry had never dreamed of being a lawyer. He had never even made a public speech. But he had read much, he had debated questions with his neighbors and customers in the store and he had studied oratory for his own amusement in the woods. He was twenty four years old when he began the study of law.

In less than two months he had studied so hard that he was able to pass the examination and was admitted to the bar. He was so slovenly dressed and looked so shabby that one of the examiners did not consider him fit to be a lawyer, but after half an hour's conversation with him, the judge exclaimed: "Mr. Henry, if your industry be only half equal to your genius, you will be an ornament to your profession."

They were prophetic words. Patrick Henry became not only one of the greatest lawyers, but one of the greatest men of the country. There were those who thought he was the greatest man. He won wealth and great fame. Member of the Continental Congress, Governor of Virginia, the friend of Washington, Patrick Henry's name is surpassed by only a few. As an orator he has probably never been equaled in America.

We wonder if in the days of his success the great orator did not look back with satisfaction to his toilsome and dreamy youth. In those solitary addresses he made to the brooks and the birds he was preparing himself to direct and sway the minds of large masses of men. His extensive reading gave him a command of facts and of language. In his habit of talking with men he learned human nature. Without his failures he could never have become the great orator whose stirring words aroused a nation, and whose eloquence directed the forming of a republic.

A Puzzled Monkey.

Yesterday was a good day for the monkeys at the Fair grounds, and they liked it. They frisked about in the sunshine, and cut their antics with an abandon that showed them to be bubbling over with fun and mischief. There is one that by some amusing peculiarities becomes an immediate favorite with every spectator. A gentleman in the crowd yesterday happened to have a small pocket mirror, and just for sport passed it to the favorite. The monkey's behavior, on seeing his face reflected in the glass, kept the crowd in a roar of laughter for nearly an hour. The monkey, of course failed to recognize the reflection of himself, and took it for another monkey, and his anxiety to get hold of that monkey was what made the fun. He would look behind the glass and feel for it in such a comical way while he was looking in the glass that one could not help laughing. While the glass was close to his eye he gradually bent over, casually, and noticing that the evanescent monkey was on his back, apparently, he dropped the glass and made a sudden grab for him. When he didn't get him he looked surprised, and commenced looking under the straw to see what had become of him. He was then seized with a luminous idea. He picked up the glass and ran to the top-most branch of the dead tree that is erected in the cage, and climbing to the extreme end again looked in the glass. It seemed he reasoned that in such a position the monkey could not get away. He felt for it, grabbed at it, and tried all sorts of strategy to capture it, notwithstanding repeated failures.—St. Louis Republican.

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JOE JOLLY BOY

(BEGUN IN APRIL.)

IN WHICH HE TELLS OF A WRECK AND A SEA SERPENT.

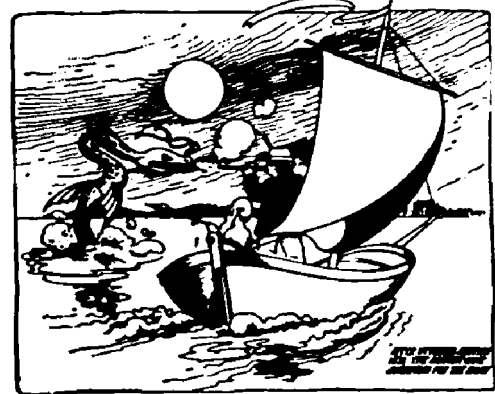
The canoes of the Pigmies were well-made, and the little people knew how to handle them, but when I went sailing in my boat I could leave them far behind. They thought that boat a wonderful thing. Sometimes I took the king and a dozen of his men for a long sail, and they were so pleased that we laughed all the time.

About a week after I had chased the sea robbers from the island I went for a sail with the king, his daughter and six or seven others, and we sailed farther out to sea this time than ever before. Indeed, we almost lost sight of the island.

The king had become alarmed and begged me to go no farther, when we discovered the wreck of a vessel floating about.

All her masts were gone, and she was much battered, but I climbed aboard of the hulk to see what I could find.

She turned out to be a great prize. With the help of the Pigmies, I got from her one hundred hatchets, a lot of iron-ware, a big box of matches, several kegs of nails, many carpenter tools, a great lot of rope, fifty looking glasses, twelve



muskets with powder and bullets, and many other things of great use to the islanders.

Some of the things they had never seen before. Not one of them had ever seen his face in a looking glass, and at first they were rather frightened. The hatchets would enable them to cut down trees, and the muskets would defend them from anyone who dared to approach the island.

There were so many things worth saving that I had to make three trips between the wreck and the island.

It was on my last trip that I met with a lively adventure. The king alone was with me, as we wanted all the room in the boat for the things.

It was night, but the moon was fairly bright. On this trip I had brought along one of the muskets and powder and ball, not knowing but that we might meet some of the sea robbers, and wishing to be prepared for them.

We had left the wreck and headed for the island, but were at least six miles from the shore when the king suddenly stood up in the boat and looked ahead and said:

"Joe Jolly Boy, I am afraid we shall never set foot on Jolly Land again!"

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"There is a sea serpent playing on the water not far ahead of us, and as soon as he sees us we are dead men. Only a month before you reached Jolly Land four of my people, who were out in a canoe fishing, were killed by a sea serpent which rushed upon them. There is no hope of saving our lives."

I stood up in the boat and shaded my eyes with my hand and plainly saw the serpent swimming around on the surface of the water.

I could have headed the boat another way and perhaps escaped him, but I was not afraid. I determined to sail right down upon him, and if he attacked us I had the musket for defense. When I told the king what I was going to do he made ready with his spear and said he would fight to the last, but I saw that he trembled and was fearful of the result. When the boat was within two hundred feet of the serpent, which was fully thirty feet long and as big around as a telegraph pole, the monster lifted his head ten feet high and uttered a loud hiss.

"Now he will attack us and we are dead men!" said the king, and I picked up my musket to be ready.

In another moment, and after uttering another hiss, the serpent came swimming for the boat, and he was up to us before you could have counted twenty. When I saw his great head waving about us and his tongue darting out and in I felt a chill of fear, but at the same time I raised my musket and took quick aim and fired.

I had never fired a gun before, and it was simply by accident that the bullet struck the serpent fair in the head and shattered it. He did not die at once, but thrashed the water into foam for five minutes before he finally lay quiet.

When I was sure that he was dead I tied a rope to his tail and made the other end fast to the boat, and thus towed him to the shore. When we got ashore, where

a great crowd awaited us, the king raised his voice and shouted:

"Friends, Joe Jolly Boy has done another brave thing. He has killed a great sea serpent and brought your king safely home. Let us cheer for him and tell him how much we love him!"

Then they cheered and shouted and laughed, and the noise was so great as to bring all the people out of the city to see what was the matter.

In my next chapter, which will be the last, I will tell you of my leaving Jolly Land and returning to my home.

IN WHICH HE TELLS OF LEAVING JOLLY LAND AND RETURNING TO HIS HOME.

For a month after killing the sea serpent I was busy teaching the Pigmies various things. I helped the king to build him a fine house, and others built houses like mine for themselves. I sharpened up the hatchets and taught the men how to chop down trees and build canoes out of logs.

I selected one hundred men and drilled them as I had seen soldiers drill in Slam, and in a little time all of them could load and fire the muskets. There were many other things I taught them, and at last I felt that I had done all I could for them, and that they could now take care of themselves better than ever before.

I counted it up and found that I had been away from home four months. I had enjoyed myself all the time, yet I was beginning to feel homesick. The Pigmies were good people, but they were not my own people.

The king saw that I was thinking of these things, and he took me by the hand and said:

"Joe Jolly Boy, I know what is the matter with you. You are homesick for your parents and brother and home. I cannot blame you, but I wish you would always stay with us."

"Yes, oh king, I am homesick for mine own people," I replied. "You have treated me so well that I shall always feel grateful to you, and I shall be sorry to leave Chin-Chin, who has been like a sister to me. Each and every one on this island has been my friend, but I feel that I must go back to Slam. My parents and brother have long mourned me as dead, and I want to bring joy to their hearts."

When it became known to the people that I was going away they gathered around me and shed tears and sought to change my mind. It was hard to break away from such good friends, but I felt that I must do it, and one morning I loaded my boat with food and water and set out.

The Pigmies had twenty canoes, each one holding twenty people, and the whole fleet paddled after me until I was five miles out to sea. Then the king embraced me and kissed me on both cheeks, Chin-Chin and I kissed each other, and the people who had come with us waved their paddles and shouted:

"Good-bye, Joe Jolly Boy—good-bye! You came to us a stranger, but you proved to be our best friend. We shall always remember what you have done for us, and we hope to see you again some time. Three cheers for Joe Jolly Boy—three rousing cheers!"

When the people had ceased cheering I canoes put about for the island and I was left alone to pursue my voyage. I am not ashamed to say that my eyes filled with tears as I sailed on, and that there was such a big lump in my throat that I could not speak aloud. But for



my strong desire to see my parents and brother I should have turned about and returned to the island to live with the Pigmies for evermore.

I had been sailing for three days when the sky became overcast, the wind and waves began to rise, and I could see that a great storm was at hand.

I felt very anxious, and I had begun to wonder if I should ever reach Slam, when a vessel came sailing down towards me and I was both delighted and astonished to find in her a craft which sailed out of the very port where I lived. I had even seen her captain talking with



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my father on the streets of the town. When she had come near me the captain put a trumpet to his lips and shouted:

"Boy, we will throw you a rope to make fast to your boat, and you must come on board. There is going to be a heavy gale, and your boat will never live through it."

I waved my hand to show him that I understood, and a few minutes later I was safely aboard his ship. Then my boat was cast off to take care of herself, and the only thing I took out of her was my sea lion's tusk.

For three days the ocean was swept by a terrible storm, and if I had not met the ship I should surely have been lost. It was just a week from the day I was picked up that I landed in Slam. The captain had heard of my running away with a fisherman's boat, and he said that everybody in Slam believed me lost at sea.

It was evening when the ship got into port and I went home. Father, mother and brother Anak were sitting together, and as I walked in they looked at me and were dumb with surprise. It was five minutes before they could believe that the lost Joe Jolly Boy had returned safe and sound, and I was hugged and kissed until I had to beg of them to let up on me.

My adventures were the talk of the town, and hundreds of people came to see me. Among them was the soldier who had told me of Jolly Land, and when I had related my story to him he said:

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Tim was no sooner in the saddle than he was hurled head over heels through the air, and came down so hard that the breath was almost knocked out of him.

"Murphy!" shouted the sergeant, when he discovered the man spread out on the ground, "you dismounted."

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did."

"From headquarters, I suppose," with a sneer.

"No, from hindquarters."

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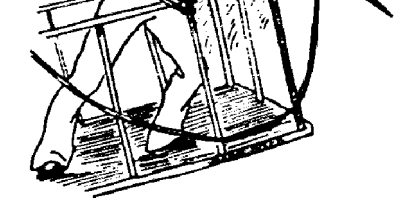
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HAL HERRICK, FIRST STRIKER

BY FRANK MAHAN.



GLOUCESTER is a pretty place and unlike all other places. Its principal street winds its way through it like a great serpent and from its short streets or lanes run down to the wharfs, where the schooners land the mackerel and codfish, which is the city's chief source of income and which have made it famous wherever codfish balls and salt mackerel are known.

At the corner of one of these lanes was Mr. Bew's office, behind which stretched a sea of drying sheds, pickling vats and packing houses. Beyond them were the masts of the fishing vessels.

One day as Hal and Ned sat in the office talking with Mr. Bew, in walked a heavy set man with a deeply-tanned face and a merry twinkle in his eye. Mr. Bew rose and extended his hand.

"How are you, Joe? Did you have a good trip?"

"Yes, sir. And better prospects for the next. How are you, Ned? Glad to see you back. You're looking well. And who is this young gentleman?"

"That's Hal Herrick, a friend of mine, Captain Silver. And how is the 'Oceanus'?"

"As sprightly a vessel as ever worked on swordfish, and one that can show her heels to the best in Gloucester fleet." The skipper took a vacant chair and stuck his feet out before him with a well-satisfied air.

"Ever been fishing, Hal? he asked, looking up.

"No, I never have," he answered. "I've never been on the ocean and never saw it until I came to Gloucester. I think it would be fine fun."

"How'd you like to see one of those things stuck up through the bottom of a dory and you the only one in it?" he said, pointing to a sword that hung on the wall.

"It would hardly be pleasant, I think," Hal replied. "Does it often happen?"

"No, not often, when a man knows what he's about."

The skipper took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, cut several small pieces from it, crumbled them between his palms, put them in a short pipe, struck a match and puffed in silence.

"How much of a crew have you, Joe?" asked Mr. Bew.

"Eight, and two empty bunks. I've shipped Portuguese Joe for a cook, and now's the time for those two lads to go if they want to see some swordfish catching and have plenty of good grub to mug up on when they get empty." The skipper glanced at the boys, rose from his seat and strode to the door. "We'll sail at noon tomorrow. If we have fair wind and if you want to go, have your sleeping bags and a quilt apiece aboard by ten o'clock. Goodbye."

Both of the boys looked at Mr. Bew. There was a smile upon his face. "What do you say, dad?" cried Ned. "Can we go?"

"Do you think you would like it, Hal?" Mr. Bew asked.

"Yes, indeed," said Hal. His face was aglow.

"It would probably do you good," Mr. Bew replied, and then, with a smile, "You begin to look so well, Hal, that I think you can spare the fishes a good meal or two. Go and order a couple of sleeping bags to be sent down in the morning, Ned, and then we will go home for tea."

Ned Bew was the son of a prominent fish dealer. Hal Herrick was a classmate and his particular chum. Things had looked pretty dark for Hal at the close of his second year at Andover, for he was dependent upon himself for the means to finish his third year. This would have caused him no worry under ordinary circumstances, but an attack of typhoid fever had left him weak and emaciated. The two previous summers he had been able to earn a considerable sum, which, with the odd jobs done about the village during the winter, had enabled him thus far to continue his studies. The doctor, however, had ordered a rest and change of air and Mr. Bew had written Ned to have Hal come home with him and have the benefit of the sea air and the surf-bathing. Three weeks spent in boating in Gloucester harbor and bathing at Long Beach had done much to make him strong again, but no solution of his financial problem had presented itself. Hal, however, had a level head for one of his age, and had firmly made up his mind to first regain his health and then attempt to find a way by which he could finish his third year.

A voyage of three weeks on a swordfish fisherman gave promise of much exciting

sport and the boys woke early next morning, completed their arrangements and started for the vessel.

"Come on, Hal, there she is." The boys hastened towards the end of the wharf. "O-c-e-a-n-u-s!" Yes, there she was.

"Say, Ned, what are those boards fastened on the topmast for, and look what is that on the bowsprit?" Hal had never before seen a vessel equipped for swordfish fishing.

"Those are stands on the topmast. You know they harpoon swordfish. When they get where the fish are to be found some of the crew go aloft to look out for them and when they see one they tell the man at the wheel how to steer, so that the striker in the stand on the bowsprit can get a good shot at it. You see the stand has an iron railing that comes up to his waist so he can steady himself; and that little board hanging on at one side, can be made into a seat to sit on when they are not working on fish. See that long pole lashed to the bowsprit?"

"Yes, it looks like a vaulting pole."

"Well, the iron or harpoon fits on the end of that and is kept tight by the line that is fastened to the buoy. They always have rope enough to reach to the bottom, and when a fish is ironed they throw it all overboard and then a man goes out in a dory and hauls the fish up and the vessel goes alongside and takes them aboard."

"It must be exciting," said Hal.

"You just wait," replied Ned. "I've never been, but father has and I've heard him tell how it's done."

The boys stowed their luggage in the cabin and then came on deck to see the sails set. The small red and blue flag fluttered from the main topmast. The skipper looked at it and smiled. "We'll be on the fishing grounds in the morning, if that keeps up, boys, and if it don't, we must get as far as we can while it lasts. Let go the stern line there! Run a line out to ease her bow off that wharf ahead! Hoist the mains'l!"

The great sail filled, the boat moved slowly, her bow cleared the wharf, all sail was set and she flew through the harbor like a thing of life.

The boys sat on the quarter-deck until Cape Ann lights were passed and then went forward for supper. The vessel rolled under them and they kept their feet on her slanting decks with difficulty. Both had a queer feeling. Ned rushed frantically to the side of the vessel, clutched the shrouds and said something that sounded like "Ni-or-r-r-k." Hal made his way to the table, grew suddenly pale, rushed on deck and joined in a duet which continued for some minutes.

"That's right, boys," said the skipper. "Have done with it and be ready to enjoy the trip."

Portuguese Joe stuck his head up from the forecastle, grinned, disappeared and soon reappeared with a couple of sea biscuits. "Eat 'em, make you better," he said as he handed one to each of them. The boys turned to him with a sickly smile, took them and eventually succeeded in eating them. Ned went below and threw himself into his bunk. Hal remained on deck and soon began to feel himself again. He ate another biscuit and went below for the night.

"Is that you?" asked Ned.

"Yes. How do you feel?"

"Do you remember what Mark Twain said about his first sea sickness?"

"No."

"He said at first he was afraid that he was going to die and then after awhile he was afraid he wasn't! That's me."

The wind soon slackened, the vessel steadied and both boys ere long were sound asleep.

"Breakfast."

The boys opened their eyes. There stood Portuguese Joe, his face wearing a broad smile. "You feel purty gude? Eat plenty—feel better—give ship gude name," he said, and disappeared. They rolled out of their bunks and Hal began to put on his shoes. Ned sat on the locker looking a little the worse for wear. "Oh, for a bath," he sighed. "I wish there were no sharks around. I would go over the side for a swim."

Hal's face brightened. "Come on," he said. "I've got it." Ned followed and they made their way to the forward deck. They both stripped and then took turn about dashing buckets of salt water over each other, after which they dressed, and, greatly refreshed, made their way to the forecastle. They had hardly finished when a shout came from the man aloft.

"Keep her off!" There was a hurrying of feet and the boys rushed on deck.

"Hard up." The vessel swung rapidly to leeward. Both boys had rushed to the bow and strained their eyes for a glimpse of the swordfish, but saw nothing.

"Steady!" The striker leaned well forward from the stand and, pole in hand, looked out upon the water.

"Luff a little!"

"Steady!" The striker turned, lowered his pole and there underneath him was

the shining fin of the fish standing a few inches out of the water. The pole flew from his hands, there was a splash and the great blue body started on its last journey to the bottom of the Atlantic. The line and buoy were cast overboard, a dory was lowered and one of the crew was soon hauling up the first swordfish. When evening had come eight fish had been taken. The largest the skipper said would not weigh less than four hundred and fifty pounds, while the smallest weighed two hundred when dressed. The fish were lowered into the hold, iced, and the crew went to their rest.

In the morning Hal woke early and went on deck, eager for the day's work to begin. The fish were plentiful and soon three dories were out. In one of them Hal had gone. When the vessel came alongside there was consternation on board. In trying for the fourth fish the lines had in some mysterious manner gotten foul of the striker's arm and broken it. Two others had tried to strike the fish and both had missed. The men at the masthead came down and refused to go aloft if such chances were to continue in failure. Disheartened by the failure of two of the crew and the anger of the lookout, not a man would go on the stand and the trip seemed to have come to an end. The skipper paced the quarter-deck. The Oceanus flew before the wind, the spray dashing over her bow. Other vessels in the fleet were putting out dory after dory as the fish were struck, but the prospects that were so bright an hour ago had vanished.

"Captain Silver, ask Hal to try. He was our best pole-vaulter at school, and I believe he could strike if the man aloft would give him a fair chance." The skipper stopped and looked at Ned.

"It's our last chance," he said. "No one else can do it, but if he can we'll make the best trip in the fleet. Say, Hal," he called, "Will you go on the stand for us?"

"I'll try, sir."

"All hands aft," called the skipper.

The men gathered on the quarter-deck. Some were sullen. All were dejected.

"Take the wheel, Joe. Let her go by the wind." The skipper's jaws snapped. His eyes no longer twinkled, his face was stern.

"Men, I've gone skipper in this vessel for ten years and never failed to make a trip of fish, and I don't intend to do it now. We've had hard luck in being cut out of the best striker that ever stood on a stand, but I take it as it's harder on him than it is on us. There's not a man in the crew but can do his work as he's used to as well as the best. Now get to your places and do it. The first man as refuses 'll lose his share of the trip or worse." The skipper filled his pipe, lighted it and took his place at the wheel.

The lookout went aloft and Hal made his way to the stand. How it rose and fell. Sometimes it seemed as though it would toss him into the air and then suddenly dashed him down upon the crest of an oncoming wave. He lashed himself to the guard, untied the pole, drew a long breath and waited.

"Luff! Luff!" He started, then trembled from head to foot.

"Steady! Keep her off a little." There—there was the fin not twenty yards away.

"Steady!" He lowered the pole, the fish came slowly toward him.

He set his teeth and steadied himself against the guard. Now! The pole flew from his hands. The great blue body gave one convulsive quiver, rolled upon its back and floated toward the bow.

"Hold your buoy," shouted the lookout.

"Haul in." That's the boy, Hal. An old hand don't do that one time in a thousand. Clean through the back bone and deaden'n Hector fore you can get a line overboard."

"Well, Hal, that's Boston Light there and we'll be at T wharf in less than two hours. We've got eighty seven fish aboard and you struck seventy six of 'em. If you were an old striker I'd be willing to forget the three you missed. Can you come with us next trip?"

"No, Captain Silver, I would like to, but I must go home and try to make arrangements to go to school again next fall."

When the landing was made the boys took the train for Gloucester. Three days after as Hal was making his preparations to leave, Mr. Bew said, "Tell Hal to stop by the office on his way to the station, Ned, I have something for him to carry with him as a souvenir of his fishing trip."

When they reached the office, Mr. Bew met them at the door. "Here, Hal, is the sword of the first fish you struck. The crew have had a handle put to it and request that you keep it. For fear that you forget them they have had their names engraved upon it. This is from Captain Silver, who asked me to say that he was sorry that he could not be here to hand it to you, as your well-earned share of the trip."

Hal opened the envelope which was handed him, took out its contents and read:
No. 196.

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THE VICTORIA CROSS

OR SURGEON ADAIR'S BRAVERY.

BY WM. MURRAY GRAYDON.

AY, Percy, what is the outlook for glory on this campaign, anyhow? Will any of us be able to sport the V. C. on our well-worn uniforms six months from date?"

Lieutenant Percy Collroke rammed his briar pipe full of tobacco, lit it, and after a preliminary puff or two, said, slowly, "It's doubtful, Dormer—very doubtful, the campaign is two weeks old already, and what have we accomplished? Burnt a village or two, strung up half a dozen Karen spies, and scared the enemy into the swamps where half a dozen batteries won't dislodge them. Macdonald declares he'll march us in after them. If they won't come out, and if he does—we're like rats in a trap. I know what these Burmese swamps are. The Karens and the jungle fever will make short work of us."

"Yes," said Dormer, sententiously, "that's true enough."

They smoked on in silence at the tent door, while the hot Indian sun sank over the gloomy hills to the westward of the camp, where in snug retreat, lurked the rebellious Karens. At last the orb went clear down behind the ridge, leaving a dusky red trail behind it.

"Well," said Surgeon Jack Adair rising from his camp-stool, and stretching his weary limbs, "I confess I wouldn't mind going back to England with a Victoria Cross on my breast. I'd rather enjoy the sensation."

A barely perceptible sneer overspread Lieutenant Collroke's face.

"You forget that medical officers are non-combatants, Adair," he remarked; "instead of arms, you fellows are privileged to carry pill boxes and lint. The iron cross is bestowed for bravery, not for skill in sawing bones, and for compounding drugs," and with this cutting satire, Lieutenant Percy coolly resumed his pipe.

Surgeon Adair flushed and without a word, turned and walked away.

"Jove! that was a hard one," said Dormer, "why do you dislike the fellow so, Percy?"

"He's always too big for his boots," replied the lieutenant with a sniff of contempt; "I like to bring him down a peg or two."

"Well, I wish you'd do it when I'm not around," responded Dormer; "it's deuced awkward for a fellow. There's a woman in it, I'll bet a guinea," he added to himself, but he was well aware that the quarrel had originated in England some time before the regiment was ordered abroad, and, moreover, he shrewdly suspected that Adair was not altogether in the wrong.

Further discussion was ended by an imperative request to Lieutenant Collroke to present himself at headquarters.

"Something is in the wind," mused Dormer as he sat smoking in solitary state, and his prediction was correct; for before taps sounded, the whole camp knew that the Karens were gathering in force on the edge of the swamp, and an attack was ordered for daybreak.

The Biluch mounted infantry were "thoroughbreds" in every sense of the word. They had fought the Pathans on the banks of the Indus, and had more than one encounter with the Tibetans up on the Darjeeling frontier, but never did they assail a fiercer foe than those dusky-faced Karens, who advanced in swarms from their jungle fastnesses, when the first streak of dawn glowed on the Burmese Hills.

Brave Colonel Macdonald grew a trifle paler and sterner when his glasses showed him how thickly the foe were mustering; but, with the same coolness that always characterized his fighting men, he gave his orders, and then, in the gray light of dawn, led the wavering line of troopers across the narrow plain that skirted the jungle. Each man felt that hot work was ahead, and they were not disappointed. The Karens made a desperate stand, and as the troopers dashed into the jungle, from every tree, and bush, and clump of grass, came long shafted spears, and ruddy flashes from murderous old matchlocks that brought more than one brave fellow low. But many a death shriek told of swift and rapid atonement, as the revolvers cracked and the gleaming swords reeking with warm life blood flashed in the air.

Although for a time the issue was critical, the valor of the skilled native troops gradually prevailed, and at last inch by inch, the enemy were forced back, fighting with reckless desperation at every step.

Whatever else he may have been, Lieutenant Collroke was no coward. When the right wing of the attack, under his impetuous command, struck the Karens like a cyclone, more than one spear, and more than one matchlock was aimed at the daring young officer. His stanch

troopers went down on all sides of him, but, for a time he seemed to bear a charmed life. Then, from an unseen clump of jungle grass, sped a pointed spear, and piercing the young officer's breast brought him to the ground, while the riderless horse plunged frantically into the deepest recesses of the swamp. The luckless Karen made speedy explanation for the trooper behind spitted him on the point of his sabre, like a basted fowl; and then, as the attack veered to one side, the wounded officer was left bleeding and forgotten on the earth. With his little black box strapped to his back Surgeon Adair followed on the heels of the attack. With infinite tenderness and firm touch he ministered to the wounded, stanching a spear thrust or a bullet hole, cooling fevered lips with a refreshing lotion, or speaking words of sad comfort to some poor fellow whose eyes were already dim and glassy.

Oblivious to his surroundings he pressed forward on his work of mercy, until with a start, he saw that he was almost alone in the jungle, save for half a dozen scattered troopers who were circling on either side beating the bush for hidden foes.

"I'd better go back," he muttered, half aloud; "these wretches may be lurking all around me—Hullo, what's that?"

"Adair, Adair," came a feeble cry from a patch of grass ahead; and, dashing forward, the surgeon nearly stumbled over the prostrate form of Lieutenant Collroke. A cry of surprise came from his lips, as he bent over the wounded officer; and then a sudden pallor flashed over his bronzed cheeks as he saw four half-naked Karens burst from a bamboo copse, twenty yards distant, and sweep down on the two Englishmen. Collroke pulled himself to his elbows and dropped back with a groan.

"It's all up with me," he cried, feebly, "save yourself, Adair."

For answer, the surgeon grasped the wounded man under the shoulders, and propped him against a tree that stood a few feet behind them. Then, without a word, he drew his revolver, snatched Collroke's sword from its scabbard, and wheeled around, just in time to face the foremost of the Karens, a burly savage armed with a double edged sword. Already the blade was lifted, and, had the surgeon turned a second later, he would have been struck down from the rear, but he dodged to one side and parried the second blow with a sharp stroke that drew sparks from the steel. The Karen was no mean opponent, and with rude skill, he turned aside the surgeon's rapid thrusts, while his three comrades were closing in on Adair from both sides. The chances were desperate and the plucky surgeon knew it well.

It was still possible to gain safety by flight, but to do that Collroke must be

abandoned to his fate. The other savages were close at hand, and with a desperate blow, Adair shattered his opponent's sword, and then before he could spring backward drove his own blade into his body and down he went hors de combat.

Not ten feet away, another sinewy savage was in the act of aiming his matchlock. Quick as a flash, Adair caught the dead body of his late opponent, and holding it before him, ran at the fellow with the gun. The report rang out, but the bullet only pierced the human target; and before the native could flee, Adair leaped out of the drifting smoke and brought him down with a bullet through his brain. The surgeon's blood was up now, and dashing back in front of his wounded charge he faced the two remaining Karens, who, instead of profiting by their comrades' fate, bounded fiercely to the attack. Abandoning their guns, which were probably not loaded, and throwing aside all encumbrances, they rushed on the surgeon with uplifted swords, evidently certain of his speedy destruction.

Standing them off with one hand, Adair cocked his revolver with the other, and took a hasty aim at the foremost of his foes; but, before he could press the trigger, the pistol was knocked from his grasp and he was left, with only his sword to depend upon. A hasty glance through the jungle showed not a single British uniform in sight; but still undaunted, Adair turned on his foes with naked sabre. Coolly, he parried the double thrusts to the amazement of the furious savages, who had anticipated an easy victory. Then a vengeful lunge broke through his guard, and he received a bad wound in his left arm.

Maddened with pain, he lifted his sabre, and with one terrific blow drove the blade deep into the skull of the nearest Karen.

The handle slipped from his grasp, and, before he could regain possession of it the last remaining Karen bore down on him with uplifted sword. Adair tried to dodge the blow, and the sharp blade, narrowly missing his head, sank deep into his shoulder.

Stunned and dizzy he hurled himself against his antagonist, and they went down together, rolling over on the crimsoned ground. Adair was fast losing consciousness, but with one desperate effort he freed himself from the Karen's grip and staggered to his feet, hoping to find a weapon with which to dispatch his enemy. But he, too was up in an instant, and, drawing a long dagger from his waist, leaped at the surgeon. The latter stumbled backward a few paces, vainly looking for a weapon and attempting to ward off the strokes, but the Karen was pressing him viciously, and the end of the struggle was close at hand. His foot slipped on something, and stooping blindly he clutched a gunstock. Drawing back just as the determined Karen made a final rush, he brought the heavy matchlock down on the shaven head of his enemy, and then keeled over like a log, as half a dozen troopers galloped upon the scene with drawn sabres.

Collroke and Adair were carried to camp on two stretchers, and, strange to say, both pulled through, though their wounds were grievous.

What took place between them on their recovery none ever knew, but, when the Biluch infantry marched back to Mandalay no closer friends were to be found in the whole command than Lieutenant Collroke and Surgeon Adair; and two



Drove his own blade into the Karen's body.

months later it was Lieutenant Collroke himself who presented by special permission the Victoria Cross to Surgeon Jack Adair for valor, as the dispatch read, in saving a wounded comrade at the risk of his own life.

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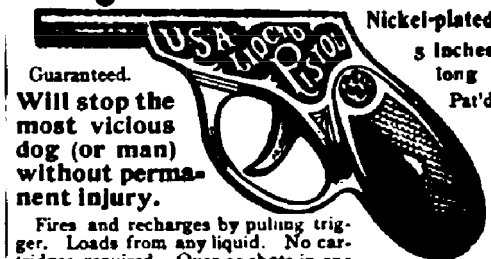
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Send us 4 cents in stamps with your name and your father's or guardian's name and business, and we will send you a novelty which will interest you. You can make money out of it if you wish to. H. L. W. HARRINGTON & CO., Newark, N. Y., Wayne Co., New York State.

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Fairbank's Fairy Calendar has already taken its place at the head of the annual artistic creations, and we honestly believe that this year's calendar far surpasses all our previous productions. It consists of seven (7) sheets, size 10 x 12 1/2, free from all advertising, the first sheet bearing the year's calendar and the other six composed of beautiful female heads (which are shown above) around each being a frame effect in imitation of burnt leather, with borders and decorations in L'Art Nouveau (The New Art), the latest French treatment in decoration, which is now all the vogue. The drawings by C. Ward Traver, an artist of national repute, are reproduced lithographically in twelve colors, and each is fitted with a muslin hanging. Calendars of far less beauty and artistic merit retail readily for \$1.00 or \$1.50. We will send you this beautiful Fairy Calendar which is

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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Department 114, Chicago

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A RABBIT FOR A START

Genie Orchard Stovall.

ONE afternoon an old gentleman was quietly reading and smoking on the porch of a handsome Atlanta residence. It was a modern home, solid and massive, bespeaking position and wealth.

"Want'er buy a rabbit?"

"A what?" asked the old colonel, looking sharply over his glasses.

"Rabbit, sir," said a lean-visaged youngster, dangling two limp rabbits that he eagerly held up for inspection. At this Billy was interrupted by his big brother, his companion in trade, who, rushing up the steps, caught him by the collar with such force as to cause him to make a backward somersault down the broad stone steps.

"Didn't I tell you to keep away from the rich folks' houses? Don't you know that man don't know nothin' 'bout rabbits, an' don't want none nohow?"

In the meanwhile the rabbits were hurled to the ground, to the delight of Lion and Bruno, two royal blooded dogs, who rushed upon them sniffing and pawing with zest, and before little Bill could recover himself the dogs and rabbits had disappeared under a hedge beyond the lawn.

The old colonel roared with laughter at the look of dismay on the boy's face.

"Never mind, my little man, here, I'll pay you; leave the dogs to enjoy the spoils. But tell me, are you hurt?—that was a mighty hard fall."

"Not much, sir," Billy replied, ceasing to rub his leg, and forgetting the pain in the possession of a silver half dollar the gentleman gave him.

"Mister, I only ax a quarter fer two rabbits unskinned, sir, an' you gib me half 'er dollar."

"That's all right; I'm paying you extra for your bruised shins. But come here, young man, and tell me why you acted so roughly to this boy; why did you jerk him down the steps? You might have lamed him for life."

Bob was afraid to speak, and shirked behind a mammoth urn from which glowed a pyramid of scarlet blossoms.

"Come here, I say," the old colonel commanded.

Bob went forward, at the same time pulling his wool hat over his eyes and raising his thin shoulders in awkward embarrassment.

"Now answer my question."

"Well, sir," Bob replied, moving from one foot to the other as he stammered out his words: "I've been'er tellin' Billy all the way along the road that Peach-tree ain't no place to sell rabbits, an' that you folks don't know'er rabbit from'er cat an' you don't want none no way; an' Billy had no bizness goin' on your fine porch with his muddy shoes. I didn't mean no harm, only to git Billy out 'fore you looked up."

"Ah! I see; well, my boy, you are not so bad after all. But on the rabbit question you are mistaken. I like country boys, so both of you sit there on the steps and I will tell you a 'true-true' story."

"Do you see all of these fine houses about here?" said he, pointing with his cane to the magnificent houses on Atlanta's most fashionable street.

"Yes, sir," said the boys with delight.

"Well, once upon a time, when there was nothing there except woods and trails and corn patches, Tom, a poor boy, lived in a cabin beyond the fields at the end of the rugged road that now cuts away from this street."

"Well, Tom was too poor to go to school, and the only learning he ever had was gotten after the day's work; then he would study spelling and reading by torchlight from the old blue spelling book, which, according to my way of thinking, is better than the new-fashioned schoolbooks of today."

"Tom was a thrifty fellow, and hewed and split wood most of the time. His only sport was an occasional rabbit hunt, followed by Gip, a yellow pup."

The old colonel smiled, as he talked on nervously and quizzically, his blue eyes firing up with memories that he drew out to his listeners' delight.

"Well, one day in his hunt Tom killed a rabbit—the fattest and finest he had ever found. Going home he determined on the first business transaction of his life. 'Here, ma,' he said, throwing in the cabin door all of his game except the big rabbit; 'you may stew them for dinner, but I want this one.'

"Want it for what?" inquired his mother impatiently.

"Well, you'll see," said Tom as he began to smooth the hair of the rabbit; 'you'll see, ma, when I come from the village tonight.'

"What you reckon Tom's goin' to do with that rabbit?" Tom's ma asked as she saw her son, an hour later, hurrying to town.

"Dun'no,' Tom's pa answered. But at sunset all was explained.

"See! I sold my rabbit for'er dime! Look, a silver dime; an' it's mine, ain't it, ma? ain't it, pa?"

"I reckon it is, my boy," said Tom's father.

"I tell you, boys, in the State of Georgia no boy was prouder than was Tom; it was the first money he had ever made in all his life, and that dime looked as big and shiny as the moon."

"Now, boys, what do you think he did with his money?"

"Bought a ball, I bet," said Billy.

"Not a bit of it," said Colonel Blank. "He went to town the next day and invested it in one dozen bananas, which he sold out, doubling his money. He continued this, until in six months he had a little stand on what is now Whitehall street, where he sold fruit; and so on, until he had a shop; and later he started in business that kept on growing."

"Now, boys, I will tell you what Tom got in exchange for that rabbit. Do you know the biggest block of buildings on Whitehall street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see this house?"

"Yes, sir," the boys answering with staring eyes and gaping mouths.

"Well, all this and ten times as much more."

"Yes, I am Tom, and that one rabbit was the foundation of all my fortune. Now, are you surprised that I have a great fondness and respect for rabbits?"

"No, sir, we ain't; not a bit!" Bob exclaimed, mentally planning how he would follow the example of Colonel Blank.

"Now, boys, here is something for you both to start on," he said, handing each a silver dollar. "But remember it takes more than rabbits or money to succeed; it requires honesty, sacrifice, and a clean name and character—and work! work! now, remember this. But there is my carriage," said the old colonel, rising and preparing for his afternoon drive; and Bob and Billy ran all the way home to tell what one rabbit did."

"I reckon that's why folks say'er rabbit foot brings luck," suggested Billy's ma.

"Humph! not'er bit of it!" exclaimed Billy. "It ain't no luck 'bout it; the rich man say you mus' have a clean name, an' work! work!—or money or rabbit ain't goin' to make money."

"That's mighty true," said his pa, puffing away at his corn cob pipe.

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Improves Bad Complexions Preserves Good Complexions

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In writing Advertisers mention this Paper

The Dog Laughed.

The proprietor of a Third avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear of a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws, as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.—New York Telegram.

Fine Deeds by Brave Boys—H. Irving King

No. 8—WILLIAM PITT

One of the most remarkable boys the world ever saw was William Pitt. He astonished folk with his learning at the age of seven. He became prime minister of England when he was twenty four.

He was a sickly boy, but he took all the out-of-door exercise his delicate frame could bear, and was as eager to study as most boys are to play. He would not let his weak body stop his work and he was reading ancient history at an age when most children are reading stories written in words of one syllable.

His father was the great Earl of Chatham and the boy was brought into contact with all the great men of the time in England. When he was thirteen years old he wrote a tragedy which he called "Laurentine, King of Clarinium."

At this age, too, he was able to read Greek and Latin almost as well as he could English. He also was well informed on the politics of the day and on a variety of subjects about which only men of learning are supposed to know anything.

At fourteen he was able to take the works of Thucydides, written in Greek, and read page after page, turning it into excellent English as he read, and this off-hand translation of his is said to have been almost without a flaw.

His father spoke of him as "eager Mr. William, the counsellor, the philosopher." At the age of fourteen he entered the great University of Cambridge in England and at once, in spite of his youth, took a high place among the students at that celebrated place of learning.

When he went to Cambridge the boy was in such feeble health that he had to be accompanied by a nurse, and all through his course there he was in so poor a condition physically, that it was doubted if he ever would be able to finish the course.

But hard study seemed to agree with him and when he was graduated at the age of seventeen, he was much stronger than when he entered the university.

At an age when most boys are preparing to enter college, or, if they are very clever, have just become freshmen, young Pitt won the degree of Master of Arts from one of the greatest universities in the world and began the study of law.

At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar and the same year was elected a member of Parliament to become Prime Minister three years later.

While he was yet a law student, and only eighteen years old, he attracted the attention of prominent men by his clear views on the questions of government which then were perplexing the rulers of England. The boy was invited everywhere, and men holding the most important offices listened to his advice and asked his opinions.

His friends wanted him to go into Parliament when he was twenty and all predicted for him a brilliant career. It was curious to see this delicate stripling, a boy in looks and years, meeting the great and wise men of the country as an equal and conversing on even terms with the most learned scholars of the day.

Even before he went to college he knew almost all of the modern and the ancient languages and could speak in them.

A man who met the wonderful boy at an early period of his life wrote afterwards: "He has a greater proficiency in languages than any child of his years ever has had before."

Young Pitt used to like to listen to the debates in the British Parliament, and Mr. Fox, the great statesman, meeting him once after a debate, was astonished at the manner in which the boy criticised the eminent men who had spoken and pointed out where they could have made their arguments stronger.

Hayley, the poet, who met William when he was fourteen, was so impressed with the boy's genius that he afterwards said that he was only prevented by shame at being the pupil of one so young, from asking his advice upon an important literary work which he was about to undertake.

One of the hardest works to understand that ever was written is a book called "Cassandra," written by a man named Lycophronis. It is written in Greek. A learned man placed the book in the hands of young Pitt when the boy was sixteen years old and he read it at first sight, translating into English as he read and explaining it in a manner which made the learned man declare that had he not seen it he "would have believed it to be beyond the power of the human intellect."

When Pitt was sixteen his father declared that he would be a great statesman and was the hope of the country. Other folk soon became of his father's way of thinking and that is why they put him into Parliament when he was so

STEVENS

MANLY BOYS MEAN MANLY MEN!

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young and made him Prime Minister so soon after.

He fulfilled all that was expected of him and ruled England during thirteen of the most eventful years of her history. Pitt's poor health prevented him from being a great soldier or sailor, but it did not prevent his cultivating his brains so that he became a power in his country while he was yet in his teens.

Getting Experience.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"Your son is at college, I hear, Mr Cassidy."

"That's the truth, sor."

"And what is he studying to be?"

"Faith, Oi t'ink he's studyin' to be a shpik-driver on the railroad or sumthin'. Oi hear tell that no wan kin bate him at throwin' the hammer."

Johnny's Idea of a Cape.

In the geography lesson the teacher asked: "Johnny, what is a cape?"

"A cape is a body of land that objects to the water," replied Johnny.—Ex.

Boy Mechanics and Artisans.

ALBERT SWANSON, age fifteen, Ottumwa, Ia., is interested in electricity and has a motor and a few other things. He is also very much interested in machinery and would like to see plans in THE AMERICAN BOY for making a homemade turning lathe (foot power).—TOM PENTON, 3rd, New Rochelle, N. Y., would like to see plans in the paper for building a canvas canoe.—FRANK FINGER, Sylvania, Ohio, has built for himself a yacht with a hull sixteen inches long and a mast two feet high. He is now building a battleship after the plan of the "Iowa," and will call it the "Michigan." He has a 22-calibre rifle. Last summer he and a neighbor boy made a thresher cleaner and suffer to clean beans with. He says that last fall he hunked 40 bushels of corn with his bare hands and it never hurt them a bit.—CLYDE R. CALLAHAN, Knoxville, Ill., would like to see plans in THE AMERICAN BOY for making a heliograph set.—W. DOLPHIN, Harrison, N. J., would like to know how to make a gasoline motor of the following dimensions: Length, two feet, width, two feet, height, one foot, and not over ten horse-power.—CARL GLADFELTER, Terre Haute, Ind., sends a description for making a bank which he says will hold about 250 dimes. He would like to see more articles in the paper on carpentry. He says his favorite authors are Oliver Optic and G. A. Henty.—ROY R. HUNTLEY, Middleport, N. Y., would like directions for building a 1/4 horse power engine. He would also like to correspond with other boys on the subject of steam engines.—L. A. BALDWIN, 25 Osborne street, Danbury, Conn., wants to know if any of the readers can send him directions for making a canvas canoe about twelve feet long.—HENRY H. WINTERHOFF, 1316 South Main street, Elkhart, Ind., would like directions for making a fox squirrel trap.—R. H. PATTERSON, Williamson, Pa., would like to know how to make a gasoline engine of one and one-half horse-power, and about how much it would cost, and would also like to know what horse-power it would take to run a small automobile.—M. C. BENJAMIN, New York City, N. Y., would like to see more articles in the paper on electricity.—ALBERT SIMONS, Attica, N. Y., wants to know how to make an automobile for a boy of fourteen, about how much it would cost, and what is the cheapest to run it with.—STURGIS FRANKENHERRY, Morris Cross Roads, Pa., would like to know where the Indians procured the flint for making their arrowheads, hatchets, knives, etc.; also how they shaped the above mentioned articles. He has a small collection of hatchets and arrowheads and is very much interested in the subject.—ABEL J. COLE, Huntington, Ind., sends plans for making a light canvas boat which are very good.—JOE U. SEEDON, Osmond, Neb., would like to know how to make an electric motor, and would also like to correspond with other boys interested in electricity. He answers Randall F. Hough's inquiry by saying that it will take from one-quarter to one-half horse-power to run an automobile.—MERNIS EADS, Los Angeles, Cal., is another boy who is interested in automobiles and would like to know how to build a small one for a boy to ride in. Read the article entitled "The Youngest Chauffeur," on page 280 of the July number of this paper.—FAIRFAX L. MORRIS, Elm City, N. C., sends directions for making a small drill.—F. G. GNAEDINGER, Kensington, Que., built a boat this spring which won two first prizes in his school race.



QUENTIN ROOSEVELT AT ONE OF HIS FAVORITE SPORTS—TREE CLIMBING.

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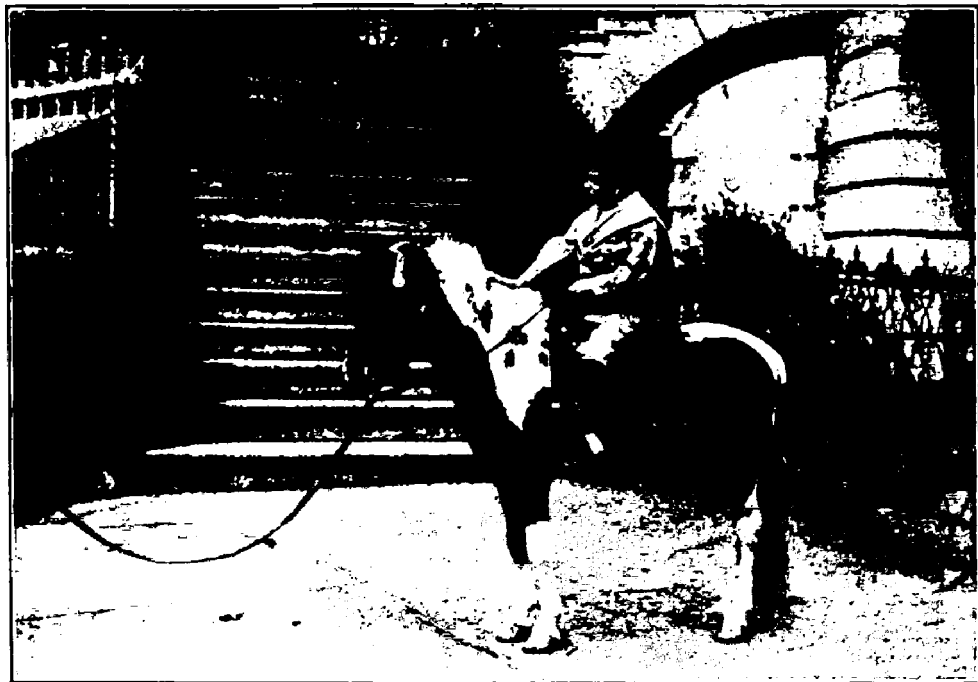
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The Boys of the White House

HENRY HALE



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QUENTIN TAKING A RIDING LESSON ON ALGONQUIN.

THE White House at Washington has not in many years been the home of so many young people as since

Mrs. Roosevelt entered it to become its mistress, for families of the Presidents of the past have not been numerous. Until a year or so ago when Theodore, Jr., and Kermit entered the life of the boarding school, there was a circle around the table in the family dining room which could well be called an up-to-date American family. During holidays and other vacation periods, however, the Roosevelts have reunions in which they show the close bond of affection not only between brother and sister, but between father, mother and children. The guest who is permitted to attend the Christmas festivities, for instance, at the White House sees a home picture which is not soon to be forgotten. Rarely is the Christmas "bush" absent, for the Roosevelts believe in the old Dutch way of celebrating the advent of the Christ child. Brilliant with candles and electric lights, it is not only laden with gifts for each of the family, but for the household servants and acquaintances of the children who may be invited. Neither the President nor Mrs. Roosevelt believe in limiting the enjoyment to just themselves and the young folks, and usually a merry party of a score or more of playmates of the children are present.

Every reader of the newspapers is almost as familiar with the younger Roosevelts as with the President himself, as column after column has been published all the way from Maine to Oregon, of their pranks. There is no question but what the boys are as fond of mischief as the average American boy, but it can be said of all from Theodore, Jr., down to Quentin, that there is nothing vicious nor mean in their dispositions. They are fun-loving because they are full of life and spirit, but even Archie, who may be called the ringleader in mischief, has never been known to do what boys usually call a mean trick. Perhaps the main reason for this is they have their father as a model. The President is not only a father, but at times is an older brother, for he believes that the proper way to raise children is to take as much of an interest in their studies and sports as if he were one of them. Here is a little incident which illustrates the President's feelings on this point. As is well known, General Leonard Wood is one of his most intimate friends. When in Washington the general usually accompanies him in his walks and rides, engages in fencing bouts in the White House gymnasium, and is almost as intimate as if he were a near relative. The President met General Wood for the first time when the latter was Mr. McKinley's physician. In some way the conversation turned upon their families and General Wood referred to his son in such a way that it aroused the President's interest. They found that their views about "bringing up" boys and girls were in accord, and this simple fact led to a friendship which has been noted for its cordiality, and it may be said that Leonard Wood, Jr., is also one of the best friends of Archie and Kermit Roosevelt. Other children who are in their circle of acquaintances are the sons of the British Ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert, who has also been a friend of the President since the time he was in Washington merely as an attaché of Great Britain, and Mr. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Naturally the President's fondness for sport and outdoor life of any kind adds to his popularity with the boys. His stories of bear and deer hunting told by

the fireside aroused in all the love of adventure which has shown itself in many ways. The delightful part of these stories was that they were true and the one who related them was the father of the listeners. As a result of one of the tales a new game was invented at the White House shortly after the President entered it. It was called "Bear." Perhaps it is needless to say that Archie and Kermit, as well as Quentin, took the part of the bears, while their father was the hunter. Hiding themselves under a table or chair, the youngsters had a habit of springing out when their father was passing and grabbing him by the legs or coat tails, crying "bear, bear." This meant a struggle in which they would try to upset him if possible, and the President himself admits that when all three took a hand it was a hard struggle to escape from them. It is one of the White House secrets that Mrs. Roosevelt became alarmed at the wear and tear on the apparel of the players, and made it a rule that the game should not be played unless the President took off his coat, and never when he was attired in evening dress, for obvious reasons.

But the stately old mansion has witnessed scenes equally as strange since the Roosevelts came into possession. The long corridors have been the scene of bicycle runs, stilt races between Archie and Kermit, as well as ball tossing and battledoor and shuttlecock played on rainy days when the children could not go out of doors. When the family took possession of the White House, the novelty of it all was, of course, a charm to the children and they naturally wanted to know where every door and every passageway led to, and made it their business to explore every nook and cranny. It was at that time that stilt walking was so popular with Archie and Kermit. The executive offices had not been built and the Cabinet meetings were held in Mr. Roosevelt's office. One morning while the dignified secretaries were earnestly discussing an important question of state with the President, one of the doors was slammed open and in came the two stilt walkers. Noticing who the intruders were, some of the Cabinet members burst into a hearty laugh, but the President by an effort maintained his gravity. He allowed them to circle the room, then rising, he pointed to the door and said, "There! I think this will do for you." Translated, it meant in future they were to keep out of that room, and it can be said that the hint was obeyed, for with all the children obedience is one of their virtues and no matter how much they may wish to disobey father or mother they never do so.

The tastes of the boys can be described in a word. They are fond of about every kind of outdoor sport which the average American boy enjoys. Archie and Kermit are expert bicycle riders as well as horse-back riders, and Quentin has also learned to ride upon Algonquin. Archie's pony, which the latter generously lends his little brother for the purpose, Theodore, Jr., Kermit and Archie are good tennis players as well as Ethel. All of the boys are fond of baseball, and the lot in the rear of the White House has more than once been turned into a diamond, and the national game nobly contested between picked nines. Theodore, Jr., is fond of baseball as well as football, and, although delicate, as was his father at his age, there is nothing of the milksoop about him, and he is one of the most active members of the football association at Groton. He is also a good shot with the rifle and fowling piece, and can

hit a quail on the wing or a prairie chicken as skillfully as his father. Last year he was invited to join a hunting expedition on the western prairies and made a record in bird shooting. But this year Theodore, Jr., and Kermit extracted a promise from their father to enjoy the trip of their lives—a hunting expedition with "Bill" Sewell, the old Maine guide with whom the President has tramped through many miles of north-eastern woodland. Kermit has a chance to use a new gun presented him by his father, and is proud of the thought that he thus graduates at last into a full-fledged sportsman, like his brother.

As already intimated, the historic lawn south of the White House and beneath the shadow of the Washington monument has been one of the playgrounds of the younger Roosevelts, but they have ample opportunity to enjoy themselves inside. Mr. Roosevelt himself has one room fitted up as a gymnasium, with foils, singleticks, masks, gloves, also dumb-bells and Indian clubs. Sometimes the boys carry their paraphernalia into this room, but another has been devoted to their use by Mrs. Roosevelt, and here they can engage in wrestling matches, boxing bouts, and this year they are to be taught fencing by an Italian master. It may be said, however, that the good mother does not limit their playground. They can use the corridors and walks about the building in their sports, but they are strictly prohibited from running over flower beds or doing any other damage. The fact that they obey this rule is one reason why they are given so much liberty.

There is very little which happens about the White House which is not known to Archie and Quentin, and Kermit when he is home from school. They have as much curiosity as the average youngster—perhaps more. They know every doorkeeper by his first name, are on terms of familiarity with the policemen who are stationed about the house and grounds, and have a speaking acquaintance with nearly all of the prominent visitors. One of Archie's particular chums is the day officer who patrols the eastern section of the White House grounds. Each seems to find something very congenial in the other, and they spend a great deal of the time together



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ETHEL IN A CORNER OF THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS.

talking over various subjects from the average life of the policeman to the question of which ball team will win the pennant. It may be said there is very little this officer will not do for Archie or any of the other officers for that matter, for all of the children are favorites with them. In fact Archie and Quentin have been elected members of the White House force and are usually on hand at roll call in the morning when they answer to their names as called by the sergeant. Kermit and Archie also have the honor of being special deputy sheriffs of Nassau county. They were "sworn in" by the sheriff during the re-



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ARCHIE HAVING A TALK WITH HIS POLICE CHUM.



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ARCHIE ON HIS PONY.

ception which President Roosevelt gave his neighbors at Oyster Bay last summer. A number of extra officers were required to aid in keeping order, and with Mr. Roosevelt's permission, the boys enrolled themselves. After they had been sworn in and provided with badges, Mr. Roosevelt laughingly exclaimed that he would feel perfectly safe with them on guard. While two of the Roosevelt children are daughters, Ethel, the younger, is so closely associated with her brothers in their daily life that she can well be called one of their intimate playfellows.

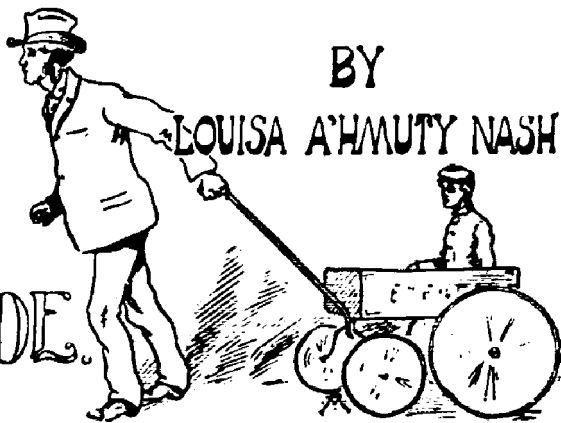
She is a little woman in many respects. Like Quentin, she is more quiet and retiring in her disposition than the rest, "taking after" her mother, but is of a cheerful, sunny disposition. One of her traits is her generosity. Since her early childhood she has shown this disposition towards her brothers, especially Quentin, whom she looks after as if she were his naturally-appointed guardian. In fact, the affection between these two is one of the most attractive phases of the life of this most interesting family.

die, saying encouragingly to close with "Now you'll know something of the game, and you can sit on the ground and play as well as any of us fellows." "What's the matter, you don't want to go into the basement?" Having peeped into the express wagon, he answered his own query, "You've brought no lunch. No matter, we've a lot, Guy and me, we'll go shares." And so it went on from day to day, the boys vying with each other in little kindnesses to the poor little cripple. "Talk about 'Mercy Bands,'" Miss Jardine said to her friend, Mrs. Pierce. "The whole room is a Mercy Band, and it does the children more good than they dream of to have their sympathies drawn out. That's to say, with the exception of the Hicks boys. They keep standing aloof more from contrariety than anything else." "Yes, it has done me good to belong to your Mercy Band. I can tell you, in adding my little mite towards the poor child's comfort!" she replied. Mrs. Pierce's "little mite" happened to be a wheel chair that she had built expressly, that he should be able to guide with his one hand. Although expensive, it was no more to her than were the lunches furnished by some of the other mothers. "That's the only drawback to your chair," said the teacher, "it's making Sidney independent of many of the kind services the boys used to give him." Arthur still managed to bring him in the morning, but his work prevented his fetching him in the afternoon; so to conduct him home was left to his friends. On once of these occasions Jimmy Sadler had taken him round by the Main street that he might change one of his school books at the store. Sidney amusing himself outside at the window. While Jimmy was occupied with his trading, two hoodlums came up, and pushing the chair, they turned up the first side street they came to, which was little frequented. "How now, my fine chair-boy!" the elder cried exultingly. "You'll be a boy without a chair pretty soon. We'll take ye down to the river and leave ye there, to get home as good as ye can. Your fine chair's our'n. We'll swap it for dollars in Gainesville, where nobody'll spot it. Sidney's protestations were of no

avail, and when he began to cry out loud for help, they stuffed a dirty rag into his mouth, saying brutally, "He, he, my man, this'll make ye quit your hollering." At this juncture a couple of boys climbed up the bank from under the bridge, with fishing poles in their hands. The sight of them did not reassure Sidney, for they were none other than the Hicks boys. They took in the situation as quickly as they winked their eyes. Their coats were off in a moment, their fishing poles beside them on the ground, and they just saved the chair's rolling down the steep road alongside the river, which, dog-in-the-mangerish, the bigger hoodlum was in the act of doing as a temporary measure. Each Hicks boy seized his hoodlum, and dealt him several hard blows, leaving him limp and meek. The elder took the poor child up, who was quivering with fear, while the other ran after the chair, which was wheeling itself down the sloping road. "Don't be afraid," Jack Hicks said, gently. "We're your friends, too." "Oh, thank you, Jack, how good you are!" Sidney gasped, as with his one hand he patted the shoulder on which he leaned. "Poor little chap," Dick added. "T's boys 'll be friends, same as t'other boys." They were as good as their word, and so the Mercy Band went clear around the whole schoolroom. La Montt—"Children are so much worse than they used to be. What do you attribute it to?" Le Moyné—"Improved ideas in building." La Montt—"What has that to do with it?" La Moyné—"Much. Shingles are scarce, and you can't spunk a bad boy with a tin roof."—Philadelphia Record.

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THE CRIPPLE AND THE THIRD GRADE.



BY LOUISA A'HMUTY NASH

SIDDIE had never known what it was to have a left arm or a pair of legs, for infantile paralysis had left him with the use of his right arm only. "It's a marcy it's not the right one!" his mother used to say, "the left is what a body leaves anyhow, when t'other'll do!" and it made her happy to be to him all he lacked. Siddie's father was not much of a father to him. His crippled state seemed only to worry him when he was home, and that was not very often, for when his work was done he found the saloon more attractive. Siddie's mother had died, leaving him to the care of an elder brother Arthur, saying to him, "You must be mother and brother both to the poor lamb!" And Arthur promised that he would. They lived in one room in a tenement house. The neighbors were all good to the child, but each had her own work to attend to, and could not spare much time for the little cripple. The time hung heavy on Siddie's one hand when his mother was gone. Arthur stayed at home with him the first few days, but an order from his father "to go out and rustle!" made him cast about in his mind how he could do that and keep his promise to his mother. He could not take the boy with him, for with such "impediments" (as the army would call it), no amount of rustling would procure him work, and a beating from his father would be the next thing in order. He lay awake planning that night. When morning came he said, "Siddie, how would you like to go to school? I think it would be a good scheme! You can't stop up here alone, and I can't stop with you." Siddie nodded his head, and the two set off together, he in his express wagon and Arthur acting the horse. He pulled up at the third grade room. "Please, m', will ye take Siddie into your room?" he asked the teacher. "Has he been through the first and second readers?" she enquired, as she looked down on the little helpless bit of humanity in the express wagon. "No, m', not in school, but he's been through 'em lots of times with mother, writin' and rithmetic, and all!" Out from Miss Jardine's considering cap, came the answer. "Yes, if the pupils

agree to it. There must be a vote taken, considering the way he is." The "if" stuck in Arthur's throat; he could make no reply. But the look of kindly interest in the rows of young, eager faces fronting him gave him hope. Meanwhile Miss Jardine heard Arthur's home story of his little charge, and the brightness of Siddie's face and his intelligent answers to her questions awoke her sympathy. But what about the pupils? Before recitations began, she explained the appearance of the express wagon at the door; how lonesome the little boy was at home, and how anxious he was to study. "Now, children, vote as you think right. If you think you can do as good work as you always have, vote 'aye.'" "Question!" was called by several voices. "Are you willing that Sidney Parker should be your roommate?" she asked with an unconscious persuasively tender tone in her low-pitched voice, for there facing her were the beseeching eyes of Siddie and his guardian angel. A deafening roar of "ayes" broke instantly, but through them pealed out two "noes," not content to wait for the "contrary" that they had learned would follow. "Ayes have it!" and Sidney Parker was admitted and placed on the front bench. "Teacher, I'll lend the little lame boy my book!" rose from several points of the schoolroom, as well as "May he have my slate, he can't go to the board?" There were two sulky faces in opposite corners of the room, just as there had been two "noes." Miss Jardine soon discovered that Sidney knew his readers by heart, and that the third came easy to him, as did the arithmetic they had in hand. At recess a dozen strong boys came round the teacher, asking in the same breath, "May I carry Sidney Parker out to the playground?" "Jimmy Sadler, you take care of him today, and tomorrow Guy Wren." Whereupon Jimmy took him in kind, burly arms, and sat him down where he could watch a game of marbles going on. He did not play himself, but explained all the points to Sid-

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THE FREEDOM OF BOYS



THE boy has always been one of the freest of God's creatures, but there probably never was a time when he enjoyed such a large degree of freedom as he does to-day. In family life, in school life, and in the life of the community as a whole, he is left more largely to the exercise of his own judgment and his own choice than he ever was before. He is hedged about by fewer rules and restrictions. His actions are less closely and suspiciously watched. Parents and teachers seem to feel that the time has come, in the evolution of the American boy, when it is safe to trust him largely to his own quickened and educated sense of right and wrong and his own intelligent judgment of the right course to pursue, whenever there is a choice of courses. Thus the boy of to-day is thrown largely upon his own honor and made responsible for his own actions.

Of course, there is risk in allowing the boy so much personal freedom. Everybody admits that. And yet we feel that, in the main, it is wiser and better, more in accordance with the true spirit of the time, than to tie a boy down and coop him up with all sorts of restrictions and denials, as used to be the case in days gone by.

Boys are entitled to more freedom now than their grandfathers enjoyed. Freedom, within proper bounds, is the spirit and watchword of the age; and we can neither deny this fact, nor close a boy's eyes to it. Then, too, boys know more than they used to; they are "better posted," as we say, upon all subjects that concern them. They are more enlightened, more intelligent, have a wider outlook, and a keener realization of the meanings and results of

things, than their elders ever had, or could have, when they were young. They understand better what they ought to do and what they ought not to do. In many ways they are better trained and safeguarded than their parents and grandparents were, and so are better fitted to be left to their own judgments and choices.

But, as I have said, there is a certain danger in this fuller freedom of the boy of to-day; and boys ought to know what that element of danger is, so that they may not fall into it unconsciously or unthinkingly. The chief danger lies in the tendency of a boy to become presumptuous in his freedom—to overstep it, in fact, and take advantage of it, and abuse it.

The temptation to this overstepping of freedom by the boy of to-day is very great indeed. It is a boy's nature to be adventuresome, to be more or less reckless and presuming. This comes chiefly, of course, from the abounding animal spirits, the excess of energy of boys, who seem to need some such safety valve as adventure or mischief to relieve the tremendous head of steam under which they keep going all the time. But the spirit of adventure and mischief often exceeds not only the point of consideration for others, but the point of personal welfare and safety; and when it does this, the boy has become presumptuous in his freedom. He is abusing the privilege which this new and liberal age has granted him.

A boy is abusing his freedom when he does things that he knows he ought not to do, simply because he has learned that he is not likely to be punished for them. This is a most subtle temptation to the Twentieth Century boy, because he seems to be specially

favored in being allowed to do many things, unpunished, for which an older person would be severely dealt with. There are offenses under the law, for instance, that are winked at in boys, but punished by fine or imprisonment if committed by adults. Boys seem to be strangely free from arrest by the police. They commit all sorts of offenses with the greatest effrontery and frequency, for which they are never arrested or prosecuted. If a man did the same things, he would be lodged in jail very quickly, and the tendency to repeat them would soon be checked in him. But boys commit offenses against the personal rights and safety of others, and against property rights, that are either passed over without action, or merely reprimanded in a general way. In the suburban community, where the writer lives, there are always a number of vacant houses to be sold or let, and it has become the custom of boys, even from good families, to break into these houses, remove fixtures of various kinds, and sell them to peddlers and pawnbrokers. The police know this very well, but no arrests are ever made, nor is any attempt made to identify and warn the offenders. Boys, of course, get terribly reckless and presuming under such circumstances, for they see that, although men would be ferreted out and punished as common thieves if they indulged in such practices, boys can keep them up without risk of punishment. So also with such offenses as throwing stones through windows, pelting passers-by with missiles of all sorts, setting fires in the grass, catching on to street cars in motion, cutting down or injuring trees, etc., boys seem to be, as a rule, free from arrest, although men would be promptly punished by the law for the same petty crimes.

It is easy to see how strong the temptation is for the boys of to-day to become presumptuous in their freedom, and to abuse it in such ways as I have mentioned. This is the danger of which they should be warned, for the sake of their own characters, as well as the good of the community. It is a glorious privilege to be granted such full, unquestioning freedom as the community grants the boy of to-day; but it is sure to be a bad thing for the boy, if he does not meet it in an equally generous and chivalrous spirit. If he takes unfair advantage of his freedom, if he abuses and oversteps it, ought he not to be deprived of his special privilege? Would it not be perfectly fair and just to put him on the same plane of responsibility as the man and woman whom the community calls to account for abusing their privileges? It seems to me that there can be but one answer to such a question. The boy must be honorable in his peculiar freedom, or else he ought not to be honored with it.



Loys De Chastelnaye

on the morning of the twenty seventh of May, 1793.

In the preceding March the insurrection known as that of La Vendee had broken out, which rapidly spread over all Poitou, Anjou, Maine, and Brittany. Sir Rene de Chastelnaye, the lord of the chateau, true and loyal to his king, sent his oldest son and heir with all his armed vassals to fight the republic. The handsome, gay young leader and his followers never returned to the chateau—all perished gloriously in battle with the enemy. And one spring day not long after, the senechal from the wall announced the approach of the Jacobin army. Flushed with victory and rapine, and swelling every moment with recruits from the blood-maddened peasantry, the armed mob swept, yelling and furious up before the gate of the great chateau.

All defense was useless, so, kissing his surviving children—Loys, a boy of fifteen, who was now the heir of Chateau Chastelnaye, and Jeanne, his nine year old darling—Sir Rene went down through the grand rooms of his noble home and out to meet the riotous besiegers.

"What seek ye?" he asked the leaders, standing before them in his laced waistcoat, his ruffles and sliken embroidery, just as though he was going up to Versailles to a court ball. "I am poor as any of you, and consciously have done no living creature wrong. What do you come for here?"

His calm courage and the glance of his eyes, which were beautiful and proud, awed the rough, disorderly crowd, and moved them to a kind of reverence for him.

"Citizen," said their commander, a man who wore a colonel's uniform, "we came to slit your throat and spoil your castle; but if you will curse God and the king, and cry 'Long live the sovereign people,' we will leave you alone, for you have always been a friend of the poor."

The brave noble bowed very grandly to his foes, a grand light blazing from his eagle eyes, and lifting the hilt of his sword, which he held unsheathed in his hands, to his lips, he said: "I never shall deny my God, and I love and reverence my king, so long life to his Majesty, King Louis!"

He never spoke again. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a dozen pikes ran him through the body, and the

brutal Jacobine rushed over his mangled corpse to plunder his treasures and murder all his kin, for they would not that such staunch royalists should live.

The old majordomo, gray-haired and feeble, threw a cloak over his young master, and bidding him fly with his little sister, forced them out at a back entrance just before the mob entered. They had an opportunity to get to the village while the Jacobins were plundering the chateau and drinking the rare wines in the cellar, where they obtained refuge in the house of a tradesman, who, in former times, had been a servitor of Sir Rene de Chastelnaye.

There for two days they avoided the vigilance of the spies who were searching everywhere for victims; but on the third evening their host entered all trembling, and said to the young patrician:

"I fear that we are discovered. I have seen two gens d'armes on the street watching the house all day, and just now as I came in there was a fellow listening at the door. You will have to leave here, my lord."

"O, where can we go, dear Loys?" cried little Jeanne, with tears in her bright eyes.

"The Lord will care for us if we trust in him," answered her brother; "that is what our mother always said."

It was finally decided after some discussion that the shopkeeper should go out and try to obtain a uniform of the kind worn by the soldiers of the republic. In this disguise Loys would endeavor to get out of the town, and wait at a place in the country for their faithful friend to join him with his sister, when they would proceed to the seacoast, and, if possible, leave the country.

The man departed on his errand, but scarcely was he gone when Loys, whose watchful eyes were on the lookout, perceived the approach of a body of gens d'armes.

"We must depart at once, Jeanne," he cried, seizing his sister's hands and leading her to the roof, whence they clambered out through a scuttle, walked along the roofs of several buildings, and after awhile dropped to the ground by means of a low parapet and a high wooden fence. It was beginning to be dusk, and they hoped they had not been observed.

They had not gone many steps, however, before they heard the snouts and cries of people gathering in the search. They hurried along at a rapid pace.

As they passed along a narrow alley the boy stumbled over a heap of rags and a ragpicker's basket. Near by in a corner were a ragged coat, a greasy cap, and a pair of wooden shoes. A happy suggestion born of his great peril rushed into his mind on the instant.

Throwing aside his own rich, silver-embroidered, laced coat and his plumed hat, Loys hastily arrayed himself in the dirty

ragpicker's suit, and, being a boy of good growth, they did not fit him badly.

The basket was a large, oblong pannier, and it had a lid to it. He lifted the cover. "Here, Petite, lie down here and hide. I will carry you out of the village. Whatever happens, make no noise."

Jeanne, though her eyes looked the surprise she felt, very obediently snuggled down in the basket, and her stout brother lifted her upon his head and walked, staggering under the load.

Several of his pursuers rushed past him, but they took no notice of the seeming ragpicker with his load. He got safely out of the town at last, and by a roundabout path made for the river, hoping to find a boat that he could borrow for the occasion. But his strength failed him, there was a sudden ringing in his ears, then all at once the earth seemed to give way beneath him, and he seemed falling—falling! He had fainted.

When he recovered consciousness the sun was shining and he was alone. His sister Jeanne was nowhere to be found. He wandered about all that day and at night was sheltered at the cottage of an old woman who kept bees. There he learned that a young girl, a royalist, whose description answered to that of his sister, had been arrested by the authorities, but his informant could not tell him what had been done with her.

Several days elapsed before he found any trace of her he sought. His heart almost sank when he at last discovered that she, with scores of other children and men and women, was confined in the old fortress of Boufflay, all of whom had been arrested on the slightest pretexts, to be drowned or guillotined by the infamous Carrier.

One day there was a new guard on duty over the prisoners, a tall, strong fellow, who wore a full beard, and had a rough way with him. No one appeared to know him, and he had little to say to the others; but he seemed watchful and faithful and was trusted.

A week after his arrival a large number of prisoners were ordered to execution, all women and children, and little Jeanne, now thin, pale and haggard, and half sick from lack of proper care and nourishment, as well as mental anxiety, was among the number.

"What is it to be, citizen?" inquired one of the women, a poor trembling creature, who wore the tight bodice and high conical headdress of the Breton peasantry.

"Drowning," answered the guardsman, who was no other than Loys de Chastelnaye in disguise; "we can't waste time over women."

His voice sounded very rough and brutal, but he stooped very gently to the little pale-faced girl who was crying, and whispered in her ear:

"Hush, Petite! It is I, your brother Loys; I am here to save you. Fear not!"

and then he straightened his figure up again and proceeded about his sad duties. There were thirty victims that afternoon, who were placed in two great lumbering carts, and behind the slow, heavy horses dragged to the banks of the river Loire, where they were conducted on board an old hulk of a vessel and rowed into the middle of the stream. Then the work of death began.

It was quite dark before it was ended. The victims all had their hands tied behind them and were blindfolded, and were then led to the fatal plank. Little Jeanne was the very last, and in the darkness Loys leaped overboard with her unseen, cut her bonds while she floated, and supporting her with one arm, struggled to the nearest shore, which they reached in safety.

Their natural good health and sound constitutions bore them through the severe hardships they underwent, and they were fortunate enough to find refuge with some friends in Nantes, where they abode till the wars were over and peace once more dawned and settled down with brooding wings over the old stone chateau on the hillside. And there in after years ruled the brave Sir Loys de Chastelnaye; but his sister, black-eyed little Jeanne, left the old home to be chatelaine of another chateau in southern France. But we shall never believe that the wife of Count de Grailly ever forgot the brother whose love and heroism saved her from a cruel death.



ON THE CHICAGO RIVER.

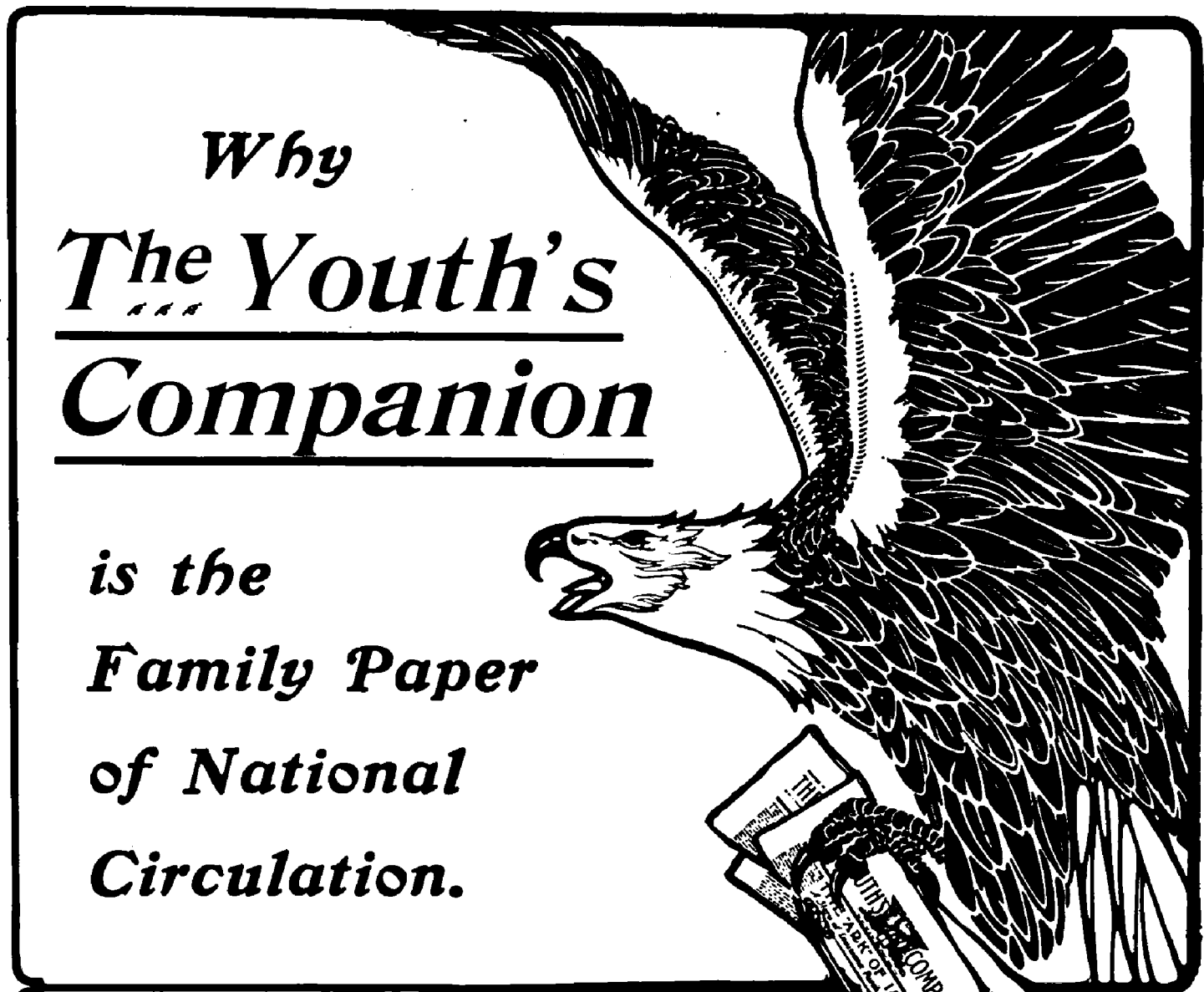
Second Prize Photo, by F. L. Venning, 756 Sixty-second Street, Chicago, Ill.

BOYS' BOOKS REVIEWED

A RED MAN OF QUALITY, by Edward E. Billings. Prof. Garceau, a noted geologist, his son Leon, with his boy friend, Percy Randall, Obadiah, the guide and hunter, and Pete, the cook, set out in search of a sapphire deposit of great value, but of uncertain location. They come upon a young Indian, Henry West, who is snow blind. He proves to be well educated and has a noble mind and heart. On their journey he tells how, after having received his education, he went back to his tribe to help them to become gentle, refined and civilized, but his efforts were treated with scorn and derision. He makes friends with all the party except Obadiah, who is of the firm belief that the only good Indian is a dead one. During their search they encounter many difficulties and have many exciting adventures. In a fight with hostile Indians, Henry West saves Obadiah's life at the expense of his own. The party afterward find the sapphire deposit, but can find no trace of the history of the noble and heroic Indian. Boys will be pleased with this book. It teaches many a good lesson. Nicely illustrated. 260 pages. Price \$1.25. The Saalfield Publishing Co.

A WANDERER'S LEGEND, by Maxwell Sommerville, Professor of Glyptology in the University of Pennsylvania. Among the interesting curious, temple ornaments, altar draperies, rings, etc., in the possession of an Arab dealer in the bazaar at Darjeeling, India, is a parchment manuscript containing the account of an ecclesiastical conclave held at Nuremberg, and the story which Ahacuerus, the Wandering Jew, tells the bishops of his life and travels through the lands and among the nations of the world since that fateful day when he rejected the Christ. The description of the various peoples, their religions, manners and customs will be of peculiar interest to readers who are students of history, and to such we commend this little work, which exhibits research and scholarship. Illustrated. 243 pages. Ornamented cover. Drexel Biddle.

ONE OF THE RED SHIRTS, by Herbert Hayens. Jim Howard, the hero of this story of Garibaldi's great struggle for Italian unity, is an English boy who has lived for some years in Naples with his guardian. He becomes a member of Garibaldi's famous fighters, the Red Shirts. There is excitement enough with plots, conspiracies, battles, hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures to satisfy any boy, while the information obtained of Italian history of that time will be of value. The author gives a most dignified and reverent picture of Garibaldi himself. The illustrations are aptly and spiritedly drawn. 368 pages. Picture cover. Price \$1.00 net. George W. Jacobs & Co.



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REAL THINGS IN NATURE, by Edward S. Holden, Sc. D., LL.D., Librarian of the United States Military Academy, West Point. By the thinking boy or girl this book will be greatly prized. As the author states, it is written to help the boys and girls to understand the world they live in. It tells of astronomy, the earth, day and night, north star, dipper, astronomical instruments, telescopes. It tells all about physics, gravity, air, ice, steam, measurements and tools to measure, time, heat, thermometers, steam engine, light shades, eclipses, sun, tides, sound, electricity, microscopes, sound waves, musical instruments, singing, Benjamin Franklin's experiments, electric telegraph, electric railways, magnetism, mariners' compass, machinery. It tells of meteorology with all that that word refers to, of geology, chemistry, zoology, botany, the human body with all its different parts and functions. Under ethnology it treats of the different races of mankind, savages, barbarians and civilized people, with the different ages and stages of progress, their laws, customs, manners, crafts, weapons and a hundred other things. It is written also in

the simplest and clearest style, such as a boy of twelve or fourteen years can easily understand. The illustrations are many and greatly add to the value of the book. 443 pages. Clear, large type and good paper, strongly bound. Price 65 cents net. The Macmillan Co.

She Got the Peas.

Recently at a dinner party the coachman had come in to help wait at table, and among the guests was a very deaf old lady. Coachman was handing vegetables when he came to her, and, as duly instructed, he inquired, "Peas, mum?" No answer. "Peas, mum?" (louder.) Still no answer from the deaf lady, who, placing her ear-trumpet to her ear, lifted it interrogatively at the man, who glancing down and seeing the tube ejaculated, "Well, its a rum way of taking them, but I suppose she likes it. Here goes!" and down went the peas into the ear-trumpet!

"What are the things that touch us most as we look back through the years?" asked a lecturer, impressively.

There was a moment's pause and then a small boy in the audience answered, "Our clothes."

"So he gave you a dog?"
"Yassir," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley.
"He must like you?"
"Well, I can't make out foh sho' whether he likes me or whether he doesn't like de dog."—Washington Star.

Teacher—"If four boys have twenty peaches and thirty apples each, what will each boy have?"
Bright Boy—"Chol'rer morbus!"—Philadelphia Press.

Somebody has said that Satan fell because he slipped on a peal of thunder.



The Losing of William Henry

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

MY FATHER and mother had twelve children. My brother Luke and I were the middle ones of the family. We were twins and there were five girls older and five brothers younger than we were. We were a very happy and united family, though so poor that there were often more children than dollars in our home.

We were barefooted from April until November, our food was of the plainest, and I am sure that the average boy of today has more clothing in one year than Luke and I had in five. This was of little consequence to us since we were as well dressed as the other boys of our acquaintance, and we were so healthy and active that life always seemed bright, which was a confirmation of the theory that the best elements of human happiness are often the simplest and the most frugal.

When we were boys of fourteen, father realized all that he could on a heavily mortgaged farm, bundled us all into a couple of big, clumsy "prairie schooner" wagons, and joined a number of our neighbors who were going to western Iowa to take up government homesteads in what was almost an uninhabited state. There were thirty wagons in our train. All of them had white canvas covers and some had a foot or more of stovepipe thrust out through the top.

There were hencoops filled with restless and uncomfortable chickens at the rear of some of the wagons; cooking utensils, tar and water buckets dangled from the coupling poles; children's sunburned and often dirty faces peeped from both front and rear of the wagon covers; dogs trotted along underneath the running gears, and a great herd of cows, steers, and ponies brought up the rear of the slow procession. We were many weeks on the road, but I never expect to know happier weeks, and the evenings spent around our camp fire were filled with mirth.

Luke was the life of the company when we were in camp. His good humor was un-failing. He was always dancing or singing or playing sly and harmless tricks.

Everybody liked Luke, and he had one trait that endeared him to all the mothers in our train. He was gentleness and tenderness itself to all the babies and to the little children in our company. He had a spirited little pony on which he rode nearly all of the time, and he would gallop up to any wagon from which the sound of a fretful and crying child came and say cheerily: "Let me have that little tot."

The "little tot" would be duly handed forth by its tired mother, and Luke and the baby would go racing away on the pony, sometimes two or three miles in advance of the wagons. All the babies enjoyed riding with Luke, and they would cuddle down contentedly in his arms, or, if old enough, sit in front of him with his arms around them.

The prettiest baby in our train was a little girl about a year old named Dorothy Dayne, called "Baby Dayne" by all of us. A charming little girl she was with yellow curls, big blue eyes and a pink and white complexion.

Baby Dayne was Luke's favorite, but he was discreet enough to keep this a secret from the other mothers. He was just as kind and gentle to a big, homely, red-headed boy baby named William Henry Dabb as he was to winsome Baby Dayne.

William Henry was a fretful little tyke, and his poor mother did not stray far from the truth when she declared that he "jess didn't do nothin' but bawl!" Indeed,

his vigorous "bawl" could be heard the entire length of the train for hours at a time. He was a lusty infant and adhered tenaciously to his infantile right to "bawl" at all hours of the day and night.

"It's awful wearin'," his mother would say. "Speeshly when there's nothin' under the sun fer him to bawl fer. If he was teethin' now or colicky or had anything the matter of him I could be patienter, but when he jess stiffens hisself an' lays back an' bawls fer pure spite, I jess dump him back on the bed-clothes in the hind end o' the wagon an' let 'im bawl it out!"

Unfortunately for us our wagon was nearly always directly behind the wagon in which William Henry Dabb was "performing," as his mother called it, and my mother would sometimes say to Luke:

"Do get your pony, Luke, and take that child on ahead. He will burst a blood vessel, and it wears me out to hear him scream."

Then Luke would ride alongside the Dabb wagon and say cheerily:

"Give me little Billy, Mrs. Dabb, and I'll ride on ahead with him."

"Take him!" Mrs. Dabb would say. "My land, I wish you'd ride clear on to loway with him an' set him down in the middle of a homestead an' see if he didn't get his bawl out before we got there! One thing's sure, nobody would try to jump our claim if they had to take him with it! Go long with Luke, you screechin' callyope you! I swan if you jess can't out-screech a steam callyope!"

One might infer from this that Mrs. Dabb was lack-

ing in maternal affection, but this would be far from true. She lacked patience and wisdom to deal gently with William Henry, yet it is not too much to affirm that Mrs. Dabb would willingly have laid down her life, if need be, for William Henry, and she openly idolized him when he was a good baby. One day William Henry began to "weep and to wail" at about nine in the morning.

"An' all fer nothin'," Mrs. Dabb called back to my mother. "He was settin' on my lap good as pie an' all of a sudden he began to screech an' beller. No, it ain't colic an' it ain't his teeth, it's just because he wants to, an' he kin fer all of me!"

William Henry was still screaming lustily when we stopped for dinner on the flat bank of a muddy and shallow little stream. Luke had been busy all morning, riding after some fractious steers which were disposed to stray instead of following along quietly with the rest of our stock. At noon he galloped up and said:

"I guess those steers will keep in line the rest of the day. They've been following along quietly for an hour. I'm hardly a bit hungry so I'll just take some bread and meat and pie and ride on with little Billy so that the rest of you can eat in peace. There's heavy timber on ahead three or four miles and we'll wait for you there in the shade."

It was a sweltering day in August. No breath of wind came over the brown prairie and the heat shimmered in the distance. The sky was like brass. We were all languid and more or less irritable and not inclined to be very forbearing with little William

Henry. His screams ceased the moment he found himself in Luke's arms, and they rode away together under the shade of a large green parasol belonging to Mrs. Dabb.

William Henry was at this time about a year and a half old, so that he could sit in front of Luke in the saddle with his chubby little legs dangling on either side, and his pudgy hand clasping the pommel. Mrs. Dabb declared that she was glad to "git shet o' him," when Luke rode away with the baby, but ere many hours she recalled the words with walls of remorse.

After resting about an hour in the scanty shade of some stunted cottonwood trees on the bank of the stream, we fell into line again and the train went slowly on its way. We had gone about two miles when the driver of the leading wagon looked back and said laughingly:

"I see some one coming on foot, 'solitary and alone,' as they say in the story books."

It was so unusual for us to meet any person, and particularly a solitary wayfarer, that the news of the approach of one quickly went the length of the train and heads began to appear in all the wagons.

Our wagon was the third in the train and I was trudging along beside it when Joe Beals, the driver of the leading wagon, shouted in amazement:

"Why, it's Luke!"

I hurried forward. Luke came running up, dust covered and with an eager, anxious look on his face.

"The pony and William Henry!" he exclaimed, panting for breath. "Are they here?"

"Here?" I said. "Why, of course, they're not here. Don't you know where they are?"

Luke's lips quivered a little, and he half-choked as he said:

"I don't know where they are. I expected to find them here. Oh, what will Mrs. Dabb say?"



Rode away together under the shade of a large green parasol.

He had not long to wait for information on this point. The train had now come near enough for Luke to be recognized, and Mrs. Dabb called out shrilly:

"Whar's my little Billy boy, Luke Howlett? Whar is he?"

"I—I—I—don't know, ma'am," replied Luke, falteringly and with downcast eyes.

"You don't know? Why don't you know? You toted him off. Oh, whar is the dear little feller? Billy, Billy! Whar have they done with you? Tell me whar that sweet an' blessed child is or I shall go rip raving crazy!"

The train had come to a halt by this time and Luke was the center of a somewhat excited crowd.

"Now, tell us all about it," said father.

"It was just this way," said Luke. "There's thick woods on beyond and it's real cool there, and there's quite a little stream of water with some blackberry bushes on its banks. We sat on the grass awhile and I found some flowers for the baby. Then I saw some berries, and I found that there were more farther up stream, so I put Willie into the saddle and tied him in real secure with the halter rope and some strips I tore off the saddle blanket. He thought it was lovely to ride alone while I led the pony, and—"

"Oh, the darlin' blessin'! Whar is he now? A bawlin' his little blue eyes out, I jess know," interrupted Mrs. Dabb. "But go on, go on!"

"I left him in the shade with the pony nipping the grass while I went a little way up the stream for berries. The berries got thicker an' thicker, an' I lined my hat with leaves and began to fill it, and I—I—well, not having seen fruit growing for so long I kind o' forgot all about Billy and the pony. I went farther up the stream filling my hat. When it was full I went back and—and—well, I couldn't find a sign of the baby or the pony!"

"An' you never will find a sign of 'em!" screamed Mrs. Dabb. "They've been et up by the wild varmints long ago! I know it! Or that pony is lopin' it back to Indianny with that baby a hangin' by his heels like that Mazeppy woman I've heard of an' a-bellerin' for his ma fit to kill! An' him the cunningest an' sweetest an' best baby!" she wailed on. "I never expect to see hide nor hair of either pony or Billy ag'in in this world! An' I'll never forgive you, Luke Howlett, never! To go an' tote my Billy off an' tie him to a hoss an' let 'im be run away with for a hat full o' blackberries not wuth one o' his little toes! Oh, Billy! Billy!"

The distraught woman sat down in the thick dust of the highway with her apron over her head, saying bitterly:

"It's a judgement on me! It's a judgement!"

Luke's tears flowed freely at the sight and the women crowded around Mrs. Dabb and tried to calm her while the tears glistened in their own eyes.

Horses were taken from the wagons and nearly every man in the train, as well as Luke and I, rode to the woods. It was the heaviest piece of timber we had found for a long time.

"Now, right here is where I left the pony," Luke said when we reached a great elm tree with one of its huge limbs broken off and hanging to the ground. "I know the spot by this tree. I went down stream a good half mile trying to find William Henry and the pony."

"And they probably went the other way," said one of the men.

No tracks could be found in the underbrush and fallen leaves. Half of the party went up the stream and the other half down. It was agreed that a gunshot should be fired to announce the discovery of the pony and Billy.

Luke and I went with the up-stream party, Luke meekly leading a horse on which Mrs. Dabb was seated, for she had insisted on being one of the searching party. She was unaccustomed to riding on horseback and had clutched the pommel of the saddle with both hands. Mrs. Dabb was a very large woman and she made plain the fact that Billy's tremendous lung power was inherited from her. She steadily uttered prolonged and deafening cries of:

"Will-i-yam! Willyam Henry! Ma's b-a-b-y! Answer back, Billy!"

But Billy did not "answer back."

Then Luke would receive merited scoldings for his carelessness, and once Mrs. Dabb wrought herself up to such a high pitch of indignation that she unwisely tried to strike Luke with a branch she had broken from a tree. The result was that she lost her balance and fell from the saddle to the ground. This mishap was also charged up to poor Luke's account and he was promised his reward for it "one o' these days."

We had searched for about two hours when Joe Beals, who had gone on a little in advance of the rest of us, suddenly cried out loudly:

"Whoopee, boys! Fire your gun!" and before we had reached him a shot from his own pistol rang through the woods.

"Is he dead? Is he et up? Is his little leggies broke? Where is ma's precious baby?" cried Mrs. Dabb wildly as she jumped from the saddle and pressed forward.

Joe was standing on the edge of a little clearing in the center of the forest. In the middle of this clearing stood four or five Indian wigwams and some twenty Indians of all sizes and ages. They were gathered about an old squaw in a gray blanket who had William Henry in her arms. The pony was nibbling grass at the other edge of the clearing.

The Indians showed little surprise and no displeasure when we approached. They were, in fact, too shiftless and listless to be anything but peaceable. William Henry was looking about him in quiet won-

der apparently charmed by the novelty of the situation.

Mrs. Dabb ran forward, snatched the baby from the squaw's arms and covered William Henry's face with kisses.

"Ugh! ugh!" grunted the old squaw, "fine pap-poose, fine white papoose!"

"Indeed, he is, ma'am!" said Mrs. Dabb excitedly "The blessedest baby that ever was! Did you find him, ma'am, or did the pony fetch him clear here? However it was I'm a thousand times obliged to you, ma'am, an' I'll take back all I've ever said about Injuns belin' a passel o' cut-throats an' too dirty to live. All of us has our failin's an' I'm sure you're a real kind-hearted lady, ma'am, an' if—"

"Oh, hush, Elviry!" said Mr. Dabb, a little rudely, annoyed by the smiles on the faces of the rest of the party. "Take the baby and get on the horse again and I'll give the 'lady' my Barlow knife for a present."

Fortunately the Indians could understand very little English, and but one or two of them could speak it at all. We inferred from their signs and such words as they could speak that the old squaw had found the pony and baby at some distance from the camp. The pony was very gentle and had walked quietly along nibbling the grass.

The old squaw pointed to the pony, then to the baby, and gave a prolonged and blood-curdling howl from which we inferred that William Henry had been weeping bitterly when she had found him.

Mrs. Dabb's gratitude was so sincere and so voluble that she went on heedless of her husband's rebuke.

"Take this, ma'am," she said as she unclasped a string of yellow glass beads she wore and handed them to the extremely untidy old squaw. "You are welcome to it, an' I only wish it was more. If you should ever come our way when we get settled I'd be glad to have you make me a real long visit, Injun or no Injun."

A few trinkets were bestowed on the Indians, and we went back to where the road entered the timber. Here Mrs. Dabb and the baby, together with Luke and I, waited in the shade while the men went back to bring on the wagons. Before they arrived Mrs. Dabb had kindly forgiven Luke and even promised him the privilege of taking William Henry to ride again the "next time he got to bawling."

As we camped in the woods that night the Indians came in a body to beg and they were so persistent that they annoyed even Mrs. Dabb, who amused us all by asking the old squaw if she had ever "in all her born days" used soap and water, and if she didn't have "manners" enough to know that it was not polite for a lady to beg, to which the 'lady' simply said "ugh!" and helped herself with her fingers to a piece of bacon frying in a skillet over the camp fire.

A Negro Wins Honors at Yale.

For the second time within a year at Yale, a negro has won one of the highest oratorical honors in the university. George William Crawford, a member of the Yale Law School in the graduating class of this year, is the victor in the second contest, William Pickens being the victor in the first instance. Mr. Crawford's achievement is excellent in off-hand debate. He has won the prize for the third consecutive year since he came to Yale. He is a graduate of Tuskegee Institute, speaks clearly and fluently, and with convincing logic. The subject this year was, "Resolved, That in case of a general strike of either anthracite or soft coal workers some form of government trusteeship should interpose to mine and market the coal pending the settlement of the dispute." At noon of the day on which the debate was to occur the six participants drew lots in the office of the dean for sides, neither side knowing which argument he would have to present on the question or who his colleagues would be. Crawford drew the negative side of the question. Mr. Crawford is a poor young man, being obliged to work his way through the university. His home is in Birmingham, Ala. He intends to be a lawyer and will practice in the south. Crawford is one of fifteen colored men now at Yale.

Are You in Good Condition?

The following is a table of the average height and weight of males of the age of fifteen to twenty four, based on the analyses of 74,162 accepted applicants for life insurance as reported to the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors:

Height	Weight in pounds
5 feet.....	120
5 feet 1 inch.....	122
5 feet 2 inches.....	124
5 feet 3 inches.....	127
5 feet 4 inches.....	131
5 feet 5 inches.....	134
5 feet 6 inches.....	138
5 feet 7 inches.....	142
5 feet 8 inches.....	146
5 feet 9 inches.....	150
5 feet 10 inches.....	154
5 feet 11 inches.....	159
6 feet.....	165

Another "Rough Rider" Wins Out



WILLIE FUGATE is a twelve-year-old boy living in a town of 200 inhabitants in the Pecos River Valley, New Mexico, on the line of the Santa Fe Railroad. He had a broncho, but had grown tired of riding "bareback" and wanted a saddle. He read of a boy in an Eastern town having made money by selling *The Saturday Evening Post*, and wrote for information. His neighbors did not know much about *THE POST* and he sold only two copies out of the ten received. Most of the trains stop at Willie's town for water and he wandered down to the station "to see the train come in." When he saw a number of passengers step out of the train a thought struck him. Mounting a pile of ties, he announced in a loud voice: "You won't have a chance to get any more reading matter for 250 miles—you'd better get a copy of this week's *SATURDAY EVENING POST*." In about two minutes he had sold the other eight copies and could have sold a dozen more. That night he wrote for 50 copies for next week and sold every one.

During the next month he sold over 400 copies and bought "not only a dandy saddle but a blanket." Since then he has sold an average of about 125 copies a week and each month won one of the cash prizes offered to the boys who do good work. He writes: "We have more coyotes than people here, but I think I can jump that order to 200 copies a week when the travel gets a little heavier."

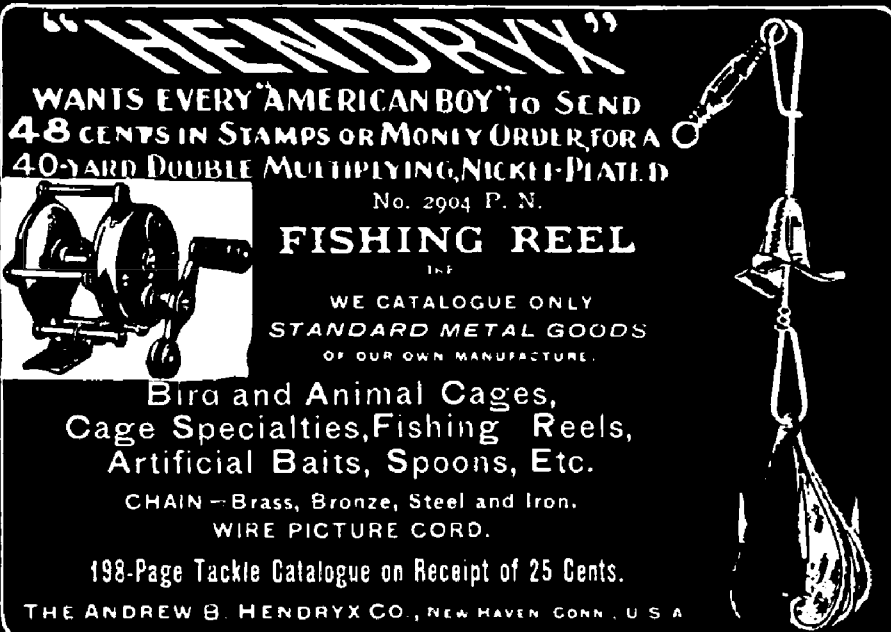
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lieve it was President Roosevelt who refused, on his trip south, to kill an animal that had no show for its life. It is sometimes difficult to draw the line between what is right and what is wrong in the taking of animal life. Would not a boy be happier were he to take the position that the wanton killing of anything that is not injurious or destructive in its nature, and the killing of animals for the mere pleasure of killing them, is wrong, and that for his part he will keep a clear conscience? Our young western friend need not feel that this little sermon is directed particularly to him. It is addressed to all boys who are inclined to think that the only beings who have a right to live and enjoy life are human beings.

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 the Hamilton Rifle, Model No 19, affords unlimited enjoyment. It is an ideal firearm—strong, light and well balanced. Shoots 22 caliber long or short cartridge and has no equal. Price, \$2.00. Our No. 16 Model, with a 4-in. shorter barrel, is practically the same weapon reduced to boys' size. Price, \$1.50. Your dealer should have Hamilton Rifles. If not, write us for illustrated folder—yours for the asking. Hamilton Rifle Co., Box 10 Plymouth Mich.



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CARRON-ARCHARENA CO., 108 Rowe St., Ludington, Mich. (Canadian Branch, London, Ont.)
 Largest Game Board Makers in the World.

Thought Reading Feat.

It takes two persons, boys or girls, to perform this feat, which is very simple, but nevertheless mystifying to every one who has not seen it.

One of the performers leaves the room, and the door is closed so that he cannot hear what goes on. Then the company names some object that the absent player is to tell when he returns.

When the object has been agreed upon the absent one is recalled, and the first performer says:

"While you were out of the room I told the boys and girls here that if they would name some object, no matter what, you would guess it the first trial on your return. Did you hear the object named? No, of course you didn't, for the door was closed, and the name was spoken in so low a tone that you could not have heard. Now, let me ask you: Was it a book?" "No." "Was it a vase?" "No." "Was it a chandelier?" "No." "Was it a chair?" "No." "Was it a flower?" "Yes."

Now, how did the player know that it was a "flower?" Simply because the understanding between the two performers is that the first performer, in asking those questions, names some four-legged object just before he names the one that the company has agreed upon. When, therefore, he asked "Was it a chair?" his confederate knew that he would name the real object next, because a chair has four legs.

An Odd Autograph.

The Chicago Tribune prints the following autograph which reads the same right side up or upside down:

W. H. Hill

A Smart Jump.

To remove an egg from one wineglass to another without touching either the egg or the glasses:

Place two wineglasses touching each other in a direct line from you, and in one nearer to you must be placed an egg with its smaller end downwards. Then blow with the mouth suddenly, sharply, and strongly against the side of the egg, but in a downward direction, when the egg will be lifted up, and, falling over, will lodge in the other glass.

A Twelve-Year-Old Sportsman.

Paul B. Davis, a twelve year old Ivanhoe (Kan.) boy, is a sportsman with a record. He killed fifty five jack rabbits one day after a violent snowstorm, using a 22 rifle.

Paul lives on a ranch and goes to school five months out of the year. The other seven months he herds cattle, riding his own pony of which he is very proud. Paul's record in killing so many rabbits isn't quite so wonderful as it may seem, for the animals were forced by hunger to seek feed stacks and corns where the cattle are fed and were easily found.

We want to make a suggestion to Paul: Wouldn't it have been better reading for THE AMERICAN BOY, and very much more to his credit, if we could have told that, instead of killing these rabbits, he had fed them and cared for them till they had a chance for their life?

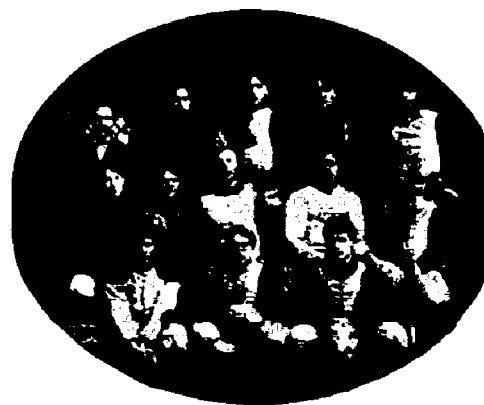
Hunting is great sport and many boys engage in it, but the wanton killing of game is not sportsmanlike. The writer well remembers when, as a boy, with a revolver he chased a squirrel into a rotten stump and there shot it from a distance of a few feet. The impression then made has lingered with him ever since, that he had done a cruel, if not a wicked, act. Perhaps there is no difference in killing a rabbit at two feet and killing it at fifty feet, so far as the morality of the act is concerned. We be-



A PORT HURON, MICH., CAMPING CLUB.

Boys in Games and Sport.

FRANK HOYT, Thomaston, Conn., is very fond of outdoor sports, such as shooting, fishing and trapping. He has made a number of traps after the directions given in a recent number of THE AMERICAN BOY. He has been trapping muskrats lately and has caught three so far.—LESLIE HOCKINSON, Lenexa, Kas., thirteen years old, is fond of hunting and trapping. Last winter he killed about one hundred rabbits, and trapped thirty rabbits, five skunks, ten opossums and one ground-hog. He has a 22-calibre rifle and a double-barrel shotgun.—R. P. JEFFERSON, Lowell, Mass., is a young sportsman. He says he loves camping, hunting and fishing, and would like to see more articles on camping in THE AMERICAN BOY. He sends us a picture of his room.—L. A. BALDWIN, Danbury, Conn., is a jolly, all-around boy. He is fond of baseball, football, racing, wrestling, fishing, skating, sliding down hill, sleighing, etc. A short time ago he went trout fishing and caught six.—SOLON H. RHODES, Azusa, Cal., is quite an athlete. He has an outdoor gymnasium with a running track and a turning bar. From THE AMERICAN BOY he got an idea how to fix up a place for the high jump and pole vault. The following is a list of his records as made at his "gym": High jump, 4 ft., 6 in.; pole vault, 6 ft.; standing broad jump, 7 ft., 10 in.; running broad jump, 12 ft., 6 in. How is that for a fourteen year old boy?—LEON E. THOMPSON, Wolfboro, N. H., would like to see published in THE AMERICAN BOY some drills for rifle clubs.—H. L. NEWSOM, Danville, Ind., says that he saw in THE AMERICAN BOY that a boy "chinned" himself ten times. He says he did the same once, but that it was all he could do to get up the tenth time; that he cannot "chinn" himself more than eight times now.—A. M. BIERFREUND, Camden, N. J., says a pretty fair dart can be made by substituting a pen and penholder for a stick in a pin-wheel. He says when these darts are thrown they always stick up.—BERNARD P. FOOTE, Riceville, Ia., would like to know how athletes count the points made in a contest.



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 Champion H. S. Team of the West.

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 Your Child would have no end of fun with the



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 The strongest, fastest, sportiest hand car for small boys and girls. Perfectly safe. A splendid developer of back, shoulder, arm and leg muscles. Rubbery tires. Sturdily built. Write for illustrated booklet FREE. If the "Irish Mail" is not on sale in your town order from us direct.
 The Standard Mfg. Co., 1423 Hill Street, Anderson, Ind.

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 Cutest thing out. Has attachment to pin on lapel of coat. Wear it and you will make a sensation. Burns any oil and will stay light two hours. Makes a bright light seen for blocks. Boys go wild over it. By mail with 8 mo. subscription to Boys' Magazine, 10c. C. A. Nichols, Jr., N. Chilli, N. Y.

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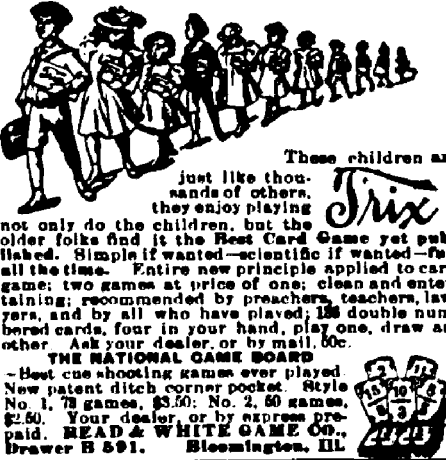
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 Best cue shooting games ever played. New patent ditch corner pocket. Style No. 1, 75 games, \$3.50; No. 2, 50 games, \$2.50. Your dealer, or by express, prepaid. **HEAD & WHITE GAME CO.,** Drawer B 591, Bloomington, Ill.



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 2 Camel Post, 4c; 2 Swiss Jubilee, 3c; 2 Nyasa (Giraffe), 4c; 2 Tasmania (pictures), 4c; 2 Jamaica (waterfalls), 8c.
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 Stamps, all different; 2 unused Stamps, Hinges and Price Lists for 12c., postpaid, with Canada King Stamps. 100 all different British Colonial Stamps no Great Britain 40c. Our customers say we give full value every time. We would be glad of the opportunity to convince YOU. **THE BRITISH COLONIAL STAMP CO.,** 871 Richmond Street, LONDON, CANADA.

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 All the Buildings—Four Colors.
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100 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE to any collector applying for our fine approval sheets at 60% com. and enclosing 2c. postage. 158 varieties, including Serbia, 10c; 1500 mixed, 25c; 10 unused Salvador, 10c. Large List of Postage, Albums, etc. Free. **NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 88 Broad Street, BOSTON.**

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JAPAN, 10 var. FREE to all who apply for SHEETS at 60% commission. Price list of 600 sets and packets free. **W. T. McKAY, 678 Broad Street, NEWARK, N. J.**
 500 Stamps finely mixed only 10c; 50 all diff. fine 5c; 100 diff. Greece, etc. 30c; 1000 hinges (1000) 60 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agents wanted 80%. List free. Old stamps bought. **T. New Stamp Co., Dept. C, St. Louis, Mo.**

STAMPS, COINS and CURIOS

Stamp Notes.

The new Malta set are said to be the most beautiful set issued since the Queen Victoria set of Southern Nigeria. They are in handsome colors with the head in bold relief.

A new issue will be put out soon by Paraguay. The government has called for tenders for printing two million, four hundred and seventy thousand stamps, of 14 varieties, one-half of the varieties to be official stamps.

It is understood that the postoffice department will issue a set of stamps to commemorate the St. Louis exposition, which opens next year. The set will probably consist of four values, 1, 2, 5 and 10 cent, although it is possible that the set may be limited to three values.

The words "Crown Colonies" and "Crown Agents" occur in the margin of all sheets watermarked CC and CA, and it sometimes happens in printing that a sheet becomes misplaced, and the printed portion of the stamp takes in portions of these margins. This accounts for watermarks showing a portion of these letters in place of the usual watermark.

The Postmaster General has ordered that on and after October 1st United States postage stamps overprinted "Philippines" shall not be accepted for postage on matter mailed within the United States, and United States postage stamps without the over print shall not be accepted for postage in the Philippine Islands. The next lot of stamps sent to the Philippines will be the new issue surcharged Philippines.

The adhesive postage stamp, a bit of paper representing the prepayment of charges for the delivery of a letter or parcel, first made its appearance in Great Britain in 1840. This was followed by a stamp from Brazil in 1843. It was not until 1847 that this country issued its first regular postage stamp, although a provisional issue made its appearance in 1845. Other countries soon followed, among them France in 1849, Spain in 1850, Italy in 1851 and Germany in 1852.

The value of a stamp is reckoned by its scarcity and not as some suppose, by its age. If the number of stamps issued is large, the stamps will not be of much value. But if the issue be small, the stamp will be scarce and its value greater. The demand is also a factor in fixing the value of a stamp. The older the stamp the greater the possibility that the stamp may become scarce, for in the course of time stamps may be either lost or destroyed, thus increasing their scarcity. Many collections made from 10 to 20 years ago at a small cost are worth considerable sums now.

The present series of stamps for Korea, with their neat little designs, are printed by Japanese workmen at the Kyong San Mint, Seoul. In anticipation of the celebration of the fortieth year of the reign of the Emperor the large square stamp of 3 cheun was prepared, showing a picture of the imperial crown. The present Emperor Hi—whose family name is Yi—was made king on the death of the preceding king in January, 1894, hence the fortieth year of Yi Hi's reign began last January, and it is thought this commemorative stamp was to be issued in connection with certain festivities for the celebration of the event.

A prominent collector says "My advice to young collectors is, regard all real stamps as worth attention, cut yourself off from none, thus leaving yourself free to obtain and study all as opportunity admits, and think and speak of none as rubbish because they are cheap and plentiful. The specialist's stamps are few in number and here today and gone tomorrow. The general collector's stamps become part and parcel of himself and he cannot imagine himself without them. He looks on them with pleasure, not for what they will bring, but for what they are, and perhaps still more for what they have been to him."

The first printing of the 1 shilling for Niue (1 shilling of New Zealand surcharged Niue—Tahae Sileni) will doubtless become one of the rare British colonial stamps. The surcharge is an error and the words "Tahae Sileni" signify literally "Thief Shilling" in Polynesian language. The correct surcharge is Taha Sileni, tahā signifying one. A portion of the errors have been recalled from the dealer who purchased them, and the balance, consisting of less than 100 copies, are in the hands of another dealer in England. The government of New Zealand, of which the postoffice at Niue is a station, will endeavor to get possession of the entire issue.

The surcharge "On H. M. S." on the stamps of India signifies on His Majesty's Service, and is practically but a glorified pen-mark. It is used in all government offices and stamps so surcharged are not cashable at government postoffices, hence they are of no value to petty thieves. Officers buy these stamps at the same rates for ordinary stamps, but only officers of certain grades are allowed to use them, and when using them they have to write their names and official designations in the lower left corner of the envelopes and "On H. M. S." or "On Government Service" at the top of the envelope. Native states such as Mysore have all their official stamps carried free within the state and no stamps are required. They use the "On H. M. S." stamps only for official letters which are to go outside the state.

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FINE DIE-CUT HINGES, .18
 Agents Wanted at 60% com. 500 fine diff., \$1.25; 300 fine diff., 5c; 200 fine diff., 2c; 100 blank app. sheets, 10c; 50 for 10c; 20 app. books, 1c; Imperial album, holds 3500 fine diff. stamps; Scott's 1000 Standard catalog, 50c; 7 Nyasa Giraffe, 2c; 10 Portugal, 5c; 3 Guatemala Jub. 5c; 6 China, 10c; 10 Serbia, 10c; 7 Haiti, 1c; 6 Porto Rico, 5c; 5000 FREE 107 FINE STAMPS for hinges, 2c. **FREE** names of two honest collectors and 2c. postage. Our Big Bargain List FREE.
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The Numismatic Sphinx.

E. V. Weller: Your rubbing is taken from a very common English half-penny token of 1812.—Lin W. Price: (1) A 2 doit copper of the Dutch East Indies, twenty cents; (2) A four pence of Charles II., England (1670-84), worth a half dollar.—Martin Husen: A nice 1804 half-cent is worth a quarter. The cents of 1794, 1798, 1800, and 1802, if in good condition, are worth one dollar, seventy five cents, one dollar, and thirty five cents each respectively.—Harold J. Murray: A good cent of 1801 is worth seventy five cents.—Wm. G. Nyce: The dime of 1894, O mint, is only worth a dime; 720,000 of them were issued. The 1883 nickel five cent piece, without the word cents, is hardly worth more than face value. There were 87,376,722 cents coined in 1892, so it is nonsense to think that they will ever go to a premium. The smallest number of our present style cents were issued in 1877 when 852,500 were issued.—Samuel H. Jordan: Your coin is a common one kreutzer piece of Austria.—Ralph Sanders: Your silver coin is a common two real of Spain, Ferdinand VII., 1810.—Herbert S. Henley: We presume that there are collectors of coins who would gladly give fifty dollars for a dime of 1894, of the S (San Francisco) mint. All of the large copper cents are bringing a premium, depending much upon their condition. Those poor or holed are of no account.—Duren Gibson: Your coin is a token of Ex-President William Henry Harrison. It was struck while he was a candidate for the office. It has no particular value.—Moses Hollingsworth: Your coin is a base silver coin of Baden, formerly a free state of Europe, but now incorporated as a part of the German Empire. It is quite common.—Kenneth Trainer and Asa Lee Lewis: Your coins are worth only face value.—Robert Kaley: The half dollar of 1810 is worth eighty five cents.—William A. Ward: An English farthing of 1799, if in good condition, sells for a quarter.—Sibert Scott: The 1804 half cent sells for a quarter. The 1822 half dollar, eighty five cents. Your others are common.—Howard L. Barcliffe: A half dime of 1849, O mint, is worth twenty cents. Your others are common.—Emery Nowlin and R. H. S.: Only such fractional currency as is in fine condition will bring a premium with collectors. As a general thing fine pieces are worth double their face value, and uncirculated specimens are worth three or four times face value. A half dollar of 1830 is worth eighty five cents.—Bennie Cunningham: See answer to Herbert S. Henley.—J. Roy Baden: The Columbian half dollar of 1892 is worth seventy five cents; that of 1893 fifty seven cents. Your other coins are very common.—J. Townige: Your 1/2-c., 1844, is a common Holland cent. Your other coins are very common also.—Ira Siglinger: The half cent of 1810 is worth sixty cents. The "Army & Navy" is a common "war token." Others common.—W. Carleton Young: The cent of 1850 is worth five cents.—The ten dollar gold of 1847, O mint, sells for \$13.50.—Libby Dyk and Percy Wickham: Your coins are worth only face value.—Lambert Herzig: Your 1804 dollar is an 8 real piece struck at the City of Mexico under Charles III. of Spain. It is worth a dollar and a half. A new ten cent oil of 1862 is worth a quarter.—Karl W. William Hopwood and Arthur S. Trafford: Your coins have no premium.—James Blackwell: The quarter of 1861 has no premium.—Earl Garard: The Shiro, Colonies and Commerce Canadian token for a half penny sells for a dime.—Wesley J. Hares: The 1838 half dollar sells for seventy five cents; 1802 cent, thirty five cents, and the 1853 three cent silver piece for fifteen cents.—Erwin W. Smith: Most of your coins are common and your descriptions too indefinite. The 1/2 de real, 1861, is probably of one of the states of Mexico. The Blaine & Logan is a "campaign" card or token of no particular value. The one with the harp and crown is probably an Irish half penny, and what you mistake for the head of Washington is undoubtedly that of George III., of England.—Ernest Bishop: The "flying eagle" cents, with the single exception of that of 1856, are all worth only face value.—Mrs. C. Hinman: Your ten dollar gold coin with the letter S under the eagle is a common coin. The S shows that it was struck at the San Francisco mint.—L. D. Adams: Good cents of 1798 sell for seventy five cents. The 1816 cent, twenty cents. To bring these prices they must be in good condition.—Aaron Eaton: Must have a better description of your 1783 cent to be able to tell you just what it is.—Raymond Pond: The 1832 half dollar sells for eighty five cents.—Oscar Bergquist: (1) Sweden 1 ore, 1740, twenty five cents; (2) Sweden 1 skilling, 1802, twenty five cents; (3) Same, 1-12 skilling, 1808, twenty cents; (4 and 5) Russian 1 and 2 kopecks, ten cents each; (6) Denmark 1 R. B. S., 1853, ten cents; (7) Inland 1 penny, 1871, ten cents.—Frank Cantwell, Ralph Davis and Eugene Stewart: No premium on the coins you ask about.—Martin Hansen: Half cent of 1894, twenty five cents. Cents of 1794, 1798, 1800 and 1802, in good condition, one dollar, seventy five, one dollar and thirty five cents each respectively.—Carl Levin: The half dollars of 1846 and 1849 are worth seventy five cents each, 1829 dime, a quarter. The dollar of 1862, two dollars, and the half cent of 1854, fifteen cents.—Rex Holley: Your drawing is of a 2 ore of Denmark, worth five cents.—Raymond Barbe: Your cent of 1847 is worth ten cents. The 1854 eagle cent only face value.—Harry S. Streeter: (1) A Jackson token worth ten cents; (2) Half dollar of 1830, eighty five cents; (3) 1834 dime, a quarter.—Harry Geist: We presume your bill to be of Maryland, 1774, 2-3 of a dollar; if so it is worth thirty five cents. Your other coin we are not familiar with.—S. J. Hankrat: There is no premium on the 1802 cents.—E. H. R. San Francisco: (1) A 40 reis of Brazil, worth a quarter; (2) A common token of the Civil War—Ready Aycock: The half dime of 1834 sells for a quarter. Your other questions are answered in this issue. German ten pfennig, face value only.—Harold R. R. Buffington: Your coins, unless in extra fine condition, are hardly worth over face.—Wm. R. Matthews: The Cuban 5 centavos scrip has no particular value only as a curio.—H. A. Colburn: The 1853 half dollar is only worth face.

COINS, ETC., of All Kinds! New Issues!

New Philippine Coins! Bright, new, just issued by U. S. Government, 1/2c., 1c. and 2c. types, Youth, Avila and Volcano, set of 3, 50c.; 1c. and 2c. silver, type Liberty and Volcano, set of 2, 50c.; 50c. and \$1 (new), as last, set of 2, 80c. Complete set of above, in new proof condition, \$2.55
 Malta, 1/2 farthing coin, Edward VII., new, 12c.
 England, 1787, George III. penny, silver, new, 25c.
 Europe, various coppers, dated before 1700, 15c.
 Wood's 1/4 penny, 1724, good, Colonial, 20c.
 Guernsey, 1 double, 1886, bright, new, 20c.
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IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION THIS PAPER

WITH THE BOYS

MERRICK HUSTON, Kiron, Ia., says he has a library of thirty nine books and a dictionary, a horse and saddle, and a bicycle. He is attending the public school and has six studies.—J. RAYMOND SCHMIDT, Mt. Vernon, Ind., united with the Methodist church of his town at the age of twelve years. He is now sixteen years old and has been chosen superintendent of the Sunday school. The Prohibitionists of his county recently elected him secretary and treasurer of the State Central Committee for a term of two years. He has just finished his work in the tenth grade of the Mt. Vernon High School.—ROSCOE B. THOMAS, Ottumwa, Ia., sends us what he calls the "Secret Service" alphabet. He says the boys can soon learn it and then write all their secrets to one another without fear of any one else reading them. Roscoe lives a mile and a quarter from his school. He attended school for six months without being absent or tardy, going through the coldest weather last winter and building fires for his teacher.—EDGAR ENGLE, Buffalo, Mo., fourteen years old, is an ardent admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY. He has about 250 different stamps, a few coins, about twenty four Indian arrow-heads and an Indian tomahawk. He would like to hear from other readers of THE AMERICAN BOY.—JAY MYERS, age eleven, Davenport, Wash., sends us a pencil drawing. He has a set of oil colors and is learning to paint, and has already painted three pictures. Jay is in the sixth grade at school.—JOHN DULY, Union Springs, Ala., sends us some conundrums which are very good.—T. W. BURTCH, Hutchinson, Kas., fourteen years old, writes us about the Kansas floods. He says the water came into their house so that they had to live upstairs, and that he doesn't know what he would have done without THE AMERICAN BOY to help pass away the time, as they couldn't go downstairs during the flood. He received the money with which to renew his subscription as a birthday present. He is in the second year at High School and says he is a stamp and kodak fiend.—FRANK F. MEESER, age fourteen, Soldier, Kas., graduated from the common schools on May 6, 1903, his oration being on "Uncrowned Heroes." He works in a lumber office during vacation. He says THE AMERICAN BOY is just the thing a boy wants, and that he is saving all his copies and will have them bound. Frank would like to correspond with other American boys.—ELMORE ROSENE, Sherdahl, Kas., has attended school for seven terms without being either absent or tardy. He has a small fruit orchard which he says he thinks will bear this summer.—PERCY LEIGH GARNEY, Sherwood, N. C., lives in the country on the Cape Fear river. He is making a collection of plants and birds' eggs and would like to exchange with other boys. He would like also to know where he can get a good book on ornithology.—CHARLES W. CROSWELL, Cucamonga, Cal., is another boy who is interested in birds, and would like to see an article in the paper telling how to stuff and mount birds.—CLARENCE HINKLE, Avalon, Cal., belongs to a club called the Catalina Cliff Dwellers. The club was organized four years ago and is composed of some of the best boys of Avalon. They have a tent with a fort 100 feet square made out of oil cans two cans high, and a swing turning bar, trapeze, and lookout tower, the whole outfit costing them \$51.50, which was raised by dues of five cents per month, and from donations by people of the town. This year they built a wigwam and have Indian suits. He says their island is all hills and valleys, and the boys get up at 5 a. m., take their lunch and tent and go up in one of these valleys and pitch camp for the day. They have breakfast and then usually go out hunting. They have rifles, bows and arrows, spears, and boomerangs made out of the ribs of large goats.—ELWELL RANSOM JACKSON, Trenton, N. J., is a very busy boy. He is a member of the Class of 1904 of the Trenton High School and chairman of the Boys' department of the Y. M. C. A. He is in the leaders' class in the gymnasium and has a squad of about twenty boys under his charge. He is also leader of the Boys' department at Freehold, N. J., to which place he goes every Friday to conduct a bible class, gymnasium class, etc.—ERNEST HOLZ, age thirteen, Cleveland, O., has done considerable traveling for a boy of his age. Two years ago he, with his parents, visited England, Ireland, France, Germany and Holland. Ernest is in the sixth grade at school and measures four and one-half feet in height.—HARRY LEWIS, age twelve, Lowell, N. Y., sends a composition on "The History of Our Flag," which is very good indeed for a twelve-year-old boy.—RAY HALL, age eleven, Berlin, N. Y., is studying shorthand, having gotten the notion from reading the articles on shorthand published in THE AMERICAN BOY. He has a typewriter. Henty is his favorite author.—VICTOR E. MALMFELDT, Kansas City, Mo., earns five dollars a week, and on this he supports himself and is paying his way through school. He believes that any American boy who says he will can get an education.—MIKE HAMPTON, age fourteen, Little Rock, Ark., is an enthusiastic admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY. He writes: "My

mother says I will die with an AMERICAN BOY in my hand, for I read it at and between my meals and at odd times." Mike is in the eighth grade at school and has a library of about fifty classical books.—R. B. HART, Elroy, Wis., has a small printing press, size 6x9, and ten fonts of type. His father owns a feed store and he drives the delivery wagon, so that he does not have very much time for printing. He sends a sample of his work, which is very good indeed.—WILLIAM JEWELL, Trenton, Tenn., is very much interested in birds and is studying their habits, calls, nests and eggs. He is also making a collection of birds' eggs. He has a rifle and says he is a "crack shot." He thinks shooting is good exercise. William is only thirteen years old and is in the eighth grade in school. His average for the entire school year just passed was 95 per cent in both studies and deportment, his highest average being 98 per cent.—FRED VOEGELE, Martinsburg, W. Va., wants to know which we think best to pursue for advancement to health and bringing better results, life in the factories or on a farm? Looking at it from a health standpoint, we would suggest the latter, by all means.—CHARLES R. WASSON, St. John, N. B., is only seventeen

could have it in his home.—LEE SHIPLETT, Courtney, I. T., received a dollar from his Sunday School teacher as a reward for punctual attendance and good lessons, and this he used to pay his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.—J. V. WESLEY, McKees Rocks, Pa., is a native of South Africa. At the age of five years he entered the American mission and later was brought to this country, where he is being educated. He speaks his native language and the Portuguese, Spanish and English languages. He says his name before he joined the mission was Nzua Vitlu.—LOUIS DUENWEG, Platteville, Colo., is thirteen years old and is in the seventh grade at school. He has a 22-calibre rifle and goes hunting often, but he says game is scarce as hunters come from Denver, which is about thirty five miles from there, and clear the game out. He has a bicycle, a library of good books and a collection of curios, among which are some beads that were found at the old fort, one mile from Platteville. He says in their school they have a gunstock, found at the fort, on which is a name plate bearing the inscription, "John C. Fremont."—E. VERNON CHRISTIE, Portsmouth, Va., age twelve, is in the eighth grade at school. He says history, geography and spelling are his favorite studies. His average on examination was 98 1/2 per cent. He is very fond of athletics, and is a great lover of books, and is saving up his money towards a library. His favorite authors are Henty, Ellis, Bonehill, Castlemon, Otis and Optic. He thinks

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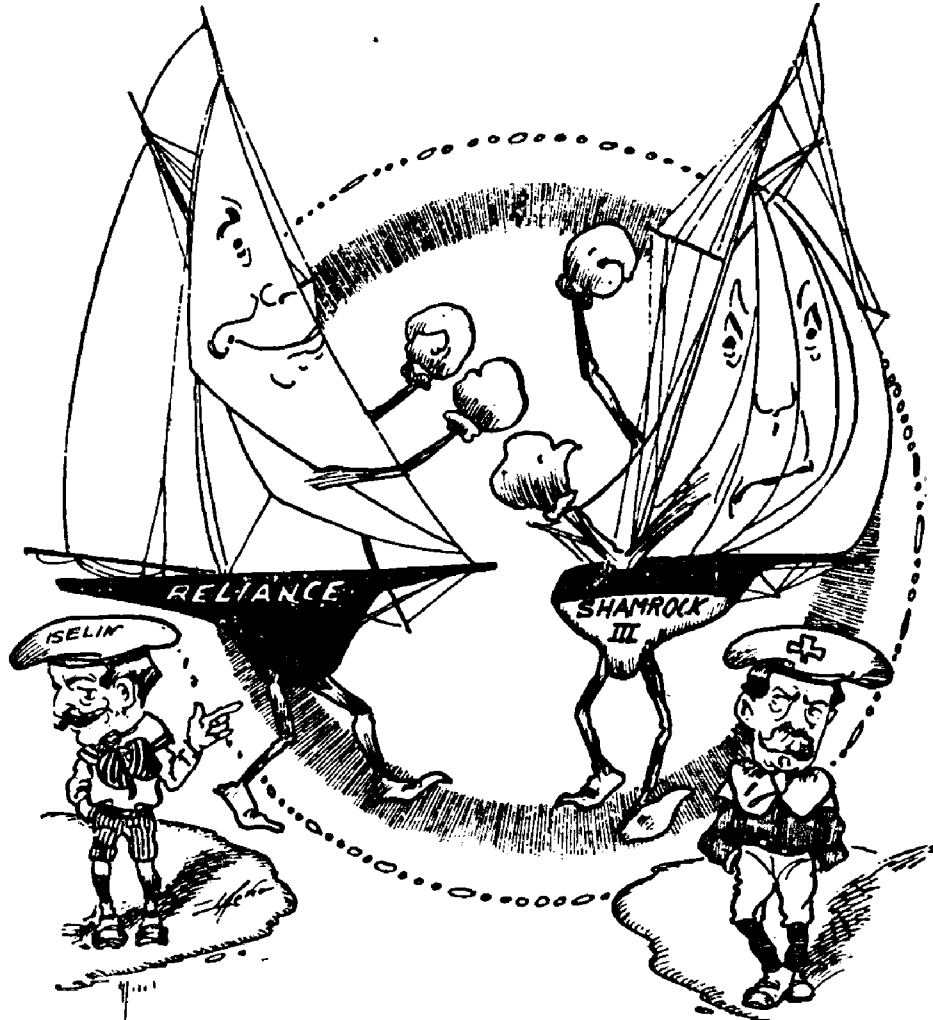
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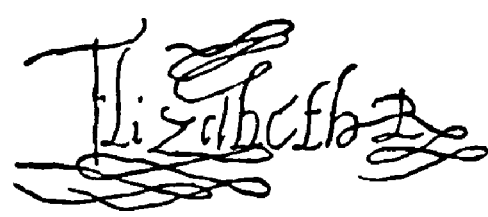
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ANOTHER "KNOCK-OUT."

years of age and is a full-fledged druggist, having passed successfully the final examinations on January 29, 1903.—WILLIAM F. DONALDSON, Greenville, Pa., expects to visit the St. Louis Exposition, where he hopes to get acquainted with other American boys.—HAROLD FRAIR, Warren, Mass., age eleven, sends an essay on "How to Keep a Boy at Home," which is very good. Sorry we have not room for it.—FRANCIS QUISH, Dexter, Mich., sends some conundrums.—NEAL PIERRE JOHNSTON, Lilly Chapel, Ohio, age eleven, is very much interested in telegraphy. He has a telegraph instrument and knows the alphabet and can send and receive messages. He expects to be a telegraph operator.—WILLIAM NELSON, Porter, Ind., age fifteen, is in the eighth grade at school. He is taking music lessons and is something of an artist, his favorite subjects being landscape scenes.—GEORGE A. SCHLOSSER, Mayville, N. D., age fourteen, lives on a farm of 2,000 acres. He owns a cow, two one-year-old calves, and one calf three months old, a dozen hens, and thirty five little chickens. They have fifty head of cattle and thirty five horses on the farm. George is collecting curios, and, among other things, has a snake skin, birds' eggs, bullets, some buffalo bones and a buffalo horn, two Indian hammers, a piece of wood from the biggest tree in North Dakota, etc. He is in the eighth grade at school.—FRED VOEGELE, Martinsburg, W. Va., age sixteen, entered the High School two years ago. He intends to make a balloon this summer after the description given in THE AMERICAN BOY. He says he made one last summer, but the basket was too heavy and it burned up. Fred is a great admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY, and says that he wishes every boy

Henty's "Bonnie Prince Charlie" is fine, as is also Bonehill's "When Santiago Fell."—LOY L. ORR, Westport, S. D., seventeen years old, expects to attend the St. Louis Exposition. He describes a bird that is a native of South Dakota and wants to know if any of the readers can tell him to what species it belongs. It is black, excepting the head and breast, which are of an orange color, and there is a small bunch of white feathers on the front part of the wing, which is visible only when the wings are spread. Loy is a great admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY, and says he doesn't know what he would do without it. He is anxious for the stories by Kirk Munroe to begin.—E. OWEN SCOTT, San Angelo, Tex., would like to know how to stuff birds, snakes and gars, and also how to preserve things in alcohol.—J. F. HARRINGTON, Concord, N. H., works as messenger for the Western Union Telegraph Company, going to work one morning at seven o'clock and sweeping out the office, and the next morning at eight, and working until nine every evening. He sends us a copy of the telegraph alphabet.



AUTOGRAPH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



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 cannot undertake to return rejected puzzles nor to reply personally to letters.

Frank C. McMillan, Isaac's Harbor, Nova Scotia, Canada, with 22 good puzzles, wins the prize for best lot of original puzzles received by August 20.

Edward Langdon Fernald, 233 Arlington street, W. Medford, Mass., wins the prize for best list of answers to August Tangles received by August 20.

Others entitled to honorable mention for the excellence of their lists of answers or their new puzzles are, Osborn J. Dunn, Leonard Steburg, Morton L. Mitchell, Ralph H. Wirt, Myron R. Bone, Gilbert Clayton, Eugene M. Stewart, Sam Loverman, R. McGill Muckall, Sarah Gilles, Wm. L. Tryon, Howard E. Seaford, Bert Huddle, Frank L. Rogers, Jo Mullins, Vattel Daniel, Correll Buck, C. Roland Kerbaugh and H. S. Roessler.

A cash prize of two dollars will be given for the best original puzzle or puzzles pertaining to Christmas received by October 20.

A prize of a book will be given for the best list of answers to the October Tangles received by October 20.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER TANGLES.

- 16. 1 G r o n a, 2 B o o n e, 3 L i l l e, 4 K o b d o, 5 D o d g e, 6 W a y n e, 7 B a r r e, 8 L o i r e, 9 D o o l y. The star path spells Golden Rod.

17. Proverbs xxii, 6: Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it. (Train) (UP) (a child in the way) (he's) (hood) (GO & W) (hen) (he) (I's) (old he) (will) (knot) (500=D) (part from it).

- 18. 1. Delicate. 2. Duplicate. 3. Confiscate. 4. Educate. 5. Communicate. 6. Abdicate. 7. Defecate. 8. Decorticate. 9. Divaricate. 10. Extricate. 11. Fabricate. 12. Equivocate. 13. Dedicate. 14. Defalcate. 15. Desiccate. 16. Masticate. 17. Falcate. 18. Prevaricate. 19. Prognosticate. 20. Rusticate. 21. Syndicate.

19. (Answer will be printed in November issue.)

- 20. 1. Hoe, hose. 2. Bay, balze. 3. Row, rose. 4. May, maize. 5. Poi, poise. 6. Caw, cause. 7. Ray, raze. 8. Sea, seise. 9. Guy, guise. 10. Doe, dose.

21. E N T E R, N E R V E, T R I A L, E V A D E, R E L E T

- 22. 1 to 2, violin. 3 to 4, guitar. 5 to 6, zither. 7 to 8, cornet. 1 to center, victor. 2 to center, neuter. 3 to center, gather. 4 to center, robber. 5 to center, sephyr. 6 to center, rector. 7 to center, Caesar. 8 to center, temper.

- 23. 1. Wake. 2. Albemarle. 3. Summerhill. 4. Hillsborough. 5. Irwin. 6. Norfolk. 7. Greenway. 8. Thomas. 9. Orange. 10. Niles. Initials spell Washington.

24. I N O A U G U, A R S L U N, T S F, N O R T H C A R O L I N A, C H F, M A S S A C H U S E T T S, R U A, G U L F O F S A L E R N O, L E E, I L I N O I S, L N T N T, A S O

25. Acrostic, anagram, charade, conundrum, diamond, enigma, metagram, pyramid, rebus, rhomboid, riddle, square, tangle, transposition.

NEW TANGLES.

26. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

The initials are those of the names required, the words affording a clue to the identity of each by indicating some acknowledged "characteristic" of the individual, thus: Pennsylvanian Dialect. Ans.: Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

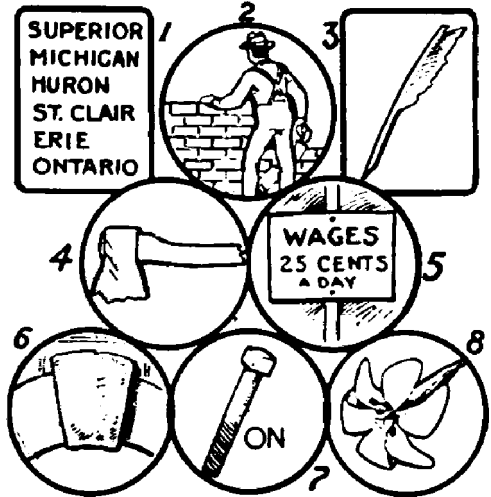
- 1. Popular Bishop. 2. Fought Every Wine. 3. Scribes Laughable Concelts. 4. Fearless Navigator. 5. Won England Greatness. 6. Rollicking Bard. 7. Topmost Among Electricians. 8. Religion's Great Inquisitor. 9. Economic Brotherhood. 10. Lord High Celestial. 11. Nipped Bourbonism. 12. Cop-

perfield's Depictor. 13. Calamity's Benefactress. 14. Created Radical Discussion. 15. Joyous Lark. 16. Faithful Nurse. 17. Everybody's Favorite. 18. Original Witty Humorist. 19. Little Misses' Admiration. 20. A Constant Delight. 21. Moral Light.

—Frank C. McMillan.

27. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

Each picture represents a town of a certain state. The initial letters of the counties in which they are situated, taken in the order numbered, spell the name of the state.



—Frank M. Field.

28. A BAND OF TORIES.

Example: A praising tory. Ans.: laudatory.

- 1. A tory that "takes stock." 2. A tory that elucidates. 3. A tory that asks questions. 4. A tory not to be blamed. 5. A tory that makes things. 6. A commanding tory. 7. A tory that bids farewell. 8. An ineffectual tory. 9. A cleansing tory. 10. A tory that yields content. 11. A tory that makes atonement. 12. A searching tory. 13. A tory performing official duties. 14. A tory that imposes duty.

—Sherman Spurrier.

29. CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

Upper Diamond: A letter in cylindrical; a personal pronoun; a country in South America; an animal; a letter in cylindrical. Left Diamond: A letter in cylindrical; equality in a contest; a large stream; an elongated fish; a letter in cylindrical. Right Diamond: A letter in cylindrical; mournful; a place where milk is kept; free from moisture; a letter in cylindrical. Lower Diamond: A letter in cylindrical; a meadow; the froth of fermenting liquor; to interrogate; a letter in cylindrical.

From 1 to 2, a young devil; from 2 to 5, to urge importunately; from 3 to 2, a quick, sharp blow; from 4 to 2, to immerse; from 1 to 5, to signify; from 3 to 4, very swift.

—Page A. Perry.

30. ACROSTIC.

The words are of uniform length. The initials spell the name of the founder of a great church.

- 1. The name of two kings of England. 2. The confederate colonel who was the author of "The Bivouac of the Dead." 3. The nineteenth president of our country. 4. The founder of the Onondaga community in New York state. 5. Commander-in-chief of the U. S. army in 1792. 6. A confederate general defeated by Sheridan at Waynesboro. 7. The American general who captured Vera Cruz in 1847. 8. President Cleveland's first Secretary of the Interior. 9. The first U. S. Secretary of the Interior. 10. The leader of the Mormons from Illinois to Utah.

—Eugene M. Stewart.

31. MUSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Find one common geographical word in each staff. The initials of the three words taken in order spell the name of a town found fifteen times in the U. S.; which is also the name of a lake, a creek and a county, each found once in the U. S.



—Edward Langdon Fernald.

32. TANGLED MEASURES.

The initials of certain countries that employ the following measures will, when taken in the order numbered, spell the name of a Dutch possession that uses the Bouw as a measure.

- 1. Tunmland. 2. Suerte. 3. Vara. 4. Cuadra. 5. Pk. 6. Arshine. 7. Joch. —Merlin Sisson.

33. PERIODICAL CHESS.

Find 1: or more weekly and monthly American periodicals on the following chess board by the king's move, which is one square only in either direction, using each letter as often as needed, but repeating no letter without first moving from its square. The words weekly, monthly and magazine are omitted:

Chessboard grid with letters: N A L Y O S Y R, O R T N B A O U, E I A H R G T S, R M C S F E N E, U C K O W I V C, L S O U T L B H, I E S L C I N A, A N E C R E P R

—T. Lynn Chase.

34. BEHEAD AND CURTAIL.

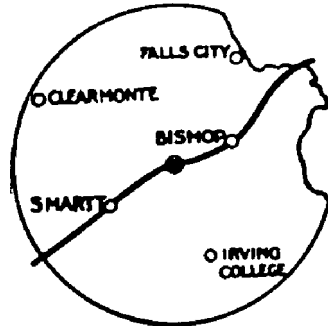
Example: Doubly behead and doubly curtail gone out of use, and get a fish. Ans.: Obsolete, sole, ob-sole-te.

- Doubly behead and doubly curtail: 1. First, and get source. 2. A band of instrumental musicians, and get a part of the body. 3. Imprudently, and get wary. 4. Slowly, and get to release. 5. Hereditary, and get a seabird. 6. A record, and get the main point. 7. A sailor, and get remote. 8. Woven hangings, and get a nuisance.

—Osborn J. Dunn.

35. PECULIAR MAP.

This is the map of a county named after a Revolutionary general and found in one of the states of the U. S. It is almost circular. The county seat and the only railroad in the county are properly located, but their names are omitted. The other towns are correctly named and located. What county is it, and in what state is it found?



—Kenneth Trainer.

36. OCTOBER ACROSTIC.

All words are of uniform length and the third letter of each word is the same. The initials spell the name of a certain October night.

- 1. A wandering troop. 2. Tapestry. 3. To sway to one side. 4. Ghastly. 5. A kind of gold and silver lace. 6. To defeat. 7. Weird. 8. A mistake. 9. A kind of water wheel.

—Morton L. Mitchell.

37. LADDER TANGLE.

The uprights spell the names of two presidents of the U. S. The five-letter rungs, commencing with the top one, are as follows: 1. New. 2. One who, according to fable, was slain by his twin brother over the location and naming of Rome. 3. As long as. 4. A fertile tract in the midst of a waste. 5. The point opposite the zenith. 6. Founder of the Ottoman Empire. —The Idiot.

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Lester Sherman, Ashtabula, O., who, when a movement to build a new city hospital was inaugurated in his home town, with the help of Gordon Griffin, a boy of about his own age, solved the problem of how he could aid the project by planing a lawn fete. At their own expense, the two boys, one Saturday night, illuminated the hospital grounds, furnished the ice cream and acted as waiters, realizing a neat sum which was turned over to the hospital committee. The new hospital numbers among its benefactors Senator Mark Hanna and other notable persons, but it is quite certain that no effort put forth attracted more attention or was given more prominent mention than that of these two ten-year-old boys.

Boys in the Home and School

SCRUB FOOT BALL AT YALE

By "JOHN LORD."

WHEN a boy enters Yale, he hears "foot-ball talk" on every side. Students are discussing the prospects of the team in the promising new men, and the coach. He feels that perhaps he himself can play a little—and of course his highest and fondest hope is that he may win his "Y." He concludes that he ought to "go out"—so he goes.

That first afternoon at 2:30, the squad runs into the big empty stadium. The new "Scrub-ite" begins to feel lonely and uncomfortable, as he gazes up at the sky-high tiers of seats which though empty look formidable enough. He doesn't have much time, however, to think, as he is out there to work, and reflection is out of place on the football field.

"All right," shouts the captain. The "squad" swings into a slow run. Three times around the field they go, sprinting down on the last stretch. That run is the first taste of Yale football training; it is the introduction to every day's practice.

The squad tumble down on the low benches at the side lines and await orders. The coaches, captain and trainer gather together for a few minutes animated talk. Then the plan of action for the day is settled.

"Elting, Brown, Haasfort," calls out the captain. The men as they are called jump to their feet and walk out on the field.

The "varsity" players for that day are selected. Now for the all-important team that must line-up against them.

"Mike," the trainer, so well known to every Yale man, walks down in front of the long line of anxious perspiring substitutes and new men.

He is looking for men of nerve and sand, for these qualities are absolutely essential to one who would have success on a Yale gridiron.

Mike soon has his second team picked, which, while called the College Team, is in reality the Scrub—pure and simple.

It is seldom composed for two consecutive days, of the same men, and conforms to no rule, except that of Mike's making. It executes plays and formations, startling in their originality, all for the purpose of making the Varsity alert and ready for unexpected tricks and cunning strategy.

In every member of the Scrub team there is the consciousness that if he plays well enough he can replace the man opposing him, and thus make the "Varsity." So the Scrub plays with a vim that is inspiring to watch. If the Varsity grows lax or careless, the Scrub becomes aggressive. The coaches slap the Scrub on the back, as encouragement to "keep up the fine work."

The Varsity feels ashamed—then braces up—and the following day turns the tables on the poor hard-worked Scrub.

Then comes the last week after a season of daily practice. Now those benches are no longer empty, but filled with cheering students singing inspiring songs, led by the university band.

The music rings out across the field, as the Varsity and Scrub do battle. The air is filled with great excitement as the day of the Harvard game draws on.

The evening after the last practice, the entire Scrub is banqueted and with Mike as "toastmaster" the large room is filled with an air of good fellowship.

Among that crowd of men who have worked so faithfully there are always sad disappointed hearts. Yet they have this consolation, that however hard it is to bear—this not making the eleven—whatever success does come, is due absolutely to the steady hard work of the lowly, yet all-important Scrub.



GORDON W. CULLUM, Avalon, Cal.

A printer, who has the distinction of being the first boy compositor in the world to set type from "wireless" copy.

A few months ago, when "The Wireless," a daily paper which receives its entire telegraphic service from wireless stations, was established at Catalina Island, off the coast of Southern California, by the Los Angeles Times, Mr. Cullum was one of the force sent over by the Times to print the new publication, and he was first among the compositors to set type from the wireless copy. For some time young Cullum lived in Tennessee, where he had the distinction of being the youngest editor in the state, publishing, at the age of fourteen, "The Juvenile Visitor," of Dickson. He also published "The Favorite" and "The Bugle," the former for young folks and the latter for a South Kentucky college. He is now nineteen years of age.



Trevilian D. Eaton, age 16, Richmond, Va., an enthusiastic boy journalist, employed in an insurance office as clerk and typewriter. A boy of good habits, a lover of clean sport and an enthusiastic supporter of THE AMERICAN BOY.

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OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Kirk Munroe's story—"THE BLUE DRAGON," a story of the Chinese People. Written for THE AMERICAN BOY after a special trip to China by the author for the purpose of gathering material, begins in December.

TWO GREAT FOOTBALL STORIES NEXT MONTH
—ONE WRITTEN BY A YALE MAN.

Our Editor's serial—"THREE YANKEE BOYS IN IRELAND," begins next month. Mr. Sprague has just returned home from a visit to Ireland, and is full of his subject.

SEE FIRST COLUMN, LAST PAGE OF THIS NUMBER, FOR A GRAND PICTURE OFFER FOR RENEWALS.



Clinton B. and Theodore N. Burrows, sons of E. T. Burrows, Portland, Me., with the assistance of a large boy, dismantled a number of carts which they owned and built them into automobiles. They have shown considerable ingenuity in the construction of their machines, having supplied them with wheel steering apparatus, handle lever brakes, small horns attached with rubber tubing to small rubber bulbs, and bicycle lanterns. The vehicles are painted red and yellow and upholstered in cloth.



JAMES WILLIAM CRAIG.

James William Craig, age 8, son of W. G. Craig, Lexington, Ky., has developed early as a writer of verse. We have received a nicely bound volume of verse written by the little fellow, the book, entitled "Childhood Rhymes," being illustrated by his mother. From the sales of this book he has put ninety dollars to his credit in the bank. His little poems are entitled: "Lines on Hobson," "Little Dog Curley," "Tops," "Santa Claus," "Washington," "Lamba," "Jack Frost," "Mother's Love," "Bees," "Parrots," "Teach Blossoms." Here are four lines entitled "Easter Greeting":

"Dear Catherine, so sweet and true,
This Easter, greeting I bring to you
The rose is red, the violet blue
You love me, and I'll love you."

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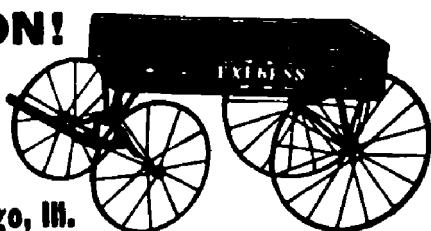
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Boy Money Makers and Money Savers

TILLMORE DUNCAN, Vacaville, Cal., twelve years old, earns money every summer by working with fruit. Last summer he earned fifteen dollars. Tillmore is in the eighth grade at school. He is collecting stamps and has 550 different varieties.—THEO. J. TYRRELL, Jacksonville, Ill., has a small patch of potatoes out of which he expects to make some money this fall. He also has a pig and a young "beef" which he will fatten this fall.—J. SANFORD WILLIAMS, Jeffersonville, O., makes money by gathering up laundry after school and working in a grocery store on Saturdays. He also likes to work in the garden. He puts his money in the bank. He is a great admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY and says he hopes always to be a subscriber.—J. BERTRAM HILLS, Vernon, N. Y., makes money working in a canning factory when his father can spare him from the farm. He also sells eggs at twenty five cents per thirteen for setting.—SYDNEY DRAGER, Bellevue, Idaho, earned the dollar to pay for his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by cutting wood. He got \$1.50 for cutting and splitting a cord. He did this work after school and on Saturdays, and says it took him two weeks to complete the job.—HARRISON HUGHES, Claremont, Va., sold some little pigs which his father gave him and out of the proceeds bought a wheel and paid his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.—ROY K. BENNER, Hazleton, Pa., lives in a small mining town. Last summer he worked in a huckleberry market and earned enough money to take nearly his whole family to the seashore. This summer he hopes to earn enough to take him to the St. Louis Exposition. He was at the Pan-American.—CLINTON COLLINS, Latrop, Mo., tells us how he made money. He bought two pair of pigeons for twenty cents. He then raised pigeons and sold them. Later he bought a lamb for fifty cents. When it was full grown he sold the wool for two dollars and the sheep for \$4.50. He then bought two pigs with the money, and these he sold later, getting \$23.50 for the larger one and \$15 for the smaller one. This

he has the garden to make, the yard to clean up, and the fruit trees to look after. In the summer he picks berries and peaches and his father gives him half the profit on those sold. He has some chickens and makes considerable out of the eggs. He has earned enough money to buy a shotgun, a rifle, and several other things.—CLAUDE TURNER, Clayton, N. J., earns \$1.50 a week selling papers and goes to school. He buys all his own clothes and paid his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. He owns a share in the Building Association.—WALTER C. PUGH, Lancaster, Pa., earned seventy five cents a day last summer driving a cart for some men who were putting in a trolley road. All he had to do was to drive to the place where the men loaded the dirt and then to the place where they unloaded. He also helped his father in the mill, for which he received four dollars per month and board and clothes.



Dick Patton, just turned thirteen years of age, who during the illness of the telegraph operator at Harriman, Tenn., took charge of the office and instrument to the complete satisfaction of all concerned.

CHAUNCEY CLEAVER, Spencer, Ia., the year that he was nine years old made \$23 driving cows to and from pasture, and with this he bought all his winter's clothes. He is still driving cows and making money, though now thirteen years old.—JOSEPH P. SMITH, Morgan, Minn., made money raising onions. He had a patch of ground, with freedom to do what he pleased with it. He spread over it fine, rich manure and spaded it. Next morning he smoothed it over and planted seed in nineteen rows each twenty seven feet long. This was on April 16. In ten days the sprouts were all up and nearly choked with weeds, but he conquered the weeds. The weeds grew so fast that he had to get the help of some of his boy friends, whom he paid small sums for their assistance. On the twenty fifth of September he sold his onions at 75 cents a bushel, with the result that he had \$18.05 at the end of the season, which he had cleared and which he called his "onion money."—JOHN A. FAWCETT, Cannonsburg, Pa., believes in raising chickens, ducks and pigs. He has also made money raising vegetables and gathering and selling walnuts.—CLYDE UNDERWOOD, Attica, N. Y., when six years old, planted a little garden with beans. He kept all the product for seed. At the age of twelve, from the experience he had gained and the seed he had accumulated, he was enabled to plant successfully three-quarters of an acre of beans. That year he made \$39. In the two years since that time he has increased his bank account to \$100, besides buying clothing, books, etc. Part of his money he made by trapping. Within a month he has trapped as many as fifty muskrats.—GUY W. PORTER, Waterloo, Wis., is thirteen years old and goes to school every day, but makes \$6.50 a month. During the summer he makes 70 cents a day in a canning factory, and during school days he makes his money selling a Milwaukee paper.—ORVILLE J. GLISIER, Stryker, O., says a good way to make money is to buy old rubber and iron. He says he bought old rubber at two cents a pound, and iron at 25 cents a hundred. He sold his rubber at 6 cents a pound, and his iron at 40 cents a hundred.—R. MORISON, JR., Philadelphia, Pa., lives near a spring whose waters are very tempting. He carries this spring water to the neighbors, getting 5 cents a gallon for it. He never sells less than ten gallons a day. He thinks any boy who lives near a spring or pump can make money carrying water.—CLAUDE ALLER, Bushnell, Ill., made money raising and selling egg plants and poultry.



Don Vandercook, age 18, Grand Rapids, Mich., son of Hon. H. B. Vandercook, who has made a noteworthy success in furniture designing. His work is original and replete with novel features. "THE AMERICAN BOY" has been a great incentive to higher things in his life. He has now a splendid position with a large furniture house in Chicago.

money he invested in calves, which he still has.—RAY CHEBLEY, Spencer, Ia., earned money last summer working in an egg-case factory at 75 cents per day. HAROLD L. BURR, Roxbury, Mass., earns money working in a bicycle and sporting goods store at \$2.00 per week, working after school hours only. He is taking piano lessons. He plays golf, and is a member of the Y. M. C. A. "gym." He is also a camera fiend. Harold is fifteen years old and would like to correspond with other readers of THE AMERICAN BOY of about his own age.—HOWARD DRAKE, Ovid Center, N. Y., says that when he was five years old his father gave him a lamb. He raised six sheep and sold the wool, realizing seven dollars out of it. Then he sold the sheep for \$25, and with this money and the money he received for the wool he bought clothes.—CHARLES A. BILEY, age fifteen, Cripple Creek, Colo., earns forty dollars per month running an electrical plant for the Colorado Power Company. He works from 11:45 p. m. to 7 a. m. He has worked for eight months and says he has not missed a shift.—STUART BABBAGE, Cloverport, Ky., fourteen years old, will drive a delivery wagon for his father this summer and hopes to earn enough money to buy a bicycle and a camera, but one dollar, he says, will go to pay his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, which he considers the best boys' paper in America.—HENRY L. CLOSZ, age nine and one-half years, cleared about ten dollars last summer raising chickens. He also made five dollars running errands, and his grandfather gave him one dollar for every dollar he earned.—FRANK C. PARRISH, Toledo, O., earns money by working at all kinds of odd jobs. In the winter he cleans off the sidewalk for his father and some of the neighbors, for which he receives pay. In the spring

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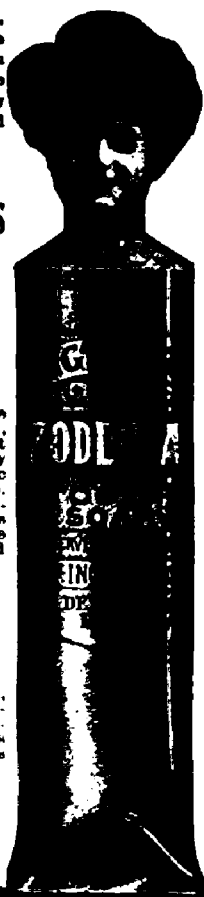
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THE HABIT OF RED RIBBON

HE fullback was unhappy. He looked it, and as he went down to the campus one Saturday afternoon, he felt decidedly so. But he had his reasons—not only one, but several. To begin with he had broken training. This made him very sad, for he reasoned that if he could not stand hard training, how could he stand the line bucking and all the rest of the hard work he would have to do in the coming game with Groton?

It was only a week off, too, and a week was such a short time, and they said Groton had a very strong line, and the two best guards of the year, also. Those guards worried him very much. He dreamed about them, and when he woke up, it was with the dim impression that two big young men, in blue jerseys, were sitting on his head, and that he was trying to say "down" and couldn't.

Then the coaches had said things at him and had called him hard names, and he didn't like it and felt a great deal as though he would never like to see a ball game again.

But the worst of all was the letter Dorothy had written him. She was his roommate's sister and was very dear to him. Some days before, he had written her all about it—about the broken training, the awful guards, and even the abusive coaches, and she, instead of sympathizing with him, had, as he expressed it, "jumped all over him." It never occurred to the young man that she did it to make him work all the harder.

While thinking about his sorrows he arrived at the campus, and there were the coaches yelling to him to get in his place, and not be all day about it either. They were always yelling something. What unpleasant people they were, to be sure. During the first half of that day's practice everything went wrong. He fumbled twice, and after it was over, he went to his quarters feeling more and more angry at himself and everybody else. Then as he went in he heard Stone, the captain, say to him: "If you can't hold on to that ball, Clinton, I will have to put you on the scrub, and you have to get lower where you can go through the line. You'll be thrown back for a loss when you strike those Groton fellows."

In the afternoon's practice he got in and played, and his low, twisting punts fooled the scrub-backs every time. The coaches stopped saying things to him, and one of them even went so far as to say: "Good work," when he went through right guard for ten yards. He was in a better frame of mind that night, as he talked over the day's practice with his chum, the quarter-back. He admired his friend very much. He was so cool, and made such nice, clear tackles, and could make gains around the ends on a double pass nearly every time.

"Dick," said the latter, "you did some good playing in the second half; you're improving like everything, and as soon as you fully realize that the ball is not made of butter, you will play a great game. That try for a goal from the forty five yard line was very close."

"I don't care so much about the game, Teddy," Dick replied, "but I think I'd do a lot better if your sister wasn't so down on me."

"Why, what's the matter; anything wrong?" "Oh, she wrote me no end of unpleasant things. She says I'm not doing my duty, and that I've got no strength of mind. And the worst of it all is, it's true."

"That, my boy," said Teddy wisely, "is what she says and furthermore it's all gammon. You're hitting your pace now, and all you have to do is to hold it till the game, and you will be all right."

really as bad as they are cracked up to be?"

"Hang the guards! Forget all about 'em. That's the best way."

Dick took the advice and succeeded so well that he did not remember about them again until after chapel. Then they came back to him in all their immensity and—he was really much frightened.

The trip down to Groton, for the game was to be played on their opponents' field, was a period of terrible trial to Dick. He sat next to Teddy and tried to feel confident of the championship.

Curiously enough his nervousness left him as he trotted out into the field with the rest of the team and began kicking and passing the ball to get warmed up. Suddenly he remembered Dorothy, and, calling Teddy, started to look for her.

They found her soon, and it seemed to Dick that he had just had time to show her the red ribbon before he was called away.

Stone had his men around him, and, as Dick came up, was just saying: "There's only one thing about it, fellows, we've got to win, and we're going to, and what's more we're going to win fair. Every man play the game for all there is in him, and I don't want any fumbling or missing of tackles. Just make up your mind to win and you will."

Then he turned to Dick. "Our kick-off, old man; send her right down the field and every one of you get down there as soon as the ball does."

Dick carried the ball to the center of the field and placed it to suit him. He fell back a few feet and vaguely heard the referee's voice—"Ready, Groton, Ready, St. Pauls," and the answer from the two opposing captains. Then the whistle sounded. Dick took three steps, thought of the colors he was wearing, and, catching the ball with his toe, sent it far down the field.

All in a second, it seemed to Dick, Teddy had tackled the man who had caught the ball, the other side had put it in play and one of their backs had broken through the line and was bearing down upon him with the ball in his arms. Dick gritted his teeth thinking unmentionable things about the man who had let him through, dived at him, and brought him down beautifully.

Between the halves the captain spoke to the team, praising here, giving advice there, and encouraging everywhere. Dick looked at the little bit of red ribbon as they went out on the field again, and he vowed that he would die before he let Groton win. Those dreadful guards weren't so bad as he thought they would be, and time and time again he went through them for big gains.

Gradually the St. Pauls were forcing their opponents down to the coveted line. There was three more minutes play and the ball was in St. Paul's hands on Groton's 35-yard line. It was second down and the right half-back had just been thrown back for a loss of 5 yards. The left half here lost two yards more, and Dick was just preparing himself for another of those heart-rending plunges, when Teddy stood a little to one side and gave the signals, "4, 33, 16."

It came over Dick in an instant that he must try for a goal and that the next few seconds would decide the result of the game. He dropped back with a sort of do-or-die feeling in his heart, and with a thought of the ribbon he gave a signal for the ball to come. He caught it fairly, and dropping it, shot it forward right over the head of one of those awful guards, who had just broken through. The ball sailed on and passed over the cross-bar with room to spare between either pole. Dick saw this much, and then the whole Groton team seemed on top of him. He went down in the rush, there was a sharp crack in one of his legs, and everything was a blank. When he came to, he was lying wrapped in blankets, and the call of time had just sounded.



The whole team had rushed toward him and those on the grand stands took up his name. Dick raised himself feebly, "Don't cheer, fellows," said he, "I didn't do it. Here's what won the game." And he held up a wet and muddy bit of red ribbon.

Our editor's story, "Three Yankee Boys in Ireland," will begin in the November number. Kirk Munroe's story, "The Blue Dragon—A Story of the Chinese People," will begin in the December number.

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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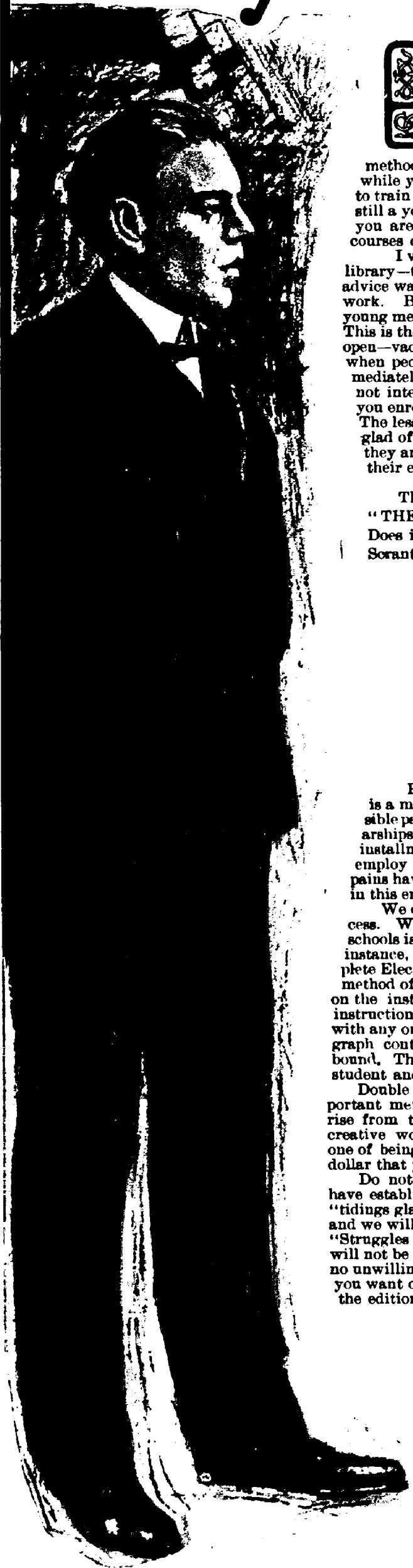
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VOLUME 5

DETROIT, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1903

NUMBER 1



Professor John Wylie, of Somerton Academy, known among the boys as Professor Jack, was to spend a part of his summer vacation in Ireland, where, in the old homestead in the County Down, his aged parents and his brothers and sisters still lived. Not since the day when, a mere lad, Professor Jack had swung a little bundle of clothing on his back and gone away to make a name and a place for himself in America, had he seen the home

folks, so it was with no little feeling of enthusiasm that he looked forward to seeing them again. The Irish boy immigrant of years ago had grown up to be a thorough American, and yet he never could get away from the jovial, rollicking Irish nature that made him the trusted friend and the ideal of successive generations of boys that passed through Somerton Academy; indeed, at the homes of these boys there was the impression that Professor Jack was pretty near the whole thing at Somerton Academy.

All unknown to three boys in the Academy, namely, Joe Cadman, Hal Jameson and Ned Flannigan, letters had been passing between their parents at home and Professor Jack, and it had been settled that they were to go with the Professor. They were not to be informed of their good fortune until after the examinations were over, for to have told them earlier would have been to knock every bit of book learning out of their heads, perhaps cause them to fail in their examinations, and subject the Professor to the danger of being mobbed by all the boys who had not been permitted to go.

Professor Jack had selected his boys with an eye to rewarding his best pupils and at the same time getting boys who would be thoroughly good company. He didn't want as traveling companions grumblers or fault-finders. "Of all comrades on a journey," he said to himself, "that sort is the worst, for in a long trip there are always unexpected things happening that are not very comfortable, and it takes a lot of good nature to take things as they come and not make one's self and others unhappy by reason of them. One grumbler can spoil a whole company, so I want no kickers." He wanted no lazy boys, for, as he said, "there is a lot of hard work to do traveling, and it's doubly hard if you've got to drag somebody along by main force." He wanted no triflers, for, as he said, "it costs money to cross the ocean and my boys must be fellows that will get enough good out of it to repay their parents for the expense." In other words, what Professor Jack wanted was three earnest, good-natured boys, and these he found in the three named.

Joe Cadman, whose father was a Boston preacher, was a round-faced, full-muscled lad with a quiet laugh in his eyes, not much of a talker but a fellow everybody liked because he seemed to fit every place he was wanted to fit. He was the kind of a fellow who could take defeat without bitterness. He felt just as bad at being beaten in a game as could any other boy, but it would do you good to hear him laugh at his own discomfiture and then see him plunge in to win next time.

Hal Jameson was the son of a New Hampshire farmer. Professor Jack liked him because of his manly struggles to get through school on the very little money that his father could send him. He was a worker, and for every dollar he received from home he earned another out of school hours and on Satur-

days. He never found fault with his hard luck, but just held up his head and looked as proud as the proudest boy at Somerton, and he had a right to, for he paid his way and never owed a dollar, and that was more than many another boy could say who had more money to begin with. The teachers noted all this about Hal, so they gave him a class of young boys to tutor, and this provided work that he liked and put money in his pocket. Thus it came about that when Professor Jack said in a meeting of the faculty that he wished young Jameson could afford to go with him on his trip and told what good he thought such a trip would do such a boy, President Graham said, "Take him and I'll furnish the money." It only remained to get the consent of Hal's parents, but that was no easy matter, for Father Jameson had counted on Hal's help on the farm through the summer. A mother often proves a boy's best friend at such times, and so it was in this case, for Mother Jameson pleaded until Father Jameson gave in, and then Mother Jameson wiped her eyes and Father Jameson took a firm grip on an old steel pen and wrote to Professor Jack, "Me and mother have decided Hal kin go, but we don't know what we'll do without him this summer."

Ned Flannigan was a boy of the sort the fellows called "nervy," a leader in sport and a caution at the dinner table. Flannigan Senior was a rich Maine lumberman and Ned was an only child, but this didn't make much difference with Ned. You would never know he had money back of him nor that his parents counted him the apple of their eye, so far as his bearing toward the other boys in the school was concerned. Everybody liked Ned because he was a genuine boy and had nothing of the snob in him. He just worked and played like a beaver, won victories on the athletic field and in the class room, and kept

his friends and his appetite. True, he had "money to burn," as the boys said, but he burned it helping the athletic association out of debt, and he gave nearly half of all that was given to hire a good coach for the football team. Then he paid the athletic dues of a score of the fellows who were unable to raise the money themselves, and did all manner of good, generous things on the sly. A fellow can't be generous long without getting liked for it, and so Ned Flannigan was popular.

It was the day after final examinations and in another twenty four hours the boys of Somerton Academy would be scattering to their homes. The three boys named received on that day letters from Professor Wylie telling them that he had been instructed by their parents to say that they should not leave Somerton until the following Friday and at the same time that he wished to see them in his recitation room at ten o'clock of the following day. No one of the boys knew that the other two had received the message, so what was the surprise of each to find the two others in the history recitation room at the appointed time!

Professor Jack met each boy with a jolly word and was not long in making known the good news. The surprise of the three cannot be described. It took fully a minute for them to get their breath. They just sat and stared at the Professor.

"O, well, if you do not care to go we'll not talk of it," he said with assumed indifference, at the same time making a motion as if to dismiss the subject.

"Don't care to go!" fairly shouted Ned. "And with you, Professor? Well, where's the boy wouldn't jump at the chance?"

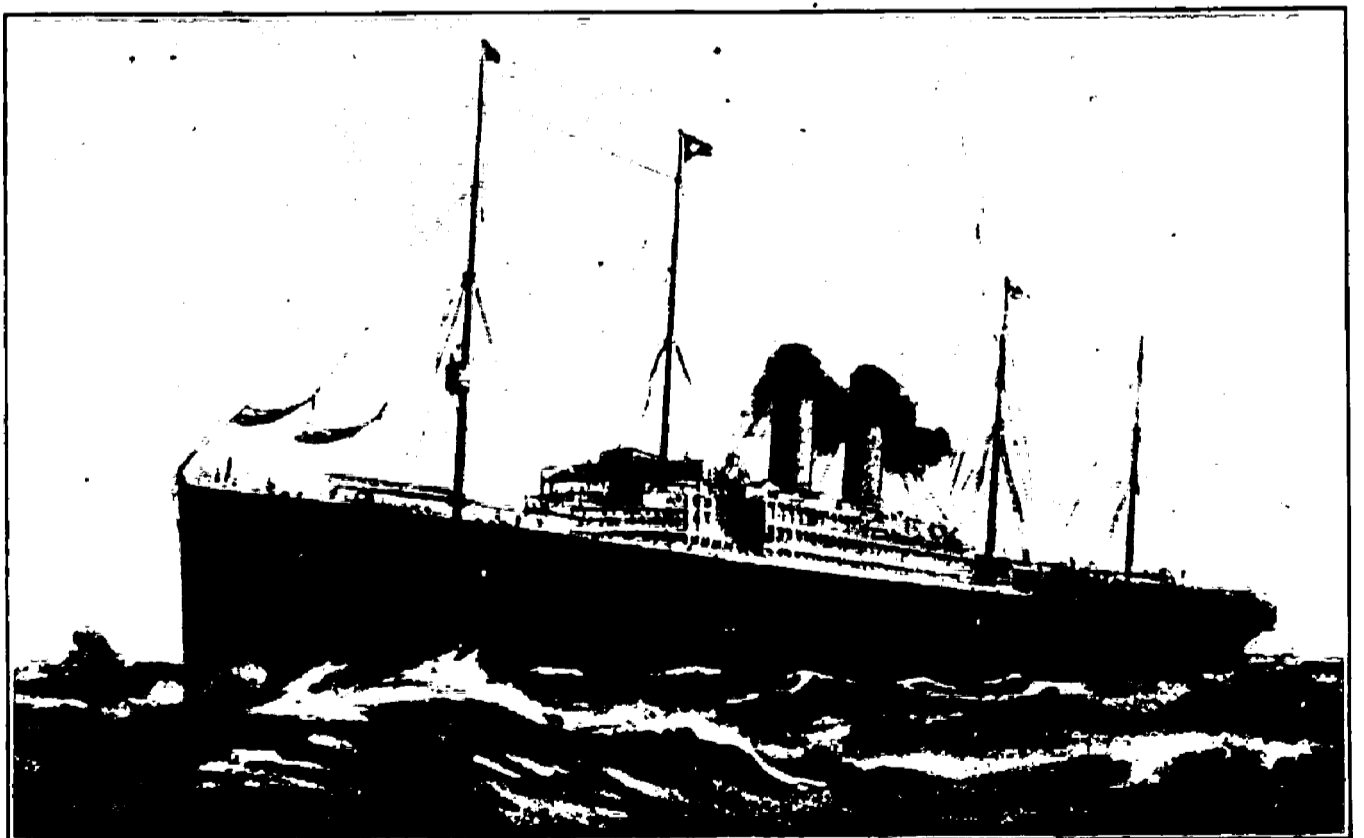
"You're not joking, are you, Professor?" asked Joe with a scared look. "It's too good to be true," and then seeing sincerity in the Professor's eyes he added, "I'll write father today—no—I'll telegraph—"

"No need of that, Joe; I have your parents' consent." Then turning to Hal, who sat staring vacantly out of the window, he added, "I am sorry you do not wish to go, Hal."

"I could not go, Professor—for—for many reasons. You are very kind to invite me. It would be the grandest—" and here his voice faltered and a suspicious movement about his Adam's apple betrayed temporary throat trouble. The Professor struggled with a little lump in his own throat, but succeeded quickly in swallowing it.

"You have worked hard, Hal, and you need and deserve this trip. I have arranged it so you can go."

"But I can't go," continued the boy. "My father needs me. He tells me so every time he writes. I had almost made up my mind that I couldn't stay to the examinations; and besides, I have no money."



THE GOOD SHIP "CEDRIC"

"But your father has written me that you can," said the Professor, his eyes beaming through a suspicious moisture.

"But the money? I have barely enough to get home," went on the boy, looking hopelessly from one to another of the little group.

"I'll tell you what, Hal," cried Ned, jumping to his feet: "I'll write home to my dad—my father I mean, and borrow the money for you, and you won't have to pay it back either till you want to. He'll be glad to do it. I'll tell him to cut my allowance in two next year to make up for it. I can economize in a thousand ways. You've just got to go."

Professor Jack smiled at Ned's enthusiasm and his quick settlement of the difficulty, which was entirely characteristic of him, and then explained that the money for Hal had been provided and that nothing stood in the way. He didn't tell Hal, however, at that time who his good angel was.

The conference over, the boys left the recitation room walking on air, to spend the rest of the day planning. They had little, however, to do but talk, for Professor Jack had made all arrangements, even to the proper clothing for the boys. They had received from the Professor a picture and printed description of the big boat in which they were to cross the ocean, and together they studied it till they knew every dimension by heart. "Why, she's seven hundred feet long," exclaimed Ned, "and seventy five feet broad and forty nine and a third feet deep!" Then they went out and paced off on the sidewalk seven hundred feet to get an idea of the length of the big "Cedric," which was the boat on which Professor Jack had engaged passage.

"Think of it!" said Joe. "It says if she were set down in a street against one of the tall buildings down in Boston the captain's bridge would be on a level with the ninth story."

"And here it says," went on Ned, reading the description, "if she were set on end she would be two and a half times as high as the tower of Brooklyn Bridge and two and a half times as high as the Statue of Liberty." And see," he cried, "she was built in Ireland—at Belfast. Why, I didn't know they could do such things in Ireland; I thought the only thing they did there was raise potatoes. Belfast must be quite a city!"

"She carries three thousand people, too!" exclaimed Hal. "That's twice as many as live in Somerton; it's as many as three regiments of soldiers. Just listen to this: 'Single pieces of steel weighing over one hundred thousand pounds and shell plates of over three tons weight were used in her bottom and sides and some of the rivets weighed four pounds apiece.' I wonder how big those two smokestacks are?" he said, pointing to the picture of the big boat.

"Let's see," read on Ned. "Here it says, 'if one of them were laid on the ground it would make a tunnel one hundred and thirty one feet long, and if flattened the shape of a railway tunnel two trains of cars could pass in it.'"

"I wonder what that is," he said, pointing to a queer-looking box on the foremast about halfway up. "That's the crow's nest," said Joe, who, living in Boston, was somewhat familiar with ship construction. "It's a watch tower for the 'lookout.' That mast must be a whopper, for it says the foremast is hollow and so large that a man can go up to the crow's nest by a ladder inside the mast."

Thus the boys went on reading and exclaiming over the wonders of the big ship until their heads swam with excitement. They had no time to study up Ireland in the books, but they did look up Queenstown on the map, for Professor Jack had said they were to land at that port. Then they tried to recall everything they had heard about Ireland and they wondered at the little they knew. They asked questions, too, of every one they met and they soon learned that other people were nearly as ignorant about the "Green Isle" as they were themselves. It seemed as if they had been studying all around Ireland in school without more than touching her, and as for her history Ned said he knew about as much of the history of Kamschatka. Hal suggested that Saint Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland. Joe had heard an Irish girl once sing a song called "Killarney," and a mighty pretty one it was, too, he thought; and Ned had an indistinct notion that there was a stone some place in Ireland which made people who kissed it good talkers, but where it was, neither he nor the other boys knew. They had all heard of Irish potatoes and Ned's eyes glistened at the prospect of eating the real things with their jackets on, for he was particularly fond of baked potatoes. Then they looked up potatoes in the encyclopedia and found to their disappointment that Ireland got the potato habit from America and that the Yankee variety of potatoes was the parent of them all—but the subject made Ned so hungry they had to change it to shillelahs. These Ned said he knew first grew in Ireland, but he didn't know what they looked like nor where they grew. Hal thought it was a sort of plant with a big root used for a club, but Ned was sure it was a piece of wood whittled out like a policeman's club. Ned's landlady, who had lived in Ireland once, told him to be careful and not let an Irish bull eat him up, and he wasn't quite sure whether she was joking or not; but when she told

him to be sure and see the Giant's Causeway, which she explained was a part of a big road built by the giants in early days between Scotland and Ireland, he came right out and told her she was poking fun at him. Vaguely, the boys knew that Ireland belonged to England and that she was making a fuss about it, but they didn't know just why and concluded they would wait till they could inquire on the spot.

In a few days Professor Jack and the three boys were on the train out of Boston bound for New York. It was a glorious day and the train swept through the prosperous towns and green hills of New England like a meteor till, panting for breath, the big engine came to a final halt and they were in the midst of the hurly-burly of America's greatest city. The boys were exceedingly quiet for boys and kept close together, obeying the slightest suggestion of Professor Jack, who hurried himself and his proteges and their hand baggage into a vehicle and directed the driver to take them to the White Star pier. At the name of the steamer line each boy's heart gave a thump, for it sounded so near and real. A drive through New York's busy streets dodging carts, omnibuses and cars ended in front of a series of big, barn-like buildings, into one of which Professor Jack disappeared with his little party. "Boys, this is a White Star pier," he said, "and there is the good ship Cedric,"—and there indeed she was, swallowing great heaps of trunks that were being hoisted on board by means of a rope and tackle rigged up on the deck, and taking in at two other of her capacious mouths live freight in the way of men, women and children who were fling up the gang planks and disappearing within.

"This way, boys," called Professor Jack as they stopped to gaze on a big load of trunks that was being swung to position over the baggage hold. In a moment they were a part of the crowd working its way to the gang plank for first cabin passengers.

"We're going first-class, aren't we?" asked Ned of the Professor, for in his study of the ship circulars he had gathered that there were three classes recognized on board. The Professor indicated that he was right, and then Ned asked, "Who decides who is first-class and who is second-class?"

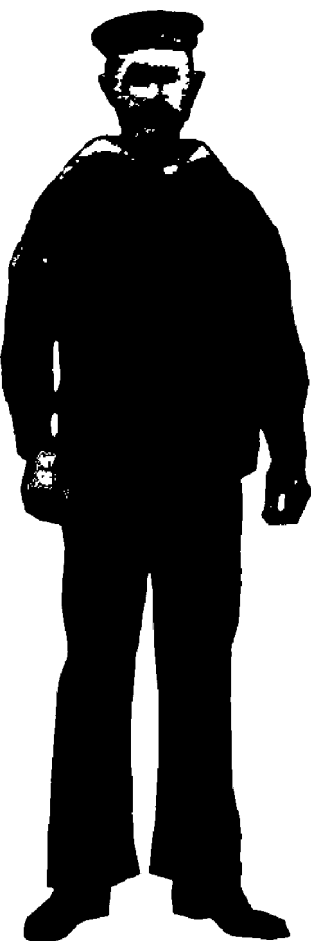
"It's your money that does the talking," answered the Professor. "If you've got money enough and prefer that part of the ship you go first-class; if you haven't, or if you prefer another part of the ship, you go second-class, or third-class."

"Third-class is down in the cellar, isn't it?" asked Hal.

"You mean steerage, don't you?" suggested Ned. "Ships don't have cellars."

Hal replied that he thought it was all the same thing—that the steerage was in the cellar.

"But I don't see any one going third-class," said Joe, casting his eye along the big ship's side. Then some one who was pressing



THEIR SAILOR FRIEND.

In that moment Professor Jack and the two other boys had turned a corner, gone down a flight of stairs to the saloon deck and Ned was alone. Bewildered, he wandered into a passageway that led the full length of the deck, traversed it and came out onto the deck at the other end, then ran all the way back, nearly knocking down a big, fat Englishman who had come out of his stateroom just in time to get the broadside. "Bah Jove; wather sudden!" he exclaimed, but Ned was sprinting along the passage and never heard him.



PLAYING SHUFFLE-BOARD ON SHIPBOARD.
(See page 16-A.)

Then he dodged into an open door and found himself in the purser's office, and that officer, who was counting money, looked up surprised like and asked Ned what he was looking for.

"I guess I'm lost," said Ned.

"Well, I guess you better find yourself," said the officer. "Are you a passenger?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ned, "I'm with Professor Jack Wylie and we're going to Ireland."

"That's all right, my boy; I know where Ireland is, but I don't know anything about Professor Jack Wylie. What's the number of your stateroom?"

"I don't know," said Ned.

"Well, my advice to you, then, is to stay on board and you'll get to Ireland. The chances are before you reach there you'll find your friends." Then he turned to his work.

Ned made a dive up the stairs two steps at a time and into the dining saloon with its rows of long tables; then out again, down another long passage, up a stairway, and out on the upper deck. By this time he was so nearly winded that he thought he must have run a mile—and not a sign of Professor Jack; but he kept on going.

Professor Jack, accompanied by Hal and Joe, was on the search, but, as the Professor said, the ship was so big and there were so many people on board it was entirely possible for them to lose one another for an hour at a time. Suddenly the odor of cooking betrayed the proximity of the kitchen; Hal had just said that Ned would probably be found near by; then they ran plump into him standing with open-eyed wonderment watching the cooks and stewards and looking for all the world as if he hadn't eaten anything for a week. Professor Jack thought that Ned came away rather reluctantly from the kitchen as he led his little company into the dining saloon where the dining room stewards were setting the long tables and where scores of passengers were gathered about a piece of furniture fitted with pigeon-holes filled with letters, and here each one of the boys to his great surprise received a letter from home. Professor Jack had arranged it so that the boys' parents had written them a "ship letter," and the letters were there to convey their good-byes and well wishes for the journey. The boys read their letters and for a few minutes afterwards there were at least three sober faces in the company. Father Jameson had written that he guessed they could get along with the summer's work; that mother was quite set up over her boy's going across the briny and that the dun cow had a calf, and ended by saying, "Ef your money gives out I kin raise a little on the place, though mor'giges ain't much in my line. Me an' mother both send our love. Rite us when you git time."

Then some one called out "Visitors ashore," and crumpling their letters into their pockets, they hurried out on the deck in time to see a steady stream of visitors moving down the gang planks, sailors loosening ropes and chains, officers in their natty suits of blue and white standing at their stations, and their fellow passengers crowded to the rails tremulous with interest and excitement, and a great sea of faces upturned to their own from the long pier against which the ship lay. In a few moments Ned felt a slight vibration beneath his feet. "We are off!" he shouted, and then a great cloud of handkerchiefs fluttered from the ship's side and another as great

(Continued on Page 16-A.)

JACK'S TWO VICTORIES

BY LEVI T. PENNINGTON

NEVER before had Iron Mountain produced such a football player as Jack Harris. Wonderfully quick on his feet, getting away like the sprinter he was, running low and therefore hard to tackle, very strong even for his 185 pounds, a splendid hurdler, a sure tackler, a fine player in interference, and full of nerve and courage, he was the mainstay of the Iron Mountain High School football team.

This team, in a hard fought series of games which closed in the University city, had won the state championship, for which victory it was universally conceded that Jack was very largely responsible.

Professor Ellsworth, who had been one of the big stars of the university team the year before, had written the coach of the 'varsity team about Jack, and part of the letter was as follows:

"One of my boys will enter the 'varsity next year, and I want you to keep an eye on him this fall, for I am certain that he is a 'find.' If he does not make the 'varsity with half a try, you can say that I am no judge of a football player and I'll enter no protest. Harris, who is playing left half for us this year, is certainly a whirlwind for a high school player, and from some bumps he has given me when I have lined up against him, I am confident that he will show up well in the fastest company. Keep your eye on him when we meet Tanawanda for the state championship, and see if you don't think he'll do."

As a result of this letter, the 'varsity coach was present at the forenoon game on Thanksgiving day, much to the surprise of the 'varsity team, who supposed that his attention would all be centered on the big game of the afternoon.

The forenoon game, as a matter of fact, was the better game of the two, for it was closely contested, clean and fast, and was finally won by a single touchdown, Harris forcing his way across the line in the last half minute of play, with the rest of the team so completely "used up" that there was little life left in any of them. Professor Ellsworth was in the crowd that carried Harris off the field, and by his side was the 'varsity coach, yelling like a schoolboy and at intervals shouting into Ellsworth's ears, "Well, I guess he'll do!"

So Jack was a member of the university team the next year, and he more than fulfilled the expectations of the coach. He had added a goodly number of pounds to his weight, and was stronger and quicker than he had been the year before.

The university was conceded at the beginning of the season to have a good chance for the championship if it could only supply a halfback to take the place of Neeley, who had held the position for his full four years of college, and was one of the best that ever played the game. Jack had not been in the practicing squad two days before the coach said, in a letter to Professor Ellsworth, who had brought Jack to his notice, "The boy is a wonder, and no mistake. He will easily be good enough for the team this year, and if he does not win a place on the All-American team before he leaves the college, I miss my guess."

College life was Elysium to Jack. He entered into everything with his whole heart, and though he never missed a moment of practice on the football team, he never neglected his work, and won golden opinions, not only on the gridiron but in the college halls as well.

Two or three minor games were played by the university, in which Jack distinguished himself and added to the confidence of Coach Moore that he had a star of the first magnitude in the person of the freshman halfback.

One of the hardest games of the year came early that season. The rivals of the university were known to be in splendid form, with a team of veterans. Jack's blood tingled every time he thought of the great match that was approaching.

The day came and with it the rival team, and the thousands to witness the great event.

Beyond all question it was as exciting a contest as was ever played on Hampden Field. There never was a more desperately fought game, and there never was a game that was won in a more sensational manner. The details were the talk of the college for years after.

The rival university secured her score early in the struggle. At the kick off, the ball was kicked very high, and the visitors came sweeping down and were at hand when it fell. The hard luck that followed paralyzed the hearts of the black and gold: Herman, the freshman end, into whose hands the ball fell, was probably nervous from the 5,000 pairs of eyes that were fastened upon him. At any rate, he failed to catch, and one of the opponents fell upon the ball.

Twice the line held, and the opposing quarter, the surest goal kicker in America, played back, for a try at a field goal. The ball was passed, and the desperate representatives of the black and gold surged upon the opposing line in a desperate effort to block the kick. Jack went through, but he was a fraction of a second late. The ball just missed him as he made a desperate effort to get in its way. It rose gracefully over the heads of the straining, struggling players, and passed over the bar squarely between the posts, a perfect field goal, and the score was five to nothing in favor of the visiting team.

The rest of the game seemed to Jack, as he recalled it afterwards, like a dream, terrible in its desperate endeavors, but delicious in that it gave an opportunity to use all the strength, speed and skill that nature and training had given him. But every effort of the black and gold to cross the goal line of their opponents was fruitless, and the last few moments of play had come, with the ball in the possession of their opponents at the center of the field.

Twice the black and gold held, and the big fullback was preparing to kick. The case seemed hopeless. There was not one chance in a million that the black and gold could score, for even should the unexpected happen and they obtain possession of the ball at this point, they were so far from the goal that an attempt to score a goal from the field would have been madness.

The opposing center snapped the ball back, and with the speed of a sprinter, Jack hit the opposing line. His start was so quick that he carried the other player off his feet, and passing him was upon the fullback as that player's foot struck the ball.

A cry went up from the adherents of the black and gold, for Jack had blocked the punt. The ball had struck him squarely in the chest and bounded back past the fullback. Without checking his speed, Jack caught the ball on the bound, and was off like a shot, the whole opposing team after him. Holmes, the fastest sprinter of the west, was nearest him when he made the catch, and it looked as though he would be brought down at once, for surely no one could escape from Holmes with as little start as Jack had, especially when carrying the ball.

Jack ran as he had never run before. He must win or break his heart in the effort. The goal posts were fifty yards away, and toward them he sped with every ounce of force of which he was capable. It was more than a race for life or death. It was for the honor of the university. And he won. Not until he was almost upon the goal line did his pursuer get close enough to chance the tackle. He caught fairly, and down they came with a thud that almost shook the ground. But by a last effort that seemed as if it would take his life, Jack struggled ahead a few inches, and reaching out at arms' length, touched the ball down back of the goal line. The game was won, for Gaus easily converted the touchdown into a goal, and the score was six to five in favor of the black and gold.

The hero of the game was carried about the field, and there was nothing in the university that was too good for him. In fact, the members of the team and

their adherents told him that if he wanted the university grounds and buildings, they would see to it that the deeds were in his hands before the day was over.

His first great victory was won.

Life at the university was a glorious thing for the next few weeks. Three times more the university met its opponents, and three times more the black and gold were victorious. Then came the greatest struggle that Jack had faced—that he ever faced, in fact. Things had not been going well at home. Business had not prospered in the little town, all was going to the bad, his father was worried almost to distraction, and had not for some time been able to see how he could possibly spare the money to keep his boy in the university.

At last the crash came. Jack got a letter from his father, saying that he was financially ruined and that he could no longer furnish the funds for Jack to continue his course. There seemed to be nothing left the young football hero but to leave the university, return to his home and assist his father in every way possible. Facilities for earning his own way were very meagre in the town where the university was located, and, besides, the family needed his help at home.

Just how it got out Jack hardly knew. There were but two fellows in the college, he thought, who were aware of his father's financial troubles, and these did not know the contents of the letter he had received that afternoon.

That evening as he was sitting in his room, wondering how he could give up all that college life had meant to him, a rap at his door aroused him. He opened it and in walked the football coach and the student manager of university athletics.

"Old man," said the coach, "you can't leave college, now, nor any other time, till you've been here four years. We simply can't lose you."

Jack was no less surprised at the apparent knowledge of his affairs possessed by the coach, than at the confidence he manifested of keeping him in the university. "Who told you I was going to leave?" he said.

"No difference who," said the coach. "I tell you that you cannot go."

"I cannot stay," replied Jack. "My father has gone under, and I must go home and help him out as much as I can."

"But you must not go," said the student manager. "We simply can't do without you for the rest of the season. With you we can win the championship; without you we have not the ghost of a chance."

There was a long discussion that night in Jack's room, and when they left him, he had promised to consider their proposition. It was substantially this: The athletic association was to pay all his college expenses in a roundabout way, and it was to be charged to expense. "Every big university does it," the student manager had explained. "We are helping the man who plays by your side on the team, and we are practically supporting both the pitcher and catcher of our baseball team. They all do it. Every university manager knows that. We can make it perfectly safe, and no one need be any the wiser. Why, Harris, you're worth three thousand dollars a year to the university this minute, and you simply shall not go home."

Jack had persisted all through the conversation, which had been pretty stormy at times, that it did

(Continued on page 26.)





By Edwin Balmer.

"HARDING," said the coach, "is heavier and faster than Rayson, but somehow he isn't 'varsity material. He is too anxious to make good, I think. If he could only keep his nerve in a game he could have Rayson's end."

"Yes," answered the captain, "if Rayson's shoulder is hurt in Saturday's game Lowe will have to go in. Harding is a good scrub; he shows up in practice much better, but in a game he falls down awfully. Banning, I'll bet that if those Chicago University men would wear the sweaters of the scrub, Harding would hold them for a loss at his end; but when he'll see those 'varsity 'C's,' he'll fall all over himself. He's only a freshman and he hasn't got his nerve."

There was a noise at the door of the training quarters where the coach and the captain had been sitting alone, and the captain broke off abruptly. A tall young fellow in a purple sweater, though without the big "football N," entered. He stood a moment looking uneasily from one to the other of the two men before him, and then he came forward.

"Page," he said, "and Mr. Banning. Excuse me for breaking in, but I could not help hearing what you were saying. And—well, it may do me good to know what you really think of me. I only came to say that Lowe fell on his frat house steps and twisted his bad ankle, so—so in spite of what you were just saying, if Rayson's shoulder goes back on him, that means that I play against Chicago, doesn't it?"

The captain jumped to his feet and faced the freshman.

"What," he cried, "Lowe out?"

"Yes," returned the other; "a bad sprain."

"And the worst of it is," began the coach—and then, noticing the color come to Harding's face, he turned to the underclassman more kindly—"Harding, if Rayson has to quit, I will put you in Saturday. Be careful of yourself."

"Yes," added the captain, "it's ten to one that you go in the game—at least in the second half. And if you do," he said, putting his hand on the freshman's shoulder, "show us that we were wrong, old man; show us that you can keep your nerve."

But Harding was looking out of the window to the library across the way, and toward the other buildings of the great Northwestern University grouped beyond it, so that the coach could not see the expression upon his face.

At half past three, each of the special football correspondents in the press box near the sidelines at Marshall field, wired in to his paper that Chicago had won the toss and had chosen the north goal. This was wise, they said, as the northeast wind would favor the kicks of the maroon fullback in the first half.

At twenty five minutes to four, as the teams took their positions preparatory to the kick off, the same special correspondents wired in the personnel of each team, while Burton, of the American, and Dunn, of the Record-Herald, who had been detailed to "describe the crowd and the general appearance of the game and to leave the technical points to the special reporters," turned up a new page in their notebooks and began to write in their rapid abbreviations, when the great crowds upon both sides of the field rose together and cheered as the ball sailed through the air on the first play.

The special correspondents telegraphed in to their newspaper offices that "Page, Northwestern's captain, had caught the kick off at the five-yard line, and had advanced the ball fifteen yards before he was downed," and they made entries, which meant that, upon their charts of the field—that was what they were paid to do; but Burton and Dunn, the "extras," leaning forward, ceased their writing, as the teams met in the first scrimmage, and the purple gained. They forgot the columns of extra "write up" of the game for the great Sunday editions, they forgot the thousands on the east bleachers who stood and cheered together as the ball advanced, they forgot the thousands on the west stands who gave the long "Chicago-goes to hold 'em," they forgot the old

grads with their wives beside them on the grand stand, the juniors with the college girls, the tally-hos and drags, the members of the university bands trying to cheer and play at the same time, they forgot these and everything else that they were there to describe, and stared with every one else at the twenty two men struggling in the middle of the field.

And then just as even the girl who wished everybody wouldn't stand up, herself decided to rise and join in the "hideous noise" which her freshman brother called "magnificent cheering," somebody was laid out, and the play stopped for a minute. As the reporters, following the example of the rest, settled back into their seats, the Tribune man called down to the substitutes on the sidelines before him:

"I say, you subs, who's hurt?"

One of the men unwound himself from his blanket and the three 'varsity sweaters thrown about his neck long enough to answer, "Rayson, right end. But they'll keep him in, I guess. Yes, he's up again."

The Tribune man turned to the Chronicle reporter at his side:

"That was Harding, Rayson's sub, who answered, wasn't it?"

"Yes," returned the other; "wonder why Banning doesn't put him in. Rayson is awfully off his game



with that shoulder of his, and that freshman sub is fast and heavy, too. I saw him in practice last week."

"Yes," broke in the reporter for the Record-Herald, "but he's no good just the same. Hasn't any head or any nerve, and the coaches know it, too; so they won't put him in until they have to. Banning has this game won if the regulars can last it, but with so many men in bad shape he may have to play his subs—and they're no good."

There was silence once more as the play began again, but Harding, the substitute, leaned over the sidelines as Chicago took the ball on downs and punted it with the wind far-down the field; for the same wind which helped the kick had also helped the sub to hear. But, then, even Burton and Dunn were too busy to talk any more, as the east bleachers cheered Jameson, the Northwestern fullback, when he caught the kick, and the purple once more gained with the ball.

In fact, the men upon the bleachers, as well as the reporters nearer the sidelines, could see that it was Northwestern's game, if the "cripples" could only last it out; so that the song from the east bleachers to "give us a score right soon, none for the old maroon," as Northwestern carried the ball once more toward the north goal, was answered in as hopeful a tune:

"Hold them, Chicago.
Rush them, Chicago.
Tear them up in the line."

as Chicago, for the third time, took the ball on downs inside their own twenty-yard line, and punted back out of danger.

Surely, however, as the purple team carried the ball slowly, but steadily, toward their opponents' goal, the heavy mass plays, piling up both teams again and again, began to tell. The old "tandem," which had won for two years, was beginning to falter; so that Page, captain and center man in the "tandem," himself gave the signal to change the style of play, while the freshmen on the stands, who had not noticed Jameson, the fullback, limp, yelled excitedly and wondered why "Banning had not left well enough alone, with fifteen minutes of the half left."

But even with the new attack, the purple was once more held near the fifteen-yard mark, and the west bleachers cheered as the ball was again punted far down with the wind.

The half was almost over. There was, perhaps, but three minutes left as Randall, the purple quarter, dropped back and called upon his ends. Twice they failed to gain, and Chicago had just sent their quarterback to get the expected kick, when suddenly on a trick play, Rayson, the Northwestern right end, was around the maroon left with the ball, and away, running free. Ahead were but two men, the Chicago fullback and the quarter, both a little on the left, running diagonally. The masses upon the stands on both sides of the field rose together, strained in silence, as the Northwestern player, on a "right run left feint," passed the first maroon back, and then, when he turned to dodge the other, something slipped, and the end stumbled, while the fullback shot forward rapidly and made his tackle. The half was over.

The coach was bending over Rayson as Harding entered the training house with the other substitutes. In a moment he looked up. "Harding," he said, "Jim's shoulder is out again. He didn't feel it until after they gave him the ball on that last play. I'll have to put you in this second half. For goodness sake, Harding, remember what I've been telling you all fall. Keep your head. We must win in this half, I tell you, and with the way the game is going, it may be up to you ends to do it."

But Harding set his teeth in the big collar of his sweater, for Page, the captain, groaned.

Most of the second half, as the reporters said, was a repetition of the first with the difference that it was Chicago who gained with the ball, and Northwestern who held in defense before the goal each time, and then punted out of danger. It was only during the last fifteen minutes, as Burton of the American wrote, that the game began to differentiate. The men with the charts had just marked the place between the fifteen and twenty-yard lines where the purple last took the ball on downs, and they were awaiting the usual punt, when Dunn leaned forward suddenly.

"Page has regained his senses at last," he said. "They're going to try the line some more before they kick. There goes the tandem again. Look at the way Page hits that line. Three—no, four yards," he added, glancing at the changing figures opposite the grand stands. Again, as he said, the purple was taking the play into its own hands, and finding the maroon stronger at the ends, the tandem was kept jouncing the center and guards for the short, steady gains which once more worked the ball well past the centre of the gridiron, on past the thirty-yard line and on, until, on the seven-yard line, as the "rooters" on the west bleachers tore their throats in a desperate "hold 'em, hold 'em," and the maroon supporters gave the long cheer for every man on the line, Chicago held.

Twice the tandem hit the line for no gain, and twice the lines swayed, then pushed together in the supreme effort, but still the referee as he fought his way into the struggling pile cried out in tones which were clearly heard throughout the nearby bleachers, "Down, down, I say. Northwestern's ball. Third down, five yards to gain."

On his last chance, Randall, the purple quarterback, dropped a little to the rear and ran his eyes along his line.

"18-22-57-99," he called.

The numbers made Harding, playing right end in Rayson's place, start in amazement. They formed his signal to carry the ball around the left end. And while it was the first time that day that his numbers, 18-22, had been given out, he knew that it was through no oversight that he had not been called upon. The team had been afraid to trust him with the ball, and now, when the whole game depended on this last gain it was impossible, he thought, impossible that they would call upon a freshman substitute—and for the first time in a 'varsity game. He thought that he must have mistaken the signal, and he stood dazed, watching Page and the other backs fall in for the interference until a maroon end, rushing past, took the ball from before him on the long pass, and started up the field.

The quarterback stared at Harding a moment in astonishment, but Page had turned and started running back. The men upon the bleachers ceased their

almost continuous roar and rose, silently, to their feet. The Chicago end was ten yards ahead, but Page, Northwestern's captain, was surely gaining. At the middle of the field he was not five yards behind, at the forty-yard mark it could hardly have been four; and as even the reporters rose over their notes and instruments the better to count the three chalk-lines ahead of the runners, the purple half dove forward and made the tackle.

As the noise from the bleachers grew less, Burton looked at his watch.

"Five minutes to play," he said, "after allowing for the time taken out. Wonder if Northwestern can hold again."

Chicago held the ball on the first down just inside the ten-yard line, but Northwestern was playing more desperately than ever. The maroon "rooters" suddenly changed their encouraging cheers to the more confident notes of:

"See Chicago's line advancing," while the other side not to be outdone, sang back another football song:

"We've come down here to do them,
To tear our way right through them,"
and ending with:

"We're going to leave a purple tinge on Midway."

But as Jameson, backing up the line, dove far in under a play and held the maroon for no gain, the men on the east bleachers could not sing or cheer or do anything else but jump to their feet, throwing their hats, canes, flags and everything else which was loose, into the air, while they sent forth a great, hoarse volume of sound which meant nothing and yet everything to them who heard it.

And then, as Chicago started their "whoa back" formation against the opposing line, Page, in his turn, broke through and threw back the runner for a half-yard loss. A third time the lines met, and, when the referee came out from the mass of struggling men and waved the linesmen back, even the old "grads" in the boxes and the juniors with the girls

on the grand stands shouted out, "Northwestern's ball. Our ball. That's holding! O, that's holding;" while the "howling hundreds" upon the bleachers gave "just one more cheer for the whole team and another for Page, for Page again, fellows," and then nine more "rahs" and then the "varsity" as the captain staggered to his feet and took his place behind his line.

There were three minutes to play as Jameson bucked the center for two yards, and the left half failed to gain after running the width of the field on a right end play. With two minutes left, on the third down, three yards to gain, Randall, the quarter, again dropped back and glanced along his line.

"74-83-47-79."

Harding, from his position at the extreme right of the purple line, looked around as he heard the signal for his captain to take the ball on a "double pass" around his end. He knew that the left halfback would first receive the ball from Randall and that as the backs would seem to hit the maroon line for a play off tackle, the left half would pass the ball back to Page for a run around the end. The maroon left end and halfback, playing opposite Harding, were, consequently, the men threatening most the success of the play. The quarterback, knowing that all depended upon this gain, delayed a little to see that all were in position before he gave the sign for his men to move. It was then, that Harding, as he wished to himself that some of his "speed" were more weight with which to block the opposing end, glanced back and noticed that Page was resting a little too lightly upon his right foot. A large red blot discolored the purple stocking above the shoe, and all that it might mean came to the mind of the freshman. For a part of a second he looked along the lines of heavy men worn out by two long and hard halves; and then, before the maroon team could move, almost before Randall himself knew the play was started, Harding snatched the ball from the quarterback's hands and, gaining impetus, he ran out beyond the opposing halfback, out beyond the

waiting end, and, turning as he dodged, he passed the fullback, running free into an open field.

The American reporter was the first to speak as he turned to the Tribune man. "Say," he said, "that was Harding who made the touchdown, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the other, grinning at the Chronicle correspondent. "It's too bad he hasn't time enough left to lose his head and show his lack of nerve again. The game's about over."

"Right," responded the Record-Herald reporter, "there's just about enough time left for Page to make it six instead of five to nothing, if he kicks that goal."

The other men looked critically down the field. "Well," said the Chronicle man, "he made it."

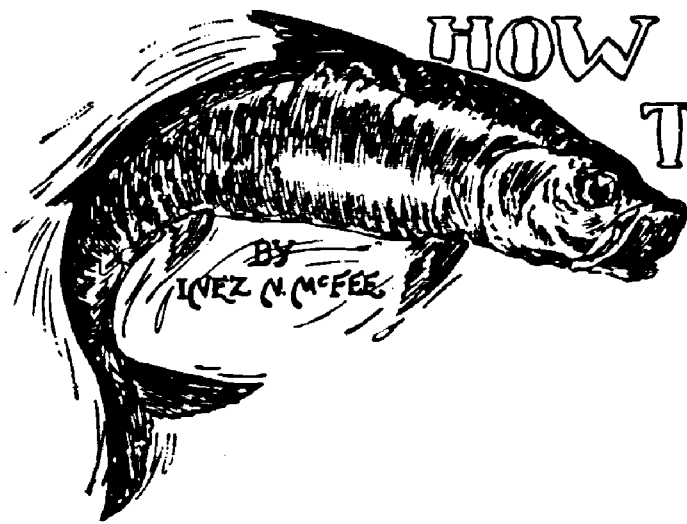
The bonfire at Northwestern that night reached all the way across Davis street and blocked the electric lines. Just after the sixteenth car came to a stop south of the blaze, the "crowd of rooters," as the Evanston Press said, called out, "Page, Captain Page, speech, speech. Oh, give us a speech."

Page stepped out upon the platform, improvised of four dry goods boxes and a signboard, and bowed to the crowd.

"Fellows," he said, "I have no more right to say anything first than any of the others who merely helped save the game. Wouldn't you rather hear from the man who won it? Harding," he called as he started back, "come up." But as the freshman was pushed forward, he seized the captain and held him beside him, while the crowd gave the regular nine cheers for Page, and then again—but for Harding they gave the nine "varsity rahs," four before and five after his name:

Rah, rah, rah, rah!
Harding! Harding!
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!

as they cheered Van Doozer and Potter, when they scored forty-six points against the maroon in the fall of '96.



HOW ME AND BILL TRAPPED A DOG FISH

"Well, yes, I calc'late I've had as many hair-breadth escapes, as the feller says, as most men," remarked Uncle Jim, shifting his chair away from the fire. "But I tell you, boys, I got the worst scare I ever had when I was a lad of sixteen, and, as the feller says, I was that bad scared that I didn't grow any for nigh onto a year.

"You see, 'twas this way: In the spring of 1875, I remember the exact date, 'cause that was the year me and Bill Gibbs trapped all them foxes up the Kennebec, an' 'twas the same year that Sam Lane's sister's husband got kicked to death by a wild colt.

"Well, as I was sayin', in the spring of 1875, a pilot-boat was sunk off the coast of Maine, about two miles from Portland. It lodged upon the banks, and a considerable portion of the mast stuck up above the water.

"One Saturday, when the sea was still, Bill Gibbs and me rowed out to the wreck. We found the mast solid enough, so we got out on it and was foolin' around on it, boy fashion, when all at once—cracky Diana! I looked around and there was that bloomin' boat sailin' away!

"Well, as the feller says, mebbly you think we wan't scared some. We yelled and hollered and waved our hats, hoping to attract the attention of passing vessels or some one from shore. But we might as well saved our breath to cool our taters with for no one come nigh, and at the end of two hours we began to feel purty nervous. You know our perch was mighty likely to tumble into the sea any minute, and to make bad things worse, as the feller says, it was only about four hours till dark.

"Bill Gibbs was a lamentin' 'cause we had been fool enough to go aboard that bloomin' craft, and was givin' it to me 'cause 'twas my idee. Well, I hung on to that mast, with my teeth set like a pup to a root, as the feller says, and took it all 'cause I had to.

"All to once, Bill quit his sputterin', kind o' gasped like, and pnted down to the water. I followed the direction his finger was pintin', and there was the

whaliest, biggest, green, shinin' critter that ever I set eyes on, just disappearin' right under our perch!

"In a few minutes the critter come sailin' in toward us agin, castin' up its wicked green eyes like it was whettin' up its appetite and thinkin' what a good, greasy meal we would make. 'Dogfish!' whispered Bill hoarsely as the thing went under water agin.

"It stayed away so long that I said as how I reckoned it had gone for good, but Bill said for me not to fool myself; ten to one if it didn't come back with a hull school of its fellers. Howsomever, as the fellers in books say, pretty soon it come swimmin' back alone, but it had spunked up some grit somewhere on its trip, and come right up real bold-like, and stared at us as much as five minutes with its mouth and eyes a-waterin' afore it dived agin.

"Me and Bill seen we was goin' to have to fight, so we called in our wits and tried to lay out a line of battle, so to speak. We hadn't much to plan on; our shotguns and long hunting knives had been left in the boat, and the only weapons we had was our big jackknives.

"'Well,' says Bill, 'we can't put up much of a fight, but there's one thing, whichever one of us the critter swallows first can sour on her stomach so she won't have any appetite for the other one.'

"'Bill,' I says solemnly, castin' my eye around for the dogfish, 'this ain't no time for idle jokin'. You know we may be called on to pass in our checks any minute.'

"'Well,' as the feller says, the words hadn't hardly left my mouth when I see what looked like a bit of rope tied around one end of the mast. I crawled over there as easy as I could and found my eyes had not tricked me. I began to pull and haul in, and soon had nigh on to a hundred feet of rope. The end was fastened onto a long pole or beam, and as I drewed it up alongside the mast, Bill grabbed for it.

"'Well,' says he, 'this will put a different face on the matter.'

"Me and Bill had been pards too long for us to have to stop and parley words, and, as the feller says, we acted with one mind. Quicker'n you can tell it we had that rope slashed in pieces, and ourselves tied firmly to the mast. Then we fell to, and each made a long slip-noose, with a knot in it that the King of England couldn't untie.

"All this time the slimy green thing had been circlin' under and around us, growin' bolder every minute. But the next time it sailed in toward us we

were ready, and Bill, naturally takin' command, sung out: 'Now! Let her have it!'

"Instantly our nooses shot out, but the great dogfish, frightened by Bill's yell, jumped to one side, and they fell wide of the mark. Howsomever we was in for it then. The critter seemed to think we had flung down the gauntlet, and come at us with all sails spread, as the feller says.

"It gave a whoppin' spring towards us, with horrid gapin' jaws, where the rows of dagger-like teeth shone too bright to give us comfort. But this time Bill brought his pole down fair and square on her head. This sorter dazed her like, and she went off to one side and glared at us, while we laid for her agin. The next time she come sailin' through the air, Bill's noose closed as slick as a whistle over her gapin' jaws.

"He give her plenty of rope and she didn't seem to realize how slick her mouth was stopped, but leaped at us agin. This time I hit her with the pole and knocked her to one side. Then she kind of took a back seat, as the feller says, and tried to make up her mind what to do next. Bill slipped the rope over his arm, and helped her decide by prodding her in the side with the pole. The critter squared around toward me, and I let fly with the noose, but it splashed into the water. I tried agin with no better luck, and she swung away from me. But Bill helped her back to position agin, and yelled: 'Let her go agin, Jim. Three times and out!'

"Well, I got her that time, and I worked away until I got the noose well around the center of her body, then I gave the rope to Bill. You see, we had two leadin' strings on her now. She seemed to feel that she was gittin' tied up some, and as the feller says, didn't she splash some? Me and Bill looked like drowned rats. Howsomever Bill give her plenty of rope and she soon cooled down. Then I got another noose on her.

"We worked like beavers, as the feller says, and after awhile we got her roped down to the mast so tight that she could scarcely move a fin. Night was almost upon us, and we huddled close together upon our perch. There was a cold north wind, but me and Bill didn't suffer none with cold. I reckon we both sweat worse that night than we ever have since. It was dark as pitch, there was all sorts of critters splashin' around in the water, and we reckoned every minute would be our last.

"Shortly after day broke, we sighted a boat across the water and guessed right away that it was some of our friends lookin' for us. Well, as the feller says, we were gladder to see them than Noah was to see the raven bring in a green leaf after the deluge.

"Well, to make a short story longer, as the writers say, when our friends come alongside we showed them our prize, and one of the men made short work of it with his shotgun. Me and Bill sold the carcass to a museum for a nice little sum—enough to buy a handsome outfit to take on that trappin' trip up the Kennebec, and to leave a good nestegg in our pockets."



IT WAS two days before Thanksgiving, and nearly all the children on the street were hurrying towards their respective schools carrying packages of food and clothing. This was in response to an appeal of the Relief Society asking donations from the school children for a thanksgiving offering for the poor of the city.

For nearly an hour a stream of children had been pouring down the basement steps of the Harrison School, and for half that time Mickie O'Connor had been serving as receiving committee, in the small room assigned to the storage of the donations. It was plain to every one who knew Mickie that he was not today in his usual gracious frame of mind; the truth being that he disapproved of the whole donation business. This was not because Mickie lacked kindness of heart—his name is sufficient guarantee of this—but because, being the son of hard working and self-respecting parents, and reared with the strictest ideas of independence, he felt a boundless contempt for all recipients of public charity. Moreover, in pursuit of his favorite study of human nature, he had sat on the court house steps on relief days watching the coming and going of applicants for the city's dole, and had seen little to alter the opinion which his generalizations on the subject of charity had evolved. And now as it neared time for the going to sound, and the rush of children had diminished to a few stragglers, and Mickie had time to look around on the really large donation piled about the walls of the room, his discontent grew.

"If the folks that deserve it was to git it 'twould be different," muttered he.

It was understood that pupils were not to converse within the building, nevertheless Mickie had received many whispered comments on the different donations. Now came a boy who dropped a bulging sack upon the floor.

"There, Mike," he said, in a stage whisper, "is all that's left of the apples my mother started me with. I've eat all I could of 'em on the road." And Mickie, thinking "so many the less for some lazy loafer tomorrow," offered no rebuke.

Another boy followed who tossed a square parcel to Mickie with, "What d'you think my mother's sent?"

"Soap," returned Mickie, promptly.

"Sure. Ma said that crowd at the court house tomorrow would have more need of soap than of turkey." Mickie nodded grim approval.

Then two misses from the seventh grade appeared. "What have you brought, Helen?" whispered one.

"One of my old Sunday dresses," returned the other. "And what do you think, May, mamma took all the trimming off it. She said it wasn't right to encourage vanity in paupers. But don't you think that poor girls have as good a right to like trimmings as we have? And why should it hurt them any more?"

"O," returned May, carelessly, "they ought to be glad just to get enough to keep them warm. I brought my last winter's jacket. It was overlooked last spring and didn't get in with the moth balls, so it was badly moth-eaten, and grandma spent two hours mending it. Such nonsense! I wanted her to work on my cape. I am afraid she won't get it done for the party, Thursday night."

A slim girl, very quietly dressed, but with a certain air of distinction came into the room and stood looking at the accumulated packages.

"Why, Edith Lancaster, didn't you bring anything?" asked May.

At that moment a man in the livery of a coachman appeared in the doorway and set a very large package against the wall.

"O. I might have known that you wouldn't have to carry what you brought," said May. And it would have been hard to tell whether there was more of envy or of obsequiousness in her tone.

"But, May, that bundle is too large for Edith to carry," said Helen in a tone of open-hearted sympathy, and Edith, who seemed determined to observe the rule regarding communication, nodded and smiled, then followed the coachman from the room.

As their footsteps died down the corridor May pounced upon the package with, "I'm going to see what she brought." A jerk at the cord that tied it and the tightly bound package flew open.

"My!" exclaimed she of the moth-eaten jacket, "stockings and underwear, every piece new, and such a lot of it! Well, I suppose Mrs. Lancaster can afford it."

But Mickie O'Connor's patience was quite spent. As he dropped upon one knee and began tying up the package, he growled: "Now, git out of here, both of you, before you do any more mischief."

He had not finished coaxing the soft and yielding garments back into their original bounds when Fritz Ulrich, the butcher's son, came in carrying a bundle, out of one corner of which hung the neck of a turkey, which proved to be almost as fat as Fritz himself.

"See dot turkey, Mickie!" exclaimed the little Teuton, exultingly.

"Where d'you git it?" asked Mickie, eyeing the bird with no special look of favor.

"Mine fader gif it to me."

"How did he come to do that?"

"He nefer coom, I goes to him. But mine fader gifs me efrying I vants. You know vhy?" inquired Fritz.

Knowing something of Ulrich, the butcher, Mickie couldn't imagine a reason for such extreme complaisance on his part.

"Dot was because all mine leedle brudders und sisters die before I vas born, alreaty," and Fritz beamed joyously on Mickie, who could only gasp, "O!"

But Fritz was in no wise dampened by lack of sympathy, but continued: "Lasdt night mine fader say he makes feefy tollars dis veek sellin' turkeys, und I say, 'Den, fadder, you gifes me von turkey to der tonation?'"

"He say, 'No, I gif you botatoes.'"

"'O, efrypodles gifs botatoes,' I say, 'und der boor beoples vants some turkeys.' Budt mine fader keep sayin' he gif no turkeys, und I tinks. 'Ve see tomorrow.' So shust now I goes to der schop, und I say, 'Vich turkey you gifes me, fadder?' Den he shakes der meat ax at me und say: 'Gid oud of here, I haf no turkey for der boor beoples.'"

"I shust laugh und say: 'Hurry oop, fadder, und gif me dot turkey. I pe late to school.' Den he gifs awful groan und say: 'Dot poy vas shust like leedle American poy; he trive his fadder round like he vas von sheeps.' Und he reaches oop for der leedle turkey in der schop. But I say: 'you makes feefy tollars selling turkeys und gifs dot von vat starf to det to der boor beoples.' Den he say: 'O, Fritz, I haf no dime to fool mit you; take vat turkey you vants und gid oud.' But I nefur takes der piggest," and Fritz tried to throw an expression of great cunning into his most ingenious face, "pecause dot vas von olt gobbler und I tinks he tough. I takes der nice fat hen turkey, he veigh—" But just then the gong sounded and Fritz scuttled away as fast as his short legs could carry him.

Fritz had stood with his back to the door and had not seen a thin girl in a faded print dress slip in, drop a small parcel, and hurry from the room. But Mickie had observed it and had quite lost the end of Fritz's narrative in speculating on the apparition.

"What can Beulah Bolton have to give? They haven't a thing but what her mother makes taking in washing," thought he.

As Fritz fled he brushed the small parcel, balanced precariously on a sack of cornmeal; it fell, the string loosened, and three potatoes rolled out upon the floor. Mickie hastily picked them up and tied them more securely. Then he surveyed his stores with a disfavor greater than before.

"To think," thought he, "of the Boltons helping to feed the poor, when all they can spare is three potatoes—and they can't spare them. They ought to have a share of all this, but they won't ask for it." His eye fell on Fritz's turkey. "They ought to have that." And a wild notion of secreting it for them, shot across his mind—and clear out of it. "No," said he in despair, "there's no other way they can git it, and I can't steal it." Then, as he turned to go up to his schoolroom, he shook himself doggedly and added: "I can't do a thing about it, and I ain't going to think any more about it."

But it was easier to make this philosophic resolution than to keep it. Fritz's turkey and all the impossible ways of making it the Boltons' turkey, occupied his mind for an hour to the exclusion of his

lessons, until, finally, he decided to take the problem to one who had solved several for him before, and asked and obtained permission to go to the office to see the principal.

At the office Mickie found Miss Thomas alone, and as he told his little story he watched her expressive face as the look shaded from amusement at Fritz's account of his turkey forage, to a thoughtful sadness at the incident of the three potatoes. Then he ended with: "Don't you think that Mrs. Bolton ought to have that turkey, Miss Thomas, and some of the warm underwear that Mrs. Lancaster sent? But she won't ask for it, and I don't see any way to git it for her—get it, I mean."

Miss Thomas smiled. "I am glad that you are beginning to recognize your mistakes, Michael," she said.

"I always see them when it is too late," said the boy, a little shamefacedly.

"Well, you certainly have taken time by the forelock about the turkey," returned Miss Thomas. "As to the clothing," she went on, "the relief will have need of all that tomorrow, and I think I can promise that Mrs. Bolton's needs will be supplied from another source. But as there is but one turkey the ladies might be troubled to know whom to give it to, perhaps, and it would be a kindness to relieve them of it. At any rate I think that Fritz might be given some voice in the disposition of the gift that he won by the exercise of so much pertinacity. We will take him into our confidence."

So Fritz was sent for and nearly went wild on learning the reason. "Dot Buly Bolton vas in my room, nice leedle girl. Kwick! Mickie, gif dot turkey und hide him. Log him oop so der relief nod gif him. Dot makes fine tonation for Mrs. Bolton."

So the boys dived into the basement and came up with the turkey, which Miss Thomas laughingly locked in the office closet, while Fritz giggled and danced about and Mickie with difficulty suppressed a whoop of delight. But in a moment he was seriously considering another question.

"A turkey alone won't make much of a dinner," said he. "But I've got a quarter that'll buy cranberries and celery."

"Und I gifs some money from mine mudder, und puy oranges und odder tings," almost shouted Fritz.

Miss Thomas softly put her hand over his mouth as she said: "Bring whatever you buy to my home tomorrow night at seven o'clock, and I will have the turkey ready, and, as Fritz says, some other things." Then seeing a necessity for putting a stronger stopper on the volatile little Teuton, she added, impressively:

"And, now, boys, since Mrs. Bolton will not ask relief, she might not like to have it known that it had been sent to her, even by friends, as we certainly are; so you must be very careful not to tell this to anyone but your parents."

"I tells nopody but mine fadder und mudder," said Fritz, seriously; "dey likes to find dem oud dat some goot vomans gifs dot turkey."

"And, now, Michael, it is time for the transfer to come for the supplies," said Miss Thomas, "and I want you to go down and help the janitor to load them."

And Mickie found himself again in the basement room, in a less pessimistic frame of mind than when he left it, though he wouldn't have called it that; he would have just said that he felt better inside of him. And as he loaded the donations into the wagon a kinder feeling towards all the poor took possession of him, which, as the last package went in, crystallized in the remark to the janitor, that "Everybody ought to have a good dinner one day in the year, whether he has earned it or not." And when spies sent out to the Franklin and the Ninth Avenue schools returned with the report that "their wagons has started and they a'n't near as full as ourn," Mickie threw up his cap and cheered longer and louder than any one.

The next night, when Mickie went with Fritz to the home of Miss Thomas, he wanted to cheer for the Harrison school teachers. For, besides the basket containing the turkey, to which he and Fritz added the good things they had brought, they found also another packed with warm clothing for both Beulah and her mother, besides a dress, jacket, and hat for Beulah. The card which accompanied it told, only, that the Thanksgiving gift came from friends. But the friends were the principal and teachers of the Harrison school.

And what a lark it was delivering those baskets! When the boys had set them on the Bolton's doorstep they gave a loud knock and took to their heels, and Fritz burst half the buttons off his waistband and nearly broke a blood vessel trying to run and smother his uproarious laughter.

It is seldom that anybody, boy or man, is superior to his associations.

The Boy Photographer

Edited by Dr. Hugo Erickson

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.



"AN OLD VETERAN"

Second Prize Photo, by Loring Carpenter, North Olmsted, Ohio.

Broken Negatives.

To repair broken negatives so they may be printed from, without notice of the break, place the broken negative upon a sheet of glass and fasten the two together round the edges with narrow strips of paper. Print in a very deep frame so that the light may fall vertically upon the negative and keep the frame in motion.—Exchange.

Some Suggestions.

Bruce B. Wilson, of Parsons, Kas., will have better success in his flower studies by using a piece of black velvet for a background and by making the exposure on a level with the flowers. "Willie and His Faithful Friends," by H. Morris, of Cleveland, would have been improved by being "taken" from the side, with wagon and horses on one plane. A photograph submitted by Guy M. Leach, of Ubyly, Mich., was not toned sufficiently; perhaps the toning-bath is exhausted. "A Scene in Kansas," by Arthur Hadley, of North Branch, Kas., is a poor print of a good negative; it evidently remained in the toning-bath too long. The same remark applies to "My Lambie" and "Our Youngest American Boy," by A. L. Rankin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and "A Scene on the Thames River," by Fred G. Marshall, of Woodstock, Ont.

Snap-Shot Development.

- No. 1—
 Pyro 55 gr.
 Metol 45 gr.
 Potash metabisulph. 120 gr.
 Potash bromide 15 oz.
 Distilled water to 20 oz.
- No. 2—
 Washing soda 4 oz.
 Distilled water to 20 oz.

Mix in equal parts. In this way the image should appear in from 30 to 40 seconds, and development be complete in from 4 1/2 to 6 minutes.—Exchange.

Intensifier.

- (1) Make three solutions—
 A—Mercuric chloride 60 gr.
 Water 1 oz.
 B—Potassium iodide 90 gr.
 Water 2 oz.
 C—Hypo 120 gr.
 Water 2 oz.

Add A to B, and shake well, when mercuric iodide is formed as a red precipitate. Then add C, which dissolves the precipitate, leaving a clear solution. Then plate is immersed and rocked until it acquires sufficient density; it is then washed. (2) About half an hour in running water. With this formula it is not necessary to thoroughly eliminate the hypo from the film.—Exchange.

Hints on Metol.

Metol very quickly brings out an image which is very thin, but full of detail; consequently, workers accustomed to other slow-working developers are apt at first to be alarmed, and think they have grievously over-exposed, when this is not the case.

Metol brings out all the picture at once, and then as time goes on gradually increases density contrasts. Pyro, for instance, brings out details in order of their brightness.

Beginners are apt to complain that they cannot get enough density with metol. This, in nearly every case, is due to want of patience. Density is chiefly a matter of time.—British Amateur Photographer

Marks on Bromide Paper.

Bromide workers are often annoyed and disappointed by curious marks and scratches appearing on the high lights of their prints, which seem to come irrespective of cleanliness in dishes and chemicals. If development has been prolonged, their occurrence is almost constant. Prints so affected are frequently cast aside as spoilt, whereas these marks are quite easily removed by brushing on a solution of potassium ferricyanide to a tablespoon of water. The print after fixation, should be held under a gentle stream of water, and the solution quickly applied to the parts marked, with a camel's-hair brush. The photograph is then washed well for an hour. This leaves the whites of the pictures perfectly clean, and does not affect any other part of the image.—Camera News.

Answers to Correspondents.

Carl Burnett—The "Rotograph" Co., 101 Fifth Avenue, New York City, manufactures a paper that may be used for making negatives. It is marketed in standard sizes, including the one you mention. I have seen some very nice prints made from negatives of this kind. In this connection, it will pay you also to investigate the new "kodoid" plates of the Eastman Co.

Beth N. Hart: You will find a reference to moonlight photographs in our last issue that will give you the information you desire. The length of exposure depends upon the nature of your lens and speed of your plates.—Emmet M. Reed: Developer must be fresh in order to produce the best results. Metol developers are marketed in solutions that only require dilution to be ready for use, but they deteriorate rapidly. A good fixing solution may be prepared by adding one ounce of Hypo to four of water. If printed directions do not come with your films,

request the Eastman Co. at Rochester, N. Y., to provide you with them. A stamped and addressed envelope will insure a prompt reply.—Willie V. Watson: No, American boys do not maintain a postal camera club.—Ralph Nuzum: View finder was not properly adjusted. Exchange camera, if purchased from a local dealer; otherwise return it to manufacturer by express and have him correct fault; of course, you would have to pay the express charges both ways.—Chester C. Lambert: Blue print paper may be made as follows, according to the formula of Watt: For solution A, take ammonio-citrate of iron 96 parts, boric acid 1 part, water 190 parts. For solution B, potassium ferricyanide 56 parts, water 196 parts. Mix in equal parts. This sensitizing solution is spread over well-sized paper with a pad or brush, working in one direction, and then across to even the marks out. The paper is then hung up to dry in a dark room and appears of a greenish yellow color; and where the light acts on it it turns blue. Care should be taken in handling ferricyanide of potassium, as it is a poison.

Our Portfolio.

Arthur Brunner, of Oakland, Cal., sends us an interesting snapshot of President Roosevelt, that was taken during the latter's visit to San Francisco, but it is defective from a photographic standpoint. Evidently it has not been printed deeply enough and remained in the toning bath too long. "A Cool Retreat," by Russell Scholl, of Apollo, Pa., is praiseworthy in every respect but one—the principal object in a landscape should never be placed in the center of the picture. Thomas Sturges, of Phoenixville, Pa., sends us a good picture of a canal lock, which would be improved by trimming—there is too much foreground. "The Campers' Meal," by Chas. P. Volles, of Parnell, Neb., is a poor print from an excellent negative. Frank Jones, of Lamoni, Ia., contributes a photograph of very young eaglets; they are indeed "A Pair of Beauties." H. Prichard, of New York City, will profit by reading the above criticism on "A Cool Retreat;" it applies to his "In the Adirondacks." "School Days," by Edison Belt, of Fredonia, Kas., only has one fault; it is noticeable that the clouds are not natural. Three of the six photographs submitted by L. A. Wilson, of Port Huron, Mich., are interesting from a historical standpoint, representing Morro Castle at Havana and views of the wreck of the Maine; apparently, however, they did not stay in the printing frame long enough and should have been removed from the toning-bath sooner; this, by the way, is a common fault with amateurs. It is true, also, of "Rolling Girl," by James N. Duer, of Millersburgh, Ohio. The combined toning and fixing bath is very convenient, but for the best results we would advocate the use of separate baths. Harry Schmitt, of Shamokin, Pa., writes of his "The Execution;" "I think the exposure and sharpness is as good as can be expected from an amateur." We agree with him, but that is not all there is to a photograph. It should look natural, even if this is brought about by artificial means. In "The Execution" every participant is aware that his picture is being taken; only the soldier-boy with the knife is attending strictly to business and does not look at the camera. From California to Maine is a long step, but we take it in our Portfolio this month. Lester F. Weeks, a resident of Alna, in the latter state, sends us a picture of yoked oxen and their youthful driver, entitled "The Country Boy." The photograph, although good from a technical standpoint, is open to the same criticism as "The Execution." The boy squarely faces the camera, instead of urging the cattle along, wherefore the result is far from pleasing. Instead of a picture of rural life, it is merely a likeness of a country boy, of whom there are hundreds of thousands in the country, and in whom strangers would naturally take but little interest.

To Photograph Lightning.

Place the camera in an open window facing the storm cloud, open the shutter, and leave the plate exposed until a brilliant flash of lightning has passed across the field of the lens. Use a large stop and a quick plate. Develop gradually. The shutter may be left open until several flashes of lightning have been impressed on the plate.—The Camera.



The man who appears to be standing on the other's hand is really standing on a pole, hidden from view behind the boy on the ground. Photo by R. D. Von Niede.

Who is it?



This is a famous President of the U. S. who would never permit any soap to be used on his face but

Williams' Shaving Soap

To any one sending this president's name with a 2 cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, postpaid, a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty called the Triplet—a key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day.

Some things that are said of the Triplet:

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- "Just like Williams' Shaving Soap, 'the best thing out.'"
- "Just the tool I have been looking for for years."
- "Have used the Triplet constantly until I lost it a few days ago. I feel as if I had lost my best friend."
- "Please send me 5 of the Triplets. It's the handiest pocket novelty I ever saw. I want some for my friends."

Address Dept. 2.

The J. B. Williams' Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

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40 Beautiful Colored INDIAN PORTRAITS!

7 x 9, no two alike, given to any BOY or GIRL for an hour's work with our SURE CURE HEADACHE TABLETS. These Pictures are worth 10 cents each, and you can earn money by selling part of them to your friends, besides having your own absolutely FREE. This is the VERY BEST offer of the season, and should be accepted AT ONCE. Positively no money required, but write today. L. M. GEDDEK & CO., Chemists, Allston, Mass.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

EARN A MACKINTOSH by selling our SUPERIOR SEWING NEEDLES. Sell at eight for 10c. per package. No money in advance. Send us your name and address. STEVENS MFG. CO., 1824 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CRAZY WORK SILK REMNANTS.

enough for quilt 30c. Large package handsome colors 12c. Jersey Silk Mill, Box 32, Jersey City, N. J. Embroidery Silk 12 cents package.

BOYS BE YOUR TOYMAKER

A great book for boys, giving instructions how to make Fishing Tackle, Rabbit and Bird Traps and hundreds of other things. Contains over 300 illustrations, 10c. D. HARWOOD, 1436 Light St., BALTIMORE, MD.

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PLAYMATES.

First Prize Photo, by R. D. Von Niede, Ephrata, Pa.

As to Astigmatism.

When both lines of a fine cross coming at the margin of a plate cannot be sharply rendered at the same time, that is astigmatism. The common lenses have this defect, the perfect lenses have been "cured" by a combination of glasses, etc.

DOCTOR KNEW Had Tried It Himself.

The doctor who has tried Postum Food Coffee knows that it is an easy, certain, and pleasant way out of the coffee habit and all of the ails following and he prescribes it for his patients as did a physician of Prospertown, N. J., one of his patients says: "During the summer just past I suffered terribly with a heavy feeling at the pit of my stomach and dizzy feelings in my head and then a blindness would come over my eyes so I would have to sit down. I would get so nervous I could hardly control my feelings."

"Finally I spoke to our family physician about it and he asked if I drank much coffee and mother told him that I did. He told me to immediately stop drinking coffee and drink Postum Food Coffee in its place as he and his family had used Postum and found it a powerful builder and delicious food drink."

"I hesitated for a time, disliking the idea of having to give up my coffee, but finally I got a package and found it to be all the Dr. said. Since drinking the Postum in place of coffee my dizziness, blindness and nervousness are all gone, my bowels are regular and I am again well and strong. That is a short statement of what Postum has done for me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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Games for young and old—quiet games, merry games, funny games, old games, new games—from chess to crokinole—from Ten Pins to "Flags of the Nation"—60 games in all—played on this wonderful board.

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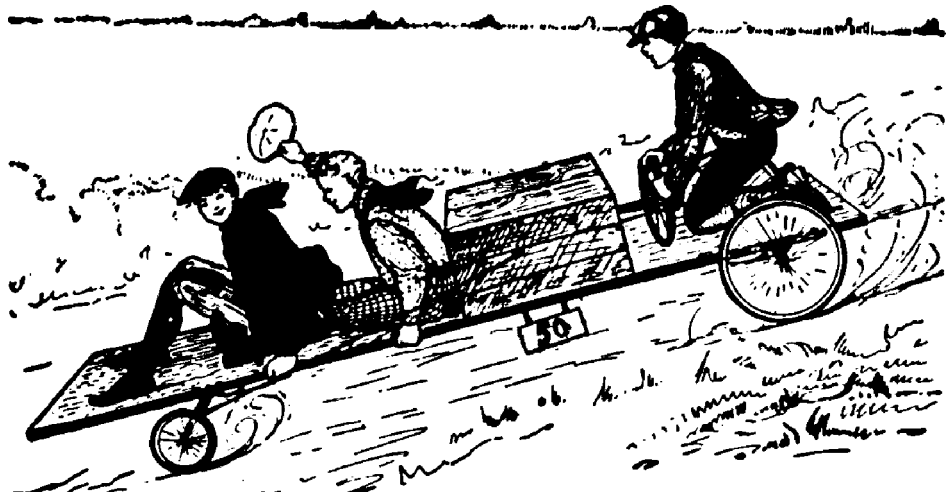


Round cornered rim of White Maple, Crokinole panel Mahogany finish. Flags of the nations shown in rich, correct colorings. Beautiful colored diagrams. Perfect playing surface. Complete equipment for 60 games with rule-book included. A Revolving Hand will be given free with every game board bought this season. Write to-day for our beautiful catalogue of game boards, prices \$1.00 to \$5.00. Billiard and Pool Tables, \$20 to \$150. Ivoryoid rings—real-iest as Ivory—improve game 100%.

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A Coasting Wagon—How to Make It

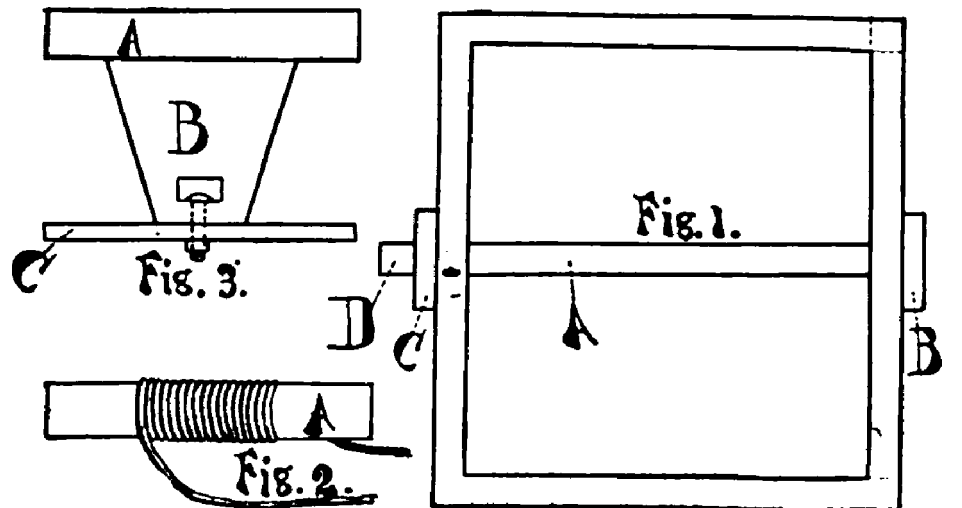
By J. CARTER BEARD



OFF THEY GO DOWN HILL.

In the mind of the young American the word "coasting" is associated with ice, snow and sleds; but there is a kind of summer coasting which is almost, if not quite, as exciting as winter coasting. In many parts of the United States the season during which a sled can be used is short and uncertain; but there are few sections of the country which are sufficiently settled to bare roads, where a coasting wagon cannot be used on any clear day all the year. The first step in the construction of such a coasting wagon is to get five wheels. These form the two front wheels, the two rear wheels and the steering wheel. It is preferable, but not absolutely essential, to have the front wheels smaller than the rear wheels. Old bicycle, velocipede or baby car-

The support must be fastened securely to the wagon bed. Screws will be better than nails for this work. The axle is bolted to the support in such a manner that it will readily turn to the right or left. A glance at Figure 3 will explain the method of bolting the axle to the support. A rectangular opening is cut near the lower end of the support and then a hole is bored vertically up from the bottom of the support until it reaches the opening. A hole is bored in the center of the axle. A bolt is then pushed through the hole in the support and the hole in the axle. As shown in the illustration, a square box is fastened to the wagon bed near the rear of the wagon. This is the steering box. A wooden axle is run hori-



PARTS OF COASTING WAGON.

ridge wheels answer the purpose splendidly. Coasting by one's self is not very attractive sport. It is a good plan, therefore, for three or four boys to own a coasting wagon jointly. Each boy must contribute labor and material. Any sort of tough, smooth boards will answer for the wagon bed. The rear axle is bolted to the wagon bed about eighteen inches from the end of the bed. Figure 3 illustrates the method of attaching the front axle. "A" is the wagon bed. "B" is a support. "C" is the axle. The support "B" must be long enough to allow the wheels, which will be attached to each end of "C," to pass under the wagon bed when the axle is turned.

zontally through from one end of the box to the other. See Figure 1. The lines around the outside of Figure 1 represent the sides of the steering box. "A" is the axle. "B" is a disk of wood fastened to the end of the axle to keep it from slipping out of place. "C" is a second disk attached for the same purpose as the first one. The steering wheel is fastened to the end of the axle at "D." A steering line is run from each end of the front axle into the steering box, where it is wrapped around the steering axle, as shown in Figure 2. By means of the steering gear described, the wagon can be kept under perfect control, and unless the road is crowded with traffic it is safe to coast down almost any hill.



The enterprising boys shown in the accompanying picture are the members of the original editorial staff of the Gratz Park News, a weekly paper that has been published for some little time past at Lexington, Ky. It is a one-column, four-page paper and has a subscription and advertising patronage which makes it possible for its publishers to clear \$3 an issue. A new press and outfit of type has recently been added. The parents and friends of the boys will from time to time, assist in developing the plant and expect to see it one of the large and successful papers of the Blue Grass state. The names of the boys shown in the picture are: Brownell Berryman, Edward and Irving McClure, Eddie Morgan and Lucien Fishback.



Save Money and Trouble

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When soiled, discard. We send by mail prepaid ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 30 cents. Sample collar or pair of cuffs for 6 cents, in U. S. stamps. Name size and style. REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. V, BOSTON, MASS.

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Football is a leading, but not the only good feature in the greatest American boarding school story ever written. The scene is laid at Phillips Exeter Academy. The portion on the hero's training in kicking was prepared under the direction of one of America's greatest players, and of the book as a whole JOHN H. CRANSTON, head coach at Harvard, writes to the author, "I am glad enough to find one book with real football in it. Your plays are all right, and you show football at its best." The best possible gift for any active boy. Get it of any bookseller, or send to us. LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

COMPLETE HUNTING OUTFIT

60 DAY OFFER ONLY \$10.85

FOR SIXTY DAYS we make the following offer of one of our celebrated J. Manton double-barrel breech-loading shotguns, with a Duck Hunting Case, Shell Belt, One Box shells loaded with semi-smokeless powder, complete Loading and Cleaning Set, with a Victoria Game Case for carrying the gun, also a bottle of Anti-Rust Gun Oil for the locks and a tin of Anti-Rust Barrel Grease, all complete for only \$10.85. Upon receipt of \$2.50 with order we will ship the goods, the balance \$8.35, to any place in the U. S. east of the Rocky Mountains. WHAT THE GUN IS: This gun is made and finished upon honor. Scott's Top-Snap Action, Rebounding Bridal Locks, full case hardened, Pistol Grip, Automatic Fore-end; bored for Black or Nitro Powder; doll's head, extension rib; genuine Laminated Steel Harris, Taper (choke) length, 30 and 32 in.; weight, 7 to 8 lbs.; 12 gauge, 16 gauge, weights \$12 to \$14 lbs. This outfit would cost \$15.00 to \$18.00 elsewhere. This is the greatest bargain ever offered in a complete hunting outfit. Additional loaded shells will be given for any article not wanted in the outfit. KIRTLAND BROS. & CO. 99 Chambers St., Department 4, New York.

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BY A DAY'S WORK

We will give you a guaranteed Stem-Wind, Stem-Wet, Nickel-plated Watch, also Chain and Charm, for selling 20 packages of BLUINE at 10 cents each. BLUINE is the best laundry bluing in the world and the fastest seller. Write us at once, and we will send you the BLUINE and our large Premium List, postpaid. It costs you nothing. Simply send us the money you get for selling the BLUINE, and we will send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, postpaid. BLUINE MFG. CO., Concord Junction, Mass. Box 200. The old reliable firm who sell honest goods, and give valuable premiums.

WITH THE BOYS

J. W. STARK, Williamsport, Pa., thinks he has the best parents that a boy could wish for. He has a fine library of books by Henty, Alger, Optic, Stables, Hough, Bacheller, Bunyan, Cooper, Connor and Dickens, a baseball and gloves, football and football suit, fishing tackle, and a dog. He also has a wheel which he purchased with money earned by carrying papers at a dollar a week. He says he wants to take THE AMERICAN BOY all his life.—NORMAN YEAKEY, East St. Louis, Mo., sends a drawing of an engine, which is indeed excellent.—SAMUEL A. COYKENDALL, JR., Brooklyn, N. Y., has a fine school record. At the last examination he was marked excellent in history, arithmetic and deportment, and good in grammar.—PRESCOTT CURTIS GODURN, Brooklyn, N. Y., thirteen years old, belongs to a bicycle club and holds the record for being the best rider in the club, although the youngest. He also holds the record for chinning the bar eight times. He weighs 120 pounds. His record on the wheel is a mile in two minutes, 31 1/4 seconds. He would like to see something in the paper on physical culture.—WILLIE McCANN, Chicago, Ill., is taking lessons on the piano and can play very well. He says he spends his spare moments reading THE AMERICAN BOY.—ELMER HOWES, Woods Hole, Mass., sends some very good copundrums.—MORRIS KOBEY, Denver, Colo., is an enthusiastic reader of THE AMERICAN BOY. He has made and used some traps after the description given in a recent number and says they work fine. He says they have a Swedish servant girl and one day he asked her where his AMERICAN BOY was. She pointed

to some boys who were playing football in the yard and said, "There are lots of American boys out there." Morris has an excellent school record.—IRL R. WEAVER, Ravanna, Mo., nine years old, is very fond of reading. He has a small library and is a great lover of THE AMERICAN BOY. He has four dollars of his own which he intends to invest in



C. James McLean, Holland, Mich., who has been neither absent nor tardy nor missed a promotion from the time he began attending the public schools until he completed the eighth grade last June. He is the son of C. M. McLean, Secretary and Manager of the Holland Sugar Company.

a pig this summer.—JOHN O'CONNOR, San Luis Obispo, Cal., is collecting minerals and has at this time over one hundred different varieties. He says the night THE AMERICAN BOY comes he forgets Algebra, English and Latin.—ORREN WOOD, East Lake, Ala., is in the eighth grade at school. He and his brother have four grown Belgian hares and twelve young ones. He is fond of athletics and reading, and is an admirer of THE AMERICAN BOY. Henty is his favorite writer, and he has thirteen of his books.—FRED R. GIBONS, Bull Run, Ore., would like to correspond with other readers of THE AMERICAN BOY.—JOHN O. YOUNG, Palmetto, Fla., is a messenger and also a newboy. He is learning telegraphy and says that by this time next year he hopes to have an office of his own. He is twelve years old.—STANLEY WARNER, Kalamazoo, Mich., twelve years old, lives on a farm. He has a horse, which his grandfather gave him, three Belgian hares, a great many doves, and some chickens. Last winter he earned twenty five cents a week building fires at the school house. He has earned the money with which to clothe himself for some time. Their home is situated between two nice little lakes, and in the spring Stanley goes duck hunting with his father. He says he hopes to be able to take THE AMERICAN BOY for years to come.—GEORGE M. BORTHWICK, Scranton, Pa., is in the Grammar C grade at school. He stood 100 per cent in spelling for the last three months and the same in arithmetic for the last two months.—L. A. BALDWIN, Danbury, Conn., is taking drawing lessons. He says Kirk Munroe is his favorite author, and he is anxiously waiting for his first story to begin in THE AMERICAN BOY. He also likes Henty's works. He says there are three "kids" in their family. They have four bantams, one of which belongs to him, a

cat, of course, and a tame white rabbit which, he says, seems to have more sense than most animals. He answers to the name "Jack" and will come when called. He will scratch at the door until they let him in, and then he will drink up the cat's milk and chase the cat all around the yard.—HARRY F. BLANCHARD, Ticonderoga, N. Y., is collecting stamps, coins and curios. He is also interested in amateur printing and would like to hear from other boys along this line.—ELBERT L. TRIMBLE, Fairy, Tex., thirteen years old, is another boy who is interested in stamp, coin and curio collecting. He is also fond of athletics and reading.—C. W. HASSELL, Coharie, N. C., says that he dearly loves THE AMERICAN BOY. He is attending boarding school, and says he takes a number of other papers, but THE AMERICAN BOY beats them all.—JOSEPH E. STEEL, Platteville, Colo., fourteen years old, is interested in gardening. Next year he intends to plant an acre of onions, and his father told him if he would plant and attend to ten acres of beets he would give him fifty dollars. He has a new forty dollar bicycle, and he also owns a pony, saddle, harness and cart.—SAMUEL PIKE, New York City, N. Y., sends some very good conundrums.—DRACOS A. DIMITRY, Jr., Jeannerette, La., thinks we ought to have a correspondence page in THE AMERICAN BOY, where boys could correspond with one another.—P. R. KEESE, 34 Broad street, Salem, Mass., would like to correspond with some boy who is interested in collecting postmarks.—JOHN MEAKIM, Newark, N. J., wants to know what things a boy needs to become a rough rider—what kind of hat, pants and waist is required and how many yards of rope are needed for a lariat.

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION THIS PAPER



Jarrett Townsend, Redlands, Cal., who has made a fine record for continued attendance at school. Jarrett is twelve years old and one of the youngest members of his class. In June last he was graduated from the Lugonia Grammar School, having completed an eight years' course in seven years. During the seven years he was neither absent nor tardy. The picture shown is a reproduction of his graduation picture. As a part of the commencement program he rendered a violin solo.

BUSY DOCTOR Sometimes Overlooks a Point.

The physician is such a busy man that he sometimes overlooks a valuable point to which his attention may be called by an intelligent patient who is a thinker. "About a year ago my attention was called to Grape-Nuts by one of my patients," says a physician of Cincinnati. "At the time my own health was bad and I was pretty well rundown, but I saw in a minute that the theories behind Grape-Nuts were perfect and if the food was all that was claimed for it it was a perfect food, so I commenced to use Grape-Nuts with warm milk twice a day and in a short time began to improve in every way and I am now much stronger, feel 50 per cent better and weigh more than I ever did in my life. "I know that all of this good is due to Grape-Nuts and I am firmly convinced that the claims made for the food are true. I have recommended and still recommend the food to a great many of my patients with splendid results, and in some cases the improvements of patients on this fine food has been wonderful. "As a brain and nerve food, in fact as a general food, Grape-Nuts stands alone." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



The Inman (Kan.) Juvenile Band claims the distinction of being the youngest band in the state of Kansas, being a band composed of the youngest musicians in the state. They dress in Turkish costume and make a fine appearance. Although but a year old, the band, under the leadership of Prof. Paul Crabb of McPherson, Kan., renders very acceptable music. Some of the twenty four members are so small they are scarcely able to lift a horn to their lips. The youngest musician of the lot is an eighteen-year-old lad. When the band was organized in September, 1902, the average age of the members was twelve years.

Karo Corn Syrup advertisement featuring an illustration of a cornucopia overflowing with corn cobs. Text includes: 'Karo Corn Syrup is a new, delicious table delicacy made from corn, with the food value of the grain retained. On griddle cakes of all makes it adds a relish that will sharpen the poorest appetite. Karo Corn Syrup is not a molasses, but a pure, wholesome, nutritious syrup. Sold in airtight, friction-top tins, which keep its goodness good. 10c, 25c and 50c, at all grocers.' The brand name 'Karo' is prominently displayed in a large, stylized font, with 'CORN SYRUP' underneath. Below that, it says 'The Great Spread for Daily Bread.' and 'CORN PRODUCTS CO., New York and Chicago.'

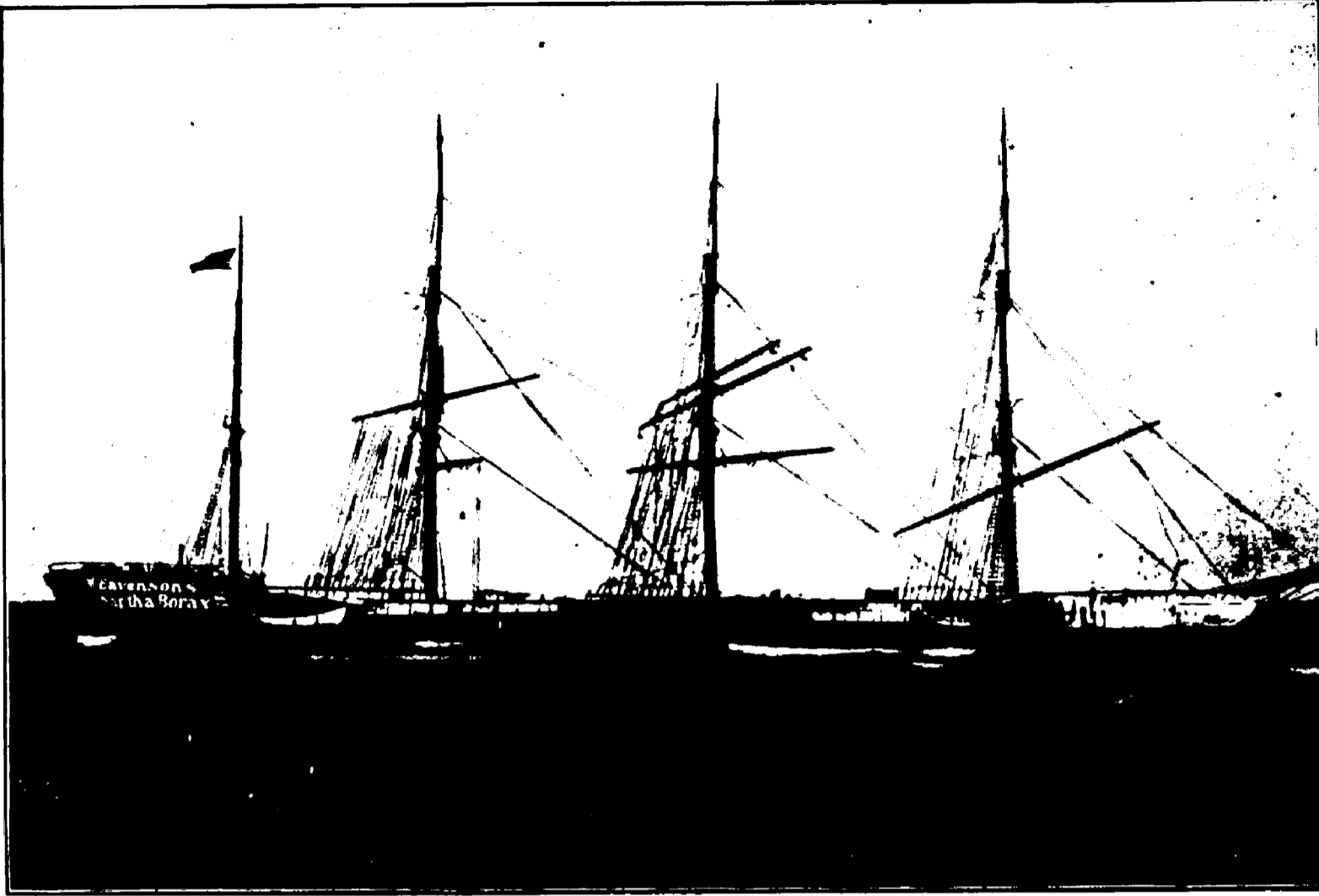
Advertisement for jewelry and watchmaking. It features illustrations of various jewelry items like rings, necklaces, and watches. Text includes: 'Complete outfit, jewelry and instruction book sent ex. pd., \$1.50. Tools, material and instructor, without jewelry, 2.00. Young Men become Independent. Earn your own living, learn to make gold wire novelty jewelry. The most profitable business you can follow. The art is easily learned. Our Special FREE Offer. Send us 10c in stamps and we will send you our large Wire Artist's Catalogue containing a full line of tools, material and colored illustrations of shells, agates and hundreds of different patterns of jewelry with illustrated instructions telling how to make it, and this sample gold filled band made out of wire free of charge. ROGERS, THURMAN CO., 160 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.'

Advertisement for H & R firearms. It features a large illustration of a handgun. Text includes: 'THE brand "H & R" on a firearm is a guarantee of superiority in every detail of design, workmanship and finish. FREE Complete Descriptive Catalogue of "H & R" Guns and Revolvers. HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO. Dept. H, WORCESTER, MASS.'

Advertisement for lung strengthening. It features an illustration of a person using a lung tester. Text includes: 'STRENGTHEN YOUR LUNGS. The Little Gem Lung Tester makes weak lungs strong; its continued use will do more to prevent consumption than tons of medicaments. A perfect exerciser for developing and strengthening the lungs, chest and entire respiratory system. Guaranteed absolutely correct. Both beneficial and amusing. Our special price with full direction and catalogue, 25c. 3 for 50c. A. Chapman Muppy & Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N. Y.'

Advertisement for Wurlitzer's U.S. lettered fingerboard guitar. Text includes: 'ONLY 10c POST PAID. WURLITZER'S U. S. Lettered Fingerboard. For Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Violin. Learn without a teacher. Saves time and worry. Attach in a minute. State kind of instrument. SPECIAL OFFER—Fingerboard and oriented "Howard" Self-Instructor, regular price 50c., postpaid, for 25c. Illustrated catalogue, with net prices on every known musical instrument, SENT FREE if you state article wanted. Write to-day. THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO., 509 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.'

Advertisement for racing ice yachts. Text includes: 'RACING ICE YACHTS. Ice-boating is the rarest and cheapest of sports. Any body can run one. We make a special offer to the boys. We will send to anyone, an elaborate set of plans and instructions for making a boy's racing ice yacht. These plans are so simple and complete, that any boy can make his own racer at little expense. Build before cold weather. We guarantee your success. Price 50c. A. L. Wyman, 3121 Lyndale Ave. S. Minneapolis, Minn.'



THE SINDHIA ON THE SANDS.

Fast in the sands of Ocean City, N. J., is what remains of a ship that will figure in marine history as one of the most remarkable wrecks that ever found a grave on these shores. Usually after the storms of an entire winter have beaten on a stranded boat, little remains to show where she struck but a few fragments of iron work. This staunch wreck of Ocean City, however, seems to defy the utmost efforts of the storm king to beat her to pieces. She is the Sindhia, which came to grief one dark night in December, 1901. She lies parallel with the beach, in a picturesque attitude, where every wave can make the very most of its force, and yet she bears still every resemblance to a ship and has nothing of the appearance of a battered wreck, so far as can be seen from the shore.

The most curious part of the story is that the Sindhia, which came from the East laden with chinaware, Japanese matting, bamboo canes, screens, vases, Oriental images and essential oils, has proved a mine of wealth to speculators who bought up the cargo just as it stood, from the owners, who believed that it would soon become water soaked and worthless, even if the Sindhia held together long enough to get the goods ashore. Not only has the Sindhia held together, but the cargo has remained undamaged and the purchasers have been able to bring most of it ashore and sell it at almost its market value.

The United States government has been forced to take cognizance of the presence of the Sindhia on the sands of Ocean City, and a special custom office has been established there. Here all the rescued cargo is brought as fast as it is carried ashore and a custom officer appraises it and assesses the duty. Some of it is then placed outside for sale to visitors to the seaside resort, while the rest is shipped up to the cities. More than one fortune has been made by the sale of the cargo of the Sindhia in bulk to speculators and money is still being made by those who are marketing the cargo. So that the wind that blew the Sindhia ashore was by no means an ill wind to everyone.

MR. REED AND THE HARMLESS CUB.

WHEN the late Thomas H. Reed arrived in Boston from Washington, after having resigned from the speakership of the House of Representatives, every newspaper in the city was anxious to secure an interview with him. It was just at that time when politicians and other persons all over the country wanted to know Mr. Reed's reasons for resigning and what were his immediate plans. Mr. Reed's most intimate friends either did not know or were averse to talking on the subject and the only way to secure the information was to see the man himself.

But Mr. Reed always had a strong dislike to granting interviews to the press. In fact, he was one of the hardest men in the country for newspaper men to approach. He would not even receive them. And the next morning after his arrival the hotel lobby in the Touraine, where he was stopping, was full of anxious newspaper men. To all who had sent up their cards had come back the refusal to grant an interview. The reporters gathered there represented the best talent in the city. Each man had been selected with great care by his city editor, for Mr. Reed's peculiarity among the men of the press was well known. To fall down on this assignment would be humiliating, though not disgraceful. On the other hand, to the man who secured a "beat" would come much honor and possibly a good substantial reward in the shape of a bonus from the managing editor. Consequently here was an opportunity, and although the men talked freely of different schemes and ways of securing the interview, the ideas they let fall were entirely hypocritical, while each man kept his genuine thoughts to himself. All plans offered were too crude to be carried out, or the manner of the man with whom they had to deal frightened them, for nothing was done.

At length there came to the hotel a tall, pale young man, of ministerial aspect and quiet demeanor. He glanced wonderingly at the group of newspaper men, scanned the register carefully,

scowled, seized a blank card on the office desk and wrote:

"Will you please grant me a two-minute interview?"

"Reporter, Boston Post."

He handed the card to the clerk.

"Send it up to Mr. Reed," he said.

The clerk smiled. One of the newspaper men nudged his neighbor and both smiled, for Allen was a young reporter, known to Newspaper Row as "The harmless cub."

In a short time the boy came back. Mr. Reed refused to see a newspaper man. Allen then went apart by himself and began looking over some papers which he had in his coat pocket. He kept aloof from the more experienced men. Presently he again approached the office desk, bearing a small card in his hand: "C. H. Allen," it read.

When Mr. Reed received this card he frowned slightly and said abruptly, "Send the young man up." Mr. Reed's old secretary's name was Allen, and, although the initials were not the same, Mr. Reed thought that possibly the Allen who wanted to see him was a relative of his former assistant, who had recently arrived from Maine.

But the statesman was destined to be disappointed in his diagnosis of the case, for the young man who halted nervously in the doorway of his room a few minutes later was Allen, the Post reporter. The demeanor of the young man was that of a youngster caught in the act of lifting pie from his mother's pantry. Not until he was half in the room and had caught a glimpse of the great statesman himself did the magnitude of the deception and the plan he had arranged dawn upon him. Then he shrunk back, trembling and nervous.

Mr. Reed, on whom the truth of the situation had immediately dawned, glared at the young man ferociously and thundered: "Well?"

"I am a re—"

"Reporter," interrupted Mr. Reed. "Y-e-s," said Allen, backing from the room. Mr. Reed thought the incident closed and turned to his work at a desk, but

the door did not click, and presently the ex-speaker heard the voice of the newspaperman say through about three inches of open doorway:

"I have been very much interested in reading your advice to young men in politics, written for a literary weekly."

At that time there was a vague rumor abroad that Mr. Reed was going into writing for the magazines and papers. A few articles in a popular weekly on the subject with which Mr. Reed was most familiar had brought the statesman forward as a coming litterateur, and those persons who were quick to jump at conclusions had already pictured the Pine Tree politician a man of letters. This point had occurred to Allen like a flash, and the way he approached the subject brought Mr. Reed to his feet with a little smile of anticipation.

"Come in, Mr. Allen," he said. He pulled up a chair for the now confidential reporter. "You say you read my articles on young men in politics? Well, well, how did you like them?"

Plainly here was an opportunity to see the effect of his instructions on a young man, who, by virtue of his semi-public position was qualified to judge of them in some measure.

Mr. Allen was disposed to be critical, though not disagreeably so. He worked along carefully and slowly, with the one object in view of drawing Mr. Reed out—and he did it. He took up this point and that point in the statesman's recent articles and discussed them in such a way that the austere politician was really digressing a little beyond the questionable points already printed and was opening himself up on literature in a way that would make Allen a four days hero on Newspaper Row when he got his story into print.

"And are you really going into literature?" asked Allen in a casual way and so quietly that Mr. Reed was taken completely off his guard.

"No," said Mr. Reed laughing. "I'm no literary feller."

The next morning the Boston Post came out with a headline reaching half across the front page of the paper: "I'M NO LITERARY FELLER."

And then followed two solid columns of a delightful interview with Mr. Reed on literature, with here and there newsworthy little side steps into politics.

Mr. Allen had secured a "beat" on the town, and, better still, received a liberal bonus from the managing editor of the Post. Mr. Reed, himself, was so delighted with the interview that he sent for the reporter and personally congratulated him on the affair. But what pleased Allen most, perhaps, was the fact that he was never afterwards called "The harmless cub."

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Stamps taken. Send stamp for catalogue. ITHACA ELECTRIC NOVELTY COMPANY, Box 20, ITHACA, N.Y.



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we give for selling only 20 packages Patchers (used for mending clothing), at 10 cents a package. Easy to sell. We trust you until sold. Engine has a brass boiler, sheet iron fire-box, and is a perfect running engine. Train of cars consists of engine, tender and 3 coaches (section of which is shown above.) Made of cast metal (not tin) and a perfect model of the famous Buffalo Express. You get both premiums for selling only twenty 10 cent packages. Other firms would ask you to sell twice as many. See our big adv't. in October "American Boy." Address: Webster & Co., Pawtucket Co., Dept. N., Pawtucket, N. J.

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EARN A DOG
Last month I announced in The American Boy that I would give valuable dogs to boys who would do a few hours' work for me. Many have taken advantage of my offer and will own a thoroughbred dog in a short time. Do you want one? Write me and I'll tell you all about it. The dog does not cost you a cent in cash. Address: Mr. Cole, 10 Champion St., Battle Creek, Mich.

HI THERE BOYS!
\$1.00 Send us One Dollar and we will send you post paid a pair of BOY'S DOM PEDRO MOCCASINS \$1.00 in which you can take comfort all winter. The boy who gets a slab of ten shall have a pair free. Send with order the size of shoe you usually wear. E. A. Beck & Co., Mfrs. of Moccasins, Bangor, Maine.

OLD GLORY TOP
Spins on either end. No string—wind it up, push on stem and away it goes. Progressive Spinning Parties now all the rage. A delightful diversion for grownup folks as well as young. Age wanted. GIBBS MFG. CO., Canton, Ohio. Instructions for spinning parties sent with top.

TO ANY PERSON Sending the Names and Addresses of 25 Young Persons to **The Junior, BETHLEHEM, PA.** together with 3 cents to pay for postage and packing, there will be sent a handsomely Embossed Nickel Pencil Holder and Protector Combined and a sample copy of a splendid magazine.



Charles R. Brooker, Akron, O., age 16, telegraph operator in the employ of the B. & O. Railroad Company, in charge of the Howard Street office at Akron. He began work as an errand boy for the company September 15, 1902. He works twelve hours a day every day in the week at a salary of fifty dollars a month, receiving, as a rule, from seventeen to twenty trains a day.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN
H. IRVING KING

Among the heroes of France whose names are held in veneration is Bertrand du Guesclin. He lived and fought many years before Columbus discovered America. Besides being a valiant soldier, he was a champion of the rights of the people, who were much oppressed in those days. He gave good counsel to the king, so that all men admired him.

He had much success in driving out the Spaniards and the English, who, at that time, tried to conquer France. The King of France thought so much of du Guesclin that when the soldier and counselor died he had him buried in the Church of St. Denis at the foot of a tomb which he had prepared for himself.

When Bertrand was a boy he was awkward and far from good looking, and his parents feared he never would amount to much. They neglected him and gave him no part of the affection which they bestowed on his brothers and sisters.

This neglect only made Bertrand determined to try the harder to improve himself in all ways and achieve a position which should make his parents proud of him. The boy was fond of exercise and athletic sports, and when he was nine years old he began to drill the children of his father's tenants as soldiers.

He was a generous lad and after one of his play battles he always would spend all his pocket money on his companions. When he was sixteen years old his father sent him on a visit to his aunt to see if she could make anything out of him. While on this visit he watched some country people wrestling near the castle. The champion wrestler of the district seeing the boy looking on, challenged him.

Bertrand accepted and threw the

champion; but his aunt, hearing of the affair, scolded him and made him promise to give up such sports. She made him promise that thereafter he would only take part in tournaments and jousts, such as were indulged in in those days by gentlemen and nobles. In these jousts the knights, in iron armor and mounted on horseback, entered an enclosure called the lists, and charged upon each other with long iron-tipped poles or lances, each trying to knock off the other's helmet or hurl him from his horse.

When Bertrand was seventeen years old he took part in one of these tournaments.

He was mounted on one of his father's farm horses. There were many fine battle horses in the castle stables, but no one would let the homely, awkward Bertrand have one to ride.

His clothes were shabby and as he rode along the street of the town where the jousting was to take place the people jeered at him. One sang out to him to get home to the kitchen where he belonged, and another cried that he was better fitted to herd sheep than to take part in a tournament; and they made all manner of fun of his horse.

When Bertrand saw the gallant company of knights and ladies assembled at the lists he felt downhearted; but plucking up courage, he said to himself, "If I could only get a proper horse and a suit of armor I would show them."

Among the knights who charged in the lists he saw a cousin of his who was about his own size, and at once he decided upon a course of action. After the cousin had run the number of courses fixed by the rules, Bertrand went to him and begged him to lend his horse and armor. His cousin did so and the boy rode into the lists.

As he had the visor of his helmet down, no one knew who he was, but he overthrew every knight who came against him except one. That one was his own father.

When Bertrand saw his father charging upon him, he courteously lowered the point of his lance and passed by with a bow, refusing to fight him.

When Bertrand had ended his jousting the heralds all cried, "Victory for the adventurous newcomer!" Then he took off his helmet and everybody saw that the victor was a boy of seventeen, the despised Bertrand du Guesclin.

His father and mother became immensely proud of him, not only for the skill in arms he had shown, but also for the courteous manner in which he had borne himself.

After that his education was better attended to, and he got a start in the world. The tournament made his name famous through all Brittany, the province of France in which it was held. Soon thereafter he got command of a body of men and went off to the wars. Thus he began a career that became one of the most brilliant in the history of France.

A "Nine-Year-Old" Earning His College Course



LEWIS FRICKE is a nine-year-old Indiana boy who makes money each week by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He recently wrote to the publishers: "There are three big concerns here employing thousands of people. I went to the superintendent of the largest one and asked whether he ever let boys sell things there. He said, 'No.' I told him I was sorry, and asked him to take a copy with my compliments. The next week I went back and asked him how he liked it. He said, 'Bully! I guess you can leave it here each week.' Then I said, 'I am working for a prize; don't you think you can let me go through the works at the noon hour?' He said, 'Well, I guess it is a good thing for the men — go ahead.' I got more than 50 regular customers. Then I went to the next place and by working the same plan got 40 more.

"At the third place the gentleman looked at THE POST and said, in a sort of 'chesty' way, 'I am not sure that this is the highest form of literature.' I said: 'I am not, either, but I guess it's a heap better than anything published in this vicinity.' Another gentleman who was there laughed very loud, and both bought copies. The next week he introduced me to the head of one of the departments as 'Mr. Fricke, the personal representative of Benjamin Franklin,' and told him to help me along, and I got another lot of customers.

"I expect to get through the High School when I am sixteen, and I am going to earn enough money through this plan to go to college. I have already got quite a lot saved up."

ANY BOY willing to do a few hours' work on Fridays and Saturdays can earn money by this plan. More than 6000 boys do so each week. Some make \$15.00 a week. You can start at once.

If you will try it write and we will send next week's supply of ten copies without charge, to be sold for five cents each, and everything necessary to start at once, including a booklet showing photographs and describing methods of our most successful boy agents.

\$300.00 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES NEXT MONTH AMONG OUR BOYS JUST AS AN EXTRA INCENTIVE.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 460 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Junior Athletic Baseball Club, Princeton, N. J.

Out of a total of twenty three games played in the season of 1903 the Junior Athletic Baseball Club of Princeton, N. J., lost but eight. They hold the junior championship of Princeton. The average age of the members of this club is between seventeen and eighteen. Elston H. Bergen, Jr., is captain, and Dudley B. Macdonald is manager of the team. The baseball club has organized itself into a football team for the fall months, with Edward B. Warren captain and James F. Smith manager.

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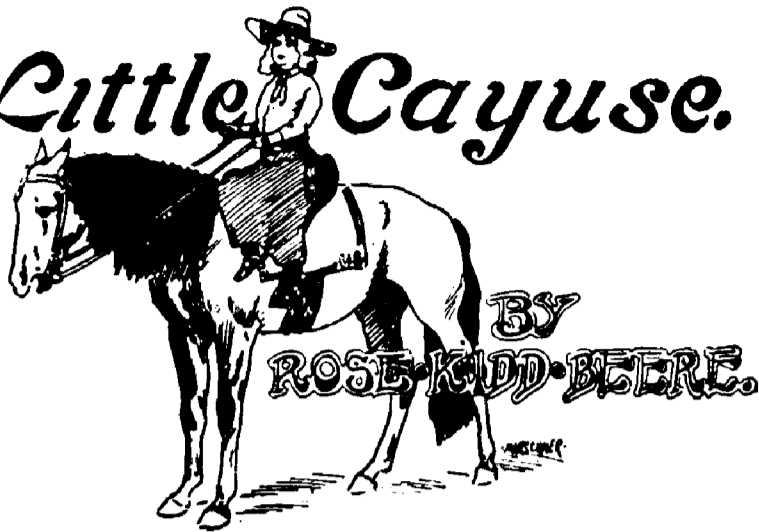
and let us show you how easy it is to become an electrician. Our catalog for boys shows everything in motors, dynamos and electrical goods. Sent free to any one. As a special inducement we send this motor for \$1.50 with directions for operating. Send the in stamps to pay mailing charges. Julius Andree & Sons Co., 209 West Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Steel Spindle 1/2 inch in diameter and 6 in long. Lathes chuck and drills fastened by set screw. Variable speed pulleys for light or heavy work. Boys easily set up lathes by following the simple directions. Made for hard work. Will last a lifetime. Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Complete as per cat. carriage prepaid, on receipt of \$1.35. W. G. ROBINSON, Mfg., 524 Dayton St., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Little Cayuse.



Thirty years ago Fort Sill, Indian Territory, now the thriving city of Lawton, formed one link in a chain of army posts that extended through the heart of a country roamed over by many tribes of uncivilized and troublesome Indians.

The Tenth Cavalry scouted that region constantly, with headquarters at the fort. The Indians had been quiet for some time, kept so, no doubt, by the presence of a large force in the immediate vicinity of their principal camps. They came and went at the post as they chose, trading buffalo and wolf robes and beadwork for calico and tobacco.

Little Raven was then chief of the Arapahoes, a kindly, dignified old man, whose restraining influence kept his people on good terms with the whites, except when some few restless insurgents would join the lordly Cheyennes or bloodthirsty Comanches in a murderous raid.

My father was commanding officer for a time, and once upon a visit to headquarters, the old chief, probably with a desire to ingratiate himself with the powers, presented me with a beautiful little sorrel pony, the pick of his herd. "Chif-lado" was the Spanish for the pony's Indian name, and he soon became known as such throughout the garrison.

He was truly a beauty. Not a common cayuse, or broncho, but well built and clean-limbed, with small head and arched neck, which showed that somewhere, not many generations back, there had been an ancestor of aristocratic blood; perhaps one of his forbears had been a thoroughbred charger in the train of Cortez. We became the closest of friends and understood each other well. He was proud, disdainful, high-tempered and impulsive, but very loving, faithful, sympathetic and repentant of misdeeds.

It was the special duty of Berry, the "striker," or general utility man, to care for my father's fine saddle horse, Pinckney, but he took Chiflado to his heart also, and kept his coat glossy as satin and his long mane and tail braided into most beautiful waves.

We spent hours teaching him the manual of arms, and in a few weeks he could make a veteran turn green with envy at his drill.

He came to "Attention" with cocked ears and stiffened legs; at "Carry Arms" his right foot came up, and at "Present" he extended it. His efforts to "Stack" his feet were most ludicrous, and at "Parade Rest" he came to the ground in "one time and two motions."

The Tenth was a colored regiment, and often behind company quarters some of the boys would sing and clap a breakdown, while Berry labored to teach Chiflado the step. He became great at the dance, and the mischief in his eyes showed his appreciation of our applause, as he pranced in good time to the improvised orchestra. When we exhibited before the officers and ladies assembled at headquarters, evenings, after parade, it was a toss-up which was the proudest, teacher, mistress or pony.

We lived on in this Mutual Admiration Society, limited, till one day in the spring when the pony disappeared.

He had been picketed over night a short distance behind the stables, this being considered quite safe, as the sentry paced his beat not twenty yards away; but the lariat had been cut, not broken, and as the trail led straight up the river, there was no doubt he had been stolen by some thieving Kiowas, who had been hanging about the post for several days.

My grief was stormy and poignant, and for months the sight of his saddle and bridle plunged me into fresh lamentations.

More than a year afterward, a part of the Tenth was ordered to Camp Supply. It was a two weeks' march, prolonged several days by high water in swollen streams. Reaching the Washita, we found it impassable, and had to go into camp. The current was very swift and brought down huge logs of cedar and cottonwood, which churned about in the most tumultuous fashion in the narrow channel. The banks were precipitous, the force of the stream in time of high water cutting deep into the heavy red clay.

As the river was falling rapidly, it was hoped we would be able to ford in a day or two.

Through the "bosques" on the other side could be seen the tepees of an Indian village, evidently the hunting camp of a band out for buffalo. In the afternoon an old squaw drove a herd of ponies down to drink. Watching idly, my eyes fell upon a little sorrel. It was "Chee."

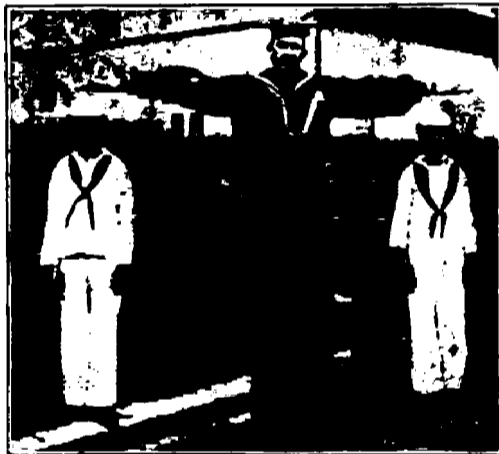
My heart jumped to my throat. I looked closely, but though his mane had been trimmed to a pompadour, and his long silky tail was shorter by several inches, I

was not mistaken. I flew to the wagons and brought Berry, who agreed with me. When the squaw saw us scanning her herd, she rounded them up and disappeared over the bank.

Of course I could think and talk of nothing else, and my father finally promised to investigate and if possible recover my pet when we should reach the other side.

I haunted the river bank to get a glimpse of the plain beyond the trees, where the ponies were probably herding. Tomorrow was so far away.

Then I thought of the breaking camp in the morning with all the bustle and hurry of several hundred men getting ready for the day's march, which was to start off with the difficult and dangerous fording. And suppose the Indians should have disappeared during the night. The more I thought of it the surer I grew that there would be no time for investigation; a half hour of this sort of meditation and I was ready for anything. My beloved Chiflado so near and yet so far. I resolved to have that pony if it precipitated an Indian outbreak and cost my father his commission. Of the Indians themselves I had no fear—they would not dare harm



The accompanying picture might be entitled "The Long and Short of It" in the Naval Service. The picture was sent us by Charles A. Isham, one of the boys on the Government steamer "Richmond," just before he started on a cruise to China and the Philippine Islands, from which points he promises to send us interesting matter. The tall boy in the picture is C. Butler, Master at Arms, Third Class, height 6 ft., 4 1/2 in., age 22. The boy at his right is J. Gluckstein, apprentice, Second Class, height 4 ft., 4 1/2 in., age 15. The one at the left is H. Coryell, apprentice, Second Class, height 4 ft., 5 in., age 15. The two small boys made their training cruise on the United States training ship "Essex." Young Isham thinks they are about the smallest boys in the service.

me with so large an avenging force at their very camp. I quickly prepared for the sortie by securing a strong surcingle of double length, which lay on a pile of saddles, and hiding it under my cape, ran to the long line of horses which were tied to the picket rope stretched between two of the wagons. The men were busy with their accoutrements, or playing cards, and being accustomed to my presence at all times, paid no attention to me. My father's big bay, Pinckney, stood at one end of the line, and, rapidly untying his halter and telling the sentry I wanted a little ride, I led the horse down below the bank to the ford, and buckled on the band.

Climbing up like a cat, I slipped my knees far under the broad strap, as the Indian boys do when they race, and twisting my fingers tightly into Pinckney's mane, threw myself forward on his neck and spoke to him sharply. He eyed the rushing stream and turned his head, in mild expostulation to see if I really meant it. I quailed before it myself for an instant, but there was no time to falter. Another sharp command and he took the water bravely. Clinging with hands and knees as the flood came higher and higher and we got out into the pull of the current, I closed my eyes for a moment and forgot everything save to hang on.

Suddenly there was a cry behind me, and looking swiftly around, I saw an anxious row of soldier boys lined up on the bank gesticulating wildly and pointing up stream.

A glance showed me the cause. A huge cottonwood, its roots standing high above the surface of the water, was bearing directly down upon me. Its partly submerged branches dragging heavily while the stream

edded and swirled angrily at the obstruction. My heart froze with fear as I realized the impending danger, for escape seemed impossible, and I expected to be caught in the tangle and dragged down to certain death. Just as despair seized me, a familiar voice rang out above the tumult of the flood:

"Head him up stream, missy, tuhn him agin de current."

Tugging desperately at the halter, I dug my thin little knees into his sides, and the splendid cavalry horse turned slowly in the sweeping water, until he, too, saw the tree, and seemed to realize our common danger. It was almost upon us, and although he plunged frantically one outstretched branch struck him a cruel blow across the flanks. In another moment we should be caught and dragged under.

Again I heard Berry's voice, "hol' on, missy, hol' on fo' the Lawd's sake, jes' anuddah minute."

I heard something else also, as Berry's lariat sang through the crisp spring air and looped itself about the gnarled and broken roots of the cottonwood. A hundred hands were upon it at the other side, and the tree was absolutely swept out of the stream and marooned upon the bank. Pinckney regained himself in a moment and plunging up the slippery clay embankment, stood trembling and blowing the water from his nostrils. It didn't take Berry very long to mount a horse from the picket line and join me.

The spectacle of a soldier accompanied by a ten year old white girl, with long yellow hair, her clothes clinging about her, mounted upon a tall charger, whose dripping flanks, dilated nostrils and heaving chest showed the exertion he had just been put to, was startling enough to bring even the most stoical warrior from his siesta.

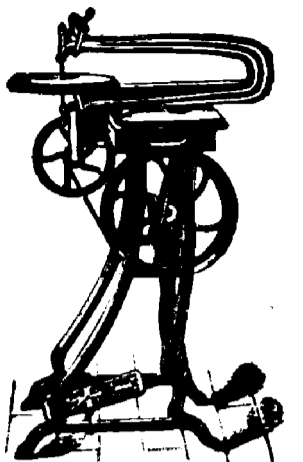
They gathered round us as in a wild mixture of Cheyenne and Kiowa I made known my errand, and pointing out the pony, ran toward him, calling his old name in endearing accents. He showed he knew me by rubbing my shoulder with his nose. They looked on, speechless and wondering, till Berry, began beating time and singing:

"Down by de cane-brake, down by de mill, Dah lived a yallah gal, her name was Nancy Till."

At first Chiflado stepped slowly from side to side in an uncertain manner, but memory was stirring, and in a moment he broke into a sort of rhythmical two-step. It was a convincing argument, so ludicrous the crowd broke into laughter.

Ten dollars, a side of bacon and some tobacco settled everything satisfactorily next morning, and once more Chiflado became an ex-officio member of the Tenth.

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Boy Artists.

The following boys have recently sent in pen and ink and pencil sketches, some of which are very good:

- Roy McBride, Antrim, O.; Damen Latimer, Ennis, Tex.; Alex. Sprunt, Wilmington, N. C.; Lou J. Wilson, Millersburg, O.; Clyde Hardenbrook, San Jose, Cal.; Frank Miller, Argentine, Kans.; J. F. Harrington, Concord, N. H.; H. Idual Hughes, Emporia, Kas.

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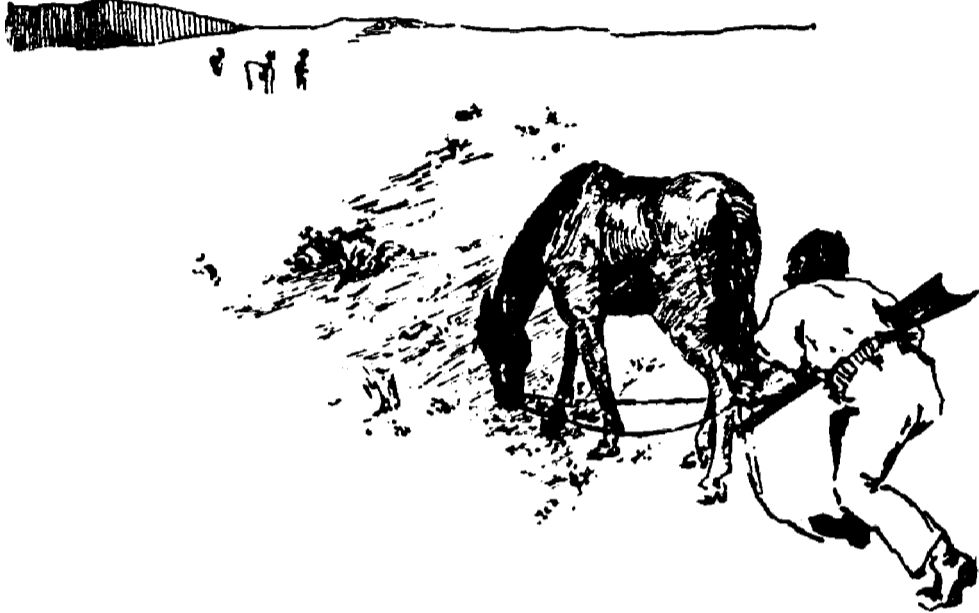
66 TIMES BLOCK, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HOW JIM GOT HIS ANTELOPE

By JACK VAN CAMP

THE antelope are Americans; they are unknown in any other country. Just one hundred years ago Lewis and Clarke, going on their wonderful tour of discovery to the Columbia, saw on the bluffs of the Upper Missouri river some tawny little animals, graceful as gazelles and fleetier than the wind. On their return to Washington city the fashionable people crowded each other to see for the first time the stuffed specimens of the new American animal. Just one hundred years ago—and now they are almost gone. In another hundred I fear not one will be left on all the stretch of plain and desert. Only fifteen years ago bands of thousands were still to be found, but hard winters and reckless hunting have destroyed them so rapidly that now only wild little bunches are left. These roam the plains and moun-

alry way they swept along when they moved from one place to another. "Well—and this is the way Old Jim gets his meat," I said; "I'll just see it through." The old man had gotten some little distance up the slope, certainly they could see him now. He stopped the mare and she began eating grass, and he, peering carefully out from behind her, saw how the antelope were moving. Then going on very slowly, the little brown mare feeding every few steps, the humped-over, monkey-like old man watching his game, they got closer and closer to the little bunch of wild things. I saw them look at the old mare again and again, but she was grazing along just like the other horses and cattle all over the hills, and so they came on feeding toward her. "Well, that's pretty slick! I'm wondering what the mare'll do when he shoots."



tain valleys on the eastern slope of the Rockies from the British country to Mexico. They are so hunted and so wary that the most careful work is necessary to get them, and many a hunter comes home without ever getting a shot. When they see a rider even a mile or two miles distant they are away at once, and it is useless to follow.

Old Jim MacTavish has a reputation in all the southern cattle country; a reputation for getting antelope. When he hitches up to his old wagon and starts out for a hunt he usually comes back to the railroad towns after dark with a load of meat and peddles it around to his customers who enjoy wild, sweet antelope steak, and who will not trouble themselves or him about broken game laws. "How he gets 'em nobody knows, but he always gets 'em," so the cowboys and the traders said. He would never tell himself, and he always hunted alone. But one day I found out the way it was done, and had a good hour's laugh beside—and a story that started many another laugh during the after-supper smoke in the cow-camps.

I was out on the range one day looking the cattle over when I saw a wagon going slowly across the hills. There was no trail near, and no ranch or camp for miles. What business it had there I did not know; but would find out, for it was our range. While still a half mile away I recognized the outfit as old Jim MacTavish's, with the owner himself slouched down in the seat letting his team go very much where they pleased. I waved my hand and went on my way and was soon out of sight in a little gulch. As I was coming up on high ground again I looked back, for it had been hinted more than once that Old Jim sometimes changed the fare at the settlements and took in veal instead of antelope. So the cattlemen had small love for him. And now the old rascal had stopped and was unhitching his team. I kept out of sight and watched as he tied one horse to the wagon, unharnessed the other except bridle and lines, took his rifle in his hand and started away, driving the horse in front of him. It was one of the most ridiculous sights I ever saw, and I shook in my saddle laughing. Old Jim you know was six feet six inches, and his old brown mare was little more than a pony, and he had doubled himself all up, evidently to keep out of sight behind her. His hands almost touched the ground as he held his reins and rifle. Nothing in the world could have looked more like a monkey or baboon than the slouchy old bare-headed poacher as he shambled along close behind his little mare. So I watched the performance, and kept on laughing.

But what was he going to do—and what was he hiding from? I looked away up across the tableland that had just come into view. There were a good many cattle there, but he knew I was not far away, and he wouldn't dare rustle cattle in daylight. Then looking back at the old fellow and his mare I had another laugh, and it was fully ten minutes before I saw away on the skyline of the hill a band of six or seven antelope. It was just a bunch of shadows against the sky, but I knew they were antelope from the

and I laughed again, for the old man was even more carefully doubled up now than before. He was in fine position to be kicked out straight again. I know plenty of horses that don't mind a gun on their backs, but shooting out between their heels might be a different question. "It won't be long till I find out what she'll do," I thought, for the antelope were not more than three hundred yards from him now and not suspecting any danger. The old mare was feeding, the antelope feeding, too. I saw Old Jim drop on one knee, and then began a canonade.

"Oh! but he shoots vicious," Old Wiley had told me once; "he pumps that old cannon of his like steam," and I decided it was true. Six or eight shots were sent at the flying antelope before they got beyond reach, and they left two behind. And the old mare—she just went on grazing—she was used to this sort of thing. A mile away the antelope whirled once to look for the missing ones, then went beyond the hills. Old MacTavish dressed the two pretty fawn and white things that had fallen, slung them across the mare and led her back to the wagon. Then he hitched up and started on aimlessly across the open hills again.

Boys for the Navy.

The first question that Uncle Sam asks of a boy who applies to enter the navy is, "Do you yourself want to enlist?" because Uncle Sam doesn't want boys who themselves do not want to serve him on shipboard. Nor does he take boys for the navy to reform them. There was a time when the navy made a good home for incorrigible boys, but it is not so now; this is not the kind of a boy the navy wants and needs. Boys between the ages of fifteen and seventeen years can enlist for the navy until they become of age. When the apprentice is first received on board ship he is furnished, free of cost, with an outfit of clothing not exceeding in value the sum of forty five dollars. His first pay is nine dollars a month. After making his first cruise. If qualified, he is advanced to fifteen dollars a month. His next advancement is to that of first-class apprentice with pay of twenty one dollars a month. Ex-apprentices are given preference in the selection of petty officers with pay ranging from thirty to seventy dollars per month and rations. Those having a good record and showing marked ability are eligible to appointment as warrant officers, a position varying in pay from twelve hundred to eighteen hundred dollars per annum, with retirement at the age of sixty two years on three-quarters pay for life. Warrant officers not over thirty five years of age are eligible to appointment to the rank of commissioned officers after having served six years as warrant officers. Commissioned officers are in line of appointment to all the higher grades of the navy service, and thus it is that some apprentice boy now may be our First Admiral some day. It is perfectly possible for a boy to start at the very bottom in the navy and rise to the topmost notch by his own efforts and abilities.

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Helpful Influences

F. J. CATER.

SOME events in the life of General Benjamin F. Butler show how the life of a youth may be influenced to his advantage.

The first helpful influence came, very naturally, from the mother. With a true mother's love for the highest good, she greatly desired to see her youngest child enter the gospel ministry, and to fill a pulpit in her own denomination. To prepare him as best she could for such a work, she set herself to the task of teaching him the Word of God.

The boy had a great desire to read and to understand such books as "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress." So the mother had an understanding with the boy that if he would commit so much scripture each day she would take so much time from her many household cares to explain to him his reading, both in the Bible and in other books. In this way she induced her son to commit to memory all the four gospels. He said of himself in after years that there was a time when he could recite from memory all the four gospels, or any part at all, even to those difficult portions, where they didn't do much else but begot one another from the beginning to the end of the chapter.

One result of the mother's interest was to attach the boy still more closely to herself; another was to give to the boy an intelligent understanding of his reading beyond very many of his years. And still another result was to awaken in his mind a desire to read every book he could get hold of, and to understand whatever came before him. In the absence of anything else he would read and ponder the almanac, and his mother would have to explain to him the signs of the zodiac. He was ever pestering his teachers with all kinds of questions. When the first locomotive came into his town he spent hours with the engineer in looking it over, and in inquiring as to the use and working of every part. When he was through and started away, he said, "I could run it back to Boston."

HIS TEACHERS.

One of his early teachers awakened in the boy a desire to be a good speller. His great memory and his natural desire to excel soon enabled him to take a leading part in all the old-fashioned spelling matches. The spelling book was canvassed and re-canvassed till all was familiar to the better class of spellers, and then the dictionary was searched for hard words to test the contestants. This early mastery of orthography must have proved of immense advantage in all his after labors, for there is hardly a day, or an hour in the day, that a public man has not occasion to use correct orthography.

In the high school another teacher awakened in him an interest in the study of English grammar, and in the analyzing and parsing of sentences, and in the turning of poetry into prose. Thus he early acquired quite an understanding of the nature and construction of his mother tongue—an acquisition which is always of very great advantage to every one, and particularly to one in public life.

Through the influence of a college professor and of a fellow student he came to have quite a liking for chemistry and for laboratory experiments. He acquired such a fondness for these studies that, for a time, he thought he would study medicine and become a practicing physician.

Toward the latter part of his college course, he took pains to hear a noted case tried by one of the most celebrated lawyers of New England, Jeremiah Mason. The hearing of that master conduct the trial so impressed him with the law as a field for the display of ability, that he at once determined to make the law his profession. This resolution was adhered to with steady purpose. As soon as he had opportunity he applied himself with great earnestness and diligence to the study of the law, often working from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. In a very short time he attained very great success and distinction in his chosen profession.

Young Butler had quite a remarkable career. He was admitted to college at sixteen. He graduated at twenty. He was admitted to the bar at twenty-two. He was admitted to the supreme court at twenty-four. He was admitted to the supreme court of the United States at the early age of twenty-seven—one of the youngest members ever admitted to that court. Abraham Lincoln and William H. Seward were admitted to practice in the same court at the same session.

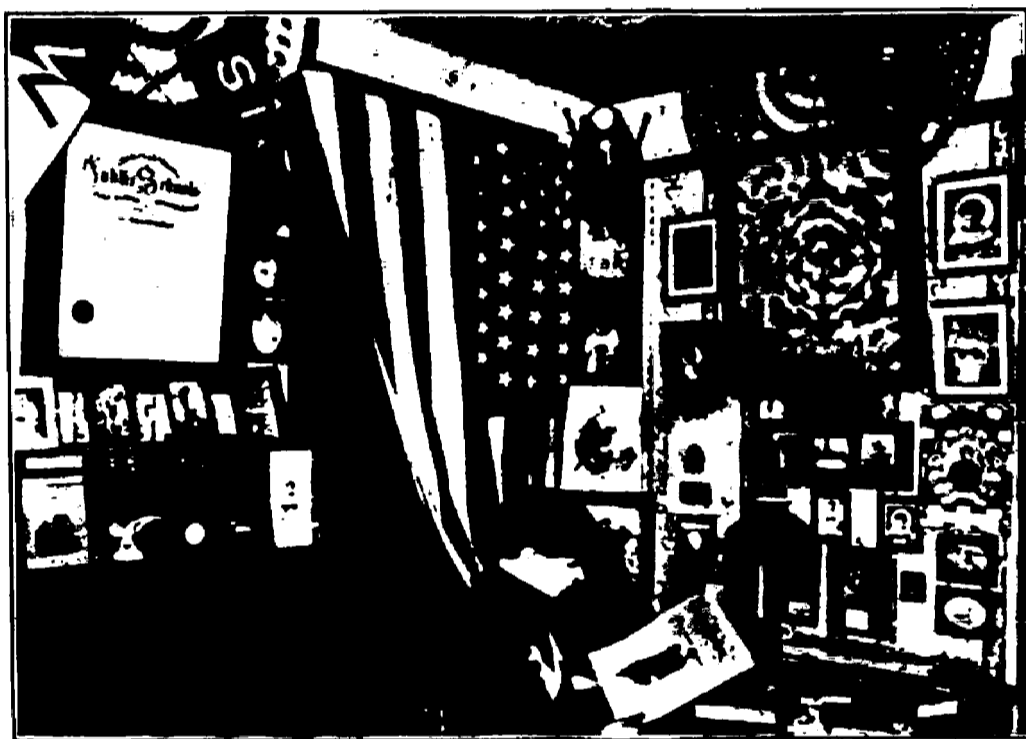
HIS SEA VOYAGE.

At the time of his graduation he was in delicate health, with a sallow complexion, a distressing cough, and weighing less than a hundred pounds. The captain of a fishing smack consented to take him on a four months' sea voyage to the coast of Labrador for the benefit of his health. The young man started to go aboard with his books under his arm and in his best clothes. The old captain told him that if he came aboard in that way, to act the gentleman, he would be almost sure to meet every bucket of slop that went astray; but that

if he would take his books back and get a sailor's suit, and do his part of the work as a sailor, and eat and sleep as the sailors, he would soon be on good terms with the men, and that he could almost insure him to return cured and healthy and strong. The delicate student accepted the captain's suggestion, returned his books, procured a sailor's suit, lived in the open air, filled a sailor's place at all work, ate the cod, and drank freely of the oil from the liver tank. After the four months' voyage he returned well browned, his cough gone, and healthy and strong—well fitted for the battle of life opening before him.

These helpful influences from his mother, and from his teachers and others seemed to come quite incidentally and casually, but they left, none the less, their stamp and impress upon the youth. They served to give tone and bent and inclination to the boy's mind. But while impulses and directions may come from without, from within must spring the disposition and the purpose to receive and to vitalize to the highest ends.

The service rendered by the old sea captain was opportune and of substantial value. Just at that time the youth was much cast down. He was poor and in debt, and in poor health; and, as he thought, without any one to help him.



One corner of the room of John A. Krueger, an AMERICAN BOY subscriber at Glenville, O., showing young Krueger himself sitting at his desk. He took the picture himself, attaching a fuse to flash powder and letting the camera do the rest. The boy is something of a photographer, having taken 300 good pictures, printing and developing them himself. Notice the artistic manner in which his flags are displayed. See, too, his High School diploma over his desk, his hats and ball in the corner, his collection of butterflies in a frame and his books and pictures. This boy certainly has a room tempting enough to keep him at home nights.

The favor of a sea voyage enabled him to regain his health, which he had imperiled by his own imprudence in taking a river bath when the banks were lined with cakes of ice. But with an active mind in a healthy body and a resolute spirit, he had the best friends with which a youth could be favored for a successful career. But more, this slight acquaintance with the management of a vessel at sea enabled him, in the greatest peril of his life, to deliver himself and his wife and more than one of his men on the disabled ship on the way to the capture of New Orleans. It also enabled him to achieve the most expeditious and the most successful movement of a large body of troops by vessels accomplished during the war of the rebellion.

DEVELOPED MEMORY.

Another result of that early and extensive memorizing was the marvelous development of the boy's memory. It was a great mental achievement for one so young to be able to recite from memory the four gospels. But this developed power was ready for the next service. He could remember the books he read and the stories he heard. He could remember names, and faces, and facts and principles. He could recite a dozen pages or more of a college text book, almost word for word, at a daily recitation. He could remember decisions and the peculiarities of cases to such an extent in all the numerous branches of his legal practice, that it became quite a custom, when a peculiar case arose, to make appeal to Mr. Butler as to a standard authority. It must have been of immense advantage in his most extensive practice to be able to hold in mind all the evidence, even to the very words and phrases, in the longest court trials, without the scratch of a pen to aid his memory.

Still this marvelous power of memory could be perverted to his own detriment. He could look with care over a difficult problem, and so fix the letters and figures and symbols in mind as to be able to go to the board, draw the figure, place the letters and symbols, and go through the form of demonstration, and not understand the problem. This was to cheat himself, and to deceive his teacher, by the substitution of memory for reason. If some teacher could have interested him in mathematics, and in geometry and in logic, it might have contributed much to the soundness of his reasoning both in his pleading and in his political career.

NOT ALONE INHERITANCE, BUT PRODUCTION.

No doubt there is much in the qualities and dispositions inherited from a long line of ancestors. Butler was from a sturdy stock of ancestors on both sides. Much depends upon the qualities of body and mind with which one is endowed. Butler was well endowed in both body and mind. But much more depends upon the exercise and direction given to powers and faculties. The will, the decision, the persistence, and the achieving power. Butler was a ceaseless worker both as a law student and as a practitioner. There was no let up in his strenuous endeavors to gain his point.

By the prime of life he had acquired an ample fortune, and the honorable distinction of being the most ready and the most widely informed man as to all matters of jurisprudence of any practitioner at the American bar. At the same time he was a noted politician, and became an eminent general; and, without question, he was the most gifted department commander of all the federal generals in the Civil War.

What the Little Boy Had "In Him."

A young teacher who was graduated from a normal school last June was asked one day recently to substitute in a higher grade than her own. She was a little nervous over the temporary promotion, and was anxious that everything should go off in the usual good order. While instructing the class in composition she said: "Now, children, don't attempt any flights of fancy. Don't try to imitate the things you have heard, but just be yourselves and write what is really in you."

As a result of this advice one little boy turned in the following composition: "I aint goin to attempt no flits of fancy; I'm just goin to write whats in me, and I got a hart, a liver, two lungs and some other things like that; then I got a stummick, and its got in it a pickle, a piece of pie, two sticks of peppermint candy, and my dinner."

International Amateur Press Association Convention.

The second annual convention of this Association was held in Philadelphia July 10th. The following officers were elected: President, R. Hertzog; Vice-President, George B. Bryan; Secretary, F. C. Davis; Treasurer, C. H. Marlowe; Official Editor, C. A. Nichols; Manuscript Manager, Vincent S. Benson; Historian, Ira E. Seymour; Official Organ, "Friendship," 1913 convention seat, Cleveland, Ohio. Many letters of greeting were received, among them one from the Scottish Amateur Literary Association. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for an exhibit of the work of amateur journalists at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

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Three Yankee Boys in Ireland

(Continued from page 4.)

answered it from the pier. The boys waved theirs—they hardly knew why, for there was not a face in all the crowd upon the pier that they had ever seen before. Professor Jack waved his, too, and Hal thought that he saw the Professor wipe a tear out of his eye. The Professor said that it made him think of the day that he had sailed away from home when a boy, not to go back till he was grown up. The Professor seemed so sober that it made the boys feel a little creepy too, as Ned expressed it. People all around them were shouting good-bye, some crying and some laughing and all waving their handkerchiefs. Professor Jack said he couldn't help thinking that many were saying good-bye to loved ones whom they never expected to see again, and that of all inspiring scenes he thought the departure of an ocean liner was the most inspiring. The boys looked real sober again and waved their handkerchiefs fondly at the receding shores of their home land until, far beyond the Statue of Liberty, which stood holding its copper arm three hundred and five feet into the heavens, and the Sandy Hook lighthouse twenty eight miles out where the pilot left the ship, the clear blast of the bugle rang out, and Professor Jack exclaimed, "First call for luncheon."

"Does the horn make you think of the dinner horn on the farm, Hal?" asked the Professor as they went to their stateroom to prepare for their first meal.

"It's got more style to it, I guess," said Hal, "but the old horn did the business. It was the best thing on the farm."

"And you'll think that horn's the best thing on the ship before the trip's over," said the Professor.

Later the boys got acquainted with the bugler whose pleasant duty it was to summon the passengers to meals and learned that he had been educated for the service on the "Indefatigable," a training ship for boys whose fathers had been seamen connected with the port of Liverpool. "Since 1865," said the bugler, "when the boat was first used for this purpose, more than twenty four hundred boys have been trained on her and gone to sea."

The boys were surprised to learn that the ship's regular pilot did not take charge of the wheel till she was well out into the ocean, but that the work was done by special harbor pilots, whether the ships were outward or inward bound. They were more than surprised to learn that while the harbor pilot



THROWING THE LEADEN DISKS.

was at the wheel he was in charge of the ship and subordinate to no one, not even the captain.

"How much pay does the harbor pilot get?" asked Ned, when that officer had climbed down from the deck into the pilot boat and was on his way back to anchorage.

"They are paid more," said the Professor, "at one season of the year than at another, depending somewhat upon the risk, and they are paid more for inward bound vessels than for outward bound. The amount depends upon the number of feet the vessel draws; it is so much per foot of draught. Thus, for a vessel of twenty five feet the pilotage from Sandy Hook in would be one hundred and twenty two dollars; and if the same vessel were outward bound the pilotage would be eighty nine dollars. If the boat takes a pilot aboard sixteen miles beyond Sandy Hook light, which boats often do, the boat must pay twenty five per cent more."

"Pretty good pay, I should think?" suggested Hal.

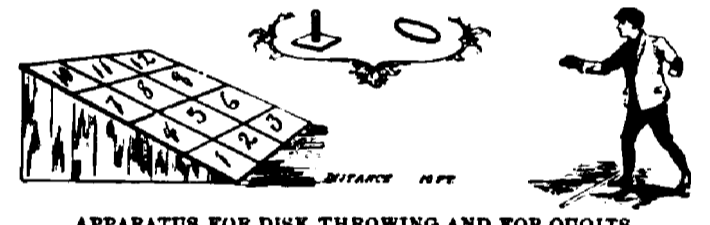
"It sounds big," said the Professor, "but the expense of the pilot boats and other expenses of the service is considerable, you must remember, and then, too, these men have a tremendous responsibility. The safe conduct of a great vessel requires the kind of service that is worth money. These pilots, working at all times of the day and night and in all weather, earn every dollar of their money."

The first night out the boys went to bed early for they were tired out with the excitement of the day, and then, too, as Professor Jack had said, there were seven or eight days of ship life ahead of them and they could afford to go slow at first. They had great fun tucking themselves into the little narrow bunks and taking turns sticking their heads out of the port-hole, but at last tired nature took her course and they were fast asleep.

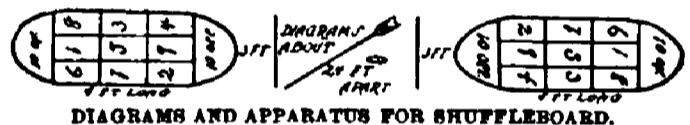
The next morning the boys were up and out before the first call of the bugle. They made their way to the upper deck, whose great breadth gave ample

room for sport of all kinds and offered peculiar attractions to all on board, young and old alike. Here they found a weather-beaten old sailor down on his hands and knees laying out a diagram on the deck with a piece of chalk. The boys were not long in getting acquainted with him. He proved to be a jolly tar, selected, no doubt, with a view to his liking for boys, for the agreeable task of managing the games on shipboard. He was then laying out a diagram for the game of shuffleboard, a game that consisted in driving a number of flat circular disks along the deck with a stick, broad at one end. It was a game at which two, four or more might play, the sides being equally divided. The diagrams were marked on the deck some twenty four feet apart, each of the diagrams being about four feet long by three feet wide and divided into numbered squares. The wooden disks, cut from one-inch boards, were of a diameter of about six inches and were eight in number. In front of each diagram was a base from which the disks were shoved. The play was to shove the disks along the deck into the opposite diagram, compelling them, to stop, so far as possible, in the squares of highest value. When the disks were all used each side counted up its score. If a disk lay in a space marked "Ten off," ten had to be subtracted from the total made by the players owning the disk. The boys were crazy to play the game and soon the old sailor had initiated them into it and they were in a fair way to become experts. Hal declared that it was a game he could lay out in his father's barn, and that he intended to do it as soon as he returned home. Ned thought there was room in their attic at home. The old sailor showed them another game which consisted in tossing from a distance of ten feet upon an inclined board divided into numbered squares, little lead disks covered with sail-cloth. The old sailor then brought out two sets of ring toss or quoits, the rings being made of one-inch rope and the goal being an upright peg in a block of wood. These he set out on deck and it was not many minutes before they were in use. The boys were delighted with the prospect of games on shipboard. It was something they had not expected, and then, too, what a jolly thing it was to have a genuine "old salt" to instruct them, so it was with real pain that they heard the second bugle, and went to breakfast.

[To be Continued.]



APPARATUS FOR DISK THROWING AND FOR QUOITS



A Faculty that Tends Toward Success

By FREDERICK E. BURNHAM

THE practice of being affable and kindly in one's bearing toward every man, be he rich or poor, is one that every young man may well cultivate and encourage. The clerk, the business man, the professional man who is wanting in this respect can never hope to reap a large measure of success.

Recently the writer was a passenger upon one of the ferryboats plying in Boston Harbor at a time when an incident occurred that well illustrates the point.

Standing on the forward part of the boat was a very successful merchant, a man worth his millions. Presently an Italian fruit vendor made his way to the front of the boat, carrying a great basket upon his shoulder.

"This is a fine morning, Giuseppe," said the merchant, turning to the Italian. "How do you find business?"

"Mucha trade, Signor," he replied, lifting his cap.

"Bring me another dozen of those famous oranges when you are out my way again," said the merchant. "The last you sold me were the best I have eaten for a long time."

There were those aboard the boat who evidently considered the bit of conversation highly amusing; others looked surprised that an apparently well-to-do man should thus converse with a ragged Italian. There was one standing near me, however, who viewed the matter in quite a different light.

"That man is one of a thousand," he said, addressing me. "He always has a pleasant word for those he meets. It makes no difference to him whether a man is rich or poor, dressed in broadcloth or rags. If he is endeavoring to earn a livelihood, he takes pleasure in conversing with him."

Young man, if you are starting in business for yourself, or if you are in the employ of another, make affability one of the chief cornerstones of your character. It is capital which is at the disposal of every young man; the interest upon that capital is enormous.

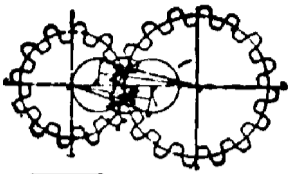


The Saint Cecilia Band, Lewiston, Maine.

We present a picture of the Saint Cecilia Band of Lewiston, Me., whose members are all French-Canadian boys belonging to St. Peter's Parish in that city. About ten years ago one of the Dominican Fathers organized a boys' choir composed of sixty youngsters, ranging in age from seven to fourteen. In 1896 this choir came under the direction of its present leader. From the choir an orchestra was organized, and later a band of ten musicians, which has grown to a membership of thirty, ranging in age from eight to fifteen, the youngest being Adrian Fournier, an eight-year-old clarinet player. The drum major in red and white uniform leads the boys when on the march, the boys themselves being dressed in blue and presenting a very natty appearance. The band gave three concerts this fall at the State Fair.

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Our Twelfth Hand—By Geo. H. Coomer

HAD entered as a foremast hand on board the ship Charles Frederick, lying at New Bedford, and about to sail for Bremen with a cargo of sperm oil. Twelve men had been shipped for the foremast, and we supposed ourselves all ready for the start, when it was discovered that one of the number was missing; he having made off with his "month's advance," after the manner of that class of vagabond sailors to which, no doubt, he belonged.

Nevertheless, as the Charles Frederick was a small ship, she still had a crew sufficient for all ordinary purposes, so that her owners desired Captain Brown, her commander, to make sail at once, without waiting to pick up another hand. This, however, the captain refused to do. He was a thorough seaman, and very methodical in his profession; and he insisted, quite properly, upon having his full complement.

While the matter was under discussion, a stranger, in sailor garb, was observed coming down the wharf, and we heard the latter say to him—"Yes; that man with the cap on is Captain Brown; the other two are the owners."

"Captain," said the new-comer, approaching the group and touching his cap, "do you want a man?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I do; you are just in time; I am one man short. You are an able seaman, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I call myself one."

"Well, go up to the office at the corner yonder, put down your name and get your advance. One of these gentlemen will go with you. Then tumble your dunnage aboard in a hurry."

so uncommunicative and strange in every way.

How well I remember all the sons of the sea who sailed with me on that voyage. There was Little Jack, Big Jack, Old Jack and English Jack—four Jacks—Belfast Mike, Kearsarge Tom, Boston Bob, Stuttering Bill, Short Ned and Magellan Joe, besides the stranger, Dick, whose name, by the way, was to receive as striking a prefix as any of the others, before we were done with him.

Kearsarge Tom was so called because he had been one of the crew of the renowned ship which fought the Alabama; while Magellan Joe received his appellation from having been shipwrecked in that far southern strait which bears the name of the old Portuguese navigator.

But I have not yet mentioned a circumstance in connection with our trip to Europe, which, to me, at least, gave the voyage an additional interest. This was the presence on board the Charles Frederick of the captain's wife and child. Mrs. Brown had taken a fancy to visit Germany, and she was accompanied by her little girl, five years of age.

The lady's pleasant face and manner, and the child's innocent sociability and queer little sayings, soon won golden opinions from the grim old Tritons on the main deck, who pronounced the mother a woman that was a woman, and the daughter worth her weight in "plum duff." This last was very high praise.

Even that queer man, Dick, seemed to be moved by the presence of little Clara Brown; but whether favorably or unfavorably, it was hard to say. He would often gaze upon her with such a



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The man did as directed, presently reappearing with a mattress on his shoulder, together with some other things, to the amount of his fourteen dollars advance; and without further delay he was ready for duty.

His age was about thirty years, and he seemed like a remarkably strong, active fellow, being mostly bone and sinew, and more than six feet high—a real sea-giant. Yet his face had such a singularly wild expression—his eyes were so glassy and restless—that I felt a secret regret at his having been thrown in our way.

When he came on board, however, he knew exactly where to take hold, and what to do; and that he was a finished sailor there could be no doubt.

We mustered the topsails, loosed the topgallant-sails, braced the head yards sharp, and hauled the jib over to windward, to swing the ship's bow off from the wharf. Yet, busy as we were I could not help observing something strange in the manner of our twelfth hand. His motions were jerky and nervous; and even when helping us hoist the top-sails, he kept glancing quickly from one to the other of us, all the while muttering to himself as if alone.

Most persons have their peculiarities, and his appeared to be the habit of turning his head like a parrot, in order to see on all sides at once.

As our mooring lines were hauled on board, and the sails caught the breeze, the ship moved slowly from her berth, and we passed down the harbor, setting our "light kites" one after another as we went. But whether sheeting home a topgallant sail or swinging up a royal, whether boarding the main tuck or hoisting flying-jib, the new man continued to cast searching looks toward the wharf we had left as long as it was possible to distinguish it.

Soon we were past the harbor beacons, and standing majestically out of Buzzard's Bay, with the main land upon one side and the Elizabeth Islands upon the other; but even then he would scan the dim shores with that same wild, half-frightened glance, as if impatient to see the last of them. In fact, his manner was that of a criminal fleeing from justice.

When the land was wholly out of sight he appeared to feel more at ease; but still there remained an oddity in his actions, which was very noticeable. On the first night at sea he kept up a constant walking in his watch. The rest of us sat under the weather bulwarks, as sailors are apt to do in their night watches, but this man, Dick, which was the name he went by, walked, and walked, and walked. He had a way, too, of starting suddenly and giving a quick glance aloft, as if expecting something to fall on his head, at the same time muttering rapidly to himself.

So it was on that night, and so it was on succeeding ones, while by day he would, as much as possible, hold himself aloof from us, with the air of one who anticipates some affront and resents it in advance. There was not the least fault to be found with him as a seaman, yet we all felt that he could never be a welcome addition to a ship's crew, he was



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strange, steadfast look that her mother appeared to feel half alarmed as she observed it. The tall sailor was so gigantic, and his manner so peculiar, that the captain's wife instinctively shrank from him.

The child, too, seemed to share something of her mother's feeling; for while she would talk freely in her pretty way with Old Jack or Magellan Joe, she always showed a timidity in Dick's presence, as if awed by the strange gleam in his large, rolling eyes.

The man's conduct became more and more singular, till the sailors would shake their heads as they spoke of him to each other.

"He has cut up some ugly shine ashore," observed Kearsarge Tom, "and that was why he was in such a hurry to get off."

"I don't know about that," replied Big Jack; "it may be so and may be not; but it's my opinion that there's something wrong in his upper works."

"Why, of course there is," said Boston Bob, "and that's what I don't like. There's no trusting a crazy man; he's like a gale of wind that dies away to the south'ard and east'ard, only to come out whistlin' from the north'ard and west'ard." "A 'urricane,'" supplemented English Jack—"you can't tell what's to 'appen ultimately with it."

As I remember, we had been out about six days at this time; and the above remarks were dropped in the evening watch, Dick having done some strange acts on the previous afternoon. There was, indeed, good reason for apprehension; for the very next day the catastrophe came. I think it must have been hurried by the peculiar state of the atmosphere. It was a sultry forenoon, a dead calm prevailing, so that the topsails sat lazily against the masts with every roll of the ship.

Presently a line of black clouds shot up in the southern sky, and it looked as if we were to have a heavy squall. Still not a breath of air reached us over the calm sea.

As soon as possible the light sails were taken in; the topsail halyards were let go, the courses got into the buntlines, and the spanker brailled up to the gaff. As the haymaker springs to his work in view of a coming tempest, so did we to ours—running hither and thither in our low-cut trousers and sailor caps; while the clouds darkened, and the thunder broke in threatening peals.

But even in our hurry we could not help observing the strange actions of Dick. A sort of frenzy appeared to seize him; and, stopping in the midst of his work, he would stare wildly about him, or look up into the sky with a strange, incoherent muttering, while his eyes were as glassy as those of a mad dog.

Notwithstanding the dark portents, there was as yet no wind, and it was possible that we were to have nothing worse than a drenching rain. The captain's wife remained on deck, holding her little girl by the hand, all ready to retreat when the squall should burst upon us.

Suddenly, with a yell that rang through the ship like the cry of a demon, Dick, the gigantic sailor, sprang to the lady's side, and catching up little Clara, leaped with her into the mizzen rigging. Holding the child under his left arm, he ran aloft with all the nimbleness of a cat.

He made no attempt to climb over the mizzen-top with his burden, but stepping upon the foot rope of the mizzen or crossjack yard, out he went to the very end of the yardarm, seating himself astride of it. As it happened to be my "trick" at the wheel, the whole scene was enacted close in front of me, and its picture is still vivid. The crossjack yard was bare, the topsail having been clewed up from it.

It was the captain's first impulse to spring aloft to the rescue of his child; but a second thought restrained him. The screams of little Clara were no less so. Our whole ship's company stood ready with one accord to follow the giant madman; but would this answer? Captain Brown felt that it would not. A plunge of the crazy sailor into the sea, carrying his victim with him, would no doubt be the result of such an attempt; and he would drag her under water sooner than release his hold.

It was a strange and terrible scene. There on the mizzen yard-arm, sat the fearful lunatic, hooting and grimacing; his head bare, and his hair seeming to stand on end; while the little girl, held fast in his frenzied clutch, stretched her small arms imploringly toward her parents, calling upon them to save her. Clustered upon the deck beneath were all the stout tars, gazing up at the spectacle, and waiting but permission to act. A space of only thirty or forty feet separated the little one from the group below; but still there must be no rashness.

By this time the intensely black clouds had made the day almost like night. Vivid lightning flashed on every side, shooting down to the ocean in zig-zag lines; and the thunder seemed to break scarcely higher than the ship's masts. Oh, how distinctly were the forms of the maniac and the little girl outlined against that inky sky and its sharp fierce lightning!

Still, by a wonderful good fortune, it did not blow hard. A breeze reached the vessel just sufficient to steady her, and that was all. It would prove a rain squall rather than a wind squall. And at last, sure enough, the rain came down. It was a flood such as almost took away one's breath. The maniac screamed and gesticulated, apparently in delight, while little Clara lay motionless in his brawny arms. Poor little girl! she was past struggling for the moment.

"Lower away the yawl," said Captain Brown, who preserved a remarkable coolness. "Five of you get into her and keep her close under the ship's counter."

The command was instantly obeyed, and the yawl was manned by five men—Little Jack, Big Jack, Old Jack, Magellan Joe and Kearsarge Tom.

"Now lay the mizzen yard square," was the next order.

This was for the purpose of getting the yard-arm and its occupants as far out over the ship's quarter as possible.

"Softly, softly," he added, as the men laid hold of the brace—"so; belay all."

"Now I am going aloft," he said. "Two of you come with me; the rest stand by for whatever may happen."

He stepped into the mizzen shrouds, followed by English Jack and Boston Bob. It rained so that I could hardly see them through the pouring water sheet as I stood at the wheel. The captain carried an iron belaying pin to be used in case of extremity.

As the maniac saw the three men approach, one after another along the foot-rope of the yard, he yelled a furious defiance; and, instead of leaping overboard, he showed a frightful eagerness to close with them as he sat balancing himself on the yard with the look of a wild beast at bay. Still clutching the child, he threw himself fiercely forward in a desperate effort to grasp the captain's throat.

Down came the iron pin, and the strong arm was disabled. Instinctively the madman released little Clara, and her father standing in the foot-rope, snatched her in time to prevent her falling. But once more Dick secured the child, and in the struggle that ensued, all three plunged headlong from the yard.

Neither English Jack nor Boston Bob, who had followed the captain out on the foot-rope, had been able to render any assistance, and they had now only to hurry down to the deck.

Captain Brown, little Clara and the furious maniac all struck the water together, disappearing beneath it; but in a few moments the captain shot strongly to the surface holding his child's head higher than his own. They were not fifty feet from the boat.

"There they are!" cried Magellan Joe; "pull, chaps!"

The yawl shot swiftly ahead, and father and child, grasped by the tarry hands of her crew were at once drawn on board of her.

Crazy Dick came up a few feet from them; but instead of attempting to reach either boat or ship, he struck wildly out from both, as if fancying his shipmates to be demons.

When Clara and her father had been transferred to the vessel's deck, the yawl went in chase of the poor lunatic, as the captain would have been glad to save him; but on her approach he plunged under a big wave, and we saw him no more. Indeed, the pouring rain and blinding lightning had made it difficult to keep sight of him even while he was above water.

Little Clara Brown was dreadfully exhausted, but she soon recovered; and the next day her pretty feet went putting as usual all about the ship, while Old Jack and the others had a thousand things to say to her.

It was a remarkable piece of good fortune that with all the thunder, lightning and rain in that memorable ocean scene, there should have been scarcely any wind. But such a state of things will now and then occur both on sea and shore. A fierce squall, such as we expected at the moment, would have sealed little Clara's fate.

Upon our arrival at Bremen, we read in an American newspaper, brought out by a steamer, a paragraph relating to an escaped lunatic, whose description exactly corresponded with that of Crazy Dick. The man's name, it said, was Richard Hardy, and he was a sailor who had just landed from a vessel which had brought him home in irons. He had eluded those who had him in charge, and had been traced to New Bedford, where it was found that he had just sailed in the ship Charles Fredrick for Bremen.

We all felt what a dreadful sequel could now be added to that brief item of the press.



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BOYS' BOOKS REVIEWED

JOHN PAUL JONES of Naval Fame, by Charles Walter Brown, A. M. Of the man who said, "The flag and I are twins. Born the same hour, we cannot be parted in life or death. So long as we float we shall float together," his history is surely worth writing.

ETHAN ALLEN of Green Mountain Fame by Charles Walter Brown, A. M. Mr. Brown's name as a writer of strong, stirring stories of the strenuous order for boys deserves to be more widely known. He has already written "Nathan Hale," "Paul Revere," "John Paul Jones" and others which show intimate knowledge and scholarship.

A WHALEMAN'S WIFE by Frank T. Bullen. Mr. Bullen has already obtained considerable reputation by his work of which "The Cruise of the Cachalot" is the best example. This story is exciting enough, we should think, to suit any one.

Thirty-Six Pages this Month.

The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY this month will give its readers full measure by giving thirty six pages instead of thirty two. We are sure our efforts to please boys are appreciated.

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ELECTRICITY IN THE BEDROOM
How to Make a Novel Electrical Alarm—By Harold Slee

AM never surprised to hear of any new device suggested by the study of that boundless science, electricity. To those of my readers who are interested in all such developments it is my desire to add another to their store. Placed in such circumstances as we humans are, sleep is necessary during certain hours; but when the orb of day

an inch in size. Now for each board cut two pieces of clock-spring about eight inches long. To one end of each spring attach a small piece of wire, making a good metallic connection between each wire and spring. Now wrap each connection with greased brown paper and then fasten the springs on the wood, one at each end, so that the free ends overlap in the middle as in diagram No. 1.

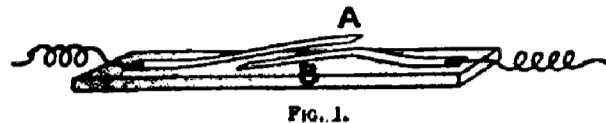


FIG. 1.

has duly risen we often find our slumbers very annoying. To obviate this, alarm clocks were invented; but for the succeeding generations electricity has been in requisition. We now have electrical alarms warranted to wake us up at the required hour, make us get out of bed and stop the bell. What happens then? We give a yawn, a stretch, a shiver, and a look at the nest just vacated—all on account of that bothering bell! That look settles it—in we jump again, and are soon unconscious of flying moments, to say nothing of trains. Imagine one's feeling when one is just too late!

One's own experiences give us fresh ideas. I will endeavor to explain an easy method of overcoming the difficulty already referred to, as well as some simple details in fitting up an alarm itself. To do this we shall require the following: an electric battery to produce the electric current; a good and effective electric bell; an arrangement that will stop the bell ringing when the sleeper gets out of the bed, but will start it again if he attempts to get in; a clock that will set

Now bend the springs so that when free they will not touch one another, but when pressed A will touch B. The springs can be fixed to the wood by string tightly bound round the whole if holes cannot be made in the springs to screw them down; or nails with overlapping heads driven in at the side of the spring answer well.

These boards are now placed under the bed, either on the iron laths or between the bed-springs, so that as soon as any weight is put on the bed A will be pressed on B, but not otherwise.

The next thing to be considered is the fitting up of an alarm clock that will set the bell ringing at the required time. There are several ways of doing this, but I will simply give my method of using a cheap alarm drum clock for this purpose. My method depends upon the shape of the winding handles at the back of the clock which I think is well known, thus: When the alarm rings, this handle will be seen to unwind. If, then, after winding up the alarm, I suspend the point of a nail in the groove marked A, this nail will be tipped off when the alarm rings. The following diagram will make further explanation easy. Suppose the clock has been wound up and set for six o'clock. The head of the nail A is metallically connected with a flexible hanging wire B. The point is suspended in the alarm handle-groove of the clock. Under the nail stretches a bridge of uncovered wire E, upon which the nail will drop at six o'clock, when tipped off the handle, and then the electric current can pass round a connected channel from C to D.

We now require some wire to make the necessary connections. Ordinary bell-hanger's wire is most needful, as the

wires are already well insulated, and can be easily fixed to walls, etc. Special staples can be bought which do not cut the coverings. In the case of the two boards under the bed, join the wires as in the diagram. Now take one of the combined wires to one of the bell terminals and the other to the carbon of the battery. Then connect the zinc of the battery with the nail wire lettered C in fig. 3, and the other terminal of the ball with the suspended wire E in the same figure. Now when one or both of the springs are pressed by a weight on the bed, and when the nail has fallen on the suspended wire E, the current of electricity can pass round the circuit and ring the bell; but when the weight is removed from the bed, the connection is broken and the bell stops, only to ring again if the bed is again pressed.

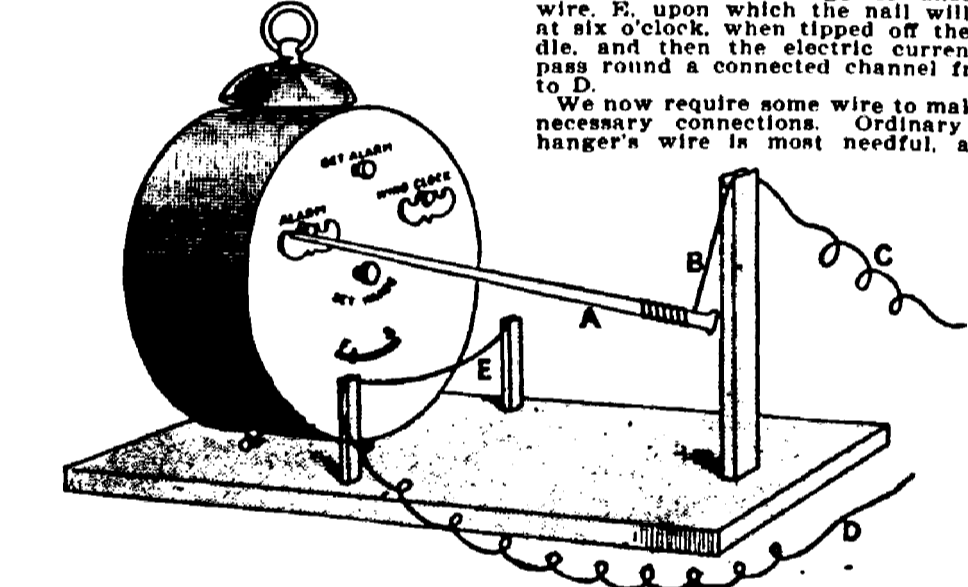


FIG. 2.

the bell going at the required time; and, lastly, enough wire to make the necessary connections. These parts I will now proceed to explain.

The battery should consist of two quart size Leclanche cells, smaller sizes not being so effective.

I should advise you not to buy a cheap bell: it will soon get out of order, and will use up the battery more quickly. The best bells are the hanging ones with the working inside. They need but little attention, have a good ring, are con-

venient for hanging, and have a neat appearance. We now come to the novel part of our alarm. This is an arrangement to be attached under the bed. Take two boards, each twelve by one and a-half by half

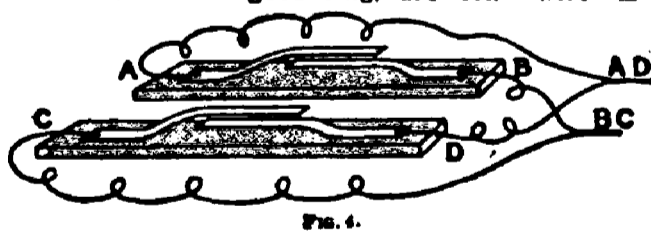


FIG. 3.

remembered the price paid for snake skins. Turning their attention from the hedgehogs to the snakes, they in two days were in possession of four hundred snake skins, which they sent to Boston by express. Three days later they received a telegram from the druggist asking that no more be sent as the skins he had received would last him over a year. The boys realized something over three hundred dollars.

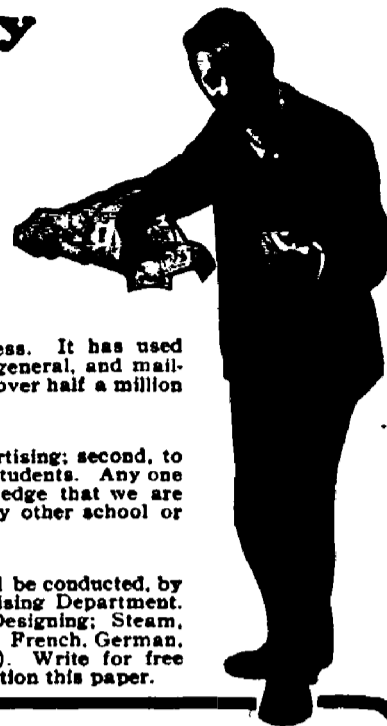
Not Concerned. Papa—Come, Johnny, be a man. A fall is nothing. I didn't cry when I fell down yesterday. Johnny—Neither did I.—Boston Transcript.

He who Mrs. to take a kiss, Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

Three Hundred Dollars for Snake Skins.

A certain druggist in Boston offered to the farmers and lumbermen at Tilden, Me., twenty five to fifty cents for every skin of the Down East Water Snake they could send him. He had a great demand for them from customers who made them into belts and wore them around their waists next to the skin as a cure for rheumatism. Not getting many of the skins, the druggist increased his offer to seventy five cents for whole skins, which were four feet in length. One day in August last three boys near Tilden were building fires at the mouth of a cave at the end of a pond, and trying to smoke out a score or more of hedgehogs which were inside. While doing so they noticed that water snakes were swimming down the brook which emerged from the cave. It was then that they

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PAT'D. JUNE 24-1902.

The St. Bernard Hospice — By C. E. Johnstone

EVERYONE is familiar with those magnificent specimens of the canine tribe, the huge St. Bernard dogs, and most of us have heard stories of their devotion and courage in going out into the snow to rescue travelers who have lost their way upon the snow-covered mountains.

It is not everyone, however, who is prepared to say exactly where these dogs come from, and the majority of us, if pressed for details, would probably find that "somewhere in the Alps" would be about as near as we could get to it.

As a matter of fact, the Great St. Bernard will be passed by anyone who is fortunate enough to have an opportunity of making that exceedingly interesting trip—the tour of Mont Blanc. Passing by Contamines, Mottet, and Courmayeur, the traveler will reach Aosta, and in proceeding thence to Martigny, he will probably decide to take the road over the Great St. Bernard.

This road is in itself of considerable historical interest. About a hundred years ago Napoleon wished to force a passage over this pass, but was assured by his engineers that such a feat was quite impossible. Undismayed, however,

a storehouse, which can also be made available as a dwelling in case of emergency, and for the accommodation of the poorer travelers.

Another important building contains the kennels of the sagacious animals, who are by no means the least famous portion of the establishment.

There are only about a dozen monks in this Hospice, others of the same order being found on the Simplon Pass and in the Rhone Valley at Martigny.

Some idea of the intense cold in winter may be gathered from the fact that even in summer there is generally a thin coating of ice over the small lake near the monastery. As a result the climate is very trying, and the monks, as a rule, are only able to stand it for a very few years, after which they are compelled to go down into the warmer climate of Martigny.

It has hitherto been the custom for guests to be entertained for the night at the Hospice free of charge, though an alms box is provided, into which travelers are invited to drop their contributions. Such is the meanness of human nature that in many cases the offering thus made is very much less than would



THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD AND THEIR DOGS.

by their assurances, he persevered in his attempt, and actually succeeded in making his way over this height, which was considered impassable, only a few weeks before he fought the famous battle of Marengo, from which his well-known horse took its name.

Not far from this road of Napoleon's, at a height of over eight thousand feet above the sea, stands the Hospice of St. Bernard, the name of which is known all over the world, on account of the work done by the monks who live there, aided by their faithful dogs.

These dogs came originally from the Spanish Pyrenees, but in more recent times they have been crossed with a strain of Newfoundland. They have a wonderful instinct for tracking out travelers who are lost in the snow, and they generally carry with them a compact parcel of provisions and restoratives, as well as a coil of rope in case of need.

The Hospice itself consists of two separate buildings, one being the actual monastery, with the chapel, the monks' cells, and the accommodation for travelers, while the other is used chiefly as

he paid for similar accommodation at an hotel.

Many distinguished guests have passed the night in this lofty monastery, including King Edward VII., who presented the monks with the piano, which is one of their most treasured possessions.

The illustration shows the monks standing upon the steps with their faithful dogs in front of them. Unfortunately, the latter could not be induced to turn away from their beloved masters to face the camera, and consequently only their backs are visible.

The Father Superior is the one standing bare-headed below the two topmost monks, and he may be recognized by the double row of white round his neck, as distinguished from the single one which all the others have.

As a result of the great increase in the number of travelers and (one fears) the deterioration in their style of behavior, the monks of the St. Bernard Hospice have reluctantly decided to give up taking in the visitors, whom they have hitherto entertained so hospitably and willingly.

Intensive Reading.

A Chicago merchant found his office boy often engaged in reading in such an absorbed way that he determined to encourage such a good habit, thinking the reading was beneficial. On questioning the boy, he was astonished to find what had occupied all his spare time and asked him for a list of the books he had read recently. Here is an exact copy of the list as written in the boy's own hand. In spite of numerous repetitions it should be read through, for only in this way can one get the full, cumulated effect. I copy as accurately as possible. The numbers probably refer to certain volumes in some series or "library":

- 1 James Boys or the Bandit Last Shot
- 2 Chasing the James Boys or a Detective Dangerous Case
- 3 The James Boys and Pinkerton or Frank and Jesse as Detective
- 4 The Man from nowhere and his adventures with Jesse
- 5 Jesse James and Siroc or a chase for a horse
- 6 The James Boys in Texas
- 25 The James Boys in deadwood
- 30 The James Boys Blunder
- 35 The James Boys in Danger.
- 40 The James Boys Mistake
- 45 The James Boys Island
- 50 The James Holdest Raid
- 55 The James Boys dead Shot
- 60 The James Boys and the Box of diamonds
- 65 The James Boys Bad Luck

67 The James Boys Surrender or Carl Greens First Triumph

68 The James Boy in the Mountain or Carl Greene the detective Great Surprise

The Bradys and the Factory Girl or a Secret of a Poison Envelope.

This is what you might call concentrated or intensive reading. There is no scattering over the broad field of adventurous heroes. With one exception, in which he has gone astray on the Bradys and the Factory Girl, the devoted young student has been as steady to his subject as ever Carlyle was to the adventurous Frederick or Macaulay to the adventurous William or Professor Sloan to the adventurous Napoleon. He deserves this meed of praise. He has followed the advice so often given to youthful readers not to scatter their reading, but to choose some subject and read it up thoroughly.

The writing shows that the boy is not wholly illiterate, for, while he has no marks for punctuation or the possessive, every word is spelled correctly. He has probably gone through the sixth grade of a public school, perhaps higher, and he is a type of thousands. We are turning them out in great numbers, destined to vex the souls of Harvard's presidents years to come. We are teaching them the simple art of reading, but either from not holding the pupil long enough or from some internal defect we are not teaching taste and judgment. President Eliot said lately that the products of our schools love cheap shows and gaudy literature.—The Public.

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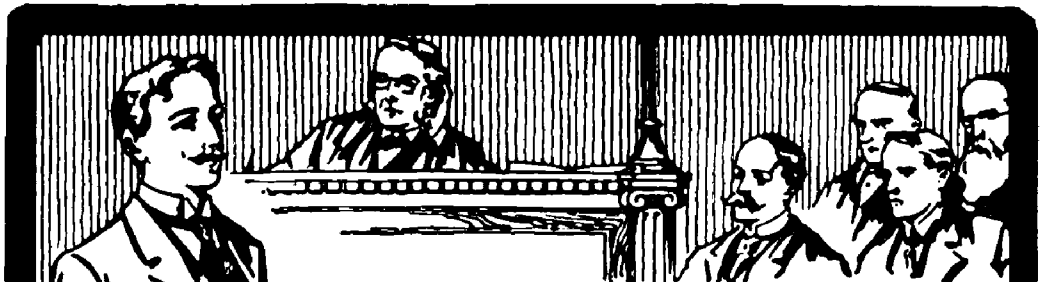
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HOW TO BECOME STRONG

IN EIGHT PARTS—PART ONE

VERY boy's first thought, when he considers athletics, is to get a big muscle. Of all the muscles of the body that can be made big by exercise, he prizes most highly the biceps, the muscle on the upper arm, and most boys are content once they are able to show an "egg" when they bend their arm and make the biceps tense.

Now of all parts of the human anatomy, the muscles are the easiest to develop, and of all the muscles it is the most easy to develop the biceps.

Any boy, no matter how puny he may be, can develop his muscles, or any set of them, so that they will be big enough to command respect anywhere. And he can do it in an amazingly short time if he will stick to it and work steadily.

Steady work is the secret. To do hard exercises for a few days until you are completely tired out, and then to do nothing at all for a few succeeding days, is useless. The muscle grows, not from

under the impression that you will rob the arm of the work that you wish to give it. The more you can make all the muscles act in conjunction, the more you will be making a real athlete of yourself and—the better it will be for that biceps muscles.

As a matter of fact, the biceps muscle is often a great fraud. Lots of boys and men who can show huge ones aren't strong enough in the rest of the body to be worth mentioning.

Sailors, soldiers, hunters and other men who work for their living in similar conditions, do not develop the huge biceps muscles of the boxer or the dumb-bell shover. But in a day's march or a day's work on ship they could do a hundred things, each calling on a different set of muscles, and do them without becoming tired, while the boxer would be limp as a rag if he tried to keep pace with them.

A big biceps muscle alone is almost worthless. The arm is only a tool. To use it properly, there must be leverage behind it. And that leverage is furnished, not by the biceps muscles, but by the abdominal and shoulder muscles.

Hold your arm straight out before you, put your fingers under a fixed object and lift upwards without bending the arm. Where does the strain come?

You will feel some of it on the biceps muscle, but you will also notice that it is largely the strain needed to hold your arm out straight. The real lifting strain comes on the muscles of the abdomen. You will find that you cannot lift the object without making your abdomen hard and rigid.

Stoop forward without bending your legs and pull at some heavy object as if you wished to lift it. Now, although your arm is doing the lifting work directly, there is no strain on it at all. It is your back that must do the work.

Lift your weight with both hands, and you will feel a powerful strain on your loins and the muscles of your waist. If you are weak there, the biggest biceps in the world would not help you to raise yourself clean and fair many times.

The arm is used so much by every human being that in ninety-nine persons out of a hundred it is much stronger in proportion than any other part of the body, except, perhaps, the legs. And naturally, in the case of boys who have not indulged in any athletic exercises, this disproportion is still greater than it is in the case of those who have developed the other muscles to some extent at least.



being subjected to heavy strains, but from being moved constantly.

Motion makes muscle. That is lesson No. 1 to remember.

Motion exercises can be used for the biceps more readily than for any other muscle. You can exercise the biceps and other arm muscles even when walking along the street. Merely hold your arms fairly rigid so as to make all the muscles tense and then open and shut your hands in rapid succession.

For the biceps alone, the most simple exercise is to brace both upper arms very firmly to the sides of the body, exercising enough pressure to squeeze the ribs soundly. Then bring the lower arm with fists tightly clenched swiftly up as far as you can double it without moving the upper arms. Do this a few hundred times in succession at least once a day and you will find that your biceps is beginning to take on the noble knots and bumps of a champion strong man.

But remember that in this exercise, as in practically every other, the best part of the result is not attained if you are lazy enough to do it with flabby and lax muscles. You must clinch your fists and brace your arms as they would be strained if you were trying to lift a heavy weight.

"Laziness" is the secret of the non-success of most persons who try athletics and fail to develop any really satisfactory muscle. By this is meant not the laziness that makes a person loaf and dodge work, but the unconscious laziness that makes him use only one muscle or only one set of muscles for work that should be done by the use of all the muscles.

Lots of boys and men exercise in gymnasiums without really straining their muscles. They PULL at heavy weights and at apparatus instead of LIFTING. They PUSH the punching bag instead of STRIKING. They FLOUNDER up the rope of the inclined ladder instead of CLIMBING.

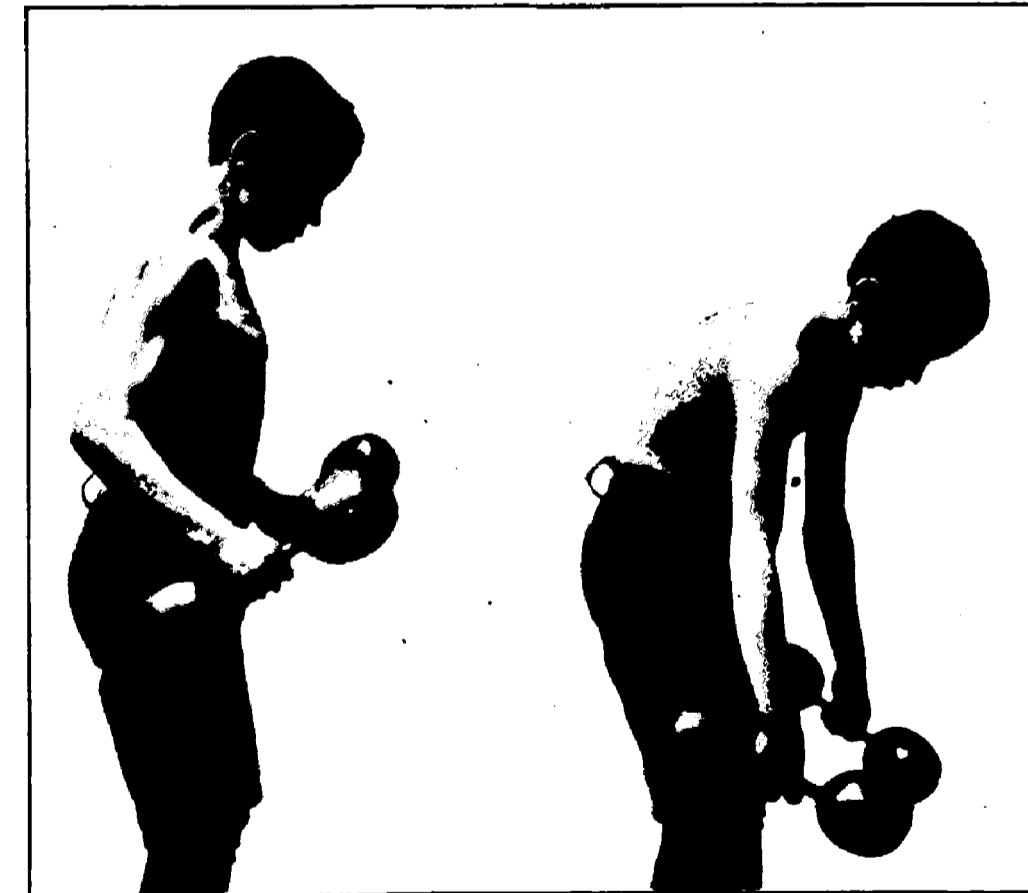
So, if a boy thinks that he is doing the short arm exercise just described when he stands slouched and loose-jointed, and flaps his arms up and down, he is extremely mistaken. He is not doing athletics. He is "lazing" even while he imagines that he is working like a Trojan.

An objection to this short arm exercise is that it does not do more than to exercise the biceps muscle. Therefore, the use of light weights in both hands is to be recommended.

Many professional athletic instructors advise against the use of dumb-bells weighing more than one-half pound, but there is no real reason why a boy of average muscular strength should not use one or two-pound dumb-bells with advantage.

As soon as any such weight is used with the short arm exercise, you will find that your abdominal muscles are called on suddenly and strongly. And that is even a greater advantage than the advantage to the arm muscles.

Now don't make the mistake that is made by many men and boys of trying to avoid the use of the abdominal muscle



Therefore, the average boy who goes in first of all to develop his biceps muscle is developing the very part that is ahead of the other muscles in strength already.

The very best way to become a thoroughly strong person—strong in arms, shoulders, back, loins, abdomen and legs—is to engage in outdoor work. And better than mere gymnastical exercises are the exercises which are incidental to such sports as rowing, climbing trees, swimming and even fishing.

Climbing is one of the very best of all muscle-making exercises. To lift one's weight taxes every muscle from the neck to the ankles. The boy who becomes a good climber will never need to fear about his biceps muscle. If it should happen not to be as big as that of a boy who worked over nothing else, it will still be big enough, and in addition

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all the other muscles will be equal to it.

A good climber is almost always the kind of athlete who makes a good wrestler. This is because climbing not only tests the strength as no mere exercises can do, but it makes the eye and hand quick. Unless it is overdone, it creates "quick" muscles, that is, muscles that are not only strong, but active and swift to respond.

Rowing is an exercise that ruins the symmetrical body of many persons every year and turns out round-shouldered, shambling men, because it is done wrong. There is no more certain test of a lazy person than to watch him row. If he sits squatted in the boat with his shoulders rounded and pulls only with his arm and shoulder muscles, be sure that he is lazy—too lazy to make his backbone support his own weight, too lazy to use his thighs and loins, too lazy to do his work right.

In rowing properly, the thwart or seat

that, the heart is taxed severely whenever it is called on to help those poor lonely biceps muscles to do an unfair share of labor. And then, before long, the whole body will be filled with the waste materials that produce the condition known as "fatigue."

So anything that tends to make one organ or muscle of the body do an unequal share of work demands more draught from the furnace than would be needed if the work were done right. And that means more piling up of the ashes or waste material than those busy stokers—the pores of the skin and lungs—can throw out. Then you are tired. If you have overdone it, you will fall helpless. You are poisoned with waste material.

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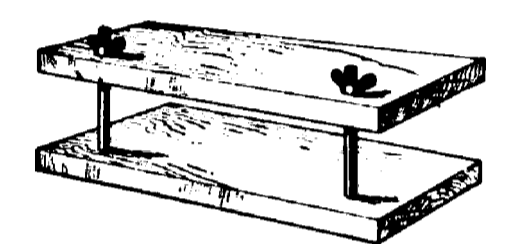
ADVERTISE IN THE AMERICAN BOY.

Every Boy His Own Bookbinder

By F. A. HASSLER

Boys, did you ever watch a workman making something and not think "I could do that if I had a chance?" This has often been my feeling. Some thirty years ago I took a book to one of the best bookbinders of Philadelphia to have him rebind it. He kindly allowed me to watch the process and ever after I have been my own bookbinder. I have bound books in the simplest manner possible in very elaborate style, and some of my leather bound books stitched and covered in the sixties are as good now as when first placed on my shelves. It may be not only a pleasure to yourselves, but how delighted you might make your mother, or a dear friend, by the gift of a book you have bound out and out with your own hands. And then, again, you may buy a book in paper covers for a few cents which would cost over a dollar if nicely bound, and for a few more cents and a little time and care you can make it equal, if not superior, to the high priced volume. Perhaps you will think I am an enthusiast on the subject. Well I am. I believe in enthusiasm on any subject worth undertaking. A boy or a man who is not enthusiastic over his work will not succeed. Remember the man who said he did not make a good hammer. He made the best hammer that could be made. Always aim at perfection in whatever you do and you will hit a high mark if not the highest.

I will suppose that you have an old book you wish to rebind. By rebinding I do not mean simply putting new backs on, but binding out and out. The first thing to do is to make yourself a stitching rack. This is very simple and if you are handy with tools you can make one in a few minutes. The accompanying figure will give you a good idea of the rack. Take a piece of smooth board say eight inches wide by twelve long for a base. To this fasten at one edge, not far from the ends, two uprights about three quarters of an inch square and four inches long. These can be fastened on with a wire nail driven through the board and firmly set with glue; or the board may have a square piece cut out of its edge so that the posts can be securely fastened in. These posts numbered 3 in the figure, are then to be connected by a strip about half an inch thick, going from post to post. Now if you only wish to bind small books your rack is complete. But if you desire to stitch large ones you must cut out a piece of the base board until the working edge is on a line with the inner edge of the posts as shown in the figure. The spot marked "guide post" in the figure shows where a post may be set up if you wish to get the top of your book perfectly smooth, but the same result may be accomplished by diving in a wire nail, or by taking great care when placing sheets for stitching. Now your rack is complete and ready for use.



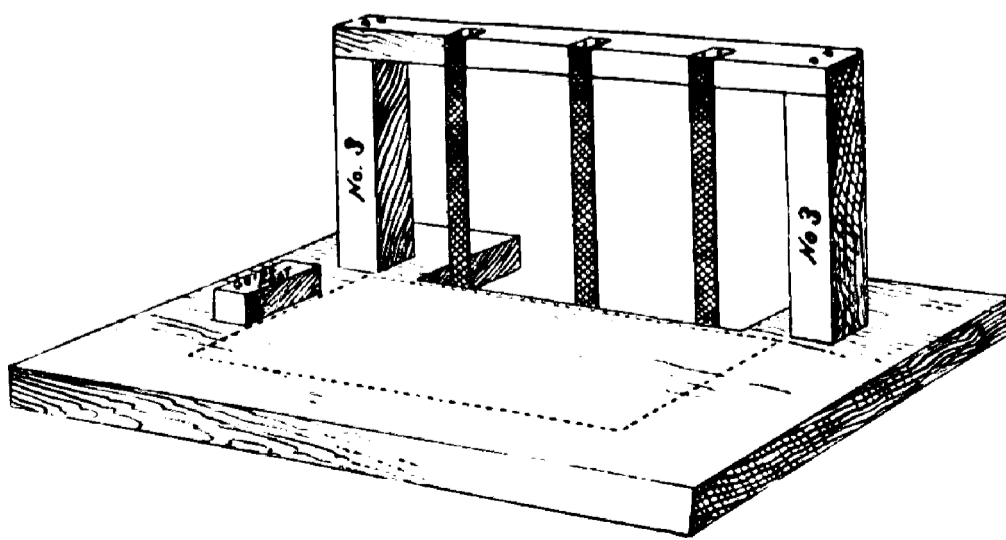
When I have taught any of my young friends to bind their own books I have always advised them to begin with some old volume about which they cared very little, so I would advise you. A book is made up, as you doubtless know, of printed sheets, these sheets being so folded as to form the different sizes known as folio, octavo, etc., about which it is not necessary to trouble your mind. But remember that the smaller the book, the greater number of times the sheet of paper has been folded, the greater number of leaves you can stitch at a time and, therefore, for small books your stitching thread should be stronger than for larger ones. Take your old book to pieces carefully, and if it is not a modern wire bound one you will have no difficulty in doing this. The places where you should divide the different portions that are to be stitched at one time depends on the size of the book. Take an octavo for instance. The sheet is folded so that it makes eight leaves, and if you examine such a book you will generally find a figure 2 at the bottom of the ninth page, a 3 at the bottom of the seventeenth page, and so on. So if you cut the old thread you can separate the book into its original sheets. Keep these in their proper order and cut four or six others of plain paper for the first and last leaves of your book. These folded sheets are sometimes called "forms" and for convenience I will use this word when speaking of them.

Take a piece of tape (bookbinders generally use brown twine) and turning your rack over, with small tacks fasten the end about an inch from the edge of the board, bring it up and, pulling it as tight as possible, tack it to the cross bar as seen in the figure. Repeat this operation twice more, placing the tapes so that one will be in the middle and one near each end of the book you intend to bind. If you do not get the tapes very tight you may find it convenient to make them stiff with glue. I do this with all the books I bind. At this time I am just finishing a volume of Munsey's magazine and for such a large book the tapes must be firm and stiff.

Now then, we will begin. Place the rack before you on a table with your forms at your right hand. Get a common, large needle, and, if the book is large, No. 10 linen thread, and tie the end of the thread to the bottom of the right-hand tape. Lay the first form of fly leaves on the board, run the needle through them on the right side of the right-hand tape and bring it back on the same side of the middle one, pushing it through again on the left of the middle tape and returning it on the right side of the last tape as seen by the arrows in the figure. Press the form down, and if your book is large I advise you to run a brush along the edge of it, giving it a slight coating of paste. I always do this with all books, but regular bookbinders do not. It cannot hurt the book and certainly makes it much stronger. The first form having been stitched, lay on the next which contains the title and the first few pages and proceed to stitch it, bringing your needle over the left tape and coming back to the tape where you begin. Continue this process, pressing the forms down carefully each time, until your book is stitched. Take out your tacks (I always stick them back with slight force so that they will be ready for the next stitching) and remove the book from the rack. The first process is done.

Now if you have a carpenter's vise the rest of the work is easy, but if not you can make a press for yourself. Get two pieces of board about sixteen inches long, and two bolts about six inches long, and nuts; if I have thumb nuts I use them. If not I use the ordinary nuts and wrench. You can see at a glance how the press is made if you examine the figure. If you use a carpenter's vise all you want will be two pieces of board between which to press your book. Put your newly stitched book between the boards of your press, screw up quite tight, take a broad hammer or a wooden mallet and round the back. This done, screw it very tight, procure a piece of muslin (any old piece, if strong, will do), and glue it firmly to the back. This muslin should be wide enough to hang over at each side from one to two inches so that you can glue the sides on later. Should you be doing fancy work you now glue a cord covered with silk, satin, or other pretty stuff at the top and bottom of the book. Examine some fine book and you will see what I mean.

In an article in the April, 1900 number of THE AMERICAN BOY you have been told by another how to put on elaborate backs, therefore it will be unnecessary for me to give you directions. After your glue has hardened you can put on the backs by gluing them between the tapes and the muslin and then covering them with any material you wish.



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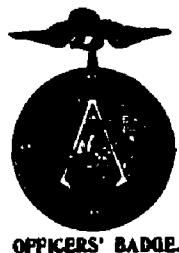
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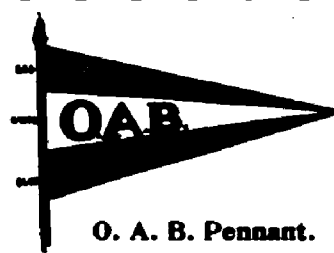


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FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS.

EVERY ENERGETIC AMERICAN BOY SHOULD BE A MEMBER OF "THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY."



O. A. B. Pennant.

COMPANY NEWS.

THE HERMES COMPANY, No. 16, Concordia, Kas., has a nice club room 16x16 feet. It has twenty books in its library and will soon have its charter framed. The Captain promises us a picture of the Company.—**BOMAZEEN COMPANY, No. 7, Madison, Me.,** is named in honor of one of the great Indian chiefs of Maine. This Company will celebrate Grand Rally Day.—**HAWKEYE ATHLETIC CLUB COMPANY, No. 30, Spencer, Ia.,** held its election of officers on Monday, March 30, at the home of J. W. Cory, when the following officers were elected: Captain, Ralph Comstock; Secretary, Leonard Reed; Treasurer, John Cory.—**ABE LINCOLN COMPANY, No. 21, Kittanning, Pa.,** celebrated Grand Rally Day in fine style. At 8 o'clock p. m., the members of the Company met at the home of Captain Thomas C. North, where the following program was rendered: Recitation, Thomas C. North; essay, Elmer E. Tinstman; dialogue, Thomas C. North, Elmer E. Tinstman and Edward McIlwain; soprano solo, Miss Beatrice North. The Company has a fine orchestra composed of the following: Lynn North, violin; Thomas C. North, cornet; Edward McIlwain, violin; Miss Beatrice North, piano. The Secretary writes, "The officers are all nice looking boys, including myself, of course."—**GENERAL WARREN COMPANY, No. 26, Warren, Me.,** will have its charter framed as soon as it has money enough in the treasury. Company dues, twenty cents per month, with a fine of five cents for absence from meetings without good excuse, and also for the use of profane language.—**GOLDEN ROD COMPANY, No. 11, Topeka, Kans.,** is progressing finely. Meetings are held at the homes of the members on Tuesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Dues, five cents per month. A great deal of time is devoted to literary work, a program being carried out at every meeting. At a party given by this Company recently it had as souvenirs little ribbons bearing the following: "O. A. B. for M. M. M." The Captain writes that the grown people of Topeka are very much interested in the Order. The boys will soon form an orchestra.—**GOLDEN GATE COMPANY, No. 16, Alameda, Cal.,** is an athletic company.—**WHITE OWL COMPANY, No. 16, Danville, Ind.,** held an entertainment recently at North Center School House, clearing \$5. We have the promise of a picture soon.—**BENJAMIN HARRISON COMPANY, No. 20, Canton, O.,** held its semi-annual election of officers in March, when the following officers were chosen to take office April 1: Captain, R. R. Cordray; Vice Captain, C. E. Flala; Secretary, Ernest Flala; Treasurer, Paul Reinkendorff; Librarian, George Webber. This Company has a club room where meetings are held every Monday evening. Dues, fifteen cents per month. It has subscribed to one weekly and two monthly magazines.—**WILLIAM B. ALLISON COMPANY, No. 20, Webster City, Ia.,** has a nice club room at the home of one of its members. It also has a gymnasium. The proposed Constitution and By-Laws have been adopted with a few minor changes. It expects to organize a good baseball team, as it is composed of some of the best players and fastest runners for their size in the town. The boys are going to have uniforms and will then have a group picture taken. This Company is interested in fencing and will soon purchase a fencing outfit. All the members excepting one are newsboys earning a dollar a week delivering papers.—**FORT JENKINS COMPANY, No. 15, West Pittston, Pa.,** holds its meetings at the home of Treasurer Olds MacMillan on the second and last Saturdays of each month at 10 o'clock a. m. This is an athletic and literary company. It has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws, and has passed a law against smoking, chewing and swearing. It has organized a basketball team and will organize baseball and football teams a little later. It recently held a debate on the following question: Resolved, That Ulysses S. Grant was a greater general than Robert E. Lee. The question was decided in favor of the negative. This Company has a library of forty five books.—**OHIO VALLEY COMPANY, No. 28, Bellaire, O.,** comes out with a very handsome letterhead. It has about twelve dollars in its treasury.—**BUCKEYE COMPANY, No. 29, Cleveland, O.,** expects to celebrate Grand Rally Day. It held its first meeting on Tuesday evening, April 14. It will have its charter framed, and as soon as it gets its club room fixed up will send us a picture of same.—**CRATER LAKE COMPANY, No. 12, Jacksonville, Ore.,** has a fine library of over fifty good books. Professor Washburn is the company counsel.—**BAY STATE COMPANY, No. 7, Springfield, Mass.,** has a large room in the Y. M. C. A. building, where meetings are held. The room is well heated and furnished with electric lights and gas.

The Order of The American Boy

A NATIONAL NON-SECRET SOCIETY FOR AMERICAN BOYS.
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF "THE AMERICAN BOY."

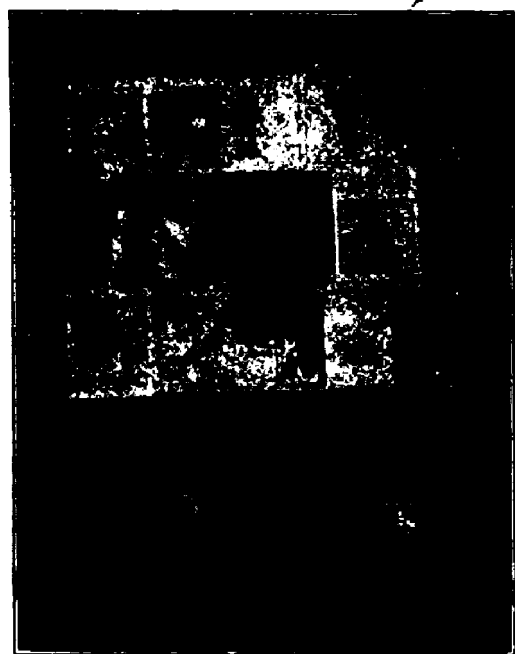
Object:—The Cultivation of Manliness in Muscle, Mind and Morals.

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.

Boys desiring to Organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.

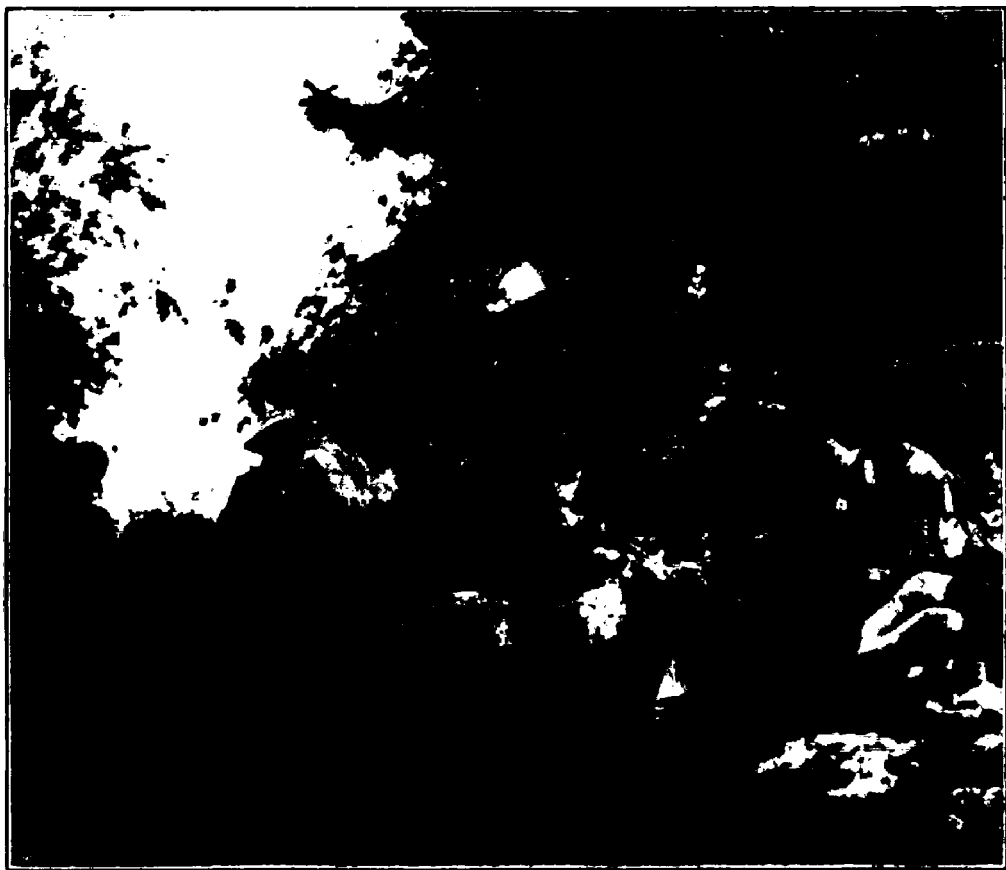
It has had its charter framed and has recently subscribed for The Boy's Own Paper, published in England.—**OXFORD COMPANY, No. 30, Grayville, Ill.,** has a fine library of seventy five books. A literary program is held once a month.—**WHITE OWL COMPANY, No. 16, Danville, Ind.,** is progressing finely. Meetings are held weekly in its club room, which is located upstairs on the west side of Public Square.—**NOW OR NEVER COMPANY, No. 7, Woodbury, N. J.,** on Saturday, April 4, held a magic lantern entertainment, charging an admission fee of two cents and clearing \$1.78. On Saturday evening, April 25, a banquet was held and enjoyed by the boys very much. It has a small library.—**SENATOR O'NEIL COMPANY, No. 15, Washburn, Wis.,** at its first meeting held a fine program consisting of singing, recitations, and a debate on the following question: Resolved, that the Revolutionary War was more beneficial in its results to the country than the Civil War.—**WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH COMPANY, No. 46, Rockford, Mich.,** holds its meetings every second Tuesday evening at the homes of the members. It has a small library, the books having been contributed by the members.—**WILL CARLETON COMPANY, No. 37, Mason, Mich.,** is very proud of the fact that a history of its organization, together with the list of members and rules was put in the corner stone of the new Ingham County Court House, a \$60,000 building, in May. At a recent meeting papers on Washington and Lincoln were read.—**THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S COMPANY, No. 47, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.,** has at this writing \$7.35 in its treasury. It has a baseball team and a fine baseball outfit consisting of uniforms with caps and stockings, gloves and bats, etc.—**GENERAL LEW WALLACE COMPANY, No. 10, Brazil, Ind.,** holds its meetings on Friday evenings. Dues fifteen cents a month. This is an athletic company.

It has a fine baseball team, having played four games so far this season, winning in each case. It hopes soon to have a gymnasium.—**NEMAHA VALLEY COMPANY, No. 11, Auburn, Neb.,** holds its meetings weekly at the homes of the members. It hopes soon to have a club room. It has purchased a baseball and glove and has about \$2.50 in its treasury.—**T. W. TAYLOR COMPANY, No. 26, Louisville, O.,** now occupies a large room which it furnished itself. The walls are nicely painted and decorated with many beautiful pictures. There is a nice new carpet on the floor and a set of new chairs, and the Captain says they have received many compliments on the homelike appearance of their room. Meetings are held on Monday evenings, but the room is open to members at all times. Company dues, ten cents per week. On the evening of April 24, Dr. D. W. Sprinkle gave a lecture on "Andersonville Prison" under the auspices of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. The company hoped to realize from this lecture enough money, together with what it already had, to pay the expense of furnishing its club room, which amounted to about thirty dollars.—**JAMES LANE COMPANY, No. 8, Yates Center, Kans.,** played a game of baseball on Saturday, April 11, with a local team, winning by a score of 37 to 18. It has not been defeated this season in baseball, football or basket ball—a pretty good record. It recently moved its club room from under the bank to a room over a store.—**STAR OF THE WEST COMPANY, No. 4, Elgin, Ore.,** has secured a club room. During the summer months meetings will be held on the second Saturday of each month.—**WILLIAM MCKINLEY COMPANY, No. 22, Canton, O.,** holds its meetings on the first and third Friday evenings in each month. Dues, ten cents per month, the dues being collected at the last meeting in each month. It is the purpose of this



WE'RE AMERICAN BOYS TOGETHER.
Photo by Ralph Brandon, Prairie Depot, Ohio

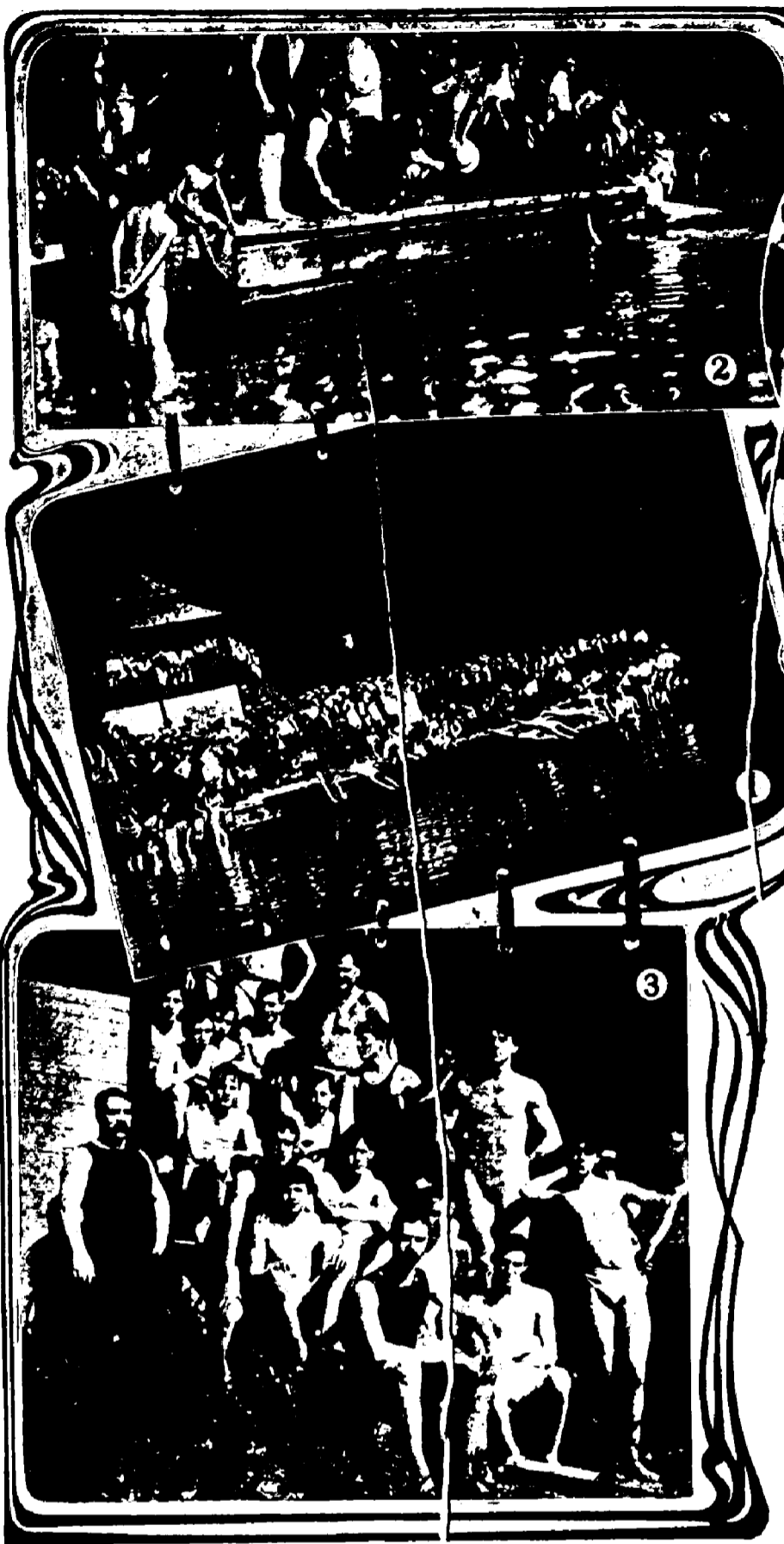
Company to form itself into a military company as soon as it has sufficient members.—**CONVENTION HALL OF KANSAS CITY COMPANY, No. 10, Kansas City, Mo.,** has decided to turn its attention to literary pursuits.—**HARDMAN PHILIPS COMPANY, No. 22, Phillipsburg, Pa.,** holds its meetings weekly. It has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws. This Company expects to have a strong baseball team this spring.—**GEORGE W. JACKSON COMPANY, No. 6, Idaho Springs, Colo.,** has fixed up a club room at the home of one of its members. It has a fine library.—**DEARBORN COMPANY, No. 9, Dearborn, Mich.,** holds its meetings on Friday evenings at the homes of the various members. It has organized a baseball team.—**JOHN L. BATES COMPANY, No. 15, Winchester, Mass.,** holds its meetings on Monday evenings. Dues five cents per month. At present meetings are held at the homes of the members, but the Company hopes soon to have a club room. It has a baseball team. This Company has a ping pong set and a number of other games.—**ABE LINCOLN COMPANY, No. 21, Kittanning, Pa.,** has a library of twelve books, which have been donated by the members. It has had its charter framed and has a set of boxing gloves, punching bag, etc.—**SANTA FE COMPANY, No. 3, Chase, Kans.,** holds its meetings once a month.—**GOLD NUGGET COMPANY, No. 5, Cripple Creek, Colo.,** is one of the prosperous Companies of the Order. It has a fine club room in the Masonic building and has had its charter framed in a handsome gilt frame. It has a small library to which it hopes to add more books soon, and has \$2.50 in its treasury. The Company will hold a banquet soon.



ROGUE RIVER COMPANY, NO. 14, DIVISION OF OREGON, O. A. B.,
In camp seven miles above Grant Pass on the Rogue River. The time during the camping excursion was spent in fishing, hunting, swimming, and getting sunburnt.

New Companies Organized.

MOUNTAIN STATE COMPANY, No. 6, Division of West Virginia, Elk Garden, W. Va.
ELECTRIC CITY COMPANY, No. 27, Division of New York, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
GENERAL U. S. GRANT COMPANY, No. 7, Division of West Virginia, Grantsville, W. Va.
ARIZONA NAVAJO COMPANY, No. 1, Division of Arizona, Winslow, Ariz.
SALEM'S BEST COMPANY, No. 12, Division of Nebraska, Dakota, Neb.
STEPHEN DECATUR COMPANY, No. 28, Division of New York, Brooklyn, N. Y.
RED JACKET COMPANY, No. 35, Division of Iowa, Hedrick, Ia.
SITTING BULL COMPANY, No. 29, Division of New York, Chatham, N. Y.
MAGIC CITY COMPANY, No. 5, Division of Alabama, Birmingham, Ala.
GOLDEN RULE ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 11, Division of Minnesota, Hendrum, Minn.
CRACKER JACK COMPANY, No. 36, Division of Illinois, Mason City, Ill.
WYANDOT COMPANY, No. 44, Division of Ohio, Carey, O.
ROBERT E. LEE COMPANY, No. 3, Division of Mississippi, Meridian, Miss.
DAVENPORT HAWK EYE COMPANY, No. 36, Division of Iowa, Davenport, Ia.
DAKOTA PRAIRIE COMPANY, No. 6, Division of South Dakota, Platte, S. D.
CANADIAN COMPANY, No. 4, Division of Canada, Chatham, Ont.
AMERICAN STAR COMPANY, No. 4, Division of Ohio, Strasburg, O.
FORWARD COMPANY, No. 10, Division of Colorado, Denver, Colo.
SPOKANE COMPANY, No. 6, Division of Washington, Spokane, Wash.
WILD WEST COMPANY, No. 13, Division of Nebraska, Alliance, Neb.
RIVERVIEW COMPANY, No. 14, Division of Nebraska, Plattsmouth, Neb.
CRACKER JACK ATHLETIC COMPANY, No. 52, Division of Michigan, Riga, Mich.
GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD COMPANY, No. 30, Division of New York, Gerry, N. Y.
KIT CARSON COMPANY, No. 12, Division of Missouri, Bolckow, Mo.



1. Start of Novice Race.
 2. Gaul winning the one-half mile championship.
 3. Amateur Athletic Union Swimming Championship, Lafayette, Pa., Schuylkill River, August 22. The contestants.
 4. David Gaul, the seventeen-year-old boy who made a new record at the A. A. U. Swimming Championship Races at Lafayette, Pa. Gaul beat the cranks of the N. Y. A. C. and Pennsylvania University.

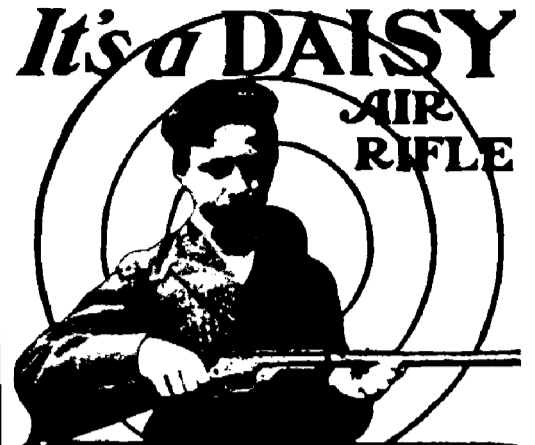
Champion Swimmers.

From the "swimming holes" of America there are destined to come in the near future some world champions. The indications are that next summer will see a tremendous impetus given to the healthy sport of swimming, for has not the championship fallen to a boy of eighteen years, David Gaul, and are not the rivals of this young man looking forward anxiously to the next contests with a view to wresting the honors from him?

Gaul has proved himself a natatorial wonder. Never having participated in any competition before the summer just passed, he has captured all the honors of the season, winning the coveted Sackett cup, which has been held for eight years by the New York Athletic Club, and breaking the American record for fifty yards, besides distancing seasoned cranks who thought they had an easy thing with the boy.

Gaul has the advantage of living within a stone's throw of the course where the swimming contests of the east are run off, that is, Lafayette on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia. The course is an ideal one, the river being practically tideless, the spot almost as secluded as the rendezvous of the urchins of American villages, and the depth from bank to bank so even as to permit of the races being started close to the shore and run almost to the farther edge of the water.

Trained by Professor Klatler, the crack swimmer of the University of Pennsylvania, Gaul sprang to the front of the natatorial procession almost at a stroke and was never headed to the finish of the contests. His success has caused the various university athletic committees to study the question of swimming more closely than they have been in the habit of doing, and in the tanks of our seats of learning there are a number of promising boys, who, it is thought, will be fit candidates for the championship next season. There is no sport more wholesome and worthy of encouragement than that of swimming, and the growing popularity of this branch of athletic contests is a welcome sign.



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- No. 5—Sentinel Repeater, automatic, 303 shot..... 1.25

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GOOD TRICKS FOR WINTER EVENINGS--FRANK H. SWEET

THIS is the season when the young folks are most susceptible to home influences. Make the long evenings pleasant for them and encourage them to bring company in, rather than to go out and seek it. A few games, some tricks and feats of magic, and a judicious assortment of periodicals, supplemented by the apples in the cellar and the nuts they have themselves gathered and stored away, will go a long way toward making them the home children you desire them to be. And to make sure, join heartily in their sports until you convince them that their pleasures are yours.

Suspend a ring by a burnt thread. To do it, soak the thread in salt, dry it, and tie it to a ring. If the thread is now burnt it will be found that the ashes of the thread will suspend the ring. A touch, however, will break the thread and allow the ring to drop to the floor.

A trick that will excite considerable curiosity is an egg prepared as follows: Fill a quill with quicksilver, seal it at both ends with good strong wax, then have an egg hulled, take a small piece of the shell off the small end and thrust in the quill with the quicksilver; lay the egg down, and it will not cease tumbling about as long as there is any heat in it. Or, if you put quicksilver into a small bladder, blow it out and then warm the bladder. It will jump about as long as it remains warm.

To melt steel: Heat a piece of steel in the fire until it is red hot; then, holding it with a pair of pincers, or tongs, take in the other hand a stick of brimstone and touch the piece of steel with

it. Immediately after the contact you will see the steel melt and drop like a liquid.

Another odd thing is melting a coin in a walnut shell. Place the coin in half a walnut shell and fill the shell with a mixture of three parts of dry, powdered nitre, one part of flour of sulphur and a little sawdust, well sifted. Light it and when the mixture is melted it will be seen that the coin is also melted, the shell not having sustained any injury.

Nothing in the world is more like "bottled moonshine" than phosphoric oil. A light without heat! Astonishing, but it is so. The light emitted by phosphoric oil is an unearthly, spiritual kind of light. However near we are to its luminous influence, it nevertheless always appears to be at a distance. As it is possible that light from this source will have a practical application in places where the common artificial light would be dangerous, we shall explain the process of making it for the benefit of our readers, many of whom perhaps may live to see the phosphoric lamp used in dangerous mines. For experiment, take a thin glass vial, about half fill it with olive oil, then drop into it a piece of phosphorous the size of a bean. Now place the bottle in boiling hot water until the oil is quite hot, shake it now and then, and the phosphorous will dissolve. Keep the vial corked and let it get cold. Whenever you want a little moonshine, take the cork out of the bottle, shake the oil and there will be light. A brilliant light from steel may be made in this manner: Pour into a watch glass a little sulphuret of carbon and

light it. Hold in the flame a brush of steel wire and it will burn beautifully. A watch spring may also be burned in it.

An interesting experiment may be made with liquid layers. Everybody knows that some liquids are lighter than others, but there is nothing like an actual experiment to illustrate this important principle of physics to boys and girls, or to grown up people either, for that matter.

The experiment here described may be made by any careful young person, and it is well worth making, if only for the amusement it will afford. Get a tall wine glass and into it pour cold, sweetened coffee to a depth of half an inch.

Then make a cone of writing paper, with a very small opening at the lower end, and bend that end until it makes a right angle with the cone. Into the cone pour water very gently and carefully, so that it will pass out of the small end against the side of the glass and thence down onto the surface of the coffee.

Make another cone and through it pour a little claret wine; then, through a fresh cone, a little salad oil, and through another fresh cone a little alcohol, making the depth of each liquid the same as that of the coffee, and being careful to let them pour from the small end of the cone against the side of the glass, and not directly down on the liquid already in the glass.

Thus you will have five layers of liquid in the glass—brown, white, red, yellow and white—and by pouring them carefully, as has been directed, they will remain separate from each other simply because their specific gravity is different

A Peculiar November Celebration

OF THE original thirteen states of the now mighty union there is hardly one which does not retain some custom of early colonial days, in the celebration of which much pride is taken.

Connecticut has many—but one in particular of which the boys are the sole perpetuators, is the observance of Thanksgiving by the burning of thousands of barrels. This celebration is peculiar to Norwich, the only city in the state and country where it is religiously observed each year. Next to the turkey dinner, the day of blessing in that city has this odd but attractive holocaust as the special feature, and on that occasion the boys run the city. It is a beautiful evening spectacle, and from every prominent elevation in the city there is a grand illumination representing the constant and arduous work of scores of boys for two months previous to Thanksgiving. It is no unusual sight to see a dozen hillsides gleaming with these fires, the gushing fire-towers belching forth their high columns of bright red flames dancing and leaping hundreds of feet skyward in their maddening haste to devour the pole-stacked barrels and suggesting a city about to be offered up by fire worshippers.

The origin of this time honored custom is a matter of speculation, but the practice is believed to have grown out of the observance of Pope or Guy Fawkes day on November 5, when, in early colonial days the effigy of the pope used to be carried about New England towns and later hung to trees or poles and burned. During the Revolutionary war out of respect to the French allies, General George Washington issued orders prohibiting such a practice. The Norwich boys were imbued with the spirit of obedience, and while it was a great sacrifice, the order was implicitly carried out. The excitement and pleasure of such a celebration returned with the next November, and to circumvent the orders the boys decided to change the date from November 5 to Thanksgiving night and to use barrels instead of effigies, thus displaying their Yankee ingenuity in getting around a deprivation and yet complying with the law.

The boys open their campaign for barrels about the first of September, and it is vigorously pursued until the torch is applied to the wooden stacks on Thanksgiving evening. The preliminary steps in opening the campaign is the organization of companies or "gangs" in every section of the city. This, as would be naturally supposed, includes every urchin from one large enough to carry a barrel to those large enough to fill them, and to be ostracized from a barrel "gang" is a direful and much lamented event in the yearly happenings of a boy's life. The company selected, the next step is the securing of a headquarters, which is generally a barn or cellar. It is not often that the gang goes so far as to elect officers to manage the affairs of the piratical band, but a "boss" soon manifests himself, and to the others honor is gradually obtained by being enrolled in Casey's gang or membership in Mulligan's chosen twelve, and other competitive tribes.

The object of the campaign is to secure as many wooden barrels, boxes, etc., as possible within the time limit. Every conceivable method is used to secure a full supply, and a conservative estimate places the number among the thousands. The eagerness to make a good showing leads the youngsters to adopt other than legitimate methods and, to use their vernacular, the greater portion of the barrels are "swiped." The annual harvest is started early, for it is then the householders are caught off their guard, and scores of tempting ash barrels are "hooked" before the residents realize the approach of Thanksgiving. The early season work consists, in a large part, of tours through the districts by daylight, to get the location of the desirable fuel, which being done, the gang makes an evening trip and "borrows" the spotted and unguarded barrels. It is often, that when the head of the family dashes out of the house in the early morning and scurries for the barrel, to deposit his ashes, he finds instead of the barrel a heap or windrow of ashes and garbage, marking the place where the receptacle once stood, and telling of the visit of the marauders.

There is but little to commend in this wholesale stealing, but as a sacrifice to the custom and because of the unique schemes employed by the boys, the older people watch the campaign's progress with no small amount of interest, and at the same time recall the happy days of their youth.

By dint of hard work, for the parents frequently mistrust, the boys leave their homes in the evening, and after reporting the barrels seen during the day, they disperse in threes and fours, to gather in the unprotected ash receivers. Armed with cotton hooks they proceed to get the lay of the land and then swoop down upon the treasures like a horde of Apaches, taking care that their actions are not observed. The barrel is quickly relieved of its contents and the largest of the party elevates it to his head and sets off for headquarters at a lively pace. Some of the most amusing scenes imaginable are afforded when the rascals are seen in their act of "swiping." When they are discovered it means a "shack" and then the little shavers make their legs fly like piston rods to outrun the

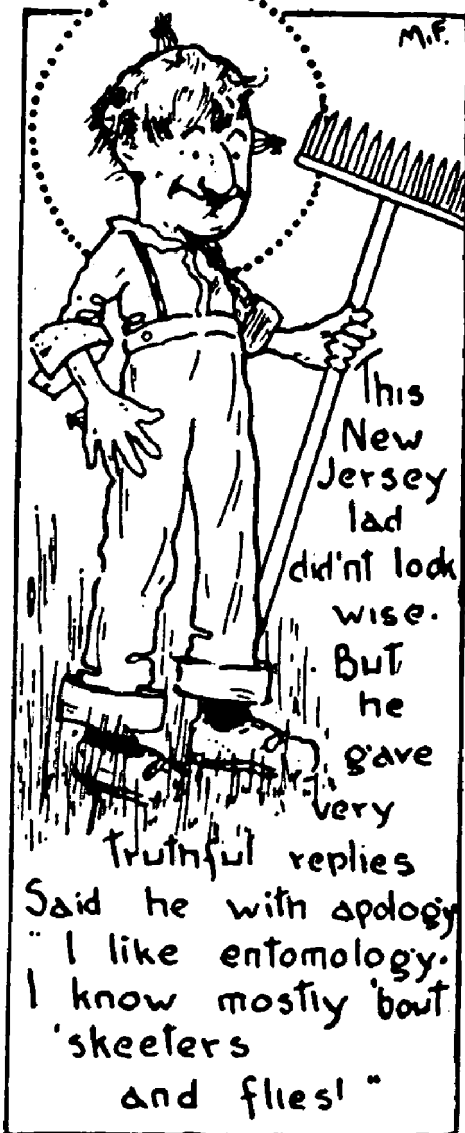
man who labors along, panting and puffing in their rear. They run and are pursued until nearly tuckered out, when the barrel is quickly dropped over a convenient hydrant or hitching post, knocking out the bottom. This leaves it in just as valuable a condition to the boys, but its usefulness to the owner is destroyed. After the man has returned home in anything but a pleasant state of mind over this clever trick, the boys return and claim the spoils. After the "shack" the boys feel relieved, for they consider the owner did not care for the barrel, or he would not have left it to their care. They are then off for the next. The next man who pursues may be a swifter runner, but they have a trick up their sleeve for him, much to his chagrin. As he pursues and is about to take hold of the boy with the barrel on his head, the youngster drops it backward, and the pursuer, stumbling over it goes sprawling in the road, and before he can recover himself another has the barrel and is safely away.

When it is known that someone is watching the receptacle, they take on extra courage and resort to strategy worthy of older heads. Two of the party generally go to the door farthest from the desired object, ring the bell and inquire for the gentleman of the house. While they are holding his attention and that of the other members of the household by soliciting a gift, the others are at work on the barrel and a whistle at the corner, signifying that it is in their possession, brings the interview to an abrupt end and the trick is done.

The boys lose no opportunities in begging barrels from housekeepers and storekeepers, but they expect and usually make a good haul when the ash cart makes its semi-weekly trip through their section. They plan to get a barrel at each stop and while the men are tugging and pulling to get a full barrel into the wagon, some urchin grabs an "empty" and is soon around the corner and out of sight. It is no unusual sight to see a maid scurrying after a number of boys with her broom in her hand, or a dog barking and biting at their feet, but nothing terrorizes them when out for plunder.

The fun is kept up by competition between the gangs, and as the season nears an end jealousy is prominently displayed and there is the warmest kind of rivalry. The temptation to gloat over their supply is great and it is quite often that the storehouse of a rival organization becomes known. Then a raid is instituted and many combustibles change hands, the combat resembling a football match.

On the morning of Thanksgiving the boys are up and out bright and early, rain or shine. Their first work is to get their poles upon which to stack the barrels. They expect to get about a dozen barrels on a pole, so that good size trees are brought into use. The gang then divides, one-half going after the poles and the other half tugging the receptacles to the hill, where they are to be burned. The poles secured, they are at



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once set into the ground and the bravest of the crowd climbs to the top, where he stands without flinching for an hour on a cross piece, drawing up the barrels one by one and dropping them over his head until the pole is full. This progresses on all poles alike until the entire supply is stacked. The boys remain about the stacks all day keeping a large fire fed with boxes and kegs.

As twilight approaches the bottom barrel is filled with excelsior or hay and liberally sprinkled with kerosene and everything is ready as soon as darkness settles down. When the stacks are lighted, one at a time, the flames roar and tear up through these wooden columns, and in a very brief interval the chimney of barrels is a glaring stream of fire reaching towards the sky to be seen for miles. It requires about twenty minutes for a stack to be consumed and whether burned singly or in a group, they afford a brilliant spectacle and attract many sightseers from neighboring towns. It is to the hard and persistent work of the boys that this big celebration is due, and the custom carried out from year to year.

A Batch of Excuses.

To show that a teacher's life is not altogether dull and uninteresting, we quote the following letters said to have been received by teachers in the Philadelphia public schools during the session that closed in June last:

Teacher: Georgie's mother got no catching illness. She got a girl. Very respectfully.

Teacher: If Louis is bad, please lick him till his eyes are blue. He is very stubborn. He has a great deal of the mule in him—he takes after his father.

Miss Brown: You must stop teachin' my Lizzie fysical torture she needs yet readin' and figurs mit sums more as that. If I want her to do jumpin' I kin make her jump.

Miss: My boy tells me that when I trink beer der overcoat from my stum-mack gets too thick. Please be so kind and don't intervere in my family affairs.

Teacher: What shall I do mit Charley? Me and my man can't nothing make of him. When we want to lick der little Imp he gets the bed far under where we can't reach him, and must put a hook on der bed room door to hold him for his licking. Please soak him in school shunt as often as you got time.

Teacher: Please excuse Henry for not coming in school, as he died from the car run-over on Tuesday. By doing so, you will greatly oblige his loving mother.

Miss Blank: Please excuse my Paul for being absent he is yet sick with Diptery and der doctors don't tink he will discover to oblige his loving aunt Mrs. —. I am his mother's sister from her first husband.

Dear Teacher: Pleas excus Fritz for staying home he had der measles to oblige his father.

Teacher: Please excuse Rachel for being away those two days her grand-mother died to oblige her mother.

Miss: Frank could not come these three wks. because he had the amonia and information of the vowels.

Teacher: You must excuse my girl for not coming to school she was sick and lade in a common done state for three days.

Rather Awkward.

During Lord Kitchener's recent triumphal procession through London a stout old gentleman was standing in front of the curb, while the volunteers were trying to force back the crowd.

The volunteer immediately in front of the stout gentleman was a slim youth of about nineteen. He made not the slightest attempt to back into the old gentleman.

Presently an officer came up and observed the situation.

"Shove that man back!" yelled the officer to the young volunteer. "Give him the butt!"

"I can't, sir!" gasped the youth. "He's my guv'nor!"

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American Boy Lyceum.

All correspondence for this department should be addressed "Editor of Lyceum," care of AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich. Do not expect personal answers, and do not look for your ideas in this department too quickly. Copy is prepared a month or more in advance of the date of publication, and plans are laid for several months in advance. But the editor wants you to write, giving your needs, your likes and dislikes, reports of debates and prize-speaking contests. He will answer your questions and will meet your needs as far as space and the general plan of the department will allow.

Outlines of Debate.

The outlines of debates and references which are appearing in this department are only suggestive. It is not claimed that they are complete or are the best that could be made. They show possible lines of thought in developing the argument. Some other line might be better for a disputant because of his reading or thought upon the question. The references are, however, to some of the best of the readily accessible material on the subject. The object of this is not to relieve the debater of the necessity of thinking, but to give such help as to furnish more time for thinking, and more material for digesting.

QUESTION.

"Resolved, That good citizenship calls for disregard of party allegiance in city elections."

Reading—The McClure's Magazine articles on city government, for the past six months or more, are of great value in showing the peculiar problems of cities. Disputants on both sides should read these articles. The magazines and papers current these first days of November are discussing this question, for it concerns the vital issues of important cities and states. After the election the effect of independent voting will be analyzed. In your reading be alert for the freshest phases of the question.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Read Bryce's American Commonwealth, I, chap. lxviii; Fiske's Civil Government, pp. 120-136; Nation, October 30, 1890; Political Science Quarterly, June, 1887.

I. 1. Local government is of most importance to good citizens in (a) its organization of police department, (b) fire department, (c) schools, and other public institutions, (d) streets, parks, etc. 2. Taxes are chiefly for local expenses and hence affect the individual citizen. 3. A city should be conducted as a business corporation. (Am. Citizen's Manual, Part I, pp. 73-83).

II. 1. Independence in municipal government leads to (a) selection of best men for office, and (b) hence to the destruction of machine rule. 2. Party allegiance leads to corruption, rings, the "boss," spoils, state meddling.

III. Non-partisan city government is the best. (a) N. Y. city under Mayor Low (see recent papers and magazines for acknowledged excellence of N. Y. city government for 1903); (b) Glasgow, Century for March, 1890.

NEGATIVE.

Read Bryce's American Commonwealth, II, chaps. lxii-lxviii; Roosevelt's Practical Politics, pp. 72, 73; Macy's Our Government, chap. xxxi; Fiske's Civil Government, page 139, for Bibliography.

1. Parties are inevitable and necessary (Macy's Our Government, chap. xxxiv.). (a) State and national parties are permanently organized. (b) They are the most convenient agencies for municipal elections. (c) Expenses are decreased. (d) Activity is encouraged. (e) Political intelligence is increased.

2. Permanent reform comes through party activity. (a) Responsibility can be fixed. (b) Factional fighting will be less than under independent action. (c) Trades and corruption follow independent action more quickly. (d) Responsibility cannot be fixed here.

III. 1. The reforms sought by independent action can be obtained within parties. Each party will criticize the other. Let the work begin in the primaries and good men be nominated for office.

One Flag For All.

By CLARK HOWELLS.

Extracts from an address at the Peace Jubilee, Chicago, November 19, 1893. Used by permission of the author.

In the mountains of my State, in a county remote from the quickening touch

of commerce and railroads and telegraph—so far removed that the sincerity of its rugged people flows unpolluted from the spring of nature—two vine-covered mounds, nestled in the solemn silence of a country church-yard, suggest the text of my response to the sentiment to which I am to speak tonight. A serious text for an occasion like this, and yet of it there is life and peace and hope and prosperity, for in the solemn sacrifice of the voiceless grave can be the chiefest lesson of the republic be learned and the destiny of its real mission be unfolded. So bear with me while I lead you to the rust-stained slab, which for a third of a century—since Chickamauga—has been kissed by the sun as it peeped over the Blue Ridge, melting the tears with which the mourning night had bedewed the inscription:

Here lies a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country.

The September day which brought the body of this mountain hero to that home among the hills which had smiled upon his infancy, been gladdened by his youth, and strengthened by his manhood, was an ever-memorable one with the sorrowing concourse of friends and neighbors who followed his shot-riddled body to the grave. And of that number no man gained the honor of his death, lacked full loyalty to the flag for which he fought, or doubted the justice of the cause for which he gave his life.

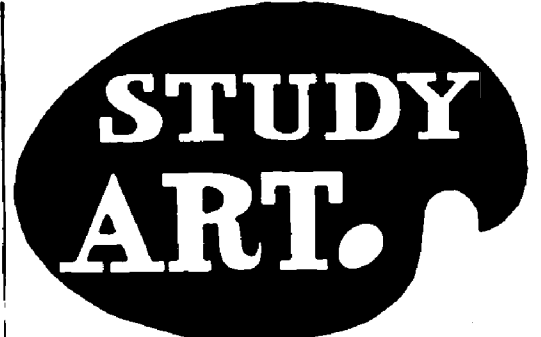
Thirty five years have passed; another war has called its roll of martyrs; again the old bell tolls from the crude, latticed tower of the settlement church; another great pouring of sympathetic humanity, and this time the body of a son, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, is lowered to its everlasting rest beside that of the father who sleeps in the Stars and Bars. There were those who stood by the grave of the Confederate hero years before, and the children of those were there, and of those present no one gainsaid the honor of the death of this hero of El Caney, and none were there but loved, as patriots alone can love, the glorious flag that enshrines the people of a common country as it enshrouds the form that will sleep forever in its blessed folds. And on this tomb will be written:

Here lies the son of a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country.

And so it is that, between the making of these two graves, human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that has baffled human will and human thought for three decades. Nations may be made by the joining of hands, but the measure of their real strength and vitality, like that of the human body, is in the heart. From whence was the proof to come, to ourselves as well as the world, that we were being moved once again by a common impulse and by the same heart that inspired and gave strength to the hands that smote the British in the days of the Revolution, and again at New Orleans; that made our ships the masters of the seas; that placed our flag on Chapultepec, and widened our domain from ocean to ocean? How was the world to know that the burning fires of patriotism, so essential to national glory and achievement, had not been quenched by the blood spilled by the heroes of both sides of the most desperate struggle known in the history of civil wars? How was the doubt that stood, all unwilling between outstretched hands and sympathetic hearts, to be, in fact, dispelled?

If from out the caldron of conflict there arose this doubt, only from the crucible of war could come the answer. And thank God, that answer has been made in the record of the war, the peaceful termination of which we celebrate tonight. Read it in every page of its history; read it in the obliteration of party and sectional lines, in the congressional action which called the nation to arms in the defence of prostrate liberty and for the extension of the sphere of human freedom.

When that great and generous soldier, Grant, gave back to Lee, crushed but ever glorious, the sword he had surrendered at Appomattox, that magnanimous deed said to the people of the South, "You are our brothers." But when the present ruler of our grand republic, on awakening to the condition of war that confronted him, with his first commission placed the leader's sword in the hands of those gallant Confederate commanders Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, he wrote between the lines in living letters of everlasting light the words, "There is but one people of this Union, one flag alone for all." The South will feel that her sons have been well given, that her blood has been well spilled, if that sentiment is to be, indeed, the true inspiration of our nation's future. God grant it may be, as I believe it will.



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CONTENTS.

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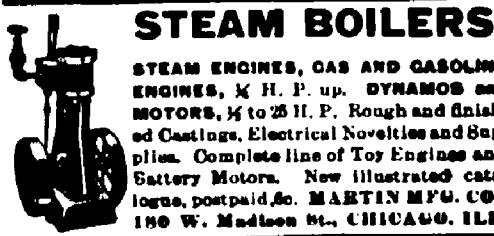


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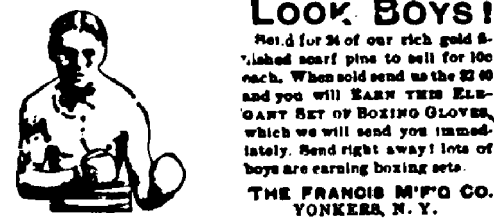
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WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION THIS PAPER

Jack's Two Victories.

(Continued from page 5.)

not look to him exactly "square." The other two had brought every argument to bear upon him of which they were capable. They emphasized what they called his duty to the university, they appealed to his love of study, they excited his ambition and his love of athletics, they fairly implored him to remain at least until after the Thanksgiving Day game, which would decide the championship. Jack had listened to all these things patiently. He had promised to consider them, and he did so long and earnestly before he fell asleep.

The report that Jack was to leave the university had spread through all the athletic element before the football squad got out for practice the next afternoon. It was partly because of their admiration of their star halfback, and partly because of the missionary work that Moore and Post had done, that every member of the 'varsity team and every "scrub" had, before the day was over, personally expressed

to Jack the view that he simply must not and should not leave the 'varsity.

He had not yet written home in response to the letter telling of his father's failure. The day had been one of terrible struggle for him. How he did long to stay at the college! He did not see how he could be of any help to his father even if he were home, but all the time he could not get rid of the one thought, "College athletics are supposed to be strictly amateur, and it is not 'square' for me to stay here at the expense of the athletic management and play on the team."

The struggle did not end with the day. Far into the night he fought over the ground again and again. But at last he reached a decision.

The next morning when Coach Moore went to Jack's room, he found the following note on the table addressed to him:

"Dear old Moore: I couldn't do it. It did not look square, and I could not make it. You know probably better than anybody else how I hate to leave, but I must, that's all. Tell the fellows I'm sorry. None of them will ever know how hard it is to do what I have

done until they try it. I hope you'll win the championship without me, anyway. Haskins has been playing well lately, you know. I'm sorry, dear old Moore; no one knows how sorry. But you must not think I do not appreciate what you've done for me, for I do, and I appreciate what you are willing to do, you and Post. But I couldn't make it look right for me, and you know I hate a liar. I have no doubt that it looks all right and fair to you, but I can't see it.

"The boys will feel pretty hard toward me, I have not a doubt. But maybe they'll see things some day as I do, and if they do, they'll understand why I can't stay, though it seems like it would kill me to go. Good-bye, old boy. Yours ever, Jack Harris."

On the train which left the 'varsity town at 3:40 that morning, Jack had gone to the little town where his father lived, and his second great victory was won.

Jack came back to the university two years later. The university held the championship for three years in succession and Jack was left halfback in the All-American team. But of course that has nothing to do with the story.

The Last Remnant of a Famous Fleet—By W. S. Kerr

Illustrations from Harper & Bros. Encyclopedia of U. S. History.

KIN THE burdocks and weeds on the edge of Grand River at Ferrysburg, Michigan, still lie a few of the blue oak ribs and butter-nut stringers cut out of an Ohio forest some ninety years ago to make the hull of the immortal war schooner, the Porcupine, that helped with its one long thirty two pounder to win one of the bravest and bloodiest naval battles ever

four guns and four hundred and ninety heroes defeated the hated and feared British fleet of six vessels, sixty three guns and five hundred and two trained marines under Captain Barclay, an able commander, who had fought under the celebrated Nelson, the fight taking place near Put-in-Bay.

It was "Commandant Perry" who wrote that immortal message of victory to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Congress voted him a medal and gave him the rank of captain. It was a very important victory for it restored Michigan to the United States and protected the whole northwest frontier. It also enabled General Harrison to invade Canada, assisted by Perry's fleet. Captain Perry died at Trinidad in 1819, and never rose above the title of captain. He is often confused with Commodore M. C. Perry, his brother, who commanded the Japanese expedition of 1852-4, which opened the ports of Japan to American commerce.

After the battle the Porcupine was used in governmental commissions till 1830, when the late Senator Ferry, of Michigan, bought it and, rebuilding the vessel above the deck, used it as a lumber freighter for many years. He re-named it "Caroline," after a relative, and its principal sailing port was Grand Haven Bay, Michigan. In 1847 the vessel was condemned and turned loose in Grand Haven Bay, where it drifted around for a few years till some one fitted it up again. It still did a little coastwise carrying, but being leaky and unsafe it was again condemned and set adrift.

After this, despised and then forgotten, it drifted to Ferrysburg and settled in the mud flats. There it often was the seat of lazy fishermen fishing for mud cats and black bullheads, and in winter was the center of a playground of boys who used it as a citadel in playing "pirate" where it lay, like a decrepit monster frozen in the harbor ice.

A few years ago a local historian contributed to a Chicago newspaper the following episode in the varied career of the famous ship:

"Certain it is that one windy night the old ship stole out to sea. Late watchers by the river noticed a shadowy vessel making for the open waters of Lake

Michigan, and a watchman on the long pier hailed the ship as it left the harbor without a sail set. But there was no response except a weird cry that might have been the squeaking of the rusty rudder—the watchman had another explanation. But he was a superstitious man, and when he said he saw a queer figure wearing an ancient sailor's "pigtail" and an old-fashioned cocked hat at the wheel the knowing young folk laughed and said he would better dream again.



PERRY'S BATTLE-FLAG.

"So the old boat was supposed to have disappeared forever, but in a few days it came slowly up the river in the tow of a west wind, ambling along much after the manner of an aged person who has outlived any desire to put on airs and who is a little stiff in the joints and a little more afflicted in eyesight. And there was not a soul aboard. Totteringly the sailless schooner drifted to its old station and lagged contentedly into a quiet "slip" back of one of the warehouses."



OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

fought by American heroes—the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

All of our schoolboys have read of this noted engagement. Oliver H. Perry, who was then but twenty eight years of age and had never been in a naval battle, was made "Commandant of the Lake Erie Flotilla," which was yet to be built. In the summer of 1813 this little sixty-foot war vessel, the Porcupine, and its eight larger sister ships were hewn out of the green logs of the Ohio forest. Some of the vessels were so heavy and clumsy when launched that they sank and had to be partially rebuilt and lightened. All were crude, very ill-made, but when the final day of trial came the so-called flotilla of nine ships, fifty

How the Fox Fooled the Wolf.

As everybody knows, the wolf hates the fox. According to the Iroquois Indians, this is the way:

One cold winter day a fox, who was prowling about looking to see where he might steal his dinner, saw a wagon coming. It was loaded with fish, and was driven by some fishermen who were taking home their day's catch.

"Ah, ha!" said the cunning fox. "Here comes my dinner," and he fell down by the roadside and pretended to be dead.

The fishermen, seeing him, picked him up and threw him into the wagon among the fish. Then the fox slyly threw out some fish, and when the fishermen were not looking jumped out himself and made off with the fish he had thrown out.

Pretty soon afterward he met a wolf who said: "I am hungry, and I guess I will eat you for dinner."

But the fox said: "Would you not rather have fish for dinner?"

The wolf replied that, on the whole, he thought he would prefer fish. Then the cunning fox told him of the trick by which he had just got his own dinner, and advised him to try it. The wolf was pleased at the idea, and so he ran through the woods and headed off the team which the fishermen were driving, falling down in the road in front of it and pretending to be dead. But the fishermen, who had by this time discovered the trick the fox had played upon them, instead of taking him into the wagon, beat him with clubs so that he barely escaped with his life. And on a hillside nearby sat the fox, who laughed and laughed.

*I have met the enemy and they are ours.
Two Ships, two Brigs one
Schooner & one Sloop.*

*Yours, with great respect and esteem
O. H. Perry.*

FAC SIMILE OF PERRY'S DESPATCH

2500 BOYS CAN OWN A PIECE OF PERRY'S FLEET!

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Proverbs for Boys.

"Down From Above," and "Up-to-Date."

Whitelaw Reid was once asked by a New York merchant what was the best book for him to put into the hands of his clerks for a business hand-book. He recommended "The Book of Proverbs," and the merchant went to the American Bible Society and bought a lot of them. We give here below a few samples out of that book:

A wise son maketh a glad father.
A soft tongue breaketh the bone.
Labor not to be rich.
A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
Buy the truth and sell it not.
Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup.
A faithful witness will not lie.
The borrower is servant to the lender.
He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.
He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity.

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold.
Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.
Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.
Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.
There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker.
If thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink.



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 cannot undertake to return rejected puzzles nor to reply personally to letters.

J. H. Fentress, 424 Colonial ave., Ghent, Norfolk, Va., wins the prize for best original Thanksgiving puzzles received by September 20.

George Harrison Stanbery, Rural Route 13, Zanesville, O., wins the prize for best list of answers to September Tangles received by September 20.

Others entitled to honorable mention for the excellence of their lists of answers or their original contributions, are: J. M. McDuffie, Robert Kiehl Gordon, Jo Mullins, Robert D. Holmes, Jr., Sam P. Parks, Harold R. Norris, Edward Langdon Fernald, G. W. Hodgkins, Samuel Loveman, Charles Stewart, Clement Barnes, Morton L. Mitchell, Waldo Doughty, Harold M. Case, Robert Francis, Merlin Slason, Walton Keene, Fred W. Hammill, Chesley B. Cargile, George Honey, John A. Henry, W. J. Parham, Jr., Russell Elvin Perry.

The many others who sent in answers or new contributions that are not acknowledged above are invited to try again.

"Hard Luck" writes in pencil and on both sides of the paper, and his contributions are not original, the Diamond having appeared in the Little Chronicle of August 22, this year, over another name. Hard Luck, indeed!

A prize of a book will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by November 20.

A cash prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to the November Tangles received by November 20.

Typewriter Tangle, No. 19, in the September issue, brought forth over 500 words of five and more letters as the final answer. To print the entire list would take over two-thirds of a column of THE AMERICAN BOY. We therefore give only some of the longest and some of the most unusual words.

ANSWER TO TANGLE 19, SEPTEMBER.

Quitture, quitter, quleter, Quirite, Quito, queue, quolliety, quottly, querpo, quipu, queerer, weetweet, werrey, wittler, worrier, wroot, worrit, wiery, woocer, wow-wow, wou-wou, werreyour, weyere, wyper, Europe, Euterpe, etiquette, equer-ry, epopee, epitrope, epopt, epitrite, equerry, eyewort, epiptere, repertoire, repertory, repititor, requirer, reporter, requiter, reotrope, rettery, rioter, rootery, roquet, roturier, Rupert, row-port, re-lique, regulate, retorque, riotry, roopit, ruewort, rupturwort, rope-ripe, router-out, rowett, terriler, territory, titter-totter, terrelty, teru-tero, tirolre, titterty-tu, titterer, tittuppy, tooroo, torque, tory-rony, tot-quot, toupees, triptote, twitter, tiptoe, towerwort, tree-ple, tree-piit, tree-top, tetterwort, torturer, Tippoo, tripery, twirpeipe, yourte, ywrie, utterer, up-prop, uproot, write, irite, ler-oe, Ir-rite, Iquique, Itlyuro, Iturup, Oporto, orrery, optotype, Otero, otetto, outpower, outputter, outpeer, outweep, outwrite, outyette, peep-eye, peetweet, pepper-pot, pepper-root, pepperette, Pequot, peripery, perique, perouquet, perpetuity, perquire, perriere, perruquier, Peter, petite, petitory, pectorwort, pettier, Pierre, pierrier, pierrot, pielpipe, pipette, pipewort, plety, piqueerer, plquette, piqueette, pirry, Plute, pituite, poetry, Poltuo, popery, portiere, pot-pie, potpourri, pottery-tree, powwow, prerquire, preterite, priority, proprieter, prototype, Protopert, pretore-ture, prettier, protopope, pterope, puppet-ry, purity, purport, purple, putterer, puttyroot, pyrite, pyrry.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER TANGLES.

26. 1. Phillips Brooks. 2. Frances E. Willard. 3. Samuel L. Clemens. 4. Fridtjof Nansen. 5. William E. Gladstone. 6. Robert Burns. 7. Thomas A. Edison. 8. Robert G. Ingersoll. 9. Edward Bellamy. 10. Li Hung Chang. 11. Napoleon Bonaparte. 12. Charles Dickens. 13. Clara Barton. 14. Charles R. Darwin. 15. Jenny Lind. 16. Florence Nightingale. 17. Eugene Field. 18. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 19. Louisa M. Alcott. 20. A. Conan Doyle. 21. Martin Luther.

27. 1. Six Lakes, Montcalm Co. 2. Mason, Ingham Co. 3. Penn. Cass Co. 4. Bad Axe, Huron Co. 5. Palo (pay low), Ionia Co. 6. Keystone, Grand Traverse Co. 7. Bolton, Alpena Co. 8. Lilley, Newaygo Co. The initials of the counties spell Michigan.

28. 1. Inventory. 2. Explanatory. 3. Interrogatory. 4. Exculpatory. 5. Manufactory. 6. Mandatory. 7. Valedictory. 8. Nugatory. 9. Purgatory or expurgatory. 10. Satisfactory. 11. Expiatory. 12. Exploratory. 13. Executory. 14. Obligatory.

O SHE CHILI ELK I M I SAD RIVER RAPID DAIRY EEL L Y D R Y R LEA YEA T ASK T

30. 1 James 2 O'Hara 3 Hayes 4 Noyes 5 Wayne 6 Early 7 Scott 8 Lamar 9 Ewing 10 Young Initials spell John Wesley, the founder of Methodism.

31. Alameda (a, la, ml, d, a). Delaware (d, e, la, double u, a, re). Alabama (a, la, b, a, M, a). Initials spell Ada.

32. 1. Sweden. 2. Uruguay. 3. Mexico. 4. Argentina. 5. Turkey. 6. Russia. 7. Austria. Initials spell Sumatra.

33. Ainslee's, AMERICAN BOY, Argosy, Century, Harper, Leslie's, Life, McClure, Nation, National, North American Review, Outlook, Review of Reviews, Scribner, Star, Success.

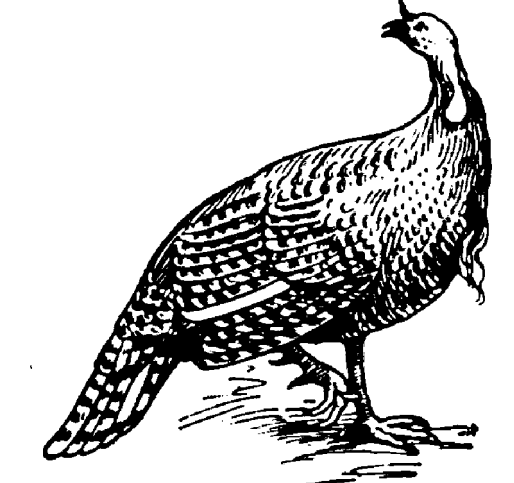
34. 1. Aboriginal origin. 2. Orchestra, chest. 3. Indiscreetly, discreet. 4. Deliberately, liberate. 5. Paternal, tern. 6. Register, gist. 7. Seafarer, afar. 8. Tapestry, pest.

35. Map of Warren County, Tennessee. McMinnville is the county seat.

36. 1. Horde 2. Arras 3. Lurch 4. Lurid 5. Orris 6. Worst 7. Eerie 8. Error 9. Noria 37. A U NoveL Y D Remus E S While J Oasiss H Nadir S Osman N T

NEW TANGLES.

38. TURKEY TANGLE.



Find the following objects on the above picture: 1. An account to settle. 2. Part of an army. 3. A romantic story. 4. My own dear self. 5. Part of a sentence. 6. What is unfair. 7. The refuse of flax. 8. Two-thirds of a yard. 9. A foot ball player. 10. An English coin. 11. A view from above. 12. A term of endearment. 13. A greedy eater. 14. Two sides of a coin. 15. An isthmus. 16. Part of a river. 17. A city of France. 18. How a good rower handles his oars. 19. A framework of interwoven twigs. 20. The coward's emblem. 21. A baseball pitcher's puzzling delivery. 22. An ancient writing implement. 23. A ridge subordinate to the main body of a mountain range. 24. A slang word for a policeman. —J. H. Fentress.

39. THANKSGIVING CRISS-CROSS.

1. 2 The star path from 1 to 2, and the dagger path from 3 to 4, spell the New England magistrate who set apart the first Thanksgiving Day. Majesty, Supremacy. A city of Georgia. Drink. Unexpected gain. Precipitate. An Illinois county seat. Despoiled. —Morton L. Mitchell.

40. A SQUARE MEAL.

5. 6. Upper left square: An excellent tuber; confections for dessert; a vegetable that grows on a vine; a delicious nut; an edible mollusk, eaten raw and in soup; an Autumn fruit. Diagonals, 5 to 4, plums, sometimes dried. Upper right square: After dinner beverage; olive-shaped nuts; relishes of meat and uncooked herbs; pressed, coagulated curd of milk; pies and tarts; large domestic fowl. Diagonals, 6 to 7, a plant having an edible stalk and root. Lower left square: A kind of bean; a

stuffed olive; a thick soup of crab or lobster; a dried grape; a kind of soup or stew; pickled fruit of certain trees. Diagonals, 8 to 9, confections made from whites of eggs and sugar. Lower right square: Bulbous vegetables; clustered fruit; a nut that grows in the ground; a white or yellow vegetable; a kind of cake; a spiced, preserved vegetable. Diagonals, 2 to x, juicy tropical fruit. With 1, 2, 3, 4 the children are kept content until dinner is served. —Edward L. Fernald.

41. CENTRAL ZIG-ZAG.



Interpret each picture by a word of six letters. These words, when placed in the order numbered, will spell an American holiday by the star path shown in the accompanying diagram. —Charles Stewart.

42. PREFIXED SAINTS.

Example: Prefix a saint to a unit, and form a fragment of mineral matter. Ans.: St. one, stone. 1. Prefix a saint to a peculiar fish, and form a manufactured metal. 2. To a particular period of time, and form a theatrical essential. 3. To help, and form sober. 4. To everything, and form a compartment for a beast. 5. To the atmosphere, and form a step. 6. To acquired skill, and form the act of beginning. 7. To forth, and form corpulent. 8. To sickly, and form quiet. 9. To a beverage, and form over-trained. 10. To a beam of light, and form to wander. —George Honey.

43. GEOGRAPHICAL ZIG-ZAG.

The star path, read downward, spells a November holiday. 1. A county of California. 2. A county of Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming. 3. A county of Montana. 4. A county of Colorado. 5. A county of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts and 20 other states. 6. A county of Kansas, Kentucky, Texas, Tennessee, and South Carolina. 7. A county of Ohio. 8. A state of the union. 9. A city of Bosnia. 10. A county of Colorado and Kansas. 11. A county of Ohio. 12. A county of Kansas. 13. A county of California. 14. A county of West Virginia, Iowa, Indiana, Texas, Ohio, Missouri, Mississippi and Kentucky. 15. An historical county-seat of Virginia. —Waldo Doughty.

44. PICK THE BONES.



Go 'round the turkey and form the required fifteen words, using the letters given, in rotation, as the commencement and ending of each word, supplying a letter for each dot to complete the words. T—H: Something you put into a turkey when you eat it. H—A: A city south of the United States, founded on its present site one year after American turkeys were introduced into Europe. A—N: A garment mother wears when preparing the turkey. N—K: Not the most desirable portion of the turkey. K—S: Dainty confections, that may come with the dessert following the turkey. S—G: No self-respecting turkey would think of being served without plenty of this on Thanksgiving day. G—I: A town and peninsula of Turkey. I—V: First to take the title of Czar of Russia; surnamed "The Terrible;" whose father ruled at Moscow at the time American turkeys became known to Europeans. V—I: A dainty soup to precede the turkey's appearance. I—N: A favorite American pudding, to follow the turkey. (Continued on page 81.)

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Boys in the Home and School

In the October, 1902, number of THE AMERICAN BOY appeared an item regarding the splendid record for school attendance made by Benjamin O. Wilkins of Port Chester, N. Y.



Abel P. Griffith, of Angelica, Pa., age fifteen, who has been absent but one-half day during all his ten years of public school life.



Eddie Deen, Mahanoy City, Pa., age eleven, who displays great talent in things musical. At the piano he executes difficult music with skill and grace...

Successful Boy Printers.

The Excelsior Printing Company, Corbin Place, New Britain, Conn., consists of Elmer Pape, sixteen years old, and his brother Charles, fifteen years old. They have been amateur printers for four years, having started out with an \$18.00 press and eight fonts of type.

A Rich Young American.

Kingdon Gould, who on the death of his father will become head of the Gould family, is a sensible, serious, unassuming, athletic youth. The boy gets his christian name from his mother, who was Edith Kingdon, the actress, before her marriage to George J. Gould in 1886.

The Story of a Boy Singer.

The Chicago Inter Ocean tells the story of Charles Hayden, who at the age of twenty three is pronounced the finest tenor singer in any church choir in New York City. Nine years ago, when young Hayden was fourteen years old, the boy went into the office of Justice Blume, of Chicago, to sell tickets for a church entertainment.

Five thousand farmer boys have entered the competition for \$3,000 in prizes offered by the Agricultural department of the Illinois exhibit at the St. Louis Fair in 1904 for the best exhibit of Illinois corn.

A Boy Sculptor at Nine.

Wallace F. Lewis, Omaha, Neb., a boy of nine, shows great skill in the molding of clay into forms of animals and birds. About a year ago he took some ordinary clay and with a little work produced something that bore a close resemblance to a dog.



Maurice C. Latimer, Cannelton, Ind., age twelve, who has attended six terms of school and last May passed the eighth grade examination and entered the High School.

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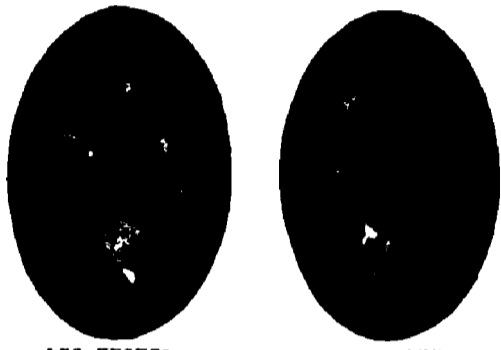
Advertising in THE AMERICAN BOY Brings Results.

Boy Money Makers and Money Savers

A True Story of Two Iowa Boys that Have the Right Stuff in Them.

This story of two young men in Iowa shows in a striking manner what may be accomplished by boys if they have only the energy and determination. These boys are Leo and Leslie Hughes, aged sixteen and eighteen years respectively, sons of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hughes, of Cedar Falls, Ia. They are healthy, vigorous young fellows, loving fun, and full of ambition to do their part in the world's work. The story of their success as dairymen should be an inspiration to many another boy who has not yet done much else in the world than go to school and have a good time. It may also be a lesson for many parents who are at a loss to know what to do with their boys. At any rate what they have done is surely worthy of emulation.

It was six years ago that Mr. Hughes bought a cow for the use of the family, and, with a desire to teach his boys how to work, turned the animal over into



LEO HUGHES.

LESLIE HUGHES.

their keeping. The boys began selling milk. So successful were they that soon their consumers took all the milk the cow could give and there was none for the Hughes family. Mr. Hughes then bought another cow and the boys paid for it out of the proceeds of their sales. Furthermore, they paid the cost of feed and pasturage and kept on adding to the number of their customers. Their uncle in Sioux City was so proud of them when he heard of what they were accomplishing that he sent them the price of another cow. With this and the money they earned they kept adding to their herd until now they have a dairy of eight cows. In addition to this, they have a team of horses, a milk wagon and all the paraphernalia for the business, all of which they bought with their own money.

Even before they went into the dairy business the boys had made a success with some poultry. After a time they bought a pig and increased the stock until they had seventeen. The hog cholera came along and took every one of them excepting three. That did not discourage the boys, however, and now their herd is composed of eighteen fine porkers. The boys have borne all the burden of the expense and care of the stock, which today is valued at between \$1,300 and \$1,500, and they have a bank account besides.

They make their work business-like, keeping a complete set of books. They are so interested in their work that they never have to be called, getting up regularly at 5:30 o'clock every morning. Their education has not been neglected, both having been graduated from the Cedar Falls parochial school. Both are excellent musicians, having prominent places in the Cedar Falls Concert Band. Leo has been organist in one of the city churches for four years.

Their father, George W. Hughes, who is general agent for the Champion Division of the International Harvester Co., of America, at Cedar Falls, naturally feels very proud of his boys, and takes a deep interest in their work. He thinks that their interest in outdoor work has been very beneficial to them in a practical, educational way, as well as having kept them from seeking amusement or entertainment where they might come to harm. Their home is right in the city, but they have rented pasturage for their stock just outside the city limits, so their farming has been no source of discomfort to their neighbors.

Boys' Experience Meeting.

HOWELL EVANS, Troy, Ala., works only on Saturdays, getting employment from a groceryman. He got enough money for it to pay his tuition in school and is learning the business besides.—HARLEY PAYNE, Orchard, O., last summer carried water for men who were building an electric feeder. He worked seven weeks and earned \$30.17, carrying about eight buckets a day for an eighth of a mile. He was thirteen years old at the time.—EARL W. RILEY, Graham, Mo., thinks the pig business is a good business. He says, "Buy a small pig and let it grow. Take the money you get from this and buy another pig."—THEODORE ANDERSON, Clarkfield, Minn., made money selling watermelons and picking up potatoes.—R. STEWART, Auburn, N. Y., makes novelties and sells them. He is fifteen years old. About a

week before St. Patrick's day he bought a lot of little celluloid scarf pins, cut up a lot of green ribbon into small strips, and attached a ribbon to each pin. Then he went around to the small stores in the place and got orders for them. He also buys and sells writing tablets and other stationary. He bought fireworks at wholesale just before the Fourth of July last year and made a profit selling them.—WILLIAM NELSON, Porter, Ind., made money selling walnuts and butter-nuts, which he gathered to gether, clearing \$3.50, which was very good for the limited amount of time that he had in which to work.—CHARLES W. STEELE, Altamont, Mo., on October 10, 1902, bought nine pigs about three days old, paying \$12.50 for them. Three of them were killed by being run over by the cars and he got \$15 from the railroad company for them. The remainder he sold at \$117.60 later. The total cost, principally in corn, was \$72.50, netting him a profit in five months and three days of \$60.10.—PRESTON BUTCHER, Santa Barbara, Cal., believes in gardening and in the raising of berries. Black-berries are the ones he raises. He sold last summer \$20 worth, besides his mother canned thirty gallons, and the family had all they could use during the season. He expects to make more money this season out of them. He made \$5 out of vegetables last summer. His little sister makes money selling flowers, which they raise in the yard. Preston is eleven years old.—JOHN A. BEAVER, Los Angeles, Cal., age fifteen, makes money every afternoon in the summer cutting lawns. He has a small bank account. He spends most of his money in buying stamps. His outfit for lawn mowing consists of a broom, an oil can, a pair of clippers, a lawn mower and a small sickle.—GEORGE LIVINGSTON, Nora, Ind., planted an acre of ground with yellow corn, which yielded ninety bushels, netting him \$37.90. His father paid him \$5.50 for feeding and taking care of the chickens for eleven weeks. He also received \$4.55 for taking care of a horse for three months and five days.—IRA M. SIPPEL, Cumberland, Md., has made money selling the Saturday Evening Post.—E. M. MORGAN, Tum-water, Wash., when ten years old gathered a quarter of a pound of chewing gum from the rosin weed that grew on the prairie in Wilson County, Kas. He traded this to one of his schoolmates for a pound of onion seed. His father, thinking that the boy had an eye to business, gave him the ground he needed and then he planted his onions, with the result that he made \$60 the first season out of a sixth of an acre of ground.—CHARLES E. MYERS, Wayne, W. Va., made twenty one dollars in two years, starting with a pig, for which he paid \$1.—ALBERT L. EVANS, Freeport, Ill., made money selling horseradish. He dug it, ran it through a sausage grinder, added a little vinegar and salt, put it in a clean glass jar and sold it from house to house at 10 cents a glass. With a gallon of vinegar, costing 15 cents, he made about four gallons of horseradish. He has earned as high as \$3 in one day, but couldn't expect to do that right along. He suggests that popping corn at home and peddling it after school in offices and shops at 5 cents a sack is a good way of making money. He has made money selling water lilies that grow in a pond near his home.—VINTA HEITHECKER, Hay Springs, Neb., planted a fifth of an acre to onions and found ready sale for them, netting him \$10.50. He is known in his neighborhood as the "onion boy."—ROY FORESMAN, Guthrie Center, Ia., made 50 cents a day in a furniture store during vacation. He has \$42 now to his credit.—TOM HARMES, Ensley, Ala., got together a dollar from selling old iron and running errands. This dollar he invested in a pig. He feeds it on slop that he gets from his home and from the neighbors at no expense, and now it is worth \$5.—DOTY E. KRUM, Schoolcraft, Mich., when thirteen years old bought a lawn mower for \$2.50. The storekeeper trusted him for \$2. He soon earned the \$2 mowing neighbors' lawns. Then he got a job mowing lots at the cemetery at 50 cents a day. When school began in the fall he had \$15 in bank.—ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., earned money picking cherries on shares, getting half that he picked. At the close of the season he had \$10 earned in this way.—MILLIKEN WILLIAMS, Velva, N. D., bought a heifer for 50 cents and sold her when she was one year old for \$20.—HOWARD ANDERSON, Oelwein, Ia., made money selling popcorn. He bought forty pounds of popcorn on the ear at 3 1/2 cents a pound. After popping it he sold it for \$13.45. He spent \$2.05 for butter and salt, his net gain being \$11.40. This money he earned at odd times during a period of two months. He is working up a paying business in this line.—LLOYD READ, Portland, Ore., made \$40 in 144 days last summer delivering an evening paper working two hours a day.—LOUIS B. DOBIE, Gutman, O., made \$4 last year with a few chickens.—R. H. HUNT, Sandusky, O., distributed circulars and bills at \$1 per thousand for a dry goods house. Then he purchased notions at wholesale price and peddled them, working up quite a trade. He has \$23 in a savings bank that has accum-

ulated since a year ago last St. Valentine's Day.—CARL WIAND, Rosedale, Kas., makes money in the spring digging garden, charging about 10 cents a square yard. In the summer he rakes lawns after school. He makes money also driving cattle and picking berries. He sells vegetables out of his own garden. He has taken a horse and gone into the country and bought eggs at 12 1/2 cents a dozen and brought them to town, where they sold at 15 cents a dozen.—LEWIS PETTIT, Addison, Mich., bought popcorn which cost him 90 cents a bushel. Then he rigged up a tray to contain sacks of popped corn and peddled it. He could make from 50 cents to \$1 every time he went out. He used one-quarter pound sacks and sold them at one cent each, the sacks costing him 10 cents per hundred.—FENNER BAKER, Rocky Ridge, O., makes 30 cents a week delivering an evening paper. He made 25 cents killing rats in a barn at a cent a head, 40 cents clearing weeds from a garden, and 10 cents selling yeast. He thinks the best way for making money is selling papers.—F. H. COGGINS, Roland Park, Md., delivers magazines, periodicals, etc. He buys them at wholesale rate and sells them at retail. He sells the 10 cent magazines wholesale for about 7 or 8 cents, and the 25 cent ones for 18 or 19 cents. He also gets orders for books, a book selling at \$1 costing him about 70 cents. Our correspondent is fifteen years old.—ALBERT SWANSON, age fifteen, Otumwa, Ia., is a student in the High School. Before and after school he hauls washings for a lady and in this way earns money enough for all of his books and clothes, and has a little left over for spending money, but he says he always sees to it that he has some laid aside to pay his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, which he thinks is the best paper in the world. He has a camera and has taken a great many pictures.—HARRY NORRIS, Peoria, Ill., fourteen years old, is a boy money maker. He is in the eighth year at school, and earns \$4 per week carrying papers, and says he lays away a nice little sum every month. He has at this writing \$80 in bank and owns a \$40 bicycle, and expects soon to buy a Scotch collie dog for \$10.—ROY F. HENDERSON, age sixteen, Saginaw, W. S. Mich., earns \$4 a week working in a grocery store. He is saving his money to go to the World's Fair at St. Louis.—GEORGE ELY, Penton Harbor, Mich., earns money by sweeping out the postoffice every morning, and when not in school, by carrying special delivery letters. He receives \$1 a week for sweeping out the postoffice and eight cents for every letter he carries. Last quarter he earned in this way \$14.40, and so far this quarter has made \$15.44.

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Ceyms Curtis

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THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A COUNTRY BOY IN A GREAT CITY.

A STORY TOLD IN SNAPSHOTS TAKEN IN NEW YORK CITY BY FRED. BARNES



HE BIDS HIS MOTHER GOOD-BYE AT THE COTTAGE DOOR



HE WAITS FOR THE TRAIN AT THE VILLAGE STATION.



ARRIVING IN THE CITY, HE SHAKES A POLICEMAN'S HAND



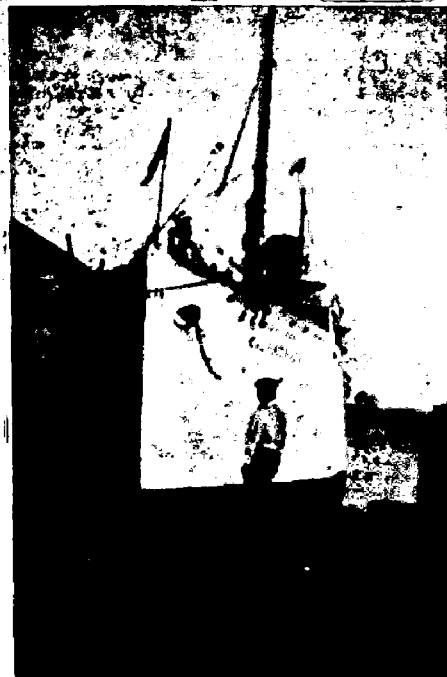
HE SPENDS A HARD DAY LOOKING FOR WORK



BUT GOES TO HIS HALL BED-ROOM WEARY AND HOMESICK.



RESOLVES TO SEE WHERE WASHINGTON WAS INAUGURATED.



AND THE TRANSPORT JUST BACK FROM THE PHILIPPINES.



AND "MURDERERS ROW" AND THE "BRIDGE OF SIGHES," OLD TOMBS---

THIS CONTINUED PICTURE STORY WILL RUN THROUGH THE DECEMBER AND JANUARY NUMBERS OF THE AMERICAN BOY

Something About Football Training.

An article in a recent issue of the Chicago Inter Ocean gives some interesting information with reference to football training:

The man who aspires to achieve football glory must train like a pugilist until he can take all kinds of punishment and be able to deal an equal amount or more of it to others. Football training is rigorous training and this training depends not so much on what a man must do as on what he must not do. The candidate for football honors must give up many things. He must not smoke nor drink even a glass of beer. He must keep away from the ballroom and the theaters and cast aside all dainty eatables. He must be as regular as clockwork in his habits, retiring and arising at set hours. Weight doesn't always count. There is a young fellow at the University of Chicago now playing his fifth season who is twenty one years old and has only 138 pounds of weight to his credit, and yet he is the hero of all the small boys who peek through the fences. Walter H. Ekersell is the boy. He is perhaps not the best player on the Chicago team, but he is a typical football player. He loves the game for the good it does him, he says. To use his own language, "I crave the few inches that the training may add to my chest expansion and the endurance it may give my muscles."

Another thing a football player learns is to take hard knocks and obey orders. If the coach tells him to butt an express train off the track he must try and do it. Ekersell rises every morning at seven, takes a cold shower bath and breakfasts at eight on fruit, oatmeal, toast, eggs and milk—no coffee. After breakfast he at-

tends lectures and at half past twelve eats the heavy meal of the day consisting of rare meat, potatoes, bread and butter, fruit and milk, and nothing more. He lounges about his room from dinner until half past three, when he goes to the football field. Then there are two hours of the hardest kind of work. Then comes a bath, followed by supper at six, the supper bill of fare being identical with that of the dinner excepting that he does not eat so heavily. From half past seven till nine he studies. A trainer gives him an alcohol rub at nine, and at ten he goes to bed. This is the routine all through the season from the middle of September until the last of November.

Beat the English at Their Own Game.

Never until this year have the cricket players of America succeeded in winning a series of cricket games from England's crack players. Last June, however, a number of American players sailed from Philadelphia to wrest from England the cricket championship of the world, with the result that for the first time in history they have beaten the English at their own game. It had long been thought that it was practically impossible to beat the English at cricket. Philadelphia players have shown that we can play cricket as well as build racing yachts. In the great cricket games played in England this summer the Americans won seven out of the thirteen matches. The batting of J. R. King, of the American team, was remarkable. He scored 211 for once out. J. A. Lester, of the same team, scored 190 for once out. Lester's bowling feat

when he took thirteen wickets for thirty three runs stands as a world's record for the season in first class cricket.

What the Cup Races Cost.

It cost the Puritan, in 1885, \$36,200 to win the America's cup series; the Mayflower \$44,000 in 1886; the Volunteer \$53,000 in 1887; the Vigilant \$375,000 in 1893; the Defender \$225,000 in 1895; the Columbia \$335,000 in 1889; the Columbia \$405,000 in 1901, and the Reliance \$930,000 in 1903. These sums include the cost of construction and maintenance, the cost of refitting trial yachts, and club expenses. The five matches since 1887 have cost over two and a quarter million dollars. What will the next racing machine cost? Of all the yachts built to defend the cup, the Puritan, the Mayflower and the Volunteer are still in commission, that is, still fast cruising yachts, that can sail in any weather. The old America itself is still afloat. The Vigilant was sold to George Gould for \$25,000. The racing boats of the last few years are not really boats, but racing machines fit only for the junk heap after having accomplished their purpose of defending the cup.

Coin Two Thousand Years Old.

One of the prized curios of the Philadelphia mint is a coin which is two thousand years old. It was coined at the ancient mint at Philadelphia, the most important city of Lydia. It is still in good condition, and the inscription is perfectly legible. The design on the face of the coin bears a striking resemblance to the God-

dess of Liberty on our own coins, and underneath is the word "Demos," which means "the People." On the other side is the figure of Diana, with her bow arched and the inscription "Diana, Friend of the Philadelphians." The prize was picked up in Europe by Joseph Mickley, a numismatist of high repute, who presented it to the mint.

Addition to Legion of Honor Roll.

NOAH LEWIS, Holton, Kans. Saved a boy from drowning.
CLARENCE E. HIGLEY, Chatham, Ont. Excellence in school work.
JACK MAJORS, age 17, Ripley, Tenn. Saved two small boys from drowning.
LESLIE H. G. GROSER, age 13, Brooklyn, N. Y. Excellence in school work.
MAURICE C. LATIMER, age 13, Cannellton, Ind. Excellence in school work.
J. LAWRENCE HALL, Fargo, N. D. Has not been tardy at school in five years.
JOHN PARRY, age 10, Philadelphia, Pa. Saved the life of a child at the risk of his own.
FRED MARTIN, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Unusual bravery, patience and endurance through suffering.
GEORGE H. PEBUDY, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. Excellence in school work and general deportment.
WALTER H. MORANDUS, age 16, North Cambridge, Mass. Saved an eight-year-old boy from drowning, August 14, 1902, by brave and difficult work.
RALPH PARR, age 16, Alameda, Cal. Has never been tardy at school. On July 20, 1903, he saved a young boy from drowning at Santa Cruz, Cal.

TANGLES.

(Continued from page 27.)

key. N—G: An aromatic condiment hardly suited for seasoning the turkey, but present in the sauces or the pies. G—D: In bible times, before Palestine became a part of Turkey, the name of a mountainous region east of the Jordan. D—A: The lady, in one of Shakespeare's tragedies, whose husband fought and vanquished the Turks. A—Y: A diminutive sea fish, of peculiar flavor, that makes a delicious sauce for the larger fish served at a turkey dinner. Y—T: Makes the bread you eat with your turkey light, porous and spongy.

—Chesley B. Cargile.

45. COLLEGE COLORS.

The initials of the American colleges and universities to which the following colors belong when arranged in correct order, will spell the names of the oldest two American colleges.

1. Black and lemon.
2. Blue.
3. Blue and white.
4. Brown and gold.
5. Brown and white.
6. Cherry and white.
7. Cream and maroon.
8. Crimson and blue.
9. White.
10. Maroon and white.
11. Navy blue and gold.
12. Navy blue and white.
13. Orange and blue.
14. Red and black.
15. Red and gold.
16. Red, white and blue.
17. Rose and gray.
18. Steel gray and crimson.
19. White and purple.
20. Yellow and brown.

—G. W. Hodgkins.

46. ANAGRAMS.

Great inventors. 1. Larger ax; hale bald men. 2. Mat saw jet. 3. Less of a bumper. 4. O is a wheel. 5. Run for bottle. 6. So open her nest egg. 7. Why tie line. 8. As O reached glory. 9. Tom, call Sue. 10. Lucy fried stews. 11. M heard choir.

—Frank C. McMillan.

47. HIDDEN CHEST OF TOOLS.

It was a woeful task for me to use my tools at first, but father says it is a good plan every day to do some work, and to be in the habit of taking pains, for good, honest work without any sham merits reward. So if I learn to work he will make me a present of something. I'm letting my little brother learn to use my tools, too, although he is quite a tax on my patience, but father says to teach is elder brother's business.

—T. Lynn Chase.

48. ESTHER ACROSTIC.

Each word is a proper name found in the Book of Esther. The initials spell the name of the father of Haman.

1. One of the seven chamberlains who served King Ahasuerus.
2. The father of Esther.
3. Esther's cousin.
4. One of the seven princes of Persia who advised Ahasuerus.
5. The western boundary of Ahasuerus' kingdom.
6. The second son of Haman.
7. The twelfth month of the Jewish calendar.
8. A chamberlain who conspired against Ahasuerus.
9. A chamberlain who was appointed Esther's attendant.
10. The third son of Haman.

—Eugene M. Stewart.

"Trix."

We present a picture of "Trix," a dog well-named. It isn't often one finds a dog that can climb a tree. Trix can climb a tree as easily as can a cat. This isn't his only accomplishment, for he can walk nicely on his hind legs, is a good jumper, "speaks," takes the mail from the letter carrier and delivers it upstairs to his mistress, gets his master's slippers for him, "prays," and, as his owner



thinks, understands nearly everything that is said to him. Trix has a companion named "Laddie." They are great friends, and when one is attacked by a strange dog the other invariably steps in to the defense; but, like some bad brothers, they occasionally quarrel with each other. Laddie is a Scotch collie, and when his temper is aroused somebody has to go to the assistance of Trix. Their master has tried every device to keep the two from fighting, but each dog is so jealous of the other that the slightest special attention to one will cause the other to bristle up for a fight. You may be sure that the home of Joseph H. Dodson, of Chicago, the owner of these two dogs, is never troubled by burglars. In the picture Trix is shown climbing a tree after a ball that has been affixed to the tree some twenty feet from the ground.

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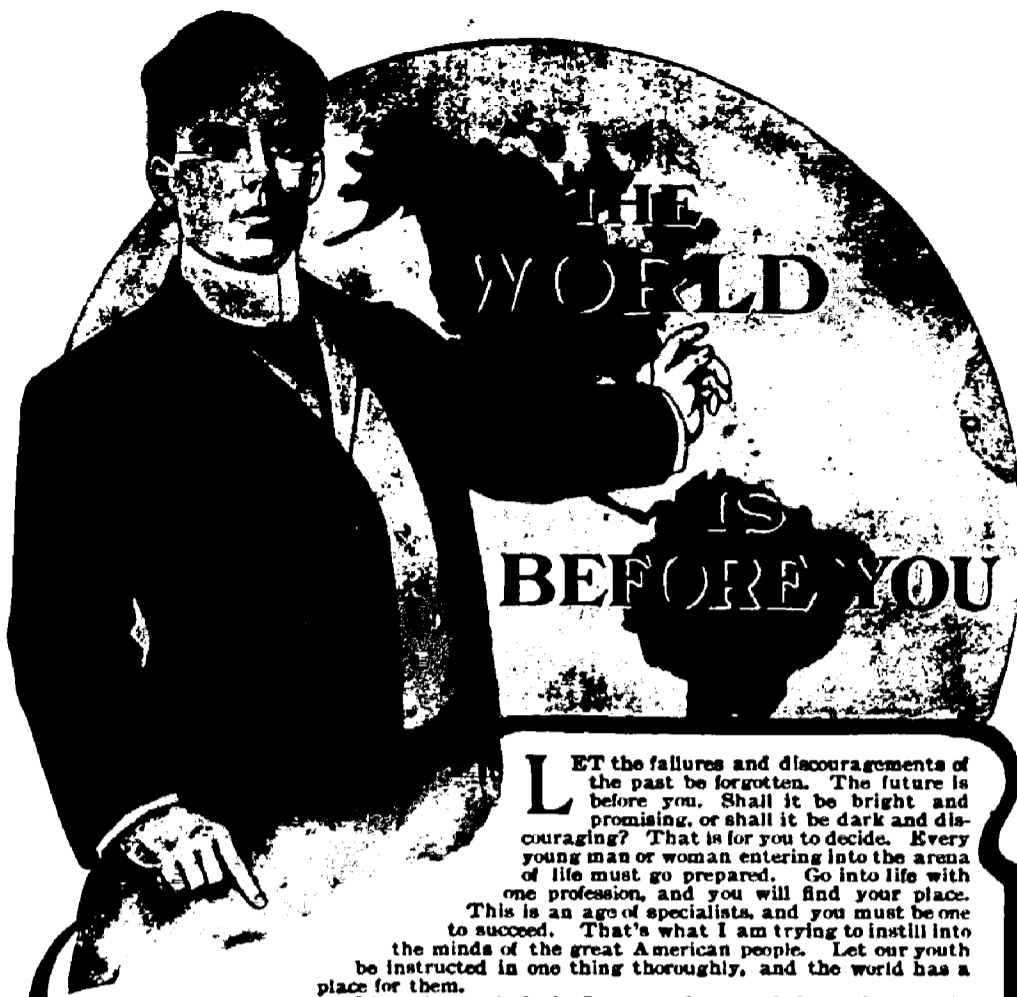
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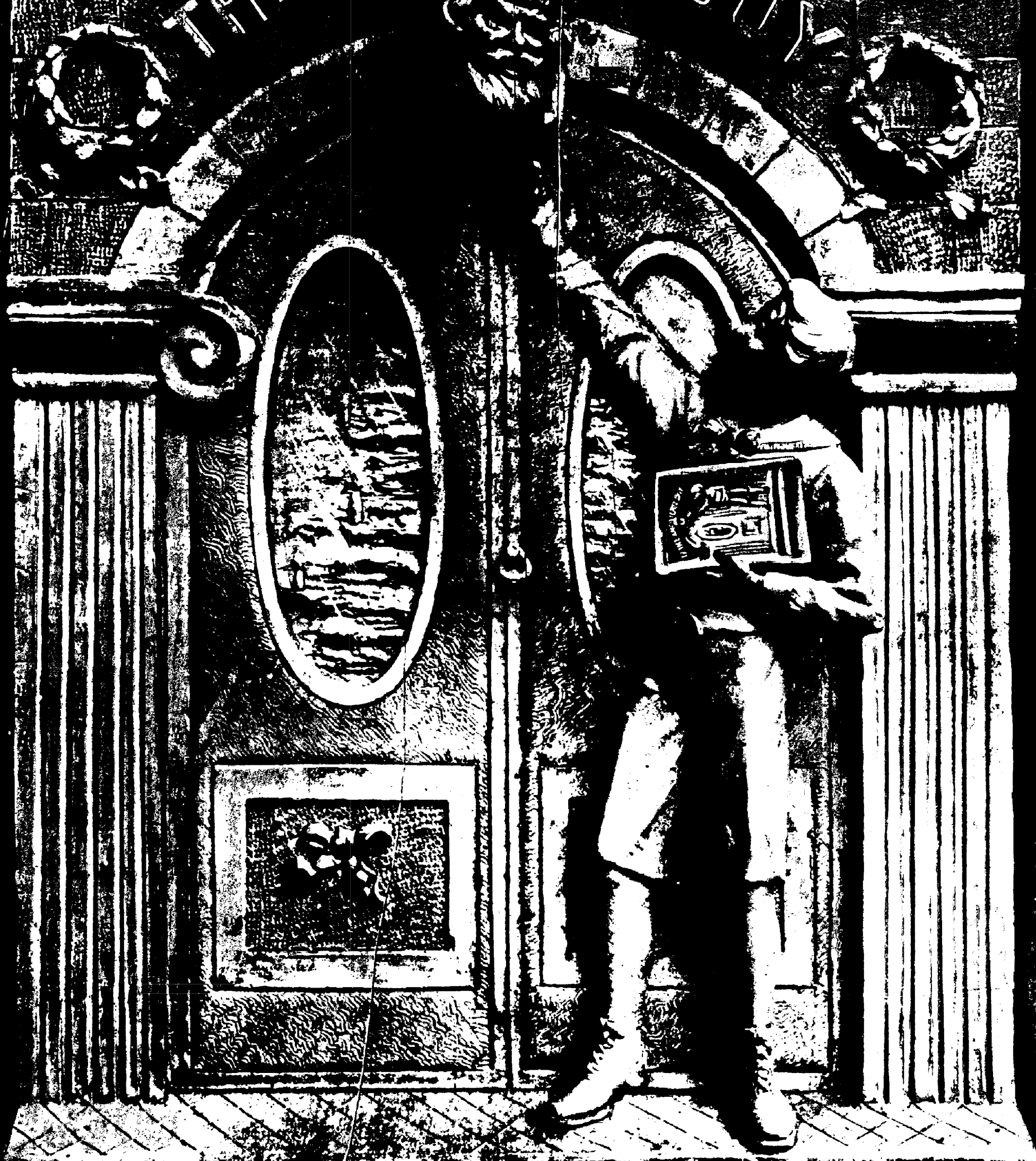
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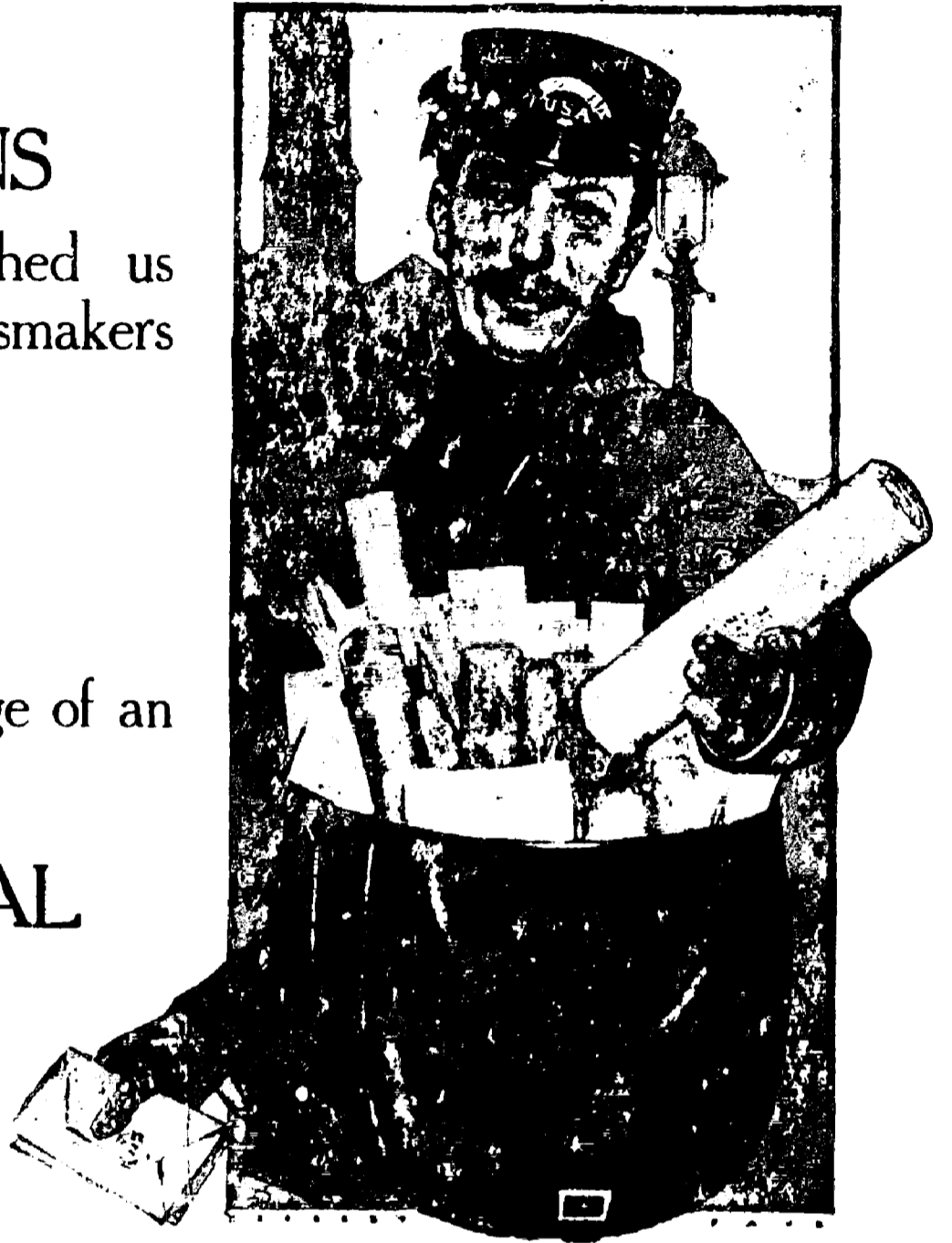
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Number 2



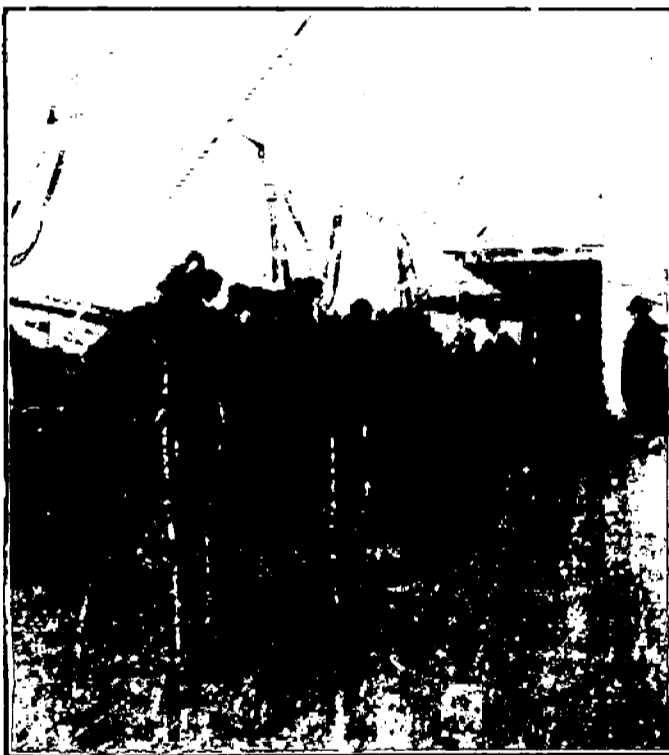
Begin in November

The boys had seats at the table near the ship's assistant doctor, a handsome, young, florid-faced Irishman who was making his first voyage across the Atlantic; he was an experienced sailor for all that and could tell of sand storms one hundred and fifty miles off the coast of Africa, and all kinds of thrilling adventures in tropical seas with storms and calms and sea serpents and lots of things that the boys had only read of in books. Next to Ned sat a gruff old Englishman who had been around the world and had crossed the Atlantic a dozen times; so between eating every good thing they had ever heard of and hearing marvelous stories of travel the boys made out to have a fairly good time in the dining room. Indeed, afterwards, they couldn't for some time tell which they had enjoyed the most, the dining saloon or the upper deck, but finally the upper deck won the decision for it was there they got acquainted with other boys, ran races, jumped, wrestled, and with the help of their sailor friend, who rigged up a net along the rail and made a ball of twine and furnished the cricket bat, they had a real game of cricket—a game at which the half dozen English boys on board far surpassed the American boys.

One afternoon when interest in the games flagged a little, Professor Jack asked the boys if they would not like to go down into the engine and boiler rooms. The boys had been talking of it, but they didn't dare hope for such a thing. Of course they said "Yes, sir!" with a vengeance, so Professor Jack sent his card to the office of the chief engineer requesting permission for himself and the boys to inspect the mighty mysteries of that part of the great ship that lay down deep in the sea. Word came back that at four o'clock that afternoon they would be given the opportunity. Promptly at four the Professor and the boys, led by their stateroom steward, went to the office of the chief engineer, who received them cordially and handed them over to a man who was to act as their guide. A short walk through a narrow passage and then through a narrow doorway brought them to the top of several flights of iron stairs from whence they saw spread out before them the massive machinery that propelled the giant vessel. The iron stairs were narrow and steep and the air oppressively hot. Dark-visaged men in scant clothing crept about among the machinery tightening bolts, oiling joints, and polishing the already glistening steel. Here were engines ranging from the main engine to the ash hoist, with thousands upon thousands of horse power, attended by some twenty engineers and over a hundred greasers, firemen and trimmers, and great boilers, fed with enough water each twenty four hours to supply a town of twenty six thousand inhabitants giving each inhabitant twenty five gallons a day, heated by furnaces which swallowed three hundred tons of coal every twenty four hours. Their guide told them many wonderful things. "To condense the steam," said he, "four thousand tons of sea water are passed through the tubes of the surface condensers every hour, the amount of water dealt with in a round trip being enough to fill a reservoir about a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide and six feet deep, and if the water were fresh the amount used daily would suffice for a city of seven hundred thousand inhabitants."

The boys were particularly interested in the great screw shafts which, one on each side of the hull and two hundred feet in length, revolve and so turn the propeller blades which sends the ship forward. "These massive shafts of steel weigh nearly one

hundred tons each," said the guide, "and make seventy five to eighty revolutions a minute." Then the guide pointed to a man who he said was the engineer in charge of the telegraph, which was connected with the captain's bridge way up by the pilot house where the boys had seen the captain, much of the time with glass in hand, pacing back and forth, his eye sweeping the great expanse of ocean, ever watchful and ever conscious of his responsibility. The boys had had great admiration for the captain since the Professor had told them how that officer had stood on the bridge all the previous night watching but nothing should happen to the great ship carrying its hundreds of human lives and its millions of dollars of property. They had wondered how so far above the great engines he could control the movements of the ship. Now they understood it all. An engineer must stand by to await orders at the telegraph instrument in the bottom of the ship at every moment of the day and night, for who could tell when at any moment, by a silent motion of a



RUNNING RACE ON BOARD SHIP.

lever at his hand, the captain might communicate an order, the failure to obey which even for a moment might mean a terrible disaster.

By this time the boys were awe-struck at the tremendous energy in motion about them. They said not a word to one another and took tight grip upon themselves for fear that they would touch something or do something which might disturb the harmonious working of the mysterious forces. Then the guide opened a door and bade them enter the furnace room. Ned, who was immediately behind the guide, hesitated, for the uncertain light, the fire that roared, and the black-visaged men who peered at them startled him.

"Step in, my lad; there is no danger," said the guide, reassuringly. "It is not as bad as it looks."

Ned then pushed in, followed by the others, and was soon in the midst of a little army of stokers who were shoveling coal into scores of red mouths that were belching out heat that was something terrific.

"And to think we have been sleeping over this awful place!" said Hal.

"How long can these men work in this inferno?" asked the Professor.

"O, they work out a few hours at a time. They work in shifts," replied the guide. "Their work is

not so hard. It is not nearly so hot here as in the furnaces of fresh water boats. You see, great volumes of air from the outside are forced down by suction pumps, thus tempering the heat and making it possible for these men to work here several hours at a time. It used to be a very dangerous occupation, and more than once I have seen a poor stoker hauled up into the air more dead than alive.

A stoker here handed Hal a shovel, and at this others came forward with shovels for the other boys and the Professor, and threw open four furnace doors. The boys stood for a moment in the stifling heat that belched forth, and then throwing down their shovels started to run. The stokers laughed at their discomfort and the guide begged them to return and try their hands at stoking. With a shame-faced laugh and shielding themselves as best they could from the fiery blasts, they took up their shovels, filled them with coal and made an attempt to throw the contents into the furnaces. The first attempt of each was a failure and the coal went rattling down on the outside. A good-natured laugh greeted their efforts, and they tried again, with little better result; but by this time they were so nearly overcome by the fearful heat that they quickly threw down their shovels and ran again to a place of safety. Professor Jack threw a few pieces of small coin to the men and followed. The ship made better time that day than the day before, and Ned wrote in his diary that he thought it was because he had helped to do the firing.

"One can scarcely realize, boys," said the Professor after they came up on deck, "that it has been only about eighty four years since the first steam vessel crossed the Atlantic."

"What was her name?" asked Joe.

"The Savannah, of three hundred and fifty tons," replied the Professor. "This boat of ours is twenty one thousand tons or more. The Savannah was thirty five days in making the voyage. I remember reading that when she arrived near the coast of Ireland the commander of a British sailing vessel saw smoke rising from her and thought she was on fire and rushed to the rescue. You can hardly say, however, that her attempt at crossing the ocean under steam was successful, because her machinery didn't work part of the time and seventeen of the thirty five days her paddles were on board and she was under sail."

"Wasn't the Great Eastern as big as the Cedric, Professor?" asked Hal.

"Not quite," answered the Professor; "and when you remember that she was built forty four years ago the progress of recent years doesn't seem so startling."

"How big was she?" asked Ned.

"She had accommodations for four thousand passengers and a crew of four hundred. In length she lacked only a few feet of being as big as the Cedric."

"Why, we can only carry three thousand," exclaimed Joe.

"That is true," answered the Professor, "but the Great Eastern was a failure and the Cedric is a success."

"She must have been a wonder in her time," said Hal.

"Yes she was the talk of the world," answered the Professor, "and she did civilization a great service in helping to lay the first Atlantic cable. She cost more than any ship that had ever been built before her—probably five million dollars. Then, too she was the first ship to have a double bottom, an inner and an outer skin with watertight compartments between."

"How many masts had she?" asked Hal.

"She had six, and could spread sixty five thousand square yards of sails."

"Is she still afloat?" asked Ned.

"No. She was finally sold for eighty thousand dollars and a short time afterwards broken up as being unseaworthy."

One day Ned came rushing out on deck with the information, which he imparted eagerly to the Professor, that he had gotten acquainted with the chief steward and that that officer had promised to show him the pantries and kitchens; so finding the others, they all followed Ned, who led them in triumph to that department of the ship which had been of great interest to him from the start.

"So you want to see where the grub comes from, do you, boys?" said the chief steward. "All right; follow me. First I will show you the storerooms where we keep the supply for one round trip. It's not all here, to be sure, now for you boys have been making quite a hole in it since we started, but it takes for a round trip two hundred barrels of flour,



OBSTACLE RACING

over half of which you see here, twenty thousand pounds of meat, including one hundred and twenty turkeys, fifteen hundred spring chickens, two hundred roasting chickens, six hundred ducklings, eight hundred squabs, six hundred quails, and two hundred partridges."

"My, what a lot of lobsters!" shouted Ned, and in surprise the boys gazed upon the lobsters, turtles and fish of all kinds—enough, as Ned said, to feed a city.

"It takes twenty five thousand eggs," said the steward, "for a round trip, forty six tons of potatoes, five thousand pounds of bacon and ham, and five thousand pounds of butter. You drink twenty five thousand pounds of coffee and fifteen hundred pounds of tea, and you require ten thousand pounds of sugar and spread on your bread five thousand pounds of jams and marmalades."

The boys looked at one another in astonishment.

"How do you carry so much meat and keep it fresh?" asked the Professor.

"We have our own ice plant," said the steward, "and the meat that is left when our voyage is over is about as fresh as when it starts. The vessels used to carry their meat on the hoof and butcher it as they went along; but a big boat nowadays doesn't have to carry a slaughter house. Would you like to see the pile of dishes?" he asked, leading the way into the pantry. "How many pieces of china do you suppose there are here?" he said, as the boys gazed upon the immense piles of plates, cups, saucers, and dishes of all kinds and sizes.

"I give it up," said Ned.

"Ten thousand pieces of china," said the steward, "besides forty five hundred pieces of glassware and over fourteen thousand knives, forks and spoons."

"It must require some linen for a round trip," said the Professor.

"Sixty thousand pieces, including tablecloths, napkins, etc.," was the answer.

"I guess there isn't any danger of our running short on anything," said Ned with a satisfied air as the little company fled out of the pantry and Professor Jack turned to thank the steward for his kindness.

The sighting of a sail by some of the passengers one clear day brought out the question from Hal as to how far the eye can carry at sea. Professor Jack couldn't answer the question, but took the first opportunity of talking with the captain while the latter was taking his exercise on the promenade deck one afternoon, and the captain told him that the range of vision depended on the height of the point at which the observer stood and the height of the object at which they were looking. "The curvature of the earth," said he, "is about eight inches to a mile. Now, if one's eye is at the sea level one can see an object five feet high nearly two and one-half miles away, or if at a height of ten, three and one-half miles, and so on up to a thousand feet high, thirty six miles. This distance increases as the eye rises above the sea level. Now, the Sandy Hook lighthouse is ninety feet high. If your eye were at the sea level you could see it nearly eleven miles away, but if your eye were fifteen feet above the sea level you could see it a little over fifteen miles away. A ship's hull may be seen on a very clear day from the promenade deck of a large steamship about ten miles away, and the top of her masts may be seen about fifteen miles away, so that when two steamers are approaching each other at a twenty-knot speed they will pass at the end of fifteen minutes after their hulls first become visible to the naked eye."

When all this was explained to the boys they found it necessary to learn the meaning of the word "knot," which the Professor explained to them as being the same as a sea mile, which is just equal to one minute of longitude, or 6,080 feet. "Now, the mile that we think of when we use that term," said the Professor, "is 5,280 feet, so that a land mile is eight hundred and sixty eight thousandths of a knot, or you can remember it better by thinking of a mile as four fifths of a knot."

Another thing in which the boys were greatly interested was the path the ship was taking. They were enabled to see this by a line that was drawn by a ship's officer on a map which was posted up at the head of the staircase on the upper deck so that all the passengers might know at noon of each day not only just how far the boat had gone, but just where in the ocean she was and the path she was taking.



SACK RACING

The boys were greatly interested in knowing that there are roads on the ocean just as there are on the land, and they were surprised to learn that some of these roads, which, of course, must be very broad ones, were fixed, and that the commanders of vessels were required not to deviate from them save for the most urgent reasons. The routes to be taken by the east bound boats were not the same as those to be taken by the west bound, and that accounted partly for the fact, as the Professor explained, that so few vessels crossed their path.

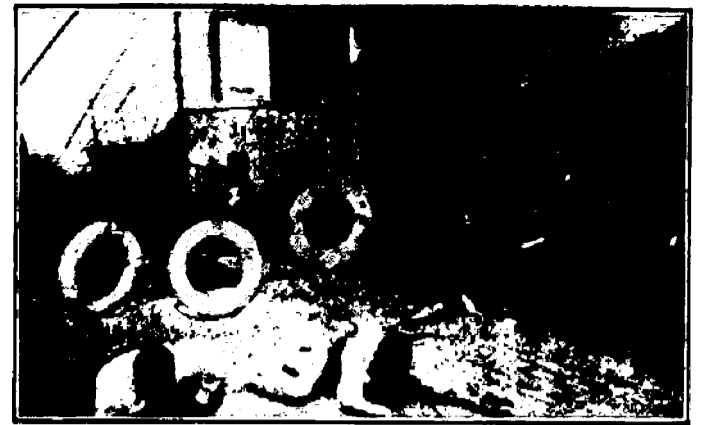
The boys, as indeed everybody on board, noted carefully the distance traversed each twenty four hours, and they were not long in having Professor Jack explain how the distance was figured at sea.

"You have heard of the ship's log," he said. "Now, ordinarily, this is an instrument which consists of a logship, a log line and a log glass. The logship is a thin wooden quadrant of about six inches radius loaded with lead sufficient to make it float upright. The log line is a line attached to the logship. This line is divided and marked into equal lengths known as 'knots' and 'half knots.' When used, the logship and some portion of the line known as the 'water line' are thrown over the stern. The logship, soon losing the impetus of the vessel, remains stationary in the water and the line is permitted to run out freely as the ship steams onward for an interval of time marked by a sandglass known as the 'log glass.' When the sand has run out the line is stopped and the length that has run out is the distance the vessel has traveled in the time shown by the sandglass. That is the log used commonly. Now, on the big ships, such as this one, a new kind of log is used, which measures automatically the distance a ship travels at sea. It consists of a fan that revolves a certain number of times in passing through a certain distance in the water. It is attached to a box in which by means of wheel-work the rotations of the fan are registered upon dials, and these dials tell the distance traveled in a certain time."

One day the boys got to talking with their sailor friend on deck about waves and learned some interesting things about them. "An ordinary wave," said he, "goes about twenty four feet a second, but when the wind rises it grows larger and goes faster. I have known of waves over a thousand feet long that had a speed of over seventy five feet a second. One wave was measured and found to be one half mile from crest to crest and it covered that distance in twenty three seconds." The boys were most interested in knowing how high the waves ran, for one day the waves broke over the bow of their ship and ran in great streams upon the lower deck. "They seldom run over thirty feet," said the sailor, "but I've known them to run as high as sixty, but you needn't want to see one."

On the last day of the voyage every one on board who was of an athletic turn joined in the athletic contests, prizes being awarded to the successful contestants. Hal took first prize in the obstacle race, though he got fearfully tangled up in one of the life preservers which, hanging from a cord stretched across the deck, served as one of the obstacles through which he had to climb. Ned got badly left in the sack race, but he won first prize in the potato race, because, as the Professor said, Ned had handled more potatoes than any boy of his age. The potatoes were laid in three lines on the deck, one line for each of the three contestants. A basket was held at the end of each line. Each of the contestants tried to gather up the potatoes in his line and put them one at a time into his basket before his opponents did. It was a caution the way Ned gathered up a potato and rushed for the basket, then went for the next one in the line, and so on. He had them all safely in the basket before his nearest rival was half way down his line.

On one occasion the boys sighted porpoises leaping from the water in graceful curves, and one evening a whale was seen in the distance lying low and spouting a little fountain of water into the air. A land bird had followed them for nearly two days and finally, exhausted, lighted on the deck to be cared for by a kind-hearted passenger. But, aside from these, not a living thing met the boys' eyes during the long



END OF THE OBSTACLE RACE

voyage. It was a revelation to them, for they imagined they would be doing nothing else than hanging over the rail counting whales, sharks and all sorts of sea monsters.

The evening of July third the word went about among the passengers that the captain had said that ere bedtime they would sight a light off the coast of Ireland, and, sure enough, at ten o'clock all was excitement, for those who had good eyes made out a dim light way out over the dark waters, and just below the captain's bridge the ship was burning colored fires to signal her presence. After the long voyage, hearts, young and old, beat strong at the prospect of seeing land with daylight, and in addition the morrow was to be the Fourth of July, so the boys went to bed crazy with excitement and with little prospect of an hour's real sleep.

The sun had hardly risen from out the water the next morning before many of the ship's company were up and gazing upon the coast of Ireland. Professor Jack and the boys were among the first to appear on deck. A sailor was just hauling the American flag up to the top of the mainmast.

It was a magnificent morning, the sea shone like a great mirror, and the good ship steamed proudly ahead as if pleased with the thought of another journey safely ended.

"A glorious Fourth of July, boys!" cried the Professor as they stood at the prow with a hundred other early risers and filled their lungs with the fresh air and feasted their eyes on the glory of the morning.

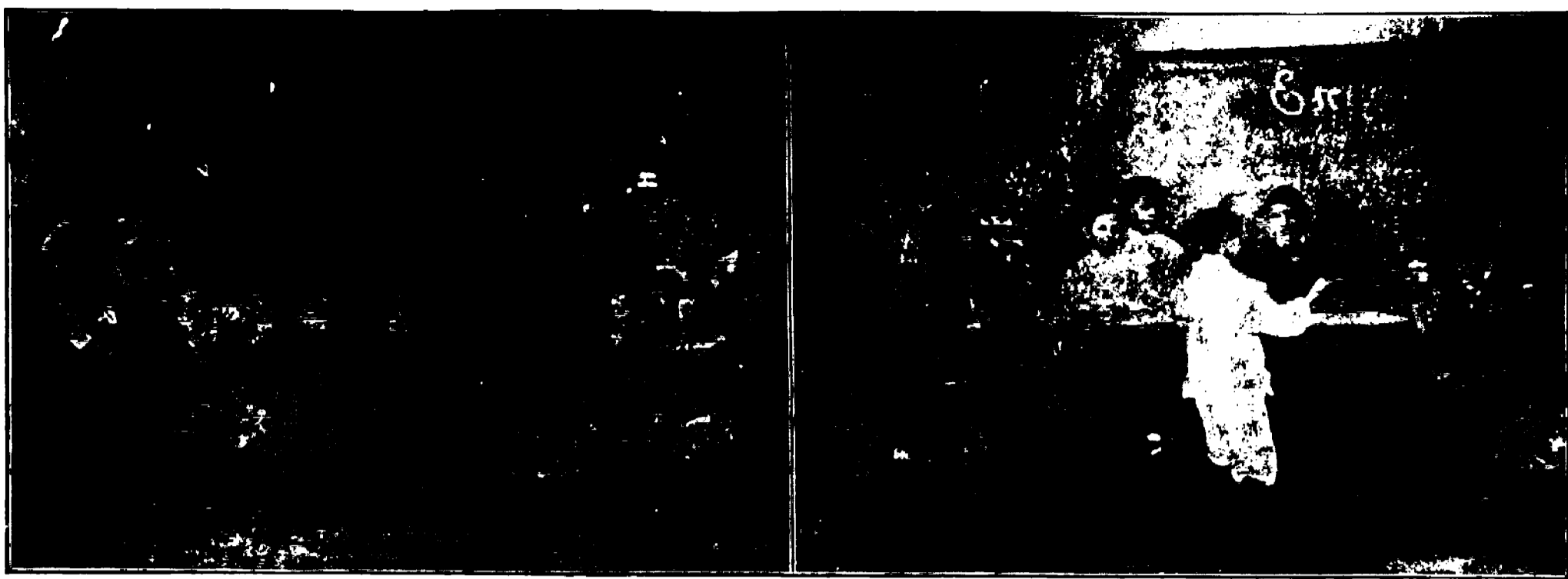
"When the sailor pulls the rope and the flag unfurls let's give a cheer," suggested the Professor, and a silent assent came from every heart. The sailor, hand over hand, pulled upon his rope and the little bundle of bunting slowly crept to the top. How the boys did wish for a band that could play "The Star Spangled Banner." It seemed to them there was nothing lacking on the big ship save a band of music. With a little jerk the sailor loosened the bunting and the Stars and Stripes spread itself proudly in the morning breeze. Every American heart gave a bound, and Professor Jack led in as lusty cheers as were ever given by an equal number of persons to Old Glory. Then they gave their attention to the shores of Ireland, along which they were speeding toward the anchorage off the harbor of Queenstown. Professor Jack could scarcely restrain his emotions in looking upon the land of his nativity. With the Stars and Stripes floating over him and the home of his childhood stretching her green banks before him as in welcome, he stood silent, scarcely hearing the thousand and one questions and exclamations that chorused from the eager boys; then, as if communing with himself, he repeated aloud the first lines of "When Erin First Rose," an old poem that he had heard his father and mother repeat:

"When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood
God blessed the green island and saw it was good;
The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the world, the most precious stone;
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
Her back turned to Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands, proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp mid the ocean's deep roar.
But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise."

(To be continued.)



MONUMENT ERRECTED OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK, PLYMOUTH, MASS.



A TRIAL IN A SCHOOL CITY COURT, HAVANA

A MEETING OF THE CITY COUNCIL, SCHOOL NO. 15, HAVANA

Teaching the Duties of Citizenship in Cuban Schools By H. D. JONES

An interesting series of photographs just received from Cuba by Wilson L. Gill, founder of the "School City" method of teaching the juvenile mind to understand municipal government, discloses the fact that Cuban children have made vast strides since the time when the Pearl of the Antilles was declared free. To the American who knows little of the conditions of life in Cuba the pictures are a revelation, for apart from the difference in complexion of the school children and the tropical clothing they wear, the pupils are so similar in appearance to the average American school boy and girl that the photographs might well depict a School City session in any American town.

To make the pictures intelligible to those who do not understand the School City method of civic training, it is well to explain that the plan is to organize the children of each school, under a charter given by the school authorities, as citizens of a municipality. These citizens elect a city council, who, in one phase of the plan, in turn elect a mayor, judge and other administrative and judicial officers. The mayor appoints his cabinet and subordinates and has power to remove them at will. Nomination by petition, proportional representation and the initiative and referendum enable the entire body of citizens to express and enforce its will at any time either with or independent of its representatives. Elections, for several reasons, occur frequently—once in ten weeks—and experience has shown that it is desirable to make the term of the police officers short. A high ideal of gentility and kindness and tact is usually required in a candidate for the position of police officer, for the boy or girl who takes this place can abuse the position if not fitted for its duties.

The children are guided by the school teachers. The elections are conducted with perfect liberty of choice. The police court sessions are always held in the presence of an adult. The idea is to coach the children thoroughly in the duties of civic office. It has been found an admirable way of making boys and girls familiar with the municipal machinery of their town.

The charges upon which a police officer of the School City may hale a boy or girl before the bench include lack of cleanliness or unruly conduct in or out of school, the destruction of school property, or the use of profane language. The most extreme punishment is the withdrawal of the rights of citizenship, subject to the approval of the school principal.

One of the photographs received by Mr. Gill from Cuba depicts a session of the court, the police officer detailing the charges against a boy, who stands with head bowed with shame as the catalogue is gone over. An intelligent Cuban boy of about fifteen acts as judge and a jury of bright-faced schoolboys listens to the story. Another picture shows a meeting of the City Council of School Number Fifteen, Havana. The City Clerk, a colored boy who has to be elevated on two cigar boxes in order to enable him to reach the minute book comfortably, is gravely chronicling the doings of the Council, and a Cuban boy in a white sailor suit is addressing the august assemblage, each member of which listens with an air of intelligent attention.

Another photograph shows the City Council of one of the schools "sitting for its picture," with sashes denoting their office fastened from the shoulder. Each little girl holds her certificate of office in front of her in as conspicuous a place as possible, and from the gravity of each one's demeanor the importance of the paper can scarcely be over-rated in the owner's estimation. With the photographs came this explanation: The City Council of the primary school

offers this souvenir to the Honorable Mr. Gill as the founder of the system.

A number of reports were also sent by various school principals. One from Jose Miguel Fernandez de Velasco, principal of School No. 15, read in part:

"I have observed with great satisfaction that in the ward of San Leopoldo, in which the school is situated, the number of children who were found running about the streets molesting quiet citizens and

using bad language has greatly diminished. When the system was established the choice of the eleven councilmen, made by children without any experience in a work of this kind, was made with a great sense of justice and impartiality. The council, without receiving suggestions of any kind, selected the best elements of the school for their appointees. The order and system have greatly improved. The sys-

(Continued on page 56.)

Prairie Dogs and Their Homes By Katherine Louise Smith

The New York Zoological Park has a large village of prairie dogs that are the delight of children visitors and cause much amusement to the grown folks. If you were traveling in the extreme west you would see the passengers crowd to the car windows to watch the antics of these same animals, as they are found on the plains and are familiar objects to mountaineers and huntsmen. Strictly speaking, they are not dogs, though they resemble a fat, sleek puppy, but are marmots.

Prairie dogs are always interesting, for their appearance as well as mode of life is peculiar. He lives underground in colonies or villages sometimes many acres in extent. The entrance to these underground habitations is marked with mounds of earth and thousands of these hillocks stretch as far as the eye can reach. The burrows are built in a sloping direction and after descending for six feet or so turn suddenly and rise upwards.

The little prairie dog himself is fat and pudgy and holds up his jerky tail with an air as if to say, "I am monarch of the plain," as in truth he is. He has a small cheek-pouch which he uses to carry his food in, and his forepaws are better than any shovel for burrowing purposes. When full grown he is about seventeen inches in length, has a tail often four inches long, is dark brown or tawny in color and is compactly formed. He looks much like a squirrel and his antics are quite as interesting.

He runs from hole to hole with an air of bustle, often stopping suddenly and sitting on his haunches apparently too dignified to move. At such times he makes a whistling noise and assumes an attitude of expectation as if waiting for an answer. At other

times he crosses his forepaws near the nose and acts as if saying his prayers. Perched on the hillock which decorates his front door, he is able to survey a wide horizon, and as soon as he sees an intruder he barks, knocks his little feet together and disappears. In every direction a similar scene is enacted as, warned by the cry, all the dogs repeat the call and disappear. The curiosity of the little animals is so great that scarcely have they vanished than their noses cautiously protrude from the holes to see what is going on, then thousands of inquisitive eyes can be seen dotting the plain.

The first travelers to tell of the prairie dog were Lewis and Clark, who tell in a journal how they poured five barrels of water into a hole to dislodge the owner, but without success. These subterranean galleries are always of great extent, so that digging down into them or drowning the animal is almost impossible.

A peculiar fact about the prairie dog is that he does not live alone. Snakes, frogs, and even owls, live in his hole with him, though it is thought they are all at enmity. The cowboys who dread these prairie villages because in a number of instances lives have been lost from horses stumbling in the holes, often see a gray owl viewing the country from the top of the heap of dirt that marks the door to the subterranean passage, whose warning cry of danger will send every marmot back in his hole. That the snakes eat the dogs has been proven beyond question, for dead dogs have been found in snakes' stomachs, proving that in the home of the marmot the snake gets lodging and board at easy rates. Altogether these little prairie dogs are the funniest of animals.





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CHAPTER I.

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

"Chinee! Chinee! Chink! Chink! Chink!"

These epithets, and many others equally contemptuous such as "Rat Eater!" and "Piggy Tail" were gleefully shouted by a mob of young ragamuffins who crowded about a single youthful figure, early one summer morning, on the elm-shaded Main street of Hatton. The lad, thus hustled and insulted was a good looking chap according to the standard of his own people; though his long-lashed, wide-set eyes were narrower than those of his tormentors, his clear complexion held a tint of yellow, the front half of his head was shaved, and the remaining luxuriant growth of jet black hair such as all Chinese have, and of which they are so proud, that they call themselves the black-haired people, hung in a thick, glossy braid down his back. He wore a blue gown that fastened closely about his neck, and fell in severely simple lines, without belt or ornamentation, almost to his feet. Below it could be seen a pair of black silk trousers, lightly fastened over a narrow section of white stockings, that in turn were lost to view in black cloth shoes having embroidered tops and felt soles. He had worn a round visorless cap of black silk ornamented by a crimson knot, but this had been kicked and trampled under foot by the hoodlums, who, having discovered a victim that could be abused with impunity, were making the most of the welcome chance. Nor were they without encouragement in their cruel sport; for a group of men and young women, on their way to the great factory that was at once the mainstay of Hatton's prosperity and its ever threatening menace, had paused to enjoy the sight of a crowd of American boys tormenting a helpless foreigner, and greeted the sorry spectacle with shouts of laughter.

"That's right, kiddies!" cried one of the men. "Down with yellow belly and teach him that this country hain't no place for him nor his kind."

"Dirty, rat-eating scab!" growled another.

"Somehow it don't seem right, though," said one of the young women with a tone of pity in her voice as the badgered lad was suddenly jerked backward and nearly thrown to the ground by a violent pull at his queue. "He does look so like a girl with his blue dress, his little hands, and his braided hair."

"Oh! hush up, Mag. You're too soft for anything!" exclaimed another. "He ain't nothing but just a low-lived heathen Chinee like them as runs the laundry over to Adams. They'd take the bread out of honest working people's mouths quick as a wink if they was give half a chance."

Just then the factory bell rang with insistent clamor, and the jeering group of workers moved on. At a meeting held a few evenings before, they had loudly cheered, and unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that the government ought immediately to deport and send back to their own country, at their own expense, every Chinese found within its territory. One of the speakers had declared that if the government was slow in doing this thing, it was the duty of every American citizen to take the matter into his own hands, drive out the Chinese wherever found, destroy their places of business, and hunt them to death if they offered resistance.

Of course, the children of these men having heard this resolution discussed, and its accompanying speeches repeated with applauding comments, deemed it their privilege to attack and, if possible, drive from their virtuous village every representative of the hated race they might encounter; and, unfortunately for him, poor, innocent, helpless Chinese Jo was the first to fall into their joyful clutches.

This was the first experience of his first day in Hatton which he had reached after dark, the evening before. He had come to America from his far away native land, in company with a dozen others of his young countrymen. These others had been sent over by the Chinese government to be educated and taught the ways of western civilization; and Jo's father, Li Ching Cheng, a progressive mandarin who realized the value of such an education, had seized the opportunity to add his own dear son to the party, that he might gain the priceless advantage of some years of study in the same land.

Now it happened that in Mandarin Li's district labored an American medical missionary, Mason Hinckley by name, who also had an only son. When this boy was four years old his parents, desirous that

he should have an American training from the outset, had taken him to the United States and placed him in charge of his uncle and aunt, the Rev. William and Mrs. Hinckley, of Hatton, a manufacturing village of the lovely Connecticut valley. Then, with aching hearts, they had returned to their lonely post of duty in China and only twice during the following fourteen years were they able to visit their boy.

When Mandarin Li announced that he, too, proposed to send a son to America and asked if the Hinckleys could not arrange to have him received into the same family with their Rob, they gladly consented to do what they could. Their hope for their own boy was that he would eventually return to China and they realized the value to him of present companionship with a young Chinese of education and refinement. So a letter was sent to Hatton, and finally everything was arranged for the comfort and happiness of Mandarin Li's son. Thus he was sent forth on his long journey, half way around the world, filled with a joyous enthusiasm over his prospects.

He and his young friends traveled in charge of a home-returning American, who had promised to see them safely to their several destinations in New England. By his advice they adopted English names for use in the country to which they were bound, and one lad chose that of Joseph. As his father's surname was Li, which in Chinese is pronounced "Lee," he thus became known to his future teachers and more precise acquaintances as Joseph Lee; but all his American boy friends called him "Chinese Jo," or "China Jo," or "Chinee Jo," according to their several degrees of intelligence, and it is thus that we shall know him as we accompany him through the various adventures which it is proposed to record in the following pages. They began, as already has been seen, with his very first morning in the new home that he had reached the evening before, tired from his long journey, bewildered by the multitude of strange sights and experiences that had crowded thickly about him from the moment of his landing at San Francisco, and terrified at the great loneliness that had come to him, with the departure of his comrades, who had been left by twos at other places before Hatton was reached. At the last of these points, only a few miles away, the gentleman who had escorted them from China, had been obliged to send him on alone, after notifying the Hinckleys by telegraph of his coming.

Rob met him at the Hatton station, looked after his luggage of queer camphor wood boxes, and took him to the pleasant parsonage that was to be his home in this strange land. Although he talked only broken English, and Rob had very nearly forgotten the Chinese of his childhood, they managed to converse after a fashion, and took to each other from the very first. Rob offered a striking contrast in appearance to the slender lad who walked with noiseless felt-shod feet beside him, and Jo at once conceived a liking for the sturdy young American who greeted him so cordially, took charge of him and his affairs with such an air of authority, and even could speak a few words of intelligent Chinese.

Rob also was pleased with the foreign lad, whose appearance recalled a happy childhood spent in company with many such blue-clad figures on the other side of the world. At the same time, he was glad that Jo had not reached his destination a few hours earlier, for he realized that the strangeness of his companion's costume, and his general make-up would have attracted much unpleasant attention from the village boys, had they been revealed by daylight. He determined to urge upon his uncle the advisability of confining Jo to the house on the following day, or until he could be provided with an outfit of American clothing, and persuaded to wear his hair in accordance with American ideas.

A warm welcome and a good supper awaited the young traveler at the parsonage, and under their cheering influence his homesickness was, for the time being, forgotten. His boxes were promptly delivered at the house, and from them he took the most marvelous array of gifts for various members of the Hinckley family that ever had been seen in Hatton. To Mrs. Hinckley he presented several superb pieces of embroidered silks from Canton, a centerpiece for a table, of pale blue, grass linen, drawn work from Swatow, a cloisonne teapot from Peking, and half a dozen tiny tea cups of exquisite Foo Chow porcelain. For Mr. Hinckley he had wonderful ivory carvings in the shape of chessmen and a wadded silk dressing

gown; while to Rob, in addition to several jars of Chinese confections, such as preserved ginger root, bamboo tips, watermelon rind, edible sea weeds and palm leaf buds, he gave a complete suit of Chinese clothing such as is worn by the sons of wealthy mandarins, and selected from his own wardrobe. It was in striking contrast to the simple scholar's gown of light blue cotton cloth that he had adopted as an inconspicuous traveling costume, for its dark blue skirt was heavily embroidered with gold thread; it had a jacket of light blue silk with wide, flowing sleeves, a wine-colored sleeveless over-jacket of the same rich material, black silk trousers with plum-colored over-trousers, a light blue silk cap with a crystal button on top, silken socks, and gold embroidered felt shoes.

Rob gasped with amazement when the various parts of this superb costume were unfolded before him, and was inclined to regard it with contemptuous amusement.

"All those silk petticoats and things for a boy!" he sniffed. "Catch me ever wearing such a lot of girl's stuff. And, I say, Uncle Will, that reminds me. Don't you think we'd better get him into American clothes and have his pigtail cut off before he is turned loose in the street? He'll jump into no end of trouble if he shows outside in anything like these, or even as he is now. It looks funny even to me, and I'll bet he couldn't walk down Main street without being mobbed."

"I myself think that the sooner he conforms to the dress and customs of the country in which he is to reside for some time to come, the better it will be for him," replied Mr. Hinckley. "But, Rob, I don't like the way you seem inclined to treat his gift, and I am very glad he could not wholly understand what you just said about it. A gift of any nature, offered as a token of friendliness and good will should be accepted in the same spirit, even though it may not be just what you would have chosen. I do not know of anything that hurts one's feelings more keenly than to have a friendly overture contemptuously rejected."

"Of course, I would not hurt his feelings for anything, Uncle Will," replied Rob with a contrite flush mounting to his forehead. "I already like him too much for that, and I wouldn't have said what I did about his present if I had thought. I do thank you ever so much," he added, turning to Jo, "for all this silk stuff. I'm awfully glad to have it, and I'll put it away to wear at my first fancy dress ball, if I ever go to one. Anyway, whenever I look at it, I'll be reminded that Chinese Jo is my friend and that I am his."

Although Jo did not understand all the words thus spoken, he was so fully satisfied with their tone and the smile that accompanied them, that a little later, when he went to bed, he was happy in the consciousness of having gained a friend of his own age in this strange land of strangers.

CHAPTER II.

AMERICA'S UNFRIENDLY WELCOME.

In spite of Jo's weariness of the night before, and the sound sleep that followed, he was out of bed before sunrise and gazing curiously from his chamber window. The air was sweet and cool, the arching elms stood motionless as though not yet awake, and between them he caught a silvery gleam of the Connecticut. Beyond it rose soft, swelling hills, and he imagined their green slopes to be thickly strewn with graves, as is always the case in China. On them, too, he could see occasional groves of trees, each of which he supposed must shelter a white-walled temple, or sacred shrine, this being the prime object of groves in his native land. He wondered at not seeing any tall-sailed junks or guardboats on the river, and at the utter absence of the useless but picturesque pagoda towers that add so much to the beauty of every Chinese landscape. Then, remembering that America is a very new country in comparison with his own, he concluded that its people had not yet found time to build pagodas or perhaps were too poor. Of course he could trace no resemblance between the broad well-shaded avenue below him with its rows of neat white houses and the narrow, crowded shadeless streets to which he was accustomed. At the same time the green country on which he gazed looked so very like a bit of Chinese river valley that he longed to explore it with a hope of finding thatched farm houses, curve-roofed temples, or other home-like features that should recall his own beloved valley of the Si Kiang. He listened with pleasure to the singing of birds which were infinitely more numerous than in China, and to the tinkle of cow bells, a sound he never before had heard. He wished he might go down to the street and begin at once his study of the many strange things it was certain to contain, and he wondered how soon a servant would appear in his room with the bowl of tea that would be the signal for rising.

While he thus was cogitating he heard a door below him open and close, and then he saw his newly made friend, Rob Hinckley, go whistling down the

street swinging in one hand a bright tin milk can. If he had only known that Rob was up and going out he might have gone, too. Perhaps even now he might overtake him and have a walk in his company. He already was dressed and the only thing about him not thoroughly presentable was his queue, which not yet cared for that morning, looked rough and unkempt. At home some one had always combed and braided it for him; first his mother and afterwards a servant. Since coming away one of his Chinese companions and he had braided each other's queues every morning. Now, Jo wondered who was to perform this service, but supposed that sooner or later some one would come to his assistance. He wished the lazy fellow already had appeared and that this most important feature of his toilet had been attended to; for in China no gentleman will present himself on the street or in company unless his queue is carefully braided smooth and glossy. Exposed to public view in any other condition it is a sign that its owner is in such deep affliction that he takes no interest even in the most important affairs of life.

Having been carefully instructed in this branch of Chinese etiquette, Jo was puzzled as to what he should do. He longed to join Rob in his walk, but hesitated to offend his friend by appearing before him with a disordered queue. He could not put it in order himself, and no one was at hand to assist him. Of course he might conceal the fact that it was frowzy by colling it about his head and hiding it beneath his cap; but even this plan had its drawbacks, for in the Flowery Kingdom it is an almost unpardonable offense for any man to appear in the presence of his superiors with queue coiled about his head or in any other way hidden. Still the only superiors recognized at present by Jo were the senior Hinckleys, and by going downstairs very quietly he might step out of the house without attracting their notice and so avoid giving offense.

Thus thinking, the lad hastily coiled his cherished, but at that moment rather disreputable looking, queue closely about his head, pulled his cap over it, and softly opening his room door, stole forth with the noiseless tread of a sneak-thief. He got safely as far as the front door, but there he made so much noise fumbling with the unfamiliar latch as to attract the attention of Mr. Hinckley, who was dressing, and he called down, "Who's there?"

Not understanding the question and as dismayed at the prospect of being discovered with his queue disrespectfully coiled, as an American boy would be if caught stealing jam, Jo made no reply but redoubled his efforts at the door. Suddenly, as he was pulling it with all his strength, the latch turned and the door flew open, sending him to the floor with a crash. Mrs. Hinckley screamed and her husband shouting, "Stop Thief!" started downstairs. He failed, however, to reach the bottom in time to discover the author of the disturbance; for Jo, thoroughly frightened by the untoward result of his efforts to enact the part of a Chinese gentleman had hastily scrambled to his feet and fled through the now wide open door. Although the minister did not see him, Mrs. Hinckley, peeping between the half-closed slats of the window blinds, did, and exclaimed:

"My good gracious, William! If it isn't that Chinese boy!"

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Hinckley, as realizing the futility of a chase under existing conditions, he hastened back to the room.

"I tell you it is, for I just saw him with my own eyes, blue dress and all go flying down the street as though the constable was after him. I've no doubt he ought to be, too, for the boy's run away, that's what he's done, and probably taken every mite of silver in the house with him."

"Nonsense!" again ejaculated Mr. Hinckley, as he slipped on a pair of trousers.

"You may say 'nonsense' as much as you like," retorted his wife, "but you'll think something else when you find out that every word I'm speaking is solemn truth. I always did mistrust the Chinese, and so would you if you'd heard all the stories I have about their dreadful wickedness down at the Society."

"Didn't know any of them belonged to the Society," interposed Mr. Hinckley, unable even at the critical moment to resist a sly joke at his wife's expense.

"You know what I mean, William Hinckley, just as well as I do," was the reply. "And I do think this a pretty time to be poking fun at your poor wife when a pig-tailed, 'yellow peril,' as he is truly called, is running off with every mite of her own mother's family silver. It's no wonder we are trying to exclude them, and I only wish we'd succeeded before this one ever came to Hatton. They do say down at the Society that the Chinese are about to overrun the world, and, from what I've just seen, I've no doubt it's true."

"Of course it must be so if they say so, my dear," answered the minister as he fastened his shirt collar, "but I'll try some over-running myself after this first 'yellow peril' who has ever tried to overrun Hatton. As he is too conspicuous an object to run far without attracting attention I expect to catch up with him very shortly and to return with him inside of half an hour. Then I hope breakfast will be ready; for both of us are certain to be extremely hungry after our exercise."

"Perhaps it will if he's left a bit of food in the house to cook, or a thing to cook with, which I doubt," retorted Mrs. Hinckley, as her husband, now wholly dressed, again started towards the street.

In the meantime Chinese Jo, quite unaware of the turmoil he had left behind him, and only anxious to overtake Rob, whom he just could see far down the street, had, as Mrs. Hinckley declared, set forth on a run in that direction. Also, as Mr. Hinckley had predicted, he was too strangely conspicuous to run far without attracting attention. At first the few people on the street at this early hour only stared at him, but after a little they began to call and point at him, and boys began to pursue him with joyous shouts of anticipated fun.

All at once Jo discovered that Rob no longer was in sight, and also that a number of small boys, all yelling at the top of their voices, were running on both sides of him. Fearing lest he might pass the place where he had last seen his friend, and puzzled to account for his present escort, the Chinese lad stopped and looked about him. He had reached the village common on which half a dozen disreputable young ragamuffins were playing an early game of toss penny. These, discerning in his presence a more exciting interest, promptly abandoned their game, and ran whooping towards him.

Now, for the first time, Jo began to feel nervous and wish that he had not ventured out among these barbarians, unprotected. All the terrible stories he had heard concerning the cruel treatment of his countrymen, by Americans, surged into his memory



THE CHINESE LAD STOPPED AND LOOKED ABOUT HIM

and filled him with dismay. Never before had he believed them, but now it seemed probable that some of them might be true.

No Chinese is a fighter either by nature or education, and Jo was not an exception to this rule. Thus he would have fled from his present unhappy position had flight been possible, but it was not. He was completely encircled by his merciless tormentors, who, as they realized his utter helplessness became more and more bold in their attacks. At first they only hooted, jeered, and called him names. Then they began to hustle and push him. At length one of them snatched off his cap and flung it to the ground, where it was trampled under foot and kicked from one to another. With the loss of his cap, Jo's queue was uncoiled from about his head, and dropped down his back. In this position it was caught and jerked by one and then another of the yelling mob, until its wretched owner was half crazed by pain and fright. Thus he was shoved and pulled, spun giddily round and round, pelted with mud and repeatedly struck with sticks or clenched fists. His blue gown was torn in many places and his face was bleeding. Finally he slipped, falling in a convulsive effort to save himself, and fell carrying to earth with him one of the young miscreants at whom he had clutched as he went down.

Jo's fall was greeted by yells of delight from the imps who had caused it, but directly their jubilation was exchanged for howls of dismay and pain. At the critical moment an avenger had appeared among them, and he was dealing furious blows at their unguarded bodies with a terrible flashing weapon that scattered them as chaff is scattered by a fierce wind.

CHAPTER III.

ROB TO THE RESCUE.

Rob Hinckley had gone out early on that eventful morning for the family milk, that he fetched every day from a small farm at the lower end of the village. His mind was full of the strange new companion who had come into his life the evening before, and, as he went whistling down the street,

he was planning how he should introduce him to the boys of Hatton. He also wondered on what terms they would receive the young foreigner who was in every way so different from any other they ever had met.

"Of course they'll treat him all right though," reflected Rob. "They may think him funny and laugh at him a little to be in with, but when I tell 'em who he is in his own country, they'll be proud enough to have him in school. I'll have to keep him out of sight of the 'Muckers' though, at any rate till he gets some civilized clothes and learns how to wear 'em."

Here Rob stared with a decidedly unfriendly scowl at the group of young gamblers on the village common, across which he was walking.

"Wouldn't it just be a pie for them to get hold of him, blue dress, pigtail and all?" he reflected. "And wouldn't he think he'd run up against a war party of American Indians ready to scalp him? They won't have a chance at him though, not if I know it."

Here Rob straightened himself, clinched his unoccupied hand, and held his head higher than ever; for there is nothing that increases one's sense of importance as to have a weaker person dependent upon him.

There was much bitterness of feeling existing between two classes of Hatton boys, one of which was more or less connected with the big factory, while the other attended the Academy, for which the village was famous. The latter called their enemies "Muckers," and these retorted with the term, "Sapheads." Members of these opposed factions always exchanged sneers and taunts upon meeting, and sometimes these led to blows that resulted in fierce conflicts. None of these fights ever had taken place on the common, however, for the village constable had declared it to be neutral ground, and threatened with dire punishment any boy who should break the public peace within its limits. As the constable generally was somewhere in the vicinity of the common ready to enforce his ruling, it had been obeyed thus far, and both the boyish factions had used the open space as a playground in apparent harmony. So Rob Hinckley only scowled at the "Muckers" who occupied one corner of the common as he crossed it that morning, while they in turn pretended ignorance of his presence.

On his return, however, affairs had assumed a very different aspect, and as Rob drew near the common he pricked up his ears at the sounds that came to him from that ordinarily peaceful enclosure. What could they mean? Were the "Muckers" fighting among themselves? Rob believed they were, and chuckled at the thought of what Constable Jones would do when he discovered them. This belief was strengthened as he came within sight of the fracas, for at first he could only see a lot of yelling "Muckers" apparently engaged in a furious struggle. Then he uttered an exclamation of dismay and the hot blood flew to his face. In the very center of the surging crowd he saw a slender blue-clad figure, taller than any of those swarming about it, and realized that the very thing he had most dreaded in connection with his newly-made friend from China had come to pass. Chinese Jo, whom he had thought to be peacefully and safely asleep in the parsonage, evidently had left it unnoticed and at once had fallen into the hands of the most merciless of American savages.

With a hoarse yell of rage and careless of what might happen to himself, Rob sprang forward swinging the milk can above his head as he ran. So busy were the tormentors of the Chinese lad with their sport that the coming of a would-be rescuer was unnoticed until he was close upon them. As poor Jo lost his footing and fell, Rob dashed into the melee, dealing telling blows with his milk can and scattering the horde of young toughs as though he had been a charge of cavalry. The stopper flew out of the can and its contents were flung to right and left impartially drenching friend and foe. Thus, for a minute, the tide of battle flowed with the righteously wrathful Rob against the cowardly and unrighteous "Muckers." Then one of the latter who had not yet been reached by the deadly milk can and so could view the proceedings more calmly than could his companions, shouted:

"There ain't but one 'Saphead,' fellers! Go fer him! Kill him! He ain't no good!"

The cry was heard and obeyed. In spite of the demoralizing effects of the milk can, the "Muckers" rallied, and in another moment affairs would have gone very badly with both our lads. But, providentially sent, peacemakers were at hand and, ere the enemy could rally to an attack, they were put to ignominious flight by overwhelming forces that simultaneously appeared upon the field of battle from two sides. Parson Hinckley and Constable Jones had arrived in the nick of time.

"What is the meaning of this disgraceful exhibition, Robert?" demanded the former sternly as the

(Continued on page 37.)



One of the most intelligent dogs in eastern Pennsylvania is Shep, the property of Robert D. Von Nieda, of Ephrata, Pa. Shep's home is at a popular summer resort in the Pennsylvania mountains and it is there that he does all manner of things to entertain his friends. Shep's particular duty is to keep the wide lawn in front of the hotel clean and free from flying papers and rubbish. Every day he can be seen going unbidden to his task, and he does it more thoroughly than many a man hired for the purpose would do it. He selects a spot over which the wind does not sweep, and to that brings every stray paper, stick or stone he can find on the sward, staying by the pile of refuse until an attendant comes and removes it. Shep is also a self-constituted and most reliable guardian of the children of the hotel, and mothers feel all confidence in leaving little toddlers in his care, though in years he is not older than his little charges, for Shep is only three and one-half years old. It is a pretty sight to see him romping on the lawn with the little ones. They pull his tail, climb all over him, use him for a foot stool or football, yet Shep never shows any temper. The children delight in making him chase a ball over the green lawn or hide it at very difficult places for him to find, and he never gives up the hunt until he finds it. He enjoys the game of hide-and-seek, and can play the game just as well as the children, or better. Shep is always the seeker and the children hide behind trees or about the corners of the large building, and not one of the children reach the base before he touches them gently with his nose. Shep is generally well paid for his good nature. The children love

to watch him go to a nearby confectionery to buy pretzels. With the penny in his mouth he trots to the store and with his fore feet on the edge of the counter drops the penny in the man's hand and waits for his pretzels. Sometimes the man will reach for a jar of candy and a displeased look is seen on Shep's face. With the four little pretzels in his mouth, he finds some cool place to enjoy his feast. In the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY we published a photo of Shep umpiring a game of checkers, and he seems as much interested in the game as are the players. It is also Shep's duty every morning and evening to take the cows to and from the pasture, and he does it well. He does not like dogs larger than himself and is no friend of cats. He has had many quarrels with these enemies and has always gained the victory. One morning his master took him down the street and for the first time he saw a monkey and met his first defeat, and it proved a good lesson for him. The monkey attracted a large crowd and Shep became very jealous and made a spurt for the little animal, but before he was aware of it, the monkey was on Shep's back, clinging to his long, black hair. The dog managed to fling him off and then made the second attempt and the result was no better—the monkey was again on his back. The third attempt proved a victory for the monkey. Shep made a brave effort to overpower the shrewd little animal, but the monkey had him by the tail and with all his might held on, in spite of Shep's struggles. When the monkey released his hold Shep made a bee-line as fast as he could go for his home, and since that time he has never harmed dog or cat.

SHOES AND SELF-RESPECT

A boy couldn't hate shoes any more than did Harry Smith. They were hot and they cramped his feet and made him fidget. He liked to walk along the road and plow up the dust with his brown toes, and when he dipped those same toes into a brook the sensation was delightful.

The Board of Education of Jersey City said Harry must wear shoes. There was no place in school for barefooted boys. His father protested and so did some friends, but the board was firm.

There isn't anything immoral about bare feet. They are honorable. Abe Lincoln was a barefooted boy once. When he went to school he didn't wear

enough clothes to dust a fiddle box, and he was tanned and awkward.

But times have changed, if not the hearts of the people. We dress better than we did fifty years ago. We pay more attention to the little niceties of life. The clean collar and the polished shoes count for more, and the schoolboy who looks spick and span isn't called a dude nowadays.

It is a part of progress. It is a part of the elevation of mankind. It is putting the best foot forward.

You can't tell the size of a man's heart by the cut of his coat, or the purity of his motives and extent of his ability by the crease in his trousers.

But you do judge largely by appearances. You haven't always the time to get under the surface. You view rags with suspicion and dirt with disgust, and you respect good clothes—at least until you find that they cover a scoundrel.

The boy with shoes may not be a better boy than the barefooted boy, but he'll look better. It is just one step from looking better to feeling better. The decently dressed lad respects himself, and respecting himself he can force others to respect him. It is a process of evolution, and that is the way men are made in this big world.—Kansas City World.

How the Chipmunk Got the Black Stripe On His Back.

As everybody knows, the chipmunk has a black stripe running up and down his back.

According to the red Indians he did not have any black stripe on him at all originally. They say that he got the one he now wears in the following manner:

The animals used to meet once a year to elect a leader, and, once upon a time, the porcupine was chosen for that position.

The first thing the porcupine did was to call a great council of all the animals. Then he placed before them the following question: "Shall we have day all the time or night all the time?"

It was a very important matter, and the animals began to debate it earnestly. The bear said he wanted night all the time, for then he could sleep, and sleep was much the most pleasant thing he knew of.

But the little chipmunk said: "No, I want night part of the time and day part of the time, for then we can have a time to sleep and a time to gather nuts and hop around among the trees."

The big bear and the little chipmunk got into a violent discussion over the question, and the other animals became silent and left the two to argue it out.

It was night while they were debating, and when they had got out of breath arguing, they began to sing.

"Night is best; night is best. We must have darkness!" sang the big bear.

"Day is best; day is best. We must have light," sang the little chipmunk.

"Night is best; night is best. We must have darkness," growled the bear in a deep, thunder tone.

"Light will come. We must have light. Day will come," piped the little chipmunk in his shrill voice.

And, just as he was singing, the day began to dawn and the light of morning to illumine the world.

Then the bear and the other big animals on his side of the question saw that the little chipmunk was prevailing, and set up an angry chorus, so that the chipmunk was afraid and ran for his hole in a neighboring tree.

The bear and his followers ran after him and, just as the chipmunk was diving into his hole, the big bear reached out his paw to catch him. But the chipmunk was so quick that the paw of the bear only grazed his back and he got into his hole in safety.

But you can see to this day in the black stripe on the back of the chipmunk where the paw of the bear who loved darkness just grazed the fur of the little fellow who loved the light.

Wanted—Parents.

Judge Tuthill, of the Juvenile Court of Chicago, says that within the last two years upwards of 6,000 boys under sixteen years of age have appeared before him in the Juvenile Court, and that it is his candid and honest opinion that fully 90 per cent of them could be saved and made good law-abiding citizens and useful members of society if they could receive the proper parental care.



A LITTLE TRICK. "SHEP" ON GUARD.

THE TRICK REVEALED.

Commander Peary And His Arctic Expedition

By WALDON FAWCETT



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LIEUTENANT R. E. PEARY.

EVERY American boy will be interested in the announcement that Commander Robert E. Peary, the United States naval officer who has already won fame in Arctic exploration, in which he has spent twelve of the best years of his life, will start northward next July to make another dash for the North Pole. The North Pole is, as Commander Peary remarked in a recent conversation, the last great geographical prize which the earth has to offer. Its discovery will always stand as one of the most important events in the world's history, and inasmuch as the placing of a flag at the Pole will signify the last victory in man's conquest of the globe it is extremely important that the first flag to be unfurled at this long-sought point shall be the Stars and Stripes.

It is especially to be desired that one of Uncle Sam's citizens shall be the first to reach the North Pole because of the fact that explorers from the United States were the first to discover what is known as the Smith Sound or "American route," which is now universally admitted to afford the best highway of travel in the frozen domain and, having found what is claimed to be the best pathway, it is natural that Americans should be anxious to make the most of their knowledge ere an explorer of some other nationality steps in and captures the prize.

The chances are very bright that some citizen of the New World will be the first to penetrate this most inaccessible portion of the globe. To be sure, Nansen, a Norwegian and the Duke of Abruzzi, an Italian, have reached points nearer the Pole than has been attained by any American, but at present the subject of Arctic exploration is being agitated more actively in this country than abroad, and since every year adds to the knowledge of explorers and brings them better facilities for the difficult task it stands to reason that the chances of success are improved.

Advice on Keeping Positions.

You can hold your position if you fit yourself to its mould, so as to fill every crevice. Be like a cake. At first it is a soft, spongy dough, and is poured into a mould, which it but half fills. As it bakes, it rises, and crowds every dent in the mould. Not contented, it bulges over the top; it makes a cake larger than the mould will hold. So, young man and young woman, be larger than your mould. After you have filled every crease and crevice of your position to advantage, work out at the top. It is the largest cake that brings the most money.

Always keep your promises. Your employer will not ask you to do more than is possible. Remember that an unfulfilled promise is as bad as a downright untruth. Live within your means.—Calcutta Witness.

Do a Little More Than Duty.

Andrew Carnegie in an address to a graduating class at the Mechanics' Institute in New York, said:

"There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all their duty; there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more. There is a difference

One party of American explorers is already in the Arctic regions in an effort to gain the coveted prize. This is the expedition fitted out nearly a year ago by William Ziegler, a wealthy citizen of New York, which sailed in the wooden ship America. (See September, 1903, AMERICAN BOY, page 358.) Commander Peary will conduct an expedition that will be thoroughly American in every respect, so that if he succeeds in reaching the Pole no other nation will be entitled to the slightest share of the credit. An all-American crew will man his ship, which will be the best that can be built in an American yard. The vessel will be fitted with very powerful American engines and the craft will, as the commander expresses it, be the finest exponent of American skill and ability.

In relying upon steam to carry him into the great realm of ice and snow Commander Peary departs from the plan followed by many other explorers who have depended solely or largely upon the force of the wind. Peary's ship may have sails, but they will be used only to assist the steam engines. It is Commander Peary's plan to go as far northward as possible in the steamer and then leaving the ship fast in the ice to proceed on foot to the North Pole. He hopes that by means of the powerful engines it will be possible for the ship to plow her way through the ice to within perhaps five hundred miles of the Pole, and the explorer believes that he can travel the remaining distance on foot at the rate of about ten miles per day, thus making the round trip in about one hundred days or a little over three months. Inasmuch as in the Arctic regions it is daylight for six months of the year and night for the other six months, Commander Peary, who plans to sail from America in July, 1904, will have to remain on board his ship in the far north until light begins to return in February, 1905.

Commander Peary believes that one reason of previous failures to reach the North Pole is found in



LIEUTENANT PEARY'S NEW HOME IN WASHINGTON

the large parties which have made up each expedition. Accordingly he will have a very small group of assistants and not a man will be taken north but who has had experience in that far-off clime. Probably not more than one white man will make the long trip across the ice with Peary in search of the North Pole. While the explorer will have few Americans with him he expects to receive great assistance from the Eskimos and their dogs. Indeed, he depends most upon these quaint people and their

between talent and genius: Talent does what it can; genius what it must. But it is the little more that makes the difference. There are many great pianists, but Paderewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is the little more that wins. So it is with the young and old men who do a little more than their duty. The youth who spends his night after his daily toil in improving himself is the one that succeeds. It is to encourage such that I am here tonight. Such youths as these are the salt of society and the salt of the nation. Now what do these graduates seek? I suppose some of them want to be millionaires. Well, that is a laudable ambition. Others, I suppose, are looking for fame. That is a vain ambition with more of the spirit of a Hotspur. But the man who works for money alone will not find happiness, nor will he be a useful citizen. Money never buys satisfaction or happiness, but it does bring many disappointments and creates many jealousies. I believe it to be the duty of every young man to acquire a competence. But having secured this, his aim should not be to obtain additional wealth or fame, but to endeavor to see of what use he can



LITTLE MARIE PEARY, BORN IN THE FROZEN NORTH

intelligent animals to help him in his difficult undertaking.

Commander Peary is not going to select his Eskimo co-workers at random. Instead he is going to select them all from one tribe known as the "Whale Sound Eskimos." This tribe, whose members are known as the Arctic Highlanders, is a small one numbering less than two hundred people all told, and Peary knows every man, woman and child in the tribe. These faithful followers have helped Peary on his previous expeditions and there are men among them with whom he says he would trust himself anywhere. Accordingly the explorer intends to have as many of these people with him as possible.

As has been explained the Eskimos' dogs, of which such wonderful stories are told, are to play an important part in the Peary dash for the great goal. Dogs are to be used to drag the sleds from the point where the ship is left in the ice to the Pole and return. Commander Peary says that these Arctic canines are better than men in every respect. They travel faster and are more faithful workers. Then, too, they require less food and in case of dire necessity, should the party lose their way or meet with other serious mishap, the dogs could be used as food.

Peary and all the members of his party will adopt the Eskimo style of dress when in the Arctic. This means that the men will wear bearskin knee breeches, deerskin shirts, foxskin coats, rabbitskin stockings and sealskin boots. The foxskin coat has a hood and the head is pushed right into it, after which the hood is pulled by a drawstring attachment over the face, leaving only an opening for the eyes. All kinds of mittens are used. Commander Peary and his party will carry north all kinds of canned supplies, but will depend on the country for fresh meat.

be to his fellow-beings. If he will do this his reward will be ample. There is nothing more gratifying than self-approval. You may cheat others, but you cannot cheat yourself. There are many who are lauded today who would be condemned by others if they were known by them as they know themselves. No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. You young lads have begun well. Keep on. Don't bother about the future. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself."

How Filipino Boys Play Basketball.

Basket-ball is a game that especially appeals to Filipino boys, but they do not play it in the American style.

In the first place, the ball is really a small, hollow basket, made of wicker work, and therefore extremely light. An equal number of boys line up on either side, and they kick the ball to each other, the trick being to keep it over on the other side. Instead of forcing it forward, as boys do when playing football here, the rules of the Filipino game demand a backward kick, so that the boy must look over his shoulder and strike out with his heels, mule fashion.

Sometimes the Filipino boys have lively skirmishes, in which the ball does not get all the kicks.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A COUNTRY BOY IN A GREAT CITY.

A Story Told in Snapshots Taken in New York City by Fred. Barnes



HE FALLS TO SLEEP ON A PARK SETTEE



HE RESOLVES TO APPEAL TO THE PARSON.



HE GETS A CARD TO A BRASSWAY MERCHANT WHO EMPLOYS HIM



HE IS SET TO WORK ADDRESSING.



HE TAKES A FRUGAL NOON-HOUR LUNCH.



THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER INSTRUCTS HIM ON THE MACHINE



ON SATURDAY NIGHT HE RECEIVES HIS FIRST MONEY.



HE DIVIDES IT PROUDLY, RESOLVED TO SEND ONE HALF.



HOME TO HIS MOTHER AND THUS A SUCCESSFUL CAREER BEGINS.

THIS CONTINUED PICTURE STORY BEGAN IN NOVEMBER AND WILL CONCLUDE NEXT MONTH

WHY IT PAYS TO BE HONEST

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, in a recent issue of the New York World, writes as follows on the subject, "Why It Pays to Be Honest:"

Honesty is too much talked about as if it were scarce in these days. The business principles of today are better, purer and more universally honest than they were in the days of my boyhood. Then the motto of life ran something like this: "All is fair in love, war and trade!" But this generation has tabooed that maxim, and business methods were never better or more reputable than they are at this minute.

Many immense fortunes have been made by men of this generation, who employed strictly honest means to attain their ultimate success and great wealth. Take Bessemer, for example No. 1. He invented the steel which is used so extensively all over the world for car rails and revolutionized the manufacture of steel, giving employment to thousands of persons and bringing wealth to many besides himself. He only made ten millions out of the invention, and I have heard people say that they thought it was entirely too small a sum for the inventor of so wonderful an improvement. I think myself that it was quite a respectable sum. Now this fortune of his was made in an entirely legitimate manner. His brain evolved something that the public wanted, and they took it.

John Wanamaker is a good man to take for example No. 2. He started in a small way with a small store, and he is today one of the wealthiest men in the country, and he has been always an upright, honest man. In what lay the secret of his success? Simply in this: He knew what the people wanted, he knew where to buy it and he knew how to advertise. Many a man, as we all know, has made a fortune through judicious advertising. Take two men starting business at the same time. One uses all the money he makes in living well and sometimes even extravagantly. The other invests all the surplus cash that he can lay his hands on in advertising here, there, everywhere that he thinks will attract public notice. What is the result? The man who advertises has crowds flocking to his shop to see the beauties of the advertised goods, and as the public begin to run so they will continue from sheer force of habit. The first shop-keeper will in the meantime be sitting, unthought of and uncared for, aghast at the crowds which daily throng the counters of his competitor and bitterly

bewailing the bad luck which has followed his own venture in trade. Yet he has no one to blame for it but himself.

The progressive, fearless man is the man who will make his way every time—he who takes up new ideas and is not afraid to promulgate them. The man, for example, who would introduce linoleum instead of oilcloth, seeing at once its eventual superiority over the latter, even though at first glance the price of linoleum might seem exorbitant.

Some persons might consider that old Commodore Vanderbilt was dishonest because he did not refund the money which the stockholders of the Hudson River and Harlem railroads would have made if they had continued to hold their stock after he took hold of the roads. But he was not. They cheated themselves out of the money by not being far-sighted enough to hold on to their stock.

When the Commodore had made twenty millions in shipping of various sorts he looked about for something good in which he might invest his capital. He found these railroads, which were then in a most deplorable out-of-date condition—the stock only worth \$5 on \$100—and the bonds you could not sell for love or money. But he took hold, built new bridges, put all modern improvements into the car service, advocated new signal systems; in short, he



WHAT IN THE WORLD AM I GOING TO DO NOW?

infused new blood into the entire service of the road at an enormous outlay of capital—and then he waited. And all the capital came back, bringing much additional wealth along with it. But the stockholders who had sold out a little too soon groaned in anguish of spirit—too late, too late!

I have seen many men become wealthy through dishonest methods, and my experience with them has taught me this: That most men who gain wealth dishonestly, if they live long enough, get poor again. It is almost an invariable rule, and it is reasonable enough, if you stop to figure it out, for it comes about in this way: A man employs dishonest methods and yet he becomes very wealthy. All his constituents know, that his career is just a little bit shady as regards business methods, but he sails serenely along until a crucial moment arrives—a moment such as we had recently—when "Money! ready money! Cash at any price!" was the cry of the maddened brokers. Then he finds his Waterloo. The credit which he might have obtained, the confidence of reliable, reputable firms which he might have commanded, are not forthcoming. His reputation for shady dealings, his ability to slip out of tight places, his deftness at evading technicalities of ordinary business methods, all cause the firms who would otherwise have come to his assistance to steer clear of such a rickster as he is known to have been—and he goes to the wall.

The main temptation with which the ordinary business man of today is beset is the temptation to misrepresent his capital or business prospects and thus obtain greater credit. But don't do it. It does not pay. The old, old adage, "Honesty is the best policy," is the safest motto for every business man to follow. And I know what I am talking about, too.

"Be good and you'll be happy, but you won't have a good time," may sound very smart and elicit rounds of applause, but it is a fallacy through and through. It is easier, much easier, for an honest man to become wealthy than for his dishonest brother, who may seem to prosper for a time, but, mark my words, it is only a temporary success.

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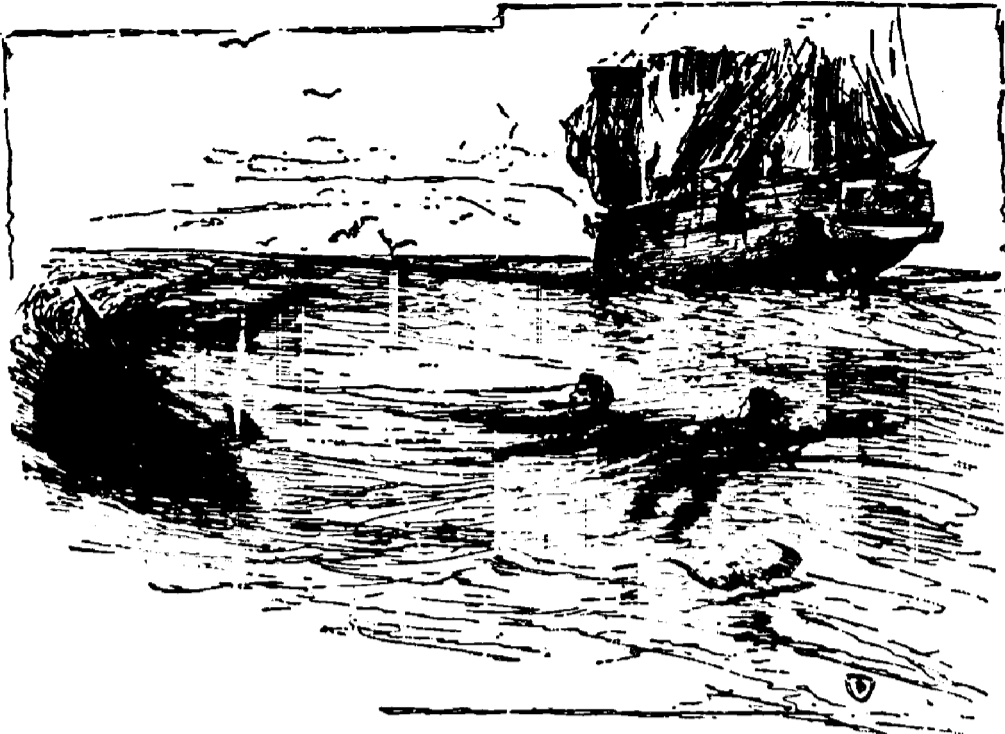
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The Ocean Terror

By GEO. H. COOMER



GOOD Capt. Wilford, a retired ship-master with whom I was for many years acquainted, was full of reminiscences of his ocean life, and one of these I happen at this moment to recall. It was concerning a shark; and it showed how such a monster can sometimes inspire a whole ship's company with terror, as if they were pursued by an evil spirit.

"When I was about twenty one years old," he said, "I shipped for Rio Janeiro on board the full-rigged brig Puma. There were six of us forward, four being rated as able seamen, and two as 'ordinary.' These last were twin brothers, named Blair, who were mere lads of sixteen, though they had been a few short voyages.

"I never saw two more active or useful boys than Frank and Victor Blair. Their experience on board of the West India brigs in which they had sailed had taught them to 'hand, reef and steer' with the best; and although not yet proficient in the nicer work of seamen, it was plain that they would soon master its intricacies, and become, as our tars expressed it, 'tip-top sailors.'

"But it is not well for brothers to go with each other in the same vessel, especially where, as in this case, the mutual attachment is very great, since it doubles the care of both, each feeling a constant anxiety for the other. This was illustrated on our voyage in every little difficulty or mishap which befell either of the youngsters.

"Did the mate burst out an angry word to Frank, it was felt by Victor more keenly than by him. Did Victor raise his footing on the bowsprit rigging in a squall, and come within an ace of falling, Frank's hair would stand on end at the thought of what might have been. In their two or three previous voyages they had sailed together as now, and so, as I suppose, their natural brotherly attachment had become intensified.

"As they had been only in the West India trade this South American voyage had a romantic attraction for them; and it was with intense interest that they caught their first sight of the Brazilian coast, as Cape Frio rose upon the horizon, forty miles north of our port of destination.

"Upon arriving at Rio Janeiro, however, the spirits of all on board were considerably dampened by the information that the yellow fever was prevailing, not only in the city, but among the shipping in the harbor.

Our men were accordingly forbidden to go much on shore, and all available means were used to preserve them in health.

"Like all sailors, the two Blair lads had a horror of 'Yellow Jack,' but they had never before been in his immediate presence. What they now saw of his ravages made them very serious, but I could not help observing that neither of them seemed to think of danger to himself, each having only the fear that the other might be stricken down.

"I remember very well the day that we got out to sea. No one had been sick thus far—a remarkable piece of good fortune, we thought—but that very afternoon one of our men was taken with violent symptoms of fever. His bones ached, and his head was almost bursting.

"Soon after he began to complain, and before he had taken to his berth, an enormous shark was discovered following in the wake of the vessel. We were moving slowly, with a light breeze, and presently the monster shot up alongside. The sick man caught sight of the hideous shape, so large and blue and horrible, as it appeared under water, and from that moment I think he abandoned all hope. His sailor superstition was aroused, and he at once sank into despair.

"I know what that shark is looking for," he said, "and he'll get it too! He won't have to wait long."

"The poor fellow very shortly became delirious, but in his wild talk he dwelt constantly upon the shark. On the following day the ugly monster again showed himself, and we tried to catch him with a big hook, but he straightened it out as if it had been only a bit of wire, and was off with a rush.

"At the end of thirty six hours the sick man died, and we passed the corpse over the bulwarks in the usual manner, with weights at its feet. The shark was then nowhere visible; but as the body plunged downward we caught a glimpse of something darting toward it—a shadowy, indistinct streak, far under water. It was a sickening sight, and we turned from it, looking at each other with faces that expressed our feelings.

"But, meanwhile, another of our crew had been seized with the fever, and was delirious like the first. He, too, raved of sharks, and imagined them to be all about him. He had been ill for twelve hours when the burial of his shipmate took place, and evidently he would soon follow.

"We now did our best to kill or drive away the great m-eater, but each attempt ended in failure. There were no hooks on board capable of holding him, and we resorted to the familiar method of feeding him with bits of red-hot iron wrapped in large pieces of meat, but we had nothing really suitable for the purpose, and in one way or another the stratagem proved unavailing. We had no lance or harpoon, and our only porpoise iron had been lost overboard in Rio Janeiro harbor.

"Sometimes, for hours, no sign of our horrible consort would appear; then suddenly either the big tell-tale fin would show itself at a little distance, or the round, blue body would be seen gliding close to the vessel, and looking all the more startling for being deep beneath the surface.

"With the yellow fever on board, and such a monster alongside, the brig was full of gloom. Frank and Victor Blair were as active as ever, but there were no smiles upon their faces. They were dreadfully concerned, each feeling that at any moment the other might complain of a headache or a backache, the sure indication that the grasp of 'Yellow Jack' was upon him. It seemed to me that each of them wished to stand between his brother and the contagion.

"Sure enough before many hours Victor gave out. It was in vain that he tried to bear up; the fever had seized him precisely as it had attacked the two

men. In a short time he began to talk wilfully, and seemed to imagine himself out upon the bowsprit, with a whole school of sharks leaping up at his legs.

"Soon after the boy was taken down, the sick sailor breathed his last, and we had only to launch him into the deep as we had done the other. This second burial was performed in the middle of the night; but although we could see nothing distinctly, a phosphorescent gleam and a quick, cutting sound in the water told us what probably had happened. We would not have had it so, but there was no help for it.

"The feelings of young Frank Blair may be imagined, as he turned from such a scene to watch again by the side of his sick brother. Was Victor to go next? Was the brother whom he loved more than his own life to be cast into those ghastly jaws that followed us day and night? There were tears in the poor boy's eyes as he bent over the patient, watching every breath and attentive to every delirious word. We pitied him—it was all that we could do.

"When morning came it was a sorrowful one for us all. Once or twice we saw the shark's fin—that same dreadful fin—and knew that he was still about the vessel, waiting till 'Yellow Jack' should provide him with more prey.

"That morning, the captain, in rummaging one of the cabin lockers, fished out an old bay net, which, as he said, he meant to fasten on a heavy staff, and, with a line attached, use it as a lance should the man-eater again come under the counter.

"Before he could fix it to the pole, however, there was a surprising and startling change in the position of things. Frank Blair, eager to see everything accomplished which might rid us of the enemy, had for the moment left his brother's side, when, with a wild, delirious cry, Victor sprang up, and rushing out upon deck, leaped headlong overboard.

"Both he and Frank were extraordinary swimmers, and though the sick boy plunged several feet beneath the water, he rose again like a cork, striking out with a strength which only his delirium could have given him. What a moment that was for us and what an unspeakable commotion reigned about the deck!

"Down with the boat!" cried the captain; "down with her, quick, quick, quick!"

"But there was one who took a shorter road to the rescue. As the rest of us sprang for the boat-tackles, we heard Frank Blair's agonized cry, 'O Victor! Victor!' The next instant he snatched up the bayonet which the captain had dropped, and leaping upon the bulwarks, bounded far out from the brig's side.

"We had seen the shark only a few moments previous, and now we saw him again. He was not half a cable's length away, and his broad fin was cutting the water directly toward the vessel. No doubt he had heard the two heavy splashes, and was eager to improve his opportunity.

"With all possible haste the second mate, one other man and myself tumbled into the boat, dropped her from the davits, and unhooked the tackles. Luckily the brig was making but little headway, or we should have been swamped as we struck the water.

"Give way, give way!" shouted the captain, gestulating from the taffrail. "Oh heaven, it's too late! There goes the shark's fin out of sight! He has gone down to come up under them!"

"We glanced hurriedly over our shoulders to where the heads of the two boys were shown above water. The fin was gone indeed; but just at that moment Frank himself plunged under like a muskrat. Oh, how we pulled for the spot!

"As we reached the scene Frank was again at the surface, and so, too, was the shark; but the monster was terribly wounded. For a few minutes he thrashed wildly about, like a stricken whale, discoloring the water with his blood, then turned on his side and lay still. He was dead as a log.

"As quickly as possible we pulled the two boys into the boat and took them on board the brig, which by this time had been hove to by the united strength of the captain, chief mate and cook. Both the poor lads were terribly exhausted, and when we had placed Victor once more in his bunk, it seemed as if he could not live till night.


"I stabbed the shark a dozen times," said Frank, and every time I gave him the whole length of the bayonet. You see, I got under him, so that he couldn't bite me."

"It was natural to suppose that Victor's plunge overboard in the height of a fever must prove fatal to him but it did not. He continued very sick for a week or more, and then began to improve slowly. A fortnight later he was able to go about deck, and after this he grew stronger very fast.

"A happier lad than Frank, when he found that his brother was out of danger I never saw. There were no more cases of fever on board, and although the brig was very short-handed, we were fortunate enough to reach home safely, after a passage of fifty eight days."

In concluding his story Capt. Wilford added that the twin brothers had since both arrived at important commands, and were then among the most popular ship-masters of New York.

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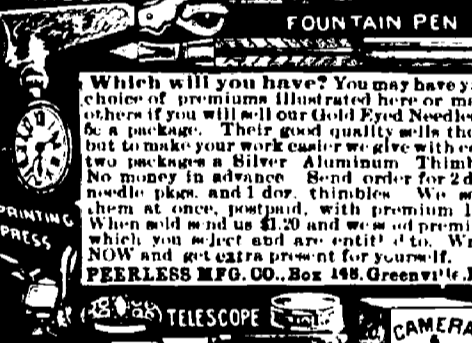
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The Education of Kuka By Minnie J. Reynolds

IT WAS an officer in the German army who caught Kuka, on the slopes of Mt. Kilimandjaro, far up in German East Africa.

The officer shipped him overland, a month's journey, to the railroad in British East Africa, for German East Africa has no railroad. Thence he traveled by rail to Mombasa, which you will find on a map of the east coast of Africa, and then up through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea, and so around to Hamburg. At Hamburg lives a man named Carl Hagenback who provides almost all the wild animals for the parks and shows of the world. After a bit Professor Hagenback sent Kuka to New York, where he arrived very sick and miserable from his long voyage. In his new home he was put into a cage in a great room in which were other cages, and in every one was a lion. Kuka roared. Every other lion in the room roared back, for they recognized a new voice, and this was their way of getting acquainted. It was a "How do you do" that nearly shook the building.

For several days Kuka had nothing to do but lie still and get well. At a certain time every day a woman came and put meat between the bars for him. Kuka had had nothing to do with women before, but managers of animal shows will tell you that women make the best trainers of the big wild felines, just as it is mostly women and girls who become the best friends of the cats around the house. Besides, the object of a trained animal show is to make people thrill, and they thrill more when they see a woman in a lion's den, so managers like to get women trainers. Kuka quickly learned that this woman meant meat. And as she always spoke to him when she came, by the second day he knew her voice, and whenever he heard it would think of meat, which made him feel well disposed towards her. Kuka thought mostly through his stomach, which, after all, is the way a good many people think.

Kuka still preferred, however, that the meat woman should keep a respectful distance; but one day she thrust a long, round thing into his cage. It was a broomstick, but Kuka did not know that. It was a strange object, and probably dangerous. He gave an ugly growl, slapped his big paw down on the broomstick, chewed it up and spit out the pieces, as a boy might chew up a toothpick. The woman stood by and laughed at him. "Does it taste good, old fellow?" she asked. "I should think it would be rather dry."

As soon as he had finished, she shoved another broomstick in. "Have some more," she said. "Don't be bashful."

Kuka chewed this one up, too; but after the same thing had continued for several hours he got tired of manufacturing toothpicks by wholesale. He began to feel, too, that perhaps he had made a fool of himself. So he lay still, and would not touch the last broomstick. "Aha," said the woman, in a pleased tone. "Begun to learn, have you? We'll have you in the ring inside of a week, old fellow."

Bright and early the next morning, the meat woman, whom folks called Mam'selle, stuck the broomstick between the bars and held it in the air. This was a

new position for the irritating thing, and Kuka was not sure whether it was now dangerous or not. He bit it in two, just for luck. When he found it was the same old broomstick he dropped the pieces and paid no attention to the next one she thrust between the bars. And now a wonderful thing happened. While Kuka stood near the side of the cage the broomstick descended, softly, gently, on his back, and rubbed slowly up and down his spine. Now if there is anything in the world a lion loves it is to have his back scratched. To say Kuka was astounded would not express it. To think that this stick, that he had been chewing up for two days should turn out to be the nicest thing in the world—next to meat! Kuka purred as the delicious sensation continued; and his purr sounded like a thousand cats singing around the fireplace all at once.

After this the woman meant two nice things to Kuka—"meat," and "back scratched." Still, he was much disturbed one morning, when the door of his cage opened, and she walked in. He didn't mind her much, but she carried a chair. Kuka distrusted that chair. It looked to him like an infernal machine. He felt that it would probably go off and mutilate him. He retreated to the corner of his cage and growled. The woman quietly sat down in the chair. This was a new position for her to take, and Kuka's mind was instantly made up. He did not growl, or lash his tail. He was too catty for that. He looked carelessly out of the cage, as if he were expecting someone. But his tail was straight and stiff behind him. The next instant he was sailing through the air, his great, red mouth open, his mighty paws outstretched to grasp.

But Mam'selle was not there. She had seen that rigid tail, sticking out like a poker. She wore a loose blouse and a short skirt, and she was quick as Kuka himself, or she would not have been living in lion's cages for so many years. When Kuka landed, it was on the hateful chair, with all its four legs bristling towards him. The new position of the hideous thing puzzled him deeply. Bottom side up, it was probably more dangerous than ever. He snarled horribly, and fell upon it. But just then out came the stick, the same good old stick that he loved to feel upon his back; but now it whacked him, quick and sharp, on the end of the nose. Now a lion keeps all his tenderest feelings in his nose. He would not have believed his old friend could have been so treacherous. He gazed at it reproachfully, and backed away; and just then Mam'selle slipped out of the door, and the keepers, who had been watching her from the outside, quickly locked it.

All the lions knew there had been unpleasantness over in Kuka's cage, and they were all roaring. Kuka roared back a defiance. "I can lick any one in the bunch," was what he said, as plain as print.

"Ho, ho, freshly, come and try it," they answered back.

Kuka would have liked nothing better, but unfortunately he was locked in. So he rumbled a little, like a dying volcano, and falling upon the chair reduced it to kindling wood. It was a leggy thing,

uncomfortable to handle, but he perceived that it was quite harmless. Then he grew a little ashamed of himself, and decided that he had been acting very childish. He had not the sense of an elephant or bear, but he was not a fool. So the next day, when Mam'selle came in with another chair Kuka had nothing to say. He merely looked at her, and then looked away again, as if to say, "I never did nothing."

She sat there two hours, reading the paper. The next day she came again, and the next and the next, and each day she pulled her chair a little closer, always with the old broomstick in sight. At last she got near enough to reach out the stick and rub his back. Kuka began to sing. His education was really proceeding very fast now. His chief hindrance was a profound distrust of anything new, and there again he was like some people.

The next and greatest step in his whole training was when he allowed Mam'selle to lay down the stick and rub his back with her hand. When Kuka permitted this, he showed plainly that he was going to be a very highly accomplished lion. Some forest-born lions will never permit a human being to touch them, and such can never be highly trained. Mam'selle was greatly pleased.

"Kuka," she said, gravely, "you're a gentleman. Kuka purred.

After this things moved rapidly. Mam'selle gave him strips of meat from the end of the broomstick. Kuka wanted to snap at it at first, but he found that when he did this he got, not meat, but a whack on that tender nose. So he learned to take it like a gentleman. Mam'selle shortened the stick more and more, until it was hardly an inch long, and every time he took the meat Kuka could feel her fingers touching his lips. Then she threw away the stick altogether, and he took the meat from her fingers. This does not look like much in a show, but it is a very wonderful thing, nevertheless. After a while Mam'selle took hold of one of his lips with each hand, and put her face down close to his. Then she opened his great jaw, and put her head inside.

More than one trained lion has brought his jaws together just at this point, and the trainer's head has remained inside. But Kuka was a gentleman. Furthermore, he had discovered that when he didn't do as Mam'selle wanted him to, he always got whacks. Kuka was learning to reason, and he naturally concluded that if he bit off her head she would whack his nose again.

One day Mam'selle took Kuka into the ring alone. She made him get up on a certain low shelf, and sit there, while her supper was brought in and she ate it. This was repeated until Kuka was quite used to the ring, and had learned to always go to the same place. Kuka was educated largely by his trainer always insisting that he should do the same thing at the same time and in the same way. He was largely a creature of habit, and there again he was like people.

From this time on Kuka began to be truly educated. He learned to jump through a hoop, even when there was fire on it. He learned to ride a bicycle, a very ticklish trick, and one that would make a story in itself to describe. He

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learned to go up a flight of stairs and walk a tight rope, meeting a young lioness named Queen, in the middle, and passing her. This trick took a long time, and while they were learning it Kuka and Queen grew very fond of each other. When they went back to their cages, Kuka would roar lonesomely. His lonesome roar sounded just as different from his defiant roar, as a boy's voice does when he is pleased and when he is angry. Queen would answer it from the other side of the room, and they kept it up till, there being no peace, they were put in the same cage. Then they were quite happy.

It was on Queen's account, though, that Kuka got into disgrace, and was soundly whipped. One day, when 4 o'clock in the afternoon came, and the twenty great, tawny, slouching beauties poured into the ring, the slim figure of Mam'selle was not there. Instead there was a man. He was an assistant trainer, and had sometimes been in the ring while they performed. Mam'selle was sick, and he had to take her place for a day. Now this was something demanding extra care, for they were not as well accustomed to him as to Mam'selle. But in addition, the man had had a drink. He was not drunk, or anywhere near it, or he would not have been allowed in the ring. But he had had just enough to make him want to "show off." He made the lions work very hard and fast, and he was cross and impatient. Now Kuka knew perfectly well when he was put upon, and he began to get surly and ugly. Queen caught the spirit, and when it came time for the tight rope act she moved with aggravating slowness. The man said a bad word under his breath, and struck her nose up from below with the handle of his whip.

Now most of the flickings and lashings in the ring do not fall on the lions. They are part of the show, and the beasts know it. But this blow was real. Queen gave a cry of pain and shrank back.

And without warning, without a sound, Kuka leaped. Like a catapult came his 1,000 pounds of steely muscle twenty feet through the air. Glaring eyes and snarling jaw gleamed over the wretched man for one horrible instant, and then he knew no more. When he woke up he was in the hospital. He stayed there for a month, and when he went out it was with a limp. Kuka was distrusted a good deal after this, though Mam'selle never blamed him.

"Kuka's a gentleman," she said, "and he'll prove it to you all yet." To him she said privately: "Kuka, old fellow, you've got to redeem yourself some way, or you'll never have any reputation again." Kuka heard and pondered.

One afternoon in May it came off very hot, like midsummer. The lions were just like humans. They did not want to work. It was terribly hard on Mam'selle. Her face grew white, and the perspiration poured from it in streams. Perhaps she was not as wise or watchful as usual. Anyway, Catouche turned ugly. Catouche was the lean old cage bred lion. Everyone knows the cage bred lion is worse than the forest bred. Worse because from babyhood he has been without that awe of man which never quite leaves a child of the jungle.

Suddenly that slim, white figure was down, pinned by Catouche's giant form. The audience was on its feet, but before the shrieks could leave their throats there was another leap. Kuka was on top of Catouche, and Catouche left Mam'selle to grip his new enemy. They rolled one way. Mam'selle rolled the other. She

got up and separated the two lions, took her away to the hospital, but as she lashed Catouche to his place, and sent went, being a woman, she said: the beasts to their cages. Then they "I told you so. He is a gentleman."



The BOY who cornered the MARKET

JAY JOHNS lives in Western Pennsylvania. From the neighboring city of Pittsburg he has apparently absorbed some of the spirit of its gigantic business combinations. Some time ago he started to sell *The Saturday Evening Post*. During his first day's work he encountered five other boys selling the magazine, and only five regular customers were secured. Still he ordered fifteen copies for the next week. He sold all of them and ordered thirty copies for the next week. By that time three of the other boys had stopped work, and again Jay "jumped" the order.

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The publishers did as he desired, and at the end of three months he was selling nearly 200 copies a week. Then he looked up the other boys who had stopped work and engaged them to work for him. They went to work under Jay's direction and the "corner" was complete.

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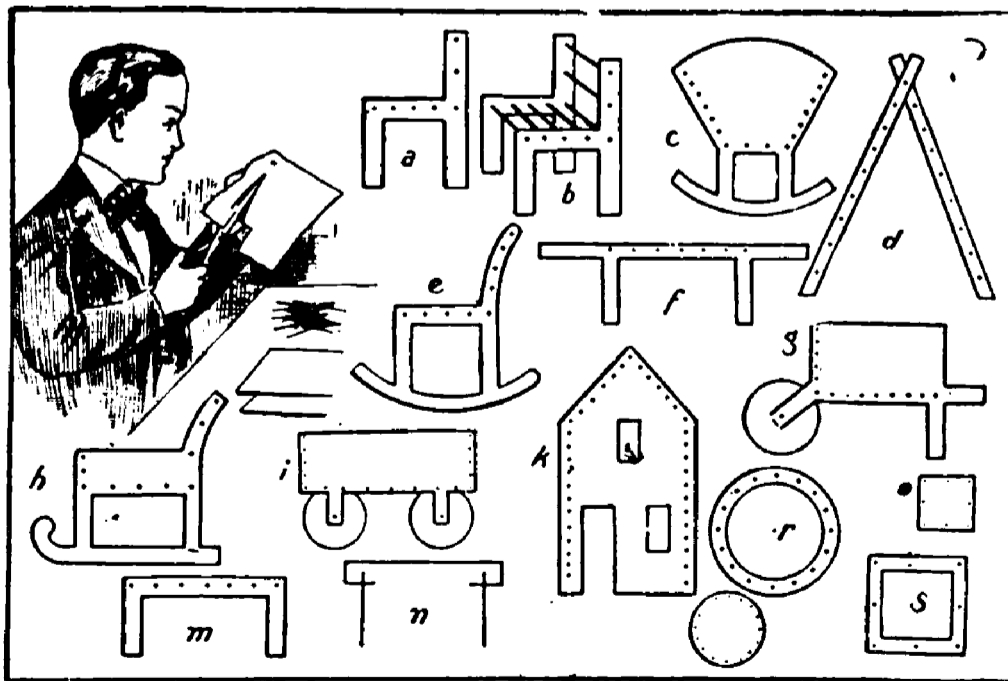
A California trained nurse proved this: "Three years ago I was taken very sick, my work as a trained nurse having worn me out both in body and mind, and medicine failed to relieve me at all. After seeing a number of physicians and specialists and getting no relief I was very much discouraged and felt that I would die of general nervous and physical collapse.

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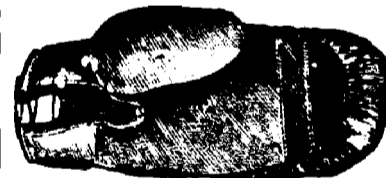
Where the design is marked by dots, bore small holes and stick the ends of toothpicks through them, allowing only the extreme ends to stick out and the chair is ready (b). The same way you can make a cradle. (c).

A double ladder (d), a rocking-chair

(e), a stretcher (f), a push cart (g), a sleigh (h), a wagon (i), a house (k), a bench (m), can be made by the same simple means.

A table (n) is made by bending a square piece of cardboard as shown in the picture, and inserting four toothpicks into the two places where the paper is bent under.

A basket is made out of a round ring or a square (r and s) and a smaller round or square piece of cardboard, as shown in the illustration.



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How to Become Strong

IN EIGHT PARTS—PART TWO

Of all the exercises and pastimes of the world there is none that is so perfect for the development of swiftness, endurance, springiness and the making of muscle throughout the whole body, from the heels to the back of neck, as boxing.

Parents often object to boxing, because its practice leads to a certain amount of brutality in many cases. In this they are quite right. The boy who is malicious or revengeful finds tempting opportunity for satisfying those feelings in a boxing match.

But boxing, if carried on under proper supervision, and after making a square and clean agreement between the boys, can be made the finest of almost all forms of athletics, with less cause for rousing angry feelings than even baseball.

The true beginning of boxing is in the foot. There is the very first, the vital element that makes for success or failure. Learn to stand right and you will have made a vast advance in the road to becoming a good, clean, "pretty" and able boxer.

To practice this first step in boxing it is not necessary for a boy to confront another boy. He can get pretty near to perfecting himself in it alone.

The first great thing to acquire is a perfect balance. This power of balancing must be so complete that even if you

you were braced to the ground with both legs.

When you are so perfect that you can twist and swing and rock and "jounce" as violently as you please without disturbing your balance, you will have reached a point in the science of boxing far ahead of that reached by the majority of boys who think that they can box because they can do prettily quick work by "sparling" with their hands.

Now stand in the correct position, still letting your arms hang loose and limber at your sides. Step forward as swiftly as if you were going to hurl yourself ahead violently, and the moment you have reached the full limit of this motion draw yourself back as if you were trying to fall bodily backwards with all your might. This is going to take some hard practice. You will find that the forward lunge will throw you ahead so far that your muscles will require a certain number of seconds to recover and get under way to haul your body back.

Now try the third step. Stand as before. Then "spring" your body into the air, leaving the ground with both feet, but keeping them in position so that you will land again in just the same position as you were. Do this until you can thus jump forwards, backwards and sideways without any effort that shows.

After you have worked that down fine you will have acquired the art of reaching another boxer even if he is far beyond the utmost reach of your extended stride. Also, you will be able to get away from your opponent if he rushes you.

Now get up against another boy or against a good, lively punching bag hung at a level with your chin. A small football is just the thing, if you use a bag. It should never be larger than your own head. If it is bigger you will not get the practice you should at striking at a small mark.

For general practice the bag is the best. It will make you much quicker than boxing with another boy, for no boy is so swift as a bag pumped full of air. If you can punch it with all your might and parry it and leap away from it as earnestly as you would from a boy who is punching at you you will become a good boxer without any other help.

But there is one thing that you cannot learn from a bag, and that is nerve. You can only get that by facing another person who is trying his best to beat you.

Don't face that other person unless you are sure down to your very soul that you are willing to be hit if it must be and that you are not going to get mad if it stings. When you are hit, as you will be, don't punch back if you are conscious that you want to punch only to get square. In the first place, that is no way for a decent white man to go into any sport, and in the second place you will most likely fail to land.



were to be shoved or hit with great force you could retain your command over your body and be like a steel spring.

Stand with your arms hanging down by your side loosely, so that they will not help you in the least in balancing yourself. Set your left foot as far ahead of your body in a perfectly straight line as you can make it go. Do it just as if you were taking a very, very long step.

If you have made a good long stride you will find that your body is resting largely on the ball of the toe of the right foot. Look and see that this right foot is turned out slightly—not in an exaggerated way, but just enough as a person would do in walking if he is not pigeon-toed.

Now, without bracing your arms, swing and rock yourself forwards and backwards and sideways. You will find that it is not easy to keep balanced. You will feel it necessary to shift your feet often to prevent yourself from toppling. Well, until you can swing like a spring in all directions without lifting the ball of that right toe from the spot where it is planted, you are not ready to bother about boxing with your hands. You have not learned to box with your feet.

Now notice one thing. If you are standing correctly, even if you have not acquired the science of balancing perfectly, you should feel a grand freedom of body. You should feel from head to toe that your body is under command, at least in a measure. If you don't experience that feeling stick to this one position, with frequent rests, until you do.

Keeping your feet as they are, let your body sink down until your knees bend, then "jump" yourself to an upright position again. Lift your left foot, still keeping your right toe firmly on the ground, and try to prevent yourself from tumbling forward. Then lift your left foot, gain and see how swiftly you can draw your body back without shifting that ball of the right toe.

The ball of the right toe is "it." From it you must control all the motions your body makes in boxing.

The ball of the right toe does so much work for every human being in ordinary walking that it is not hard to make it do the work demanded in boxing. A very little conscientious practice will do wonders. Before many attempts you will find that you are "springing" from that right toe with a splendid sense of power. You will be able to swing your left foot in all directions, extending it to its fullest reach, and yet your body will be as firm and strongly pinned to earth as if



There is no contest in which anger is so harmful as in boxing. Boxing demands the clearest and quickest judgment, and no person's judgment is clear when he is angry.

Not only does a boxer lose his power of cool thought when he is angry, but his opponent can see in his eye what he is going to do. No angry person can disguise his intentions then.

Before facing another boxer or punching the bag there is one very important thing to learn before you bother about how to hold your arms and hands. It is to clinch your fists tightly.

When first learning to box most boys and men are not hurt by the other chap's blows half as often as they are hurt by their own. They sprain their wrists and thumbs because they have not learned to clinch their hands.

In boxing the fist is not clinched merely because one wants to strike hard. Even if you do not wish to do more than tap the other fellow, you must clinch your fist as tightly as you can. This is because a loosely clinched fist is not braced sufficiently, and when it meets the punching bag or the other boxer's head, body or arms, it will twist or even double over and a very serious sprain or even a fracture may be the result. Sprained thumbs are due as often to a loosely clinched hand as to the fact that they protrude beyond the fist.

Clinch the fist as if you were trying to prevent somebody from wrenching it open. See that the thumb is doubled close in so that it does not stick out above the middle knuckles of the fingers. Never mind how big and soft the box-



ing gloves may be. The fist must be clinched tightly.

Turn both fists with the knuckles up. That is the best position for enabling the arm muscles to work freely and put power and swiftness behind the blow.

Now measure your opponent closely. Swaying to and fro slightly from that right toe, see how nearly you can reach him without lunging so far forward that you get into close quarters with him. Make a few lunges at him without really trying to strike him, devoting all your care to drawing back swiftly as he strikes at you.

Keep your fists fairly close together and upward, so that they will protect your chin while your arms protect waist and ribs. A boxer would have to punch like a steam hammer now to break through that braced guard.

Now try to lure him into striking. As the blow comes, fall back well on the right toe and catch his wrist with one of yours by throwing up your hand sideways so that his arm is forced to glance off.

This is a parry that not only is invaluable for felling a blow, but when it is perfected you can not only merely throw your opponent's arm off, but will be able to twist his whole body around, and even if he is thrown off his position for only an instant, in that instant a swift boxer can land on head and sides and recover before the other boy has had time to pull himself together.

This parry, however, is not an easy one, because, in order to use it successfully, you must let the other fellow's fist get in pretty close. And if you fail to throw off his arm you will discover it instantly by getting a noble punch in face or neck.

Therefore, if a boxer is not entirely sure of his ability to "stop" his opponent with this parry, he can parry a straight blow much more certainly by throwing up his arm so as to catch the blow on it direct. But this is only a plain parry and does not disconcert the other boxer or force any opening by which to attack him. It is purely defensive.

This plain parry is the most simple of them all. It is the best to use in the case of a "straight lead," that is, a straight blow aimed at neck or head, when you, in turn, intend to "cross," that is, to let drive with your fist at your opponent as he drives at you.

If your opponent strikes at you with his left, your "cross" must be made with the right, for thus you may expect to reach his left side, which he has not only exposed by his blow, but actually brought towards you.

Now, when you see a boy strike like a windmill, remember that, no matter how fast or skillful he may seem, he doesn't know anything about striking. The correct blow is struck with the shoulder muscles and has the weight of the whole body lunging in behind it to drive it home.

When you intend to strike, your arm must be drawn backward to give the coming blow its full force. Stand against a wall in the position as if you were boxing. Now push at the wall with your outstretched arm and hand. Do you notice where the force comes from?

Well, the blow is just like a push, only hundreds of times more swift. And it must be done the same way.

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OLE BULL'S CHRISTMAS

My Landlord's Prairie Story—Wallace Bruce

(From "Wayside Poems," copyright, Harper & Brothers, New York; Used by permission.)

Move along a trifle, stranger, just a little;
 don't you see
 On the floor that hieroglyphic, something like
 a letter B?
 Right there, close to where you're standing
 sort of sacred spot we keep;
 And we always touch it gently when we scrub
 up once a week.
 Recent? Yes, some time last August, but I
 put it in to stay;
 And the yellow pine will hold it after we are
 laid away.
 Here's the spot where Ole Bull stood
 When he told his Christmas story right before
 the blazing wood.
 Never heard of him? Never saw him! Stran-
 ger, you don't mean to say
 That you never heard the master, Ole Bull,
 the fiddler, play?

Talk of classic art in music! What was that
 to Ole Bull.
 When his blood with life was tingling and
 his eyes were brimming full?
 I have thought his heart in rapture sent its
 pulses all the way
 Through the bit of seasoned timber that
 against his bosom lay;
 Till the fiddle seemed a fixture, part and par-
 cele of the man,
 And the trembling strings a net-work over
 which his feelings ran.
 He would shake your sides with laughter,
 make you weep as by a look,
 And between the bits of music he could talk
 just like a book.

He would tell us his adventures in those
 cities old and gray;
 How he struggled, toiled, and suffered when
 he first began to play;
 Of his failures and successes, praise and honor
 won at last,
 From patrician, prince and peasant, where-
 soe'er his lot was cast;
 But of all his greatest triumphs he regarded
 this the best.
 How he won a gray-haired hermit on the
 prairies of the West.

It was on a Christmas evening, wellnigh fifty
 years ago;
 None who heard him can forget it; lost in
 sleep and blinding snow,
 Fifteen miles from any farm-house, twenty
 from the nearest town,
 Ole Bull had missed the guide-board, for the
 storm had hurled it down.
 Stumbling, floundering in the snow-drifts,
 onward pressed his noble gray,
 Led by instinct and devotion; Ole let him have
 his way.
 Many a trail they'd tried together, but he
 deemed this trip the last;
 Horse and rider both must perish in that wild
 and howling blast.
 Hope had died and life was ebbing, when,
 from out the cruel night,
 Far across the fenceless prairie faintly shone
 a twinkling light.
 There it glimmers like a light-house just above
 the blinding sea—
 Fainter now: O bitter darkness! idle vision
 of the brain—
 Joy! Behold the ruddy firelight streaming
 through the window-pane.
 Steady, one more drift, my bonnie! bravely
 do it, all danger past;
 What! No word or sign of welcome! tried the
 door and found it fast.
 Near at hand a ruined shelter, remnant of a
 cattle-shed;
 Safe within, the gray was grateful, pawing
 gently to be fed.

Soon a lantern, then a shadow, and within the
 creaking door
 Stood a being such as mortals never saw on
 earth before.
 Fierce his bitter imprecation—"Get you out,
 who'er you be!
 I have sealed an oath in heaven never human
 face to see;
 Heart and soul to hate abandoned, love by
 cruel fortune wronged;
 I've renounced for years—forever—all that to
 my life belonged.

Take your way! Begone! Ay, perish in you
 wild demoniac yeast;
 For the wrongs that I have suffered I will
 have revenge at least."
 "Friend or madman?" Ole answered, raised his
 shoulder in a trice,
 Led him straight into the cabin, for his gri-
 wa like a vise;
 "I am here to stay till daylight, asking neither
 food nor grace;
 Sit you there within the shadow; and I charge
 you keep your place."

Hourly hour went by in silence, till the her-
 mi, crouching low,
 Took a fiddle from his cupboard, wore the
 airs of long ago.
 Ole wondering, looked and listened. Though
 his touch showed little art,
 He could feel the deeper music sweetly well-
 ing from the heart.
 All perhaps to him remaining of a brighter,
 happier morn.
 Ere his heart became a desert, and his curse
 was yet unborn.
 Long he played the old-time music, as uncon-
 scious of his guest;
 Then with cold and feigned politeness turned
 and spake in bitter jest;
 In a tone of well-bred irony, telling of a
 better day,
 "Will the stranger who is with us lay aside
 his fiddle and play?"

Ole rose and took that fiddle; said he never
 felt before
 All the conscious power within him as, upon
 that cabin floor,
 Saw in vision panoramic, circling galleries of
 acclaim,
 With the flush of joy ecstatic and with
 beauty's light aflame;
 Felt the glowing tide of transport swelling
 from a thousand hearts,
 And the thrill of deep emotion when the tear
 in rapture starts;
 Ah, but that was gilded pageant, this was
 more than stately dome—
 The lonely heart in exile he is playing
 "Home, Sweet Home."

Nearer still and ever nearer, all entranced
 the hermit drew,
 Gazed with open eyes of wonder through his
 lashes; wet with dew;
 Thought his midnight guest an angel come
 unto him unawares,
 As the music sweetly stealing brought again
 his mother's prayers.
 Long-pent tears, like barriers bursting,
 coursed his cheeks furrows free.
 In that far-off, storm-swept prairie, where
 God's eye alone might see;
 Desolate his heart and harder than the rock
 of Judah's fold,
 Smote by Ole's rod of magic, woke like Mer-
 bah of old.
 Miracle of love eternal! Ever still life's mys-
 tic bowl,
 Touched by human kindness, bubbles in the
 desert of the soul.

So, ere morning dawned, like brothers he and
 Ole side by side
 Shared the narrow cot between them, made
 by faith and friendship wile.
 "Saved, ay, saved!" the hermit murmured; "I
 have found my life again;
 Learned a truer, deeper meaning in the
 words, my 'fellow-men."
 Then they took their way together; and the
 storm was overpast;
 In the crowded city parted, for ever on
 to meet—at last.

This was Ole's favorite story, which he told
 us standing here,
 With the fire-glow streaming o'er him—so the
 spot, you see, is dear;
 And, at evening in the winter, when I hear
 the village bell,
 Ole's music floats about me, all the room
 seems in a spell;
 And again I hear him saying, "That one her-
 mit to enthrall
 Stands among my proudest triumphs, sweet-
 est, grandest of them all!"



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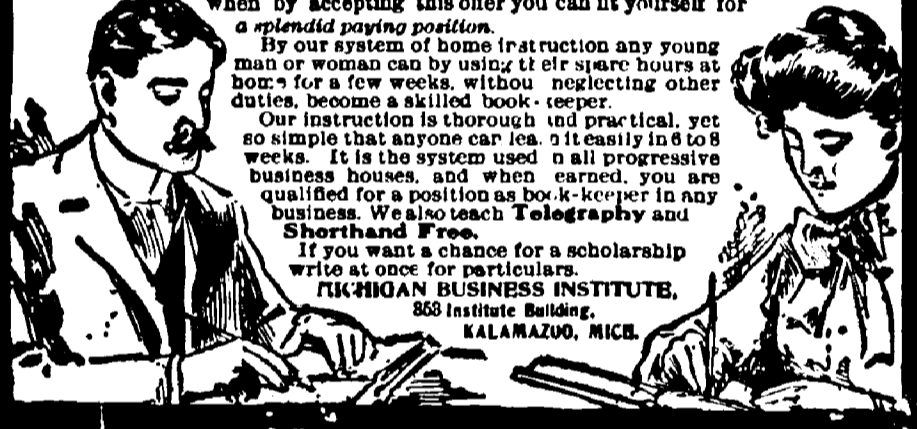
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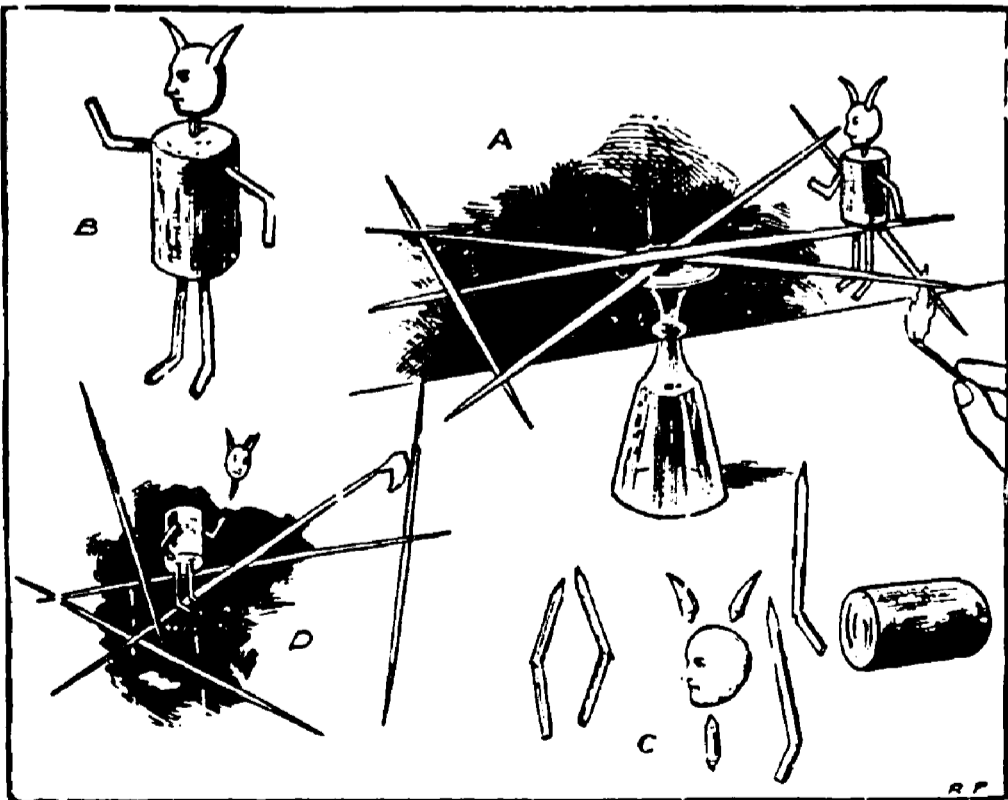
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The Toothpick Infernal Machine



Select five toothpicks. They must be as
 long as you can find, and quite straight
 and without any imperfections.
 Lay two crosswise on the table.
 Lay a third one on top of these two,
 in such a way that it will divide the
 cross formed by the first two, into two
 equal parts.
 Then adjust the two remaining tooth-
 picks across the ends of the others in
 such a way that the complete arrange-
 ment shall be in the form as shown in
 Figure A of the picture, where the tooth-
 picks are depicted as resting across the
 foot of an inverted tumbler.
 Now, you must make the figure of the

little demon. Make the head of kneaded
 breadcrumbs or of wax. The body is
 made of a small cork. The limbs are
 made of toothpicks or matches whittled
 into the shapes shown in Figure C.
 Figure B shows the completed body.
 Having adjusted the toothpick appa-
 ratus on the foot of the tumbler, place
 the little figure on the end of the middle
 toothpick, as shown in the picture.
 Now light a match and set fire to one
 end of the apparatus. When the fire
 burns to the point where the toothpicks
 are braced against each other, the
 whole thing will fly apart with the ef-
 fect of a little infernal machine and the
 figure will go hurtling into the air.



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By lack of training in your present work? If so, we can
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<input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer	<input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer
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FOR MANLINESS IN MUSCLE, MIND AND MORALS

Every Energetic American Boy Should Be a Member of "The Order of The American Boy"



O. A. B. PENNANT

Company News

ROBERT E. LEE COMPANY, No. 9, Marshall, Mo., holds its meetings every two weeks at the home of Private Leslie Orear. We have the promise of a picture soon.—**BLACK HAWK COMPANY, No. 9, Sheboygan, Wis.,** has a baseball team and also a basket ball team.—**WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY COMPANY, No. 60, Marline City, Mich.,** will go on a camping expedition down to a little nook on North Channel as soon as vacation commences, and the boys are anticipating a fine time.—**FURNITURE CITY COMPANY, No. 46, Grand Rapids, Mich.,** has a large club room on the second floor of a new barn, which it has fitted up and decorated with pictures and flags. It has a library filled with the latest books and magazines, and has a gymnasium furnished with boxing gloves, punching bag, parallel bars, trapeze, dumb-bells, shot, climbing rope and Indian clubs.—**HOLLIGAN COMPANY, No. 43, Jersey, O.,** holds its meetings on Friday evenings of each week. Dues, five cents per week.—**ROSE CITY COMPANY, No. 20, Santa Rosa, Cal.,** holds its meetings Monday evenings at the home of Captain George Proctor, where a club room has been fitted up in the basement. The room is decorated with hunting and pictures, and lighted with gas. It has a punching bag, two pair of boxing gloves, Indian clubs, dumb-bells, etc. It will organize a military company and the Secretary promises us a picture.—**CASPAR COLLINS COMPANY, No. 1, Casper, Wyo.,** holds its meetings every second Saturday in the month. This Company has not yet decided upon its line of work.—**TREMONT COMPANY, No. 24, New York City, N. Y.,** holds its meetings on Sundays at 4 o'clock p. m. Dues, five cents per week. It has had its charter framed.—**GENERAL WARREN COMPANY, No. 26, Warren, Pa.,** is getting along nicely. Meetings are held on the first and third Mondays of each month. It has raised enough money to buy a record book and have its charter framed, and will still have some money left in the treasury.—**GOLDEN GATE COMPANY, No. 16, Alameda, Cal.,** held an entertainment and fair at the home of Mr. C. E. Margrave on Friday, May 29, out of which it realized nearly ten dollars. The house was well filled, and at 8 o'clock the entertainment began with the following program: "Bouncing Girl," George Burns; farce, "How to Break Bad News," Hawaiian singer, Mrs. Loebenstein; recitation, Miss Rose Margrave. Intermission. Farce, "Mr. Cross and Servant," "Irish Jubilee," George Burns; farce, "Case of Indigestion," Hawaiian singer, Mrs. Loebenstein. There was a spirited contest for the prize for the best decorated booth, the prize of a nice cake being carried off by the candy booth. In charge of Albert Burns and Chester Storey. The entertainment, on the whole, was pronounced a very enjoyable affair. The boys expect to give another one in August. On May 22 the Company planted its tree, following the program sent out to Captains, each boy taking some part in the program. At the close of the exercises the whole company sang "America."—**HENRY FOUR-M COMPANY, No. 24, Henry, Ill.,** has rented a vacant carpenter shop, which it has fitted up as a club room. The room is 20x30 feet and makes a fine room. Meetings are held weekly, on Thursday evenings, since the boys have moved into their new quarters. A bowling alley has been built along one side of the room, and the Company has a set of Spanish rings, boxing gloves, etc.—**FIGHTING BOB COMPANY, No. 16, Oelwein, Ia.,** sends the following report: Date organized, December 4, 1902; number of charter members, six; number of new members, nine; total membership, fifteen. Number of members dropped, one; number of candidates rejected, three; number of meetings held, twelve. Meetings adjourned until September.—**WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE COMPANY, No. 5, Rutherford, N. J.,** has at this writing about two dollars and a half in its treasury. Company dues, twenty cents per month. It has a fine baseball team. Out of four games played so far this season it has won three. The boys hope to go camping in August, and are planning to celebrate AMERICAN BOY Camp Fire and Corn Roast.—**BLACK HAWK COMPANY, No. 31, Des Moines, Ia.,** holds its meetings in a shed at the Captain's home, which has been fitted up for the purpose. It has two dollars in its treasury. This Company intends to have a library composed chiefly of Henty's books. The Captain and Secretary are both hard workers, the former having secured a position with the Des Moines Paper Box Manufacturing Company at a salary of three dollars a week, and the latter with an insurance company for the summer.—**WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE COMPANY, No. 17, McKinney, Tex.,** has a library of good books. Dues, five cents per month. The Company will hold an ice cream social some time this summer.—**GOLDEN GATE COMPANY, No. 16, Alameda, Cal.,** has fitted up a club room in the basement in the home of Private Edmund Margrave. It has a library and will have a gymnasium a little later. This Company is very much interested in athletics and has a fine baseball team. It has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws.—**FORTUNE'S FAVORITE COMPANY, No. 11, Columbia, Mo.,** holds its meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. It has a club room and a library of about fifty interesting books, besides a number of magazines, papers, etc. Dues ten cents per month, payable at meeting nearest the fifteenth of each month. The boys are planning for a literary entertainment to be given in the near future. The Company expects to go on a camping expedition some time this summer.—**PARK CITY COMPANY, No. 6, Bridgeport, Conn.,** has a fine room in a beautiful building. The Captain sends us a picture

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.

Boys desiring to organize Companies may obtain a Pamphlet from us containing Directions. It is sent for a 2-cent stamp.



NO. 1. LACEY CO NO 31, OSKALOOSA, IA.

of the building clipped in a newspaper.—**JEFFERSON DAVIS COMPANY, No. 3, Palmetto, Fla.,** at its last meeting appointed a committee to buy a bookcase and agreed that all members having books by Henty bring them to the next meeting.—**JAMES MCKREA COMPANY, No. 21, Sandy Hill, N. Y.,** is getting along nicely. Meetings are held on Thursdays of each week. Dues, five cents a week, with a fine of two cents for disorderly conduct during meetings and also for the use of profane language. At present meetings are held at the homes of the members, but the Company hopes to secure a club room soon. After the meeting refreshments are served by the boy who entertains the Company. This is an athletic company. It has three sets of boxing gloves, two punching bags, and as soon as it finds a room will purchase dumb-bells and Indian clubs. The Captain promises us a picture.—**GENERAL ALGER COMPANY, No. 32, Corunna, Mich.,** is one of the prosperous Companies of the Order. The boys wear uniforms and expected to take part in the Decoration Day parade. This Company, Brant Company, No. 30, Brant, Mich., and Theodore Roosevelt Company, No. 4, Chesaning, Mich., are planning on going camping together this summer to Long Lake. Company dues are five cents, with a fine of two cents for disorderly conduct

during meetings.—**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN COMPANY, No. 23, Fairfield, Ia.,** has a small library, the books having been donated by the members. Monthly dues ten cents, with a fine of five cents for absence from meetings without good excuse and also for refusal to take part in the programs when appointed.—**GOLDEN STATE COMPANY, No. 12, Fullerton, Cal.,** has at this writing \$3.75 in its treasury. It will purchase a punching bag, boxing gloves, and a six-foot flag.—**GEM OF THE MOUNTAINS COMPANY, No. 3, Council, Idaho,** has a small library. Its meetings so far have been of a literary character.—**STONEWALL JACKSON COMPANY, No. 13, Corsicana, Tex.,** has rented two rooms in a building where meetings are held, and has had its charter framed. It has a library of about sixty books. Company dues, twenty five cents per month, with a fine for absence from meetings without good excuse. It has also passed a law against reading trashy novels, using tobacco, or using profane language. At a recent meeting the following debate was held: Resolved, that Napoleon was a greater general than Alexander. The affirmative side won. It is building a gymnasium. We have the promise of a picture soon.—**JAYHAWKER COMPANY, No. 15, Eureka, Kans.,** has a club room and is building a library and gym-

nasium. It is booked for a game of baseball with James Lane Company, No. 8, Yates Center, Kans., some time in May.—**HAWKEYE ATHLETIC CLUB COMPANY, No. 30, Spencer, Ia.,** is an athletic company. It has played one game of baseball with a nine far superior to it, but it was a close game, the O. A. B.'s being defeated.—**GODDARD COMPANY, No. 13, Goddard, Kans.,** is growing rapidly. A short time ago it gave a play for the benefit of the club, realizing \$10.70.—**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN COMPANY, No. 18, Mansfield, Mass.,** is getting along nicely. It is planning for a musical entertainment to which the parents of the boys will be invited.—**SENECA COMPANY, No. 26, Geneva, N. Y.,** will soon have uniforms. It expects to publish a paper called "The O. A. B. Gazette," the plan being for every member having the use of a typewriter to print a certain number. It will also organize a track team.—**FLICKERTAIL COMPANY, No. 6, Devils Lake, N. D.,** held a meeting at the home of Captain Harlan R. Fancher on the evening of April 25, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing term of six months: Captain, Harlan R. Fancher; Vice Captain, Joseph Glerum; Secretary, John B. James; Treasurer, Judd Whitman; Librarian, Robert Cairns; Sergeant-at-Arms, Gustave Stenerson. The Secretary reported that during the past six months five members had been admitted to the Company, and that fourteen regular meetings and one special meeting had been held. The Treasurer reported that over \$3.00 had been collected in dues and fines, and that after paying out \$1.25 for club purposes, a balance of \$2.00 remained in the treasury. The meeting was then adjourned and the balance of the evening spent in playing games. At a meeting held on May 9, the club voted to spend 50 cents of the money in the treasury for one of the O. A. B. pennants.—**HARDMAN PHILIPS COMPANY, No. 22, Phillipsburg, Ia.,** has a club room over a tailor shop where meetings are held. It has a number of games, fifteen books, two tables, chairs, three lamps, etc.—**LITTLE GIANT COMPANY, No. 34, Carney, Mich.,** has at this writing thirteen members. It will soon organize a track team and a baseball team, and will have uniforms of red and white. It will also purchase a flag.—**THE COYOTES COMPANY, No. 3, De Smet, S. D.,** held its election of officers on May 8, the meeting being held at the home of Vincent M. Sherwood, Captain. It is organizing two teams of "Foxy"—a senior and a junior team—after the directions published in the November, 1902, number of THE AMERICAN BOY. Captain Sherwood has a tennis court at his home and the boys play tennis a great deal.—**GRIZZLY BEAR COMPANY, No. 36, Youngstown, O.,** is very much interested in debating. After the business meeting the boys play games and have a good time generally.—**WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE COMPANY, No. 28, Oskaloosa, Ia.,** holds its meetings weekly, on Friday evenings. It has adopted the proposed Constitution and By-Laws excepting that in Article VI, the term of office has been changed to two months. Dues, five cents per month, with a fine of five cents for the use of profane language. It has a library of twelve books, a set of boxing gloves, and hopes soon to have a punching bag. It has organized a baseball team.—**PARK CITY COMPANY, No. 6, Bridgeport, Conn.,** held its first meeting on the evening of May 6, at its rooms in Seaside Institute. It had as its guests the Captain and Secretary of the Phineas Taylor Barnum Company, No. 3, Bridgeport, and reports a very pleasant evening.—

In Montevideo, South America

The Principal of the North American Academy School for Boys in Montevideo, S. A., is organizing a company of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY. All but two of the boys in the school were born in South America; they claim they are American boys as well as are the boys of North America. The Principal as well as the teacher of the High School department of the Academy are natives of Michigan. The principal writes that the boys are greatly interested in THE AMERICAN BOY. The teacher of the High School department stands in the center of the picture immediately behind a copy of THE AMERICAN BOY that one of the boys is holding in his hand.

The Past and the Present

Kent, O., Feb. 16, 1903.
Gentlemen: In renewing my boy's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY I want to say this: That it is THE best boys' paper it has been my good fortune to see. I am interested in boys. I love them. I will remember how I used to look forward to my weekly or monthly boys' paper. There is no comparison between the past and present. Your paper simply outclasses them all in its appeal to everything that's good in a boy. I wish you every success.
Yours very truly,
W. B. ANDREW.

Our Circulating Libraries

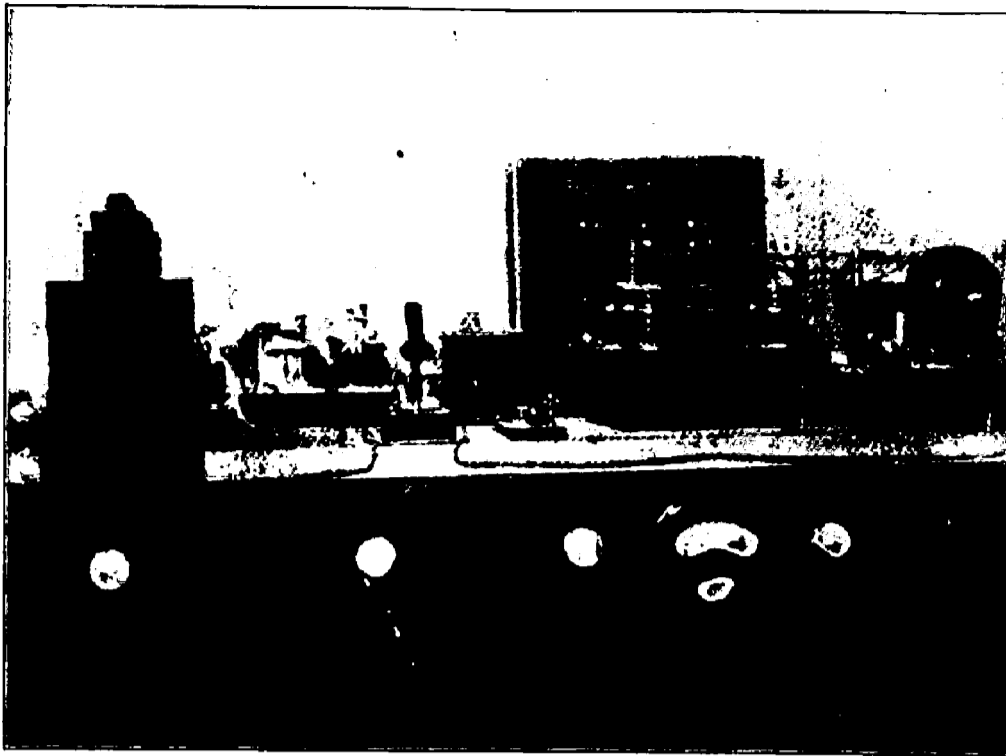
Cameron, Mo., March 21, '03.
Dear Sir:—
I received your Library No. 5 and have read nearly all the books and think they are very good. I highly recommend them as fine books for boys.
Yours truly,
COLLIER BUCHOLZ,
Librarian Tom Benton Company, No. 3.
Olivet, Mich., March 10, 1903.
Hugh D. Montgomery, Librarian,
Detroit, Mich.
Dear Sir: I received Library No. VI. in good condition and am very well pleased with it.
Yours for M. M. M. M.,
REXFORD SEXTON,
Librarian of Olivet Company, No. 13.



MONTEVIDEO CO., MONTEVIDEO, SOUTH AMERICA

The Marconi College of Wireless Telegraphy

By H. J. SHEPSTONE

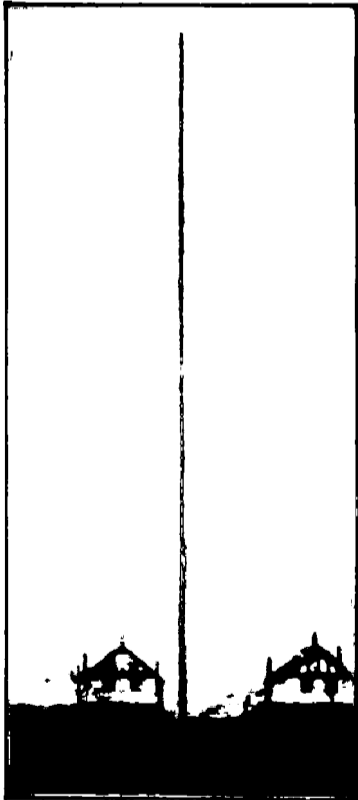


INSTRUMENT ROOM, MARCONI SCHOOL, FRINTON-ON-SEA

MR. MARCONI'S great success in receiving signals at Newfoundland from Cornwall, England, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, brought the young inventor very prominently before the public, but few people probably are aware that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company possesses a college, where instruction is daily given in the mysteries of wireless telegraphy.

The pioneer institution, then the only one of its kind in the world, is situated at Frinton-on-Sea, in Essex, England. The school has been in existence for considerably over twelve months. Previous to this it was the custom of the Marconi Company to train its operators at the new works in Chelmsford, but the demand for competent wireless telegraphists was so great that the company decided to establish a recognized school for the teaching of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy.

It was the writer's privilege recently to pay a visit to the college, through the courtesy of the directors of the company. It really consists of two villa residences, easily distinguished from the other dwellings by the huge pole in front of them, which is no less than 165 feet high. It is a very conspicuous feature in the landscape. The principal of the school,



POLE AT MARCONI SCHOOL, 165 FEET HIGH

Mr. T. Bowden, is undoubtedly a very clever electrician and telegraphist. He has journeyed with Mr. Marconi nearly all over the world experimenting and fitting up stations in distant parts of the globe. He assisted Mr. Marconi in reporting the American yacht races of 1899, and spent a great deal of time with the famous inventor at his laboratory near Poole Harbor.

Students remain at the school for a period of from four to eight weeks. A pupil is expected to be thoroughly acquainted with the new system of telegraphing in a month, and to possess a technical knowledge of the instruments used. At the end of eight weeks he should not only be competent to take entire charge of an apparatus on a liner, but of going abroad and building and equipping a station anywhere. Work commences at 9 o'clock in the morning and continues until 5.30 in the afternoon.

As all messages are sent on the Morse key, the first thing a pupil has to do is

to learn the new alphabet, and the first week is invariably spent in learning Morse, until he can read and write it as fluently as he can his conventional alphabet. The various instruments are then fully explained to him, while he is also taught how to repair machines, make new parts, and keep them in working order. He is then put in charge of the station, and while in that capacity is not only responsible for all messages received and sent, but has, in addition, to make out the daily report for the London office.

Six pupils are received at a time. The company makes them as comfortable as possible. In one of the villas is the dining room and the principal's study, while in the other is the instrument room, a small laboratory, and the students' parlor; the latter is quite an inviting retreat with its piano and library of technical books. The upper portions of the houses are used as bed-rooms. Naturally, the instrument room, really the kitchen, interests the visitor most, and while here Mr. Bowden not only explained the object of the various instruments, but demonstrated the simplicity of wireless telegraphy.

Catching hold of the transmitter, he "rung" up the station at the North Foreland, forty miles away, right across the sea. B-r-r-r-r-r-p! B-r-r-r-r-r-p! went the instrument as the electric sparks passed between the two metallic spheres. Click! Click! came the reply a moment later, and, lo! right in front of us was the receiver printing a message in the Morse alphabet. There was something decidedly fascinating about the whole concern. Here we were in a room in a small seaside resort, communicating with persons forty miles away, without the least connection between us in the way of wires, ether taking the place of the cable as a medium for transmitting our despatches.

Communication may also be enjoyed with the station at La Panne, in Belgium, eighty miles away, right across the North Sea, and also with the company's works at Chelmsford, some twenty miles distant. The Frinton station has been found very convenient for testing new instruments before they are finally dispatched to other places or installed on the vessels.

After passing through the school a student should be capable of taking entire charge of an instrument on board a liner, and it may be added in passing that the Marconi Company is willing to equip any first-class steamer with a wireless outfit. The operator is rated as one of the officers of the ship, but regarded as in the employ of the telegraph company. He takes and sends all messages. The purser receives all moneys, giving the operator his wages out of it, and accounts for the rest to the telegraph company.

The commencing salary for operators on the ocean liners is five dollars a week while on board, and 65 cents per day extra when on shore, with a small annual increase. This, of course, includes food, as they dine with the officers of the ship. But the Marconi Company pays its men according to merit and their responsibility, those in charge of stations in busy and out-of-the-way parts of the world receiving a great deal more than the figure mentioned. In the case of the Atlantic liners the wireless telegraphist is kept busy despatching messages for the first two days after the vessel has left port, when communication may be had with the station at Crookhaven, on the west coast of Ireland, and again when some two hundred miles off the American coast. The charge to passengers for sending dispatches is 13 cents per word. The receipts for a trip, in the case of large steamships, often amount to one hundred dollars, and sometimes more.

THREE SPLENDID Books for a Boy's Library

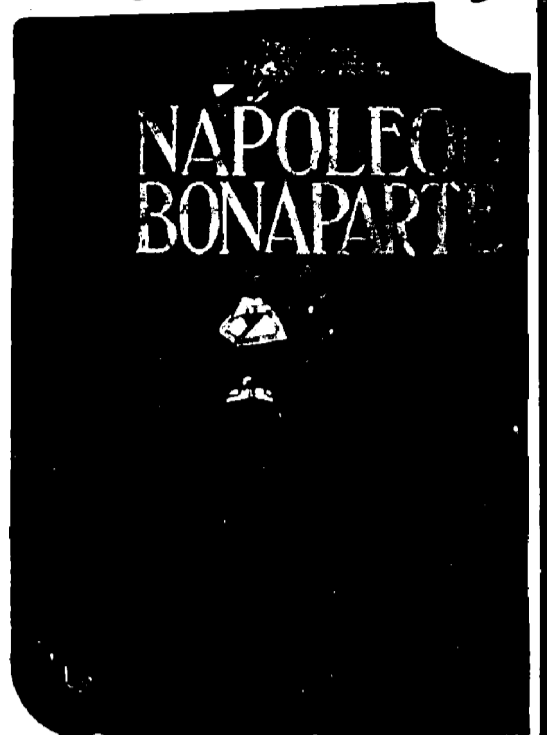
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

A HISTORY WRITTEN FOR BOYS

By W. C. SPRAGUE, Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY. An interesting account of the career of the great Emperor. The story is well told and the author has selected incidents which will attract and interest boys, however without distorting historical facts. A literary advisor of one of the leading educational houses says that the history should be put in all Public Libraries in the country, as it is undoubtedly the best history written for and from the boy's point of view.

The book is attractively printed and contains a number of illustrations of famous paintings illustrating Napoleon's career, and makes up a volume of the most interesting and attractive juveniles for the coming season; bound in cloth with cover design in three colors.

Price, \$1.00, Postpaid.

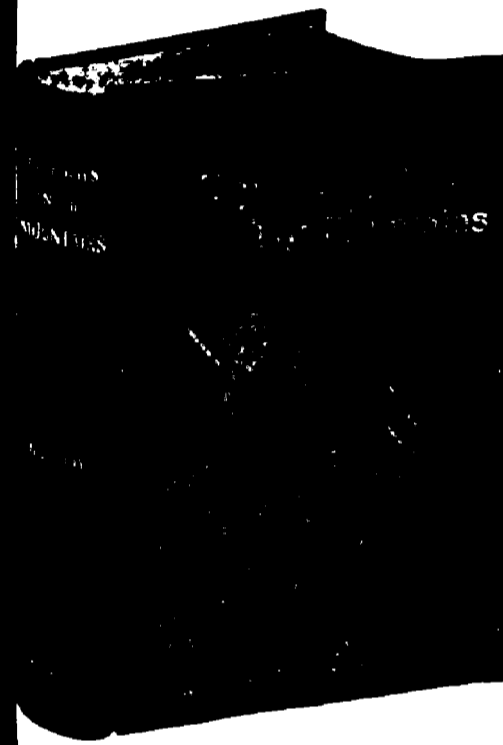


THREE BOYS IN THE MOUNTAINS

A BOOK OF ADVENTURE

The Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY are selling in book form "JOE CODY'S" (Wm. C. Sprague, Editor THE AMERICAN BOY), story that ran in the 1901 volume of this paper. We offer it as a clean, wholesome book of adventure any boy will read with interest and profit. Handsomely bound and illustrated.

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Boys' Books Reviewed

THE BOY PUZZLE, a Picture Book for Mothers, by Rev. Joseph F. Flint. The author states in his preface that "this book is the direct outgrowth of personal work with and for boys." It advocates a higher type of family life and a wiser training of children, and points out that the home is the foundation of the prosperity of church and nation. Among the things discussed are: Who is to Blame? The Contrasted Homes; Three Possible Remedies; The Boy is Father of the Man; In Leading Strings; The Coming Man; Only a Boy; Manhood's Morning; The Voting Age; A Pillar of Society; The Noblest Work of God. There are also well-written papers by Rev. Clement E. Hobb, Mrs. E. M. Adams and Rev. James R. Kaye. Altogether it is a thoughtful, sympathetic and carefully prepared little work and merits the serious attention of the fathers and mothers of boys. Well illustrated. 217 pages. Price 75 cents. Pacific Press Publishing Co.

FIFTY FAMOUS STORIES RETOLD, by James Baldwin. This little book contains fifty of the most famous tales, half historical and half mythical, of ancient and modern times. We are glad to call the attention of our younger readers to these old-time favorite stories of King Alfred and the Cakes, Robin Hood, King Robert Bruce and the Spider, George Washington and his Hatchet, William Tell, Horatius at the Bridge, Androclus and the Lion, Damon and Pythias, Whittington and His Cat. In selection of stories, simplicity of language, size of type and illustrations the book is eminently suited for boys and girls of the junior school grades. 172 pages. Price 35 cents. American Book Co.

OLD STORIES OF THE EAST by James Baldwin. This is one of the Eclectic School Readings series of books, and we heartily commend it to the notice of all parents with boys and girls of from seven to fourteen years of age. Most of the stories are taken from the Hebrew scriptures and written in such a simple, easily understood manner

habits of the people of that time; his portrayal of Indian life especially revealing deep research and discrimination. As to the locality, the woods and shores of Long Island and Montauk will take on a different guise to the journeyer after he or she has perused this most pleasing and interesting book. 164 pages. 12 mo. Price \$1.00 net. William H. Jenkin.

MESSAGES OF TODAY TO THE MEN OF TOMORROW, by George C. Lorimer, D. D. This is a book which might naturally be expected from Dr. Lorimer. Strong and vigorous and full of sympathy and helpfulness which young men can appreciate and be grateful for. The book consists of a series of messages, the titles of which are: Knowing Their Own Fathers; Cherishing Ignoble Ambitions; Migrating to the City; Overcoming Timidity in Battle; Overvaluing Athletic Sports; Seeking Something for Nothing; Living Beyond Their Means; Achieving Worldly Success; Keeping Bad Company; Dealing Honestly with Time; Cultivating a Love of Books; Receiving the Religion of Revelation. The young man who has this book in his room and reads it will feel himself better equipped for the battle of life. 464 pages. Price \$1.50. American Baptist Publication Society.

CHASING AN IRON HORSE, by Edward Robbins. Mr. Robbins, by his earlier works, "With Washington in Braddock's Campaign" and "A Boy in Early Virginia," proved himself a most attractive writer for boys, and this present volume will make him a stronger favorite than ever. The author has taken a well authenticated incident during the Civil War and woven around it a story which will delight as well as instruct its readers. George Knight, a drummer boy in an Ohio regiment, takes part in the thrilling locomotive chase in Georgia as well as in many other adventures which war brings, and winds up by making a daring escape from a southern prison and becoming aide to one of Pres-

can well be overlooked in the general fascination of the book. It will make a splendid Christmas present for any boy or girl. There are over 50 fine pictures to illustrate the text. 253 pages. Price \$1.50 net. The Saalfeld Publishing Co.

YOUNG HEROES OF WIRE AND RAIL, by Alvah Milton Kerr. Here is a book that will delight boys who love to read about heroes and about the men who are ready for every emergency, and will not flinch from duty, however great the danger. The volume consists of nineteen stories of railroad life, each one recording some splendid act of heroism by men in different branches of railway service. While the stories are thrilling in the extreme, they are far removed from the impossible or the sensational. The fact that many of the stories have already appeared in magazines of the highest reputation proclaim their undoubted merit, and we expect that the book will have a large circle of readers. Mr. Kerr himself is a railroad man of many years' experience, and speaks with authority. The illustrations by some of the foremost magazine artists emphasize the value of the book. 382 pages. Price \$1.12 postpaid. Lee & Shepard.

JOE'S SIGNAL CODE, by W. Reiff Hesser. This book is not for boys only, but for adults as well, and we believe that the latter will enjoy the reading of it even more than the former. And the boys will enjoy it from cover to cover. The book is many degrees above the ordinary story. It contains in itself a tale of absorbing interest and most useful instruction in electricity, mechanical work and natural history. The good ship Katharine, outward bound from New York to the East Indies via the Cape of Good Hope, carried as passengers two boys—Joe Henderson and Frank Miller—and Robert Purdy, the last named an officer of the General Electric Co., going out with a lot of electrical machinery, and the two former going just to see the world and enjoy themselves. Joe, while at Cape Town, with the aid of friends devises a code of signals for amusement. Misfortune overtakes the Katharine and she is abandoned. After other mishaps and adventures Joe and his friends land upon an unknown island. After staying a year they are saved by means of Joe's code of signals. Such is the barest outline of this most interesting and enjoyable book. Frank T. Merrill is the illustrator. 381 pages. Price \$1.12 postpaid. Lee & Shepard.

JACK, THE FIRE DOG, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft. We have had already occasion to commend this author's work to our readers, and after glancing over this nicely gotten up volume we can only emphasize our previous commendation. This is a first-class animal story, one that will appeal strongly to all boys and girls who are fond of their four-footed pets. Jack is the pet of Engine Company 33 and of all the children of the neighborhood, on account of his fidelity, intelligence and affectionate nature. Boys and girls will be delighted not only with Jack, but with Toby, Boxer, the bulldog, the farm dog, the little blind boy Billy Blake, who was saved by Jack from a fire, the pigeon called Dick the Scrapper, with Sam and Maymie and Mr. and Mrs. Ledwell, the firemen who were Jack's friends and all the other characters who live in the book. The illustrations are by C. W. Ashley. 284 pages. Price \$1.00. Little, Brown & Co.

FOLLOWING THE BALL, by A. T. Dudley. In the discussion of the more or less importance of athletics in school and college life, we have no wish to take part, only pointing out the fact that athletics do take a prominent part, and yet first-class scholars and good men are graduated every year. This is a story of football, and it is more than the teaching of the book is to develop honesty, courage, endurance, and true manliness, in a word, character; and that without anything approaching "preachiness." The characters are boys in every sense of the word. The points given in the elucidation of football are set down from an authoritative source. It is a clean, wholesome inspiring story and the boys will like it. Illustrations by Charles Copeland. 316 pages. Price \$1.00 net. Lee & Shepard.

BLAKE REDDING, a boy of today, by Natalie Rice Clark. While the hero is a boy of today and a fine specimen, most of the story seems to be concerning the things of a past generation, especially of an historical portrait of an ancestor of one of the principal characters, of considerable value as an example of early American art. The characters in the book are real boys and girls, real men and women, who act and speak naturally. If the book teaches anything it is that honesty, truthfulness and true manly character have by no means lost their potency. The boys and girls have plenty of fun and jolly good times, and the reader will find the book an altogether enjoyable one. There are some fine illustrations by A. P. Button. 301 pages. Price \$1.00 net. Little, Brown & Co.

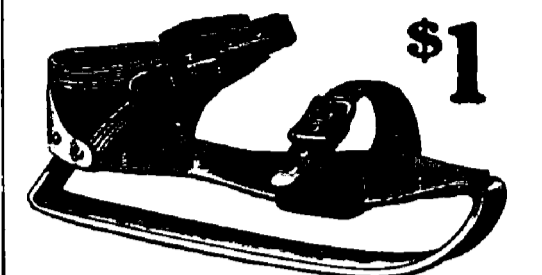
JOE, THE SURVEYOR, by Edward Stratemeyer. There is plenty of pugilistic encounters in this book. Mr. Stratemeyer tells of the difficulties and hindrances that confronted Joe Hurley in his endeavors to earn his own living and support his father, who is unable to work on account of rheumatism, and his sister Meg. In search of employment he meets with a surveyor who makes him his assistant. Joe's father had been well-to-do, but a swindling partner had reduced him to poverty. Joe hears something of his father's partner and sets out to learn more. In his endeavors he meets with many narrow escapes from dangerous places and dangerous men, but finally triumphs. Boys will be much interested at the outcome of Joe's many adventures and the lessons of the sure vindication of the innocent and ultimate victory of the honest, true and courageous will not be lost upon its readers. A. B. Shute has several apt illustrations. 248 pages. Price 80 cents net. Lee & Shepard.

THE SWORD OF WAYNE, by Charles S. Wood, author of "On the Frontier with St. Clair." The presenting of history in a form to attract and hold the interest of boys and girls is a considerable test of a writer's genius. In this his latest work Mr. Wood has succeeded in blending history with romance in a masterly manner. The career of General Anthony Wayne appeals to all lovers of dash and heroism, and his signal victories over the Indians in the North West, and his winning personality have made him the beau ideal of American boys. Many other historical characters and places are portrayed throughout the book, giving the reader an instructive understanding of the conditions as well as of the hardy courageous, patriotic people of that time, while the romantic and pathetic incidents recorded, will be read with minglings of sympathy and delight as showing the softer side of grim war. The illustrations by Chase Emerson complete a most enjoyable book. 370 pages. Price \$1.20 net. W. A. Wilde Co.

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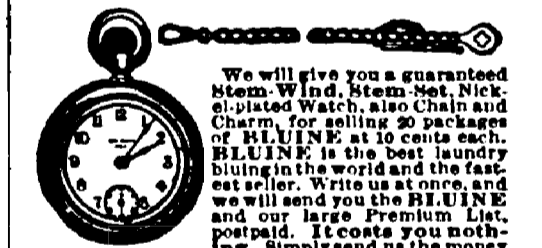
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that the reader, old or young, cannot fail not only to be interested, but receive good, wholesome instruction at the same time. 215 pages. Price 45 cents. American Book Co.

STORIES OF HUMBLE FRIENDS, by Katharine Pyle. We think that the contents of this little book will interest, please and arouse feelings of sympathy for animals and birds in the minds and hearts of its young readers. The author writes about the caterpillars, hen, dog, crab, horse, robin, cat, fish, mice, etc. In an easy, simple style, and in language which is easily understood by children of the third grade. The many illustrations in the book will increase the reader's interest in these delightfully told stories. 127 pages. Price 45 cents. American Book Co.

UNDER MAD ANTHONY'S BANNER, by James Hall Naylor. The time of this story is the closing years of the eighteenth century, and the place is the territory which now makes up the state of Ohio. Near Cincinnati, then a small trading station, a young Englishman, Hal Barton, and his wife have made their home. A cousin, a former suitor for his wife's hand, follows Barton from England and during Barton's absence abducts his wife. On Barton's return he finds his wife gone and a note left which seems to state that she went willingly. In despair Barton enlists with Lew Wetzel, a famous scout, under the banner of General Anthony Wayne, and takes a part in that general's victory over the Indians. Barton's wife is rescued and her abductor is killed in a raid on an Indian village. There is enough of daring deeds and excitement to satisfy any boy. The illustrations are by C. M. Coolidge. 394 pages. Price \$1.50. The Saalfeld Publishing Co.

MAID OF MONTAUK, by Forest Monroe. This is a story of Long Island in the good old days when the Dutch ruled in New Amsterdam. We congratulate Mr. Monroe in giving us a good, wholesome, pleasing story of a locality at least which has not as yet been overrun by the colonial novelist. The book shows the special knowledge of the author as to the manners, customs and

dent Lincoln's generals. Good, clean, stirring, and the boys who love the stories of war will find ample material. The book is aptly illustrated. 293 pages. Price \$1.00 net. George W. Jacobs & Co.

WITH ROGERS ON THE FRONTIER, a story of 1758, by J. Macdonald Oxley, B. A. This story treats of the time prior to the Revolutionary war when England sought to drive out the French from North America. Many of the characters bear names well known to the student of American history. Seth Allen, a Massachusetts boy, had been made homeless and an orphan at the hands of the savage Indian allies of France and determines to devote his life to his country. He joins an expedition to capture Crown Point, the French fortress on Lake Champlain, and gives a good account of himself wherever called upon. With Reuben Thayer he undertakes to skate to Ticonderoga and find out what the enemy is doing. On his return Seth joins Rogers' Rangers, in which he becomes ensign. In this service he and his comrades perform many daring exploits and cause the French in Crown Point and Ticonderoga great alarm. He escapes from the massacre of Fort William Henry and reaches Fort Edward. Of his many adventures at Fort Duquesne and Quebec his meetings with Washington, Wolfe and other generals whose names every boy reveres, we have not space to tell of; suffice it to say that no better story could be placed in a boy's hands. It is nicely illustrated. 253 pages. Price \$1.25. A. Wessels Co.

THE WONDERFUL ELECTRIC ELEPHANT, by Frances Trego Montgomery. If the author of "Billy Whiskers," not to mention "Billy Whiskers' Kids" found it necessary to thoroughly fix her popularity with the young folks, she has certainly succeeded with this story. We can see the little ones sitting round the table and the reading lamp and staring with wide eyed wonder as mamma reads about the wonderful elephant, the wonderful things it does, the wonderful places Harold and Ione visit and the wonderful sights they see. Perhaps the grown ups may cavil at some of the inconsistent statements which appear, but these

Books reviewed on this page, or any boys' books published, are sold by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY at publishers' prices.

The President's Christmas Turkey

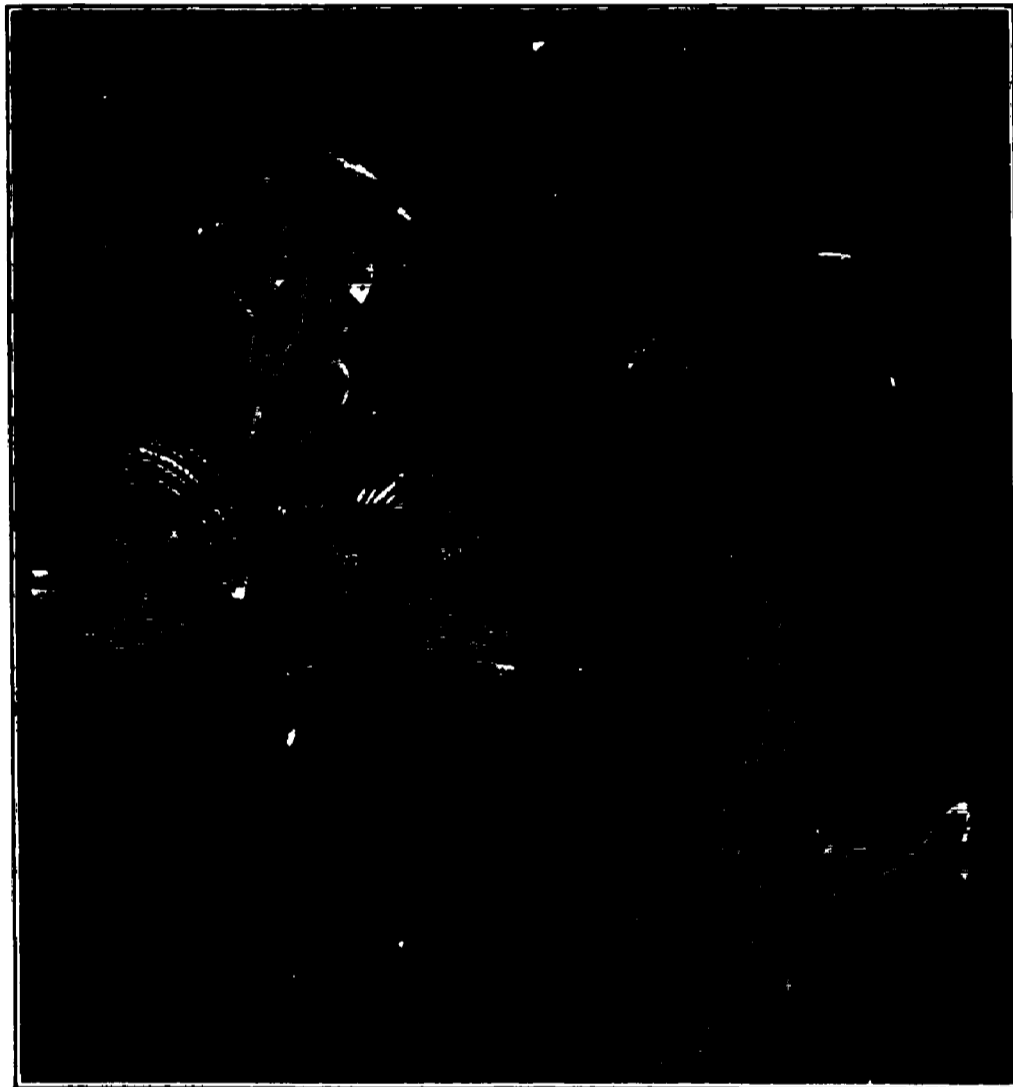
SAVE that his gobblership is a somewhat larger bird than graces most dinner tables and is prepared and cooked in a more elaborate manner, the President's Christmas turkey is not materially different from the fowl which many another father serves to his sons on the most joyous holiday of the year. For that matter, Christmas at the White House is very like Christmas in the average less conspicuous American home. Almost every one of our Presidents has made it an occasion for a family reunion after the prevailing American fashion. In the case of the present occupants of the Presidential mansion it has especial significance in this regard. The Roosevelt boys who are away at school come home for a respite from study, and President Roosevelt, who is ordinarily a surpassingly busy man, allows the affairs of the nation to take care of themselves for one whole day in order that he may visit with his family as he was wont to do in the old days before he was so important a person.

The traditions of the White House kitchen tell us that almost every one of our Presidents have been exceedingly fond of turkey. Some of them have even had their own ideas as to how the bird should be cooked and have had the White House cooks follow their instructions in the matter. Prominent among the Chief Magistrates who knew just how a turkey should be prepared and

and other dinners given by the President in his official capacity. All the members of the Roosevelt family and the few personal friends who are invited to take dinner with them on holidays form a good-sized party, but there is no suspicion of crowding in the private dining room, for this apartment is fully twice as large as the dining room in the average American home. It is a white room provided with old-fashioned furniture such as was in use at the time of the Revolutionary War, and on one wall hangs a large oil painting of President Roosevelt in his Rough Rider uniform.

The President is more lucky than some people. His Christmas turkey is given to him free of charge. To be sure, the Chief Executive doesn't get out of paying a Christmas turkey bill, for he buys a fat bird as a present for every one of the men employed at the White House, and there are upwards of half a hundred of these—clerks, messengers, ushers, stenographers and other assistants to the Chief Magistrate, to say nothing of stablemen and house servants, but, for all that the President buys turkeys wholesale, he is not obliged to lay out any money for the feathered champion which is served at his own table.

The President's Christmas turkey is furnished by Horace Vose, of Rhode Island, and this is the thirtieth year that he has sent a choice fowl as a present to the highest official in the land. He



THE PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS TURKEY AND HORACE VOSE, THE MAN WHO RAISED IT

roasted was the late President McKinley. Ordinarily Mr. McKinley was very easy to please in the matter of things to eat, but turkey was his hobby and this dish of all others had to be prepared just so. A number of the Presidents, including the late President McKinley, always insisted upon carving the turkey instead of allowing the fowl to be brought to the table already apportioned.

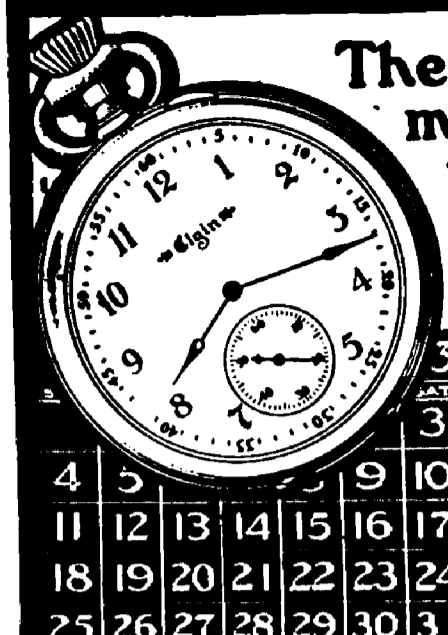
Cooks of all classes have prepared Christmas turkeys at the White House. During some administrations the work has been entrusted to old colored servants, possessed of rare skill in roasting fowl, and then again the cookery of the Christmas dinner has been entrusted to a French chef. Some of our Presidents have had their Christmas dinner served at six or seven o'clock in the evening, but most of the men who have occupied the nation's highest office have preferred to sit down at noon or early in the afternoon to the table loaded with turkey and cranberry sauce and countless other "goodies." The ordinary Christmas dinner at the White House includes all the dishes dear to Uncle Sam's subjects. Usually it is an American dinner in fact as well as in name, and, as becomes a patriotic American citizen, the President is usually served with an "American plum pudding" which is infinitely better than the English dessert of the same name.

President Roosevelt and his boys and girls, following the example of all their predecessors in the White House, eat their Christmas dinners in what is known as the private dining room at the executive mansion. There are, it may be explained, two dining rooms at the White House, but the state dining room, an immense apartment where one hundred persons may sit down to dinner at one time, is used only for great banquets

started when President Grant was in the White House, sending the hero a bird that weighed thirty six pounds, and he has kept up the practice ever since of sending his annual contribution to the White House table regardless of the politics of the man at the head of affairs. Each year Mr. Vose forwards to Washington by express a box containing his biggest and best turkey, and promptly each Christmas there is received at the post office at Westerly, where he receives his mail, one of the plain envelopes, bearing no postage stamp, but simply the magical words "White House," and enclosing a nicely worded note of thanks for his kindness in remembering the President.

Of course the turkey which the President receives from the smallest state in the Union is not the only appetizing Christmas present which Mr. Roosevelt receives. The men who work on his farm on Long Island invariably send him some of the choicest things which they have raised, including some of the famous Roosevelt potatoes, and farmers and gardeners in various parts of the country send gifts of cranberries and celery and other things which are supposed to be especially acceptable at Christmas. Then too, there are usually three or four other turkeys to compete in size and weight with the Rhode Island bird, but as a rule the gobbler sent by Mr. Vose tips the scales at a more generous weight than any of its rivals.

"Turkey King" Vose, as the Rhode Island man is called, is in a position to secure for the President the very best specimen of the fowl which temporarily displaces the eagle as our national bird. His unusual facilities are due to the fact that he handles turkeys on a large scale. All the farmers in several counties sell their turkeys to Mr. Vose and he in turn



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disposes of them in the large cities. Every yuletide season he disposes of thousands upon thousands of turkeys and out of all this immense feathered army he selects the best bird for the President. Often he has the bird for the White House picked out months before the time set for shipping it to the national capital.

Although it costs him his life in the end, a turkey's selection as a Presidential gift is a stroke of good luck for the fortunate bird for the time being, since he lives like a king for many weeks in anticipation of his journey to Washington. His chief diet is corn, but he also has an opportunity to indulge in many delicacies such as nuts and grasshoppers. For a month before the eventful day on which the chosen turkey will depart for the White House he is subjected to a special fattening process which transforms him into as sleek and plump a bird as even a President could wish. It is seldom that Mr. Vose sends to the White House a turkey weighing less than thirty pounds. One of the biggest birds ever sent out of Rhode Island was shipped to President McKinley the last Christmas of the martyr President's life.

Some Hints on Getting a Start in Journalism.

BY ROY J. KELLEY.

It was an old and experienced editor talking: "My boy, although you live in a small town, you can begin your newspaper work now and get some valuable experience. If I were you, I would apply to all the state papers and all those of all adjoining states not represented in your town for the position of correspondent. I would work for as many papers as possible and syndicate the news. Of course, you must subscribe for all the papers that you represent and study the kind of news each one wants. Then keep your eyes open for news and if you have the news instinct, or 'nose for news,' you will find it no matter how small your town may be.

"Then I would read the popular magazines and see what sort of articles they want. You are a Junior in high school and should be able to write good, clear English, and you can count on it that if your articles are good enough the magazines and newspapers will buy them no matter whether your name is well-known or not. Get acquainted with the people in your town. Many of them can tell interesting, true stories, which you may use. Some of them may be able to give you anecdotes about national celebrities. There are probably old settlers in your town who will give you stories of pioneer days. There may be some prehistoric mounds in your vicinity and perhaps there are legends surrounding old trees or caves in your neighborhood that you may be able to make into interesting stories. Probably you know children who have remarkable talent along some lines, in music or drawing, for example. Get their photographs and 'write them up.' Maybe there are pairs of twins in your town and stories of amusing complications resulting from mistaken identity may be told.

"In writing up either news or feature articles, be careful to avoid 'padding,' that is, trying to make a great event out of a little one, and shun 'fine writing' above all things. If the editor changes the phrasing of your 'stuff,' study the changes and find your mistakes. Try to discover why he made the changes. There is some good reason for it. If you intend to make journalism your profession, you should make the newspapers your text books. Study them as you study history in the high school. Get acquainted with the questions discussed in the papers and fix in your memory the names of the people prominently before the public—not simply their surnames, but their full names. They may prove very valuable to you some time." But just at this point a boy entered the room with a batch of papers and the editor wheeled about in his chair, seized a blue pencil and went to work.

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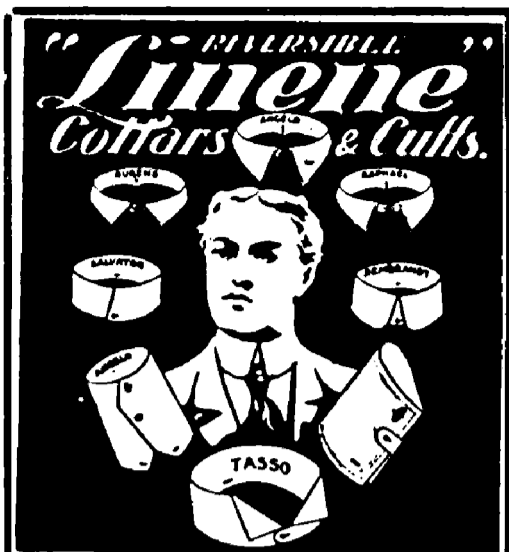
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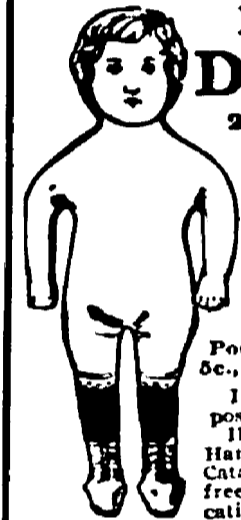
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Life-Size DOLL, 2 1-2 feet high.



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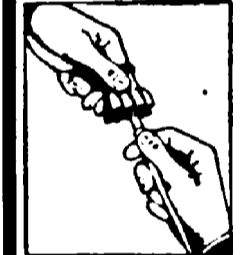
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Cyclone Pen Wiper and Extractor

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With The Boys

STUART BABBAGE, age fourteen, Cloverport, Ky., is in the eighth grade at school. He is a great reader and has a small library of his own, composed mostly of Henty's books. He also has a guitar and can play very well. He says he can hardly wait for THE AMERICAN BOY to come.—HENRY L. CLOSZ, St. Ansgar, Ia., age nine and one-half years, has traveled about 6,000 miles by rail. He says he has always had a strong inclination to be a railroad man, and that when he was only three years old he would draw "choo-choos." This spring his father bought him a small hand-car, which he calls the "Iowa Northern R. R."—EVERETT COX, Little Rock, Ark., lives on a farm two miles out of the city. He says there are a great many rabbits and squirrels near his home. He is fond of drawing and a great reader.—ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., is a thirteen year old boy who expects to visit the St. Louis Exposition. He thinks THE AMERICAN BOY can't be beat.—H. ANSLEY LEWIS, Marion Centre, Pa., twelve years old, is a farmer boy. He owns a dog, cat, gun, and many other things. His father has a fine saddle horse and he says he has frequent rides upon him. They have a flock of sheep, pigs, cattle and horses. He says his favorite athletic game is football. He has a pair of dumb-bells and is taking physical culture. He expects to attend Yale College when he is old enough.—CHARLES E. STEELE, Altamont, Mo., says he would like to see the type set and THE AMERICAN BOY printed; then he could say he had seen the greatest boys' paper in the world published. He says when the paper comes he never goes to bed until he has read it nearly through. Charles lives on a farm of 200 acres and is a very busy boy. He says he would like to go to the St. Louis Exposition, but that he is saving his money to get an education.—CHARLES T. WEBB, Mt. Clemens, Mich.,



Ray Ford Fitzpatrick, at the age of thirteen was made a sergeant major in St. John's Military School at Salina, Kansas, and bears the distinction of being the youngest officer in the school. Young Fitzpatrick has an exceptionally fine military bearing and excels in the drill. His honors have come through rigid attention to duty and the attaining of a high grade of scholarship. He hopes some day to enter West Point.

are not toned properly to permit of reproduction.—HERBERT RAWLINGS, Rockville, Conn., is a boy poultry raiser. He has two bantam hens and four young chicks, and has set another hen. In all he has had about five and one-half Joxen eggs.—CHARLES E. STEELE, Altamont, Mo., is in the rabbit business. He has at present over thirty rabbits of all sizes, four of which are old ones. He expects to sell them this summer for fifty cents apiece.—LEWIS LEHR, Elgin, Neb., asks if any of our readers can tell him how to train a shepherd dog and how old it should be before you commence training. He also wishes to know which is the more obedient, the male or the female.—CHARLES FISK, Middleton, Conn., is very much interested in rabbits and would like to hear from other boys who raise them.

Highest Paid Boy Actor.

Lores Grinn, age nine, is said to be the highest paid child actor in the country, drawing a weekly salary of two hundred dollars. He takes the leading part in the drama, "The Evil Men Do." He has been on the stage ever since he was four, appearing in Charles Frohman's productions. He has saved enough money to buy a piece of real estate that brings him in a fixed income of thirty dollars a month.

Seeks to Help His Countrymen.

One of the students at Grand River Institute, a few miles southeast of Geneva, O., is a young man nineteen years of age, Pedro Jimenez by name, who has set for himself a laborious task. He has come all the way from his home in Santiago, Santo Domingo, to study the language, the customs and the business methods of Americans, with the purpose of returning to his native land and utilizing his knowledge in the upbuilding and betterment of his own countrymen. Pedro's uncle was president of the republic of Santo Domingo prior to the rebellion that took place a short time ago in which he was deposed by force of arms. His father was commander-in-chief of the army which led the

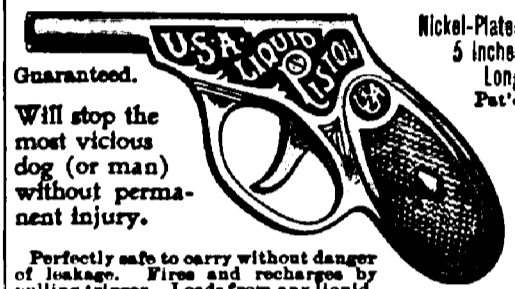


rebellion against the government, and at the conclusion of a successful revolution received a high place as compensation for the part he took in establishing the new regime. The young man says that differences in politics in Santo Domingo often sever the closest family ties, and that it is customary to resort to arms when a change of government is desired; that while his father led the rebellion forces against his uncle, the two are on friendly terms. He thinks his country will prosper when taught American ways. He is anxious to complete his education and return to his native land to assist in teaching his countrymen.

S Ward East, son of J. L. East, agent for the Illinois Central and the Illinois Southern Railroads at Coulterville, Ill., is another very young licensed telegraph operator. Young East began the study of telegraphy when twelve years old. Last September he received a certificate from the Illinois Central Railroad Company and became a full-fledged operator, receiving a high percentage on his examination. He has held positions with the Illinois Central, being for three months night operator at Tilden, Ill. He is a student in the junior class of the Coulterville High School and will continue until he graduates.

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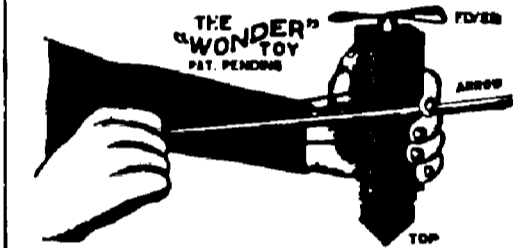
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75c will bring you this Press-Button Knife

which is a simple pressure of the button opens. It locks open, cannot close on the fingers, saves the finger nails, has two blades hand-forged from Wardlaw's best English steel, and is in every respect as good a knife as can be made. Ladies' and gentlemen's sizes in Steel or Ivory handles, including moisture-proof Chamois case, securely mailed to any address. Ask for booklet O for description and price of other styles. Novelty Knife Co., 496 E. 53d St., New York City. See that Button!

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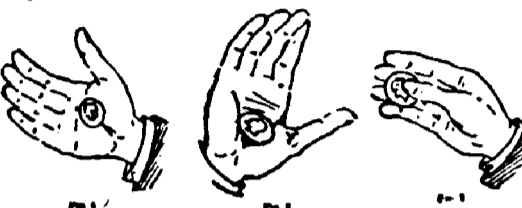
to every boy who sells 24 of our Magic Beans Bippers at 10c. each. Two samples and particulars 15c. Address Straight Novelty Co., Box 419, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Drawing-Room Magician

By CECIL H. BULLIVANT.

Chapter I. Introductory and General Notes—The Art of "Palming"—The "Passes" and Their Necessity.

I have often been tempted to ask myself why it is that the present generation of people, in whom the qualities of curiosity and desire for knowledge are developed to such a high degree, allows itself to be so easily deceived by the many really simple expedients adopted in his art by the modern magician. The only explanation which appears at all feasible is that either from motives of amusement or disinterestedness the majority of individuals wish to be deceived by the wily conjurer, either to pass a



pleasant hour or to give their patronage to an art which has enjoyed world-wide popularity from time immemorial.

Now, be it far from my purpose in these few articles to wish to encourage that class, the most obnoxious of all, consisting of those who always "know how everything is done," on the other hand, I should like to give such an insight into the workings of certain well-known tricks as will encourage our readers themselves to follow up the instructions given, in order that they may be enabled to give a presentable drawing-room entertainment.

In all conjuring tricks which are really worth exhibition, there is the necessity of one or more sleight-of-hand devices, and so, while avoiding the more difficult "passes," I shall just explain briefly a few of the essentials especially applicable to coins and other small articles, for it is often largely by means of a "pass" that the only difficult part of a trick is accomplished. Some knowledge, then, however slight, of this branch of the subject is a very necessary part of the conjurer's equipment.

The first thing which the student must learn to do is to "palm" an article—i. e. to conceal some small article, such as a coin, a ball, or a small package in the



palm of the hand. To acquire the faculty of "palming" I should recommend the use at first of a quarter or half dollar, according to the size of the hand.

HOW TO "PALM" A COIN.

Holding the right hand palm upwards, place in the middle, where the fleshy thumb-end of the hand moves toward the palm, a coin. (See fig. 1.)

Now move the thumb over to the left. It will be found that the contraction of the hand holds the coin in a firm grip (see fig. 2); so much so, that, when the hand is inverted, the coin will still retain its position. Should such not be the case, you will know that you have not got the coin in the correct place, but a few trials will quickly indicate when the coin is in position. As soon as this has been found, turn your hand palm downwards—still holding the coin—and attempt to move the fingers and the thumb. At first you will probably succeed only in releasing your hold of the object, but with a little practice you will find no difficulty in concealing a small article in your hand,

which retains its natural appearance. As soon as you have learned to "palm" easily with one hand, transfer your attention to the other. It is hardly necessary to say that in the act of "palming" the back of the hand must either be upwards or facing the audience, otherwise it is apparent the device will fail. Continue your practice, by degrees accustoming yourself to the use of larger articles, so that eventually you can hold in your palm such an object as an egg, a lemon, etc., without the onlookers being any the wiser.

ONE OR TWO EASY BUT NECESSARY "PASSES."

By a "pass" is meant that subterfuge whereby the performer leads his audience to believe he holds an object in one hand, while in reality it remains concealed in the other. Now, of these there are many, some easy of acquisition, others far more difficult; but here will be explained just one or two necessary to the accomplishment of the tricks which follow. For the sake of convenience I shall designate them passes 1, 2 and 3, and as such, to avoid useless repetition, they will be in future known.

Pass 1.—Holding the right hand out, palm upwards, place a coin on the second and third fingers, keeping the coin flat by placing upon it the ball of the thumb (fig. 3). Now, in order to effect the "pass" it is necessary to make two movements, almost simultaneously, the first

being the lifting of the thumb off the coin, the second a sudden movement of the second and third fingers on which the coin rests, towards the palm of the hand. (See fig. 4.) This will bring the coin in the same position as it occupies when it is "palmed," and the sudden contraction of the hand will, as before, suffice to keep it in position. Conduct your experiments in all "passes" before a large mirror.

Pass 2.—Another very useful and easily acquired "pass" is the following, being especially useful for the apparent transfer of a nickel or a cent from one hand to the other. Take a coin in the right hand, holding it by the edge between the inner sides of the first and third fingers, placing behind it the tip of the second finger. (See fig. 5.)

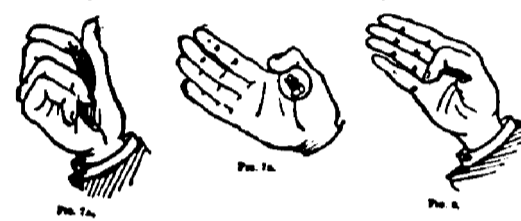
Now draw the fingers up towards the thumb so that, upon meeting it, the coin is supported at the edges by the first and third fingers, at the sides by the second finger and the thumb. (See fig. 6.) Next draw the coin down, keeping it pressed against the inner side of the thumb; then, when it has been drawn down as far as possible, it rests between the middle and lower joints of the thumb, the

bending of which now holds the coin perfectly secure. (See figs. 7a and 7b.) A little practice will transform clumsy efforts into neat and dexterous manipulation. When the action of making the pretended transfer from right to left is made, the thumb of the right hand, the palm of which is, of course, turned towards the performer, naturally sinks

below the cover afforded by the fingers (see fig. 8) while, when the action of placing the coin in the left hand takes place, that hand naturally closes up as if it had indeed received the coin.

I shall only describe one more "pass," and then, equipped with the three, the young performer will be ready to start on certain tricks where these "passes" may be utilized.

Pass 3.—In this case the coin or small article which is held in the left hand, and is apparently taken in the right, really remains in the left, where it is palmed (by the method previously explained). The mode of procedure is as follows: Taking the coin horizontally between the thumb and first finger of the left hand, the back of which faces the audience (see fig. 9), next place the thumb of the right hand through the opening made by the thumb, first finger, and coin of the left, covering the fingers of this hand with those of the right. (See fig. 10.) Directly the left hand is so screened, drop the coin into the palm, immediately drawing away the right hand, now closed up as if it is holding something. (See fig. 11.) Naturally, you now direct your attention and that of your audience towards the closed hand in which the article is supposed to be, while lack of the attention of the audience to the other will easily permit of the disposal of the coin by one of the means subsequently explained.



(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

Had Hopes of Him

Mr. Boppleton, the postmaster of W—, has four sons who inherit their father's amiable disposition, but are wanting in other characteristics that make for success.

"What are your sons doing, Mr. Boppleton?" inquired a former resident of W—, who had not seen the postmaster for twelve years.

"Well," was the answer, "Jack, my eldest boy, he's a minister without a pulpit. Fred, the next one, he's a lawyer without a client, and William, the third one, he's a teacher without a school."

"But I've got some hopes for Sam, the youngest of the lot," said the head of the Boppleton family, with commendable cheerfulness. "He's set out to be a farmer without any land; but he's rented a field and worked it himself, and we ate vegetables off it all summer."

"I paid him for supplying our family, and when he'd settled his bill for what he put into the ground to start with he had within a shilling of what he owed the boy that had helped him hoe and so on all the summer."

"And I handed him over that shilling with a real light heart, and told him he needn't ever think of it again. Yes, his mother and I feel encouraged about Sam; we think, in the course of time, he'll make a likely farmer."—Scraps.

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THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

The Boy Photographer

EDITED BY DR. HUGO ERICHSEN

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months of 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.

this month with a commendation of "Camping Out" and "A Big Catch," by Ralph E. Nuzzum, of Viroqua, Wis.

Answers to Correspondents

R. L. Mundhenk, Arcanum, Ohio: We believe the camera you mention will prove satisfactory. The firm named is reliable, so far as we know. For the purpose alluded to, we would recommend Albama paper. —Roger Goodan, Eaton, Colo.: Directions for making Sollo toning solution are included in every package of the paper.—Morris E. Myers, Broken Bow, Neb.: You ask, "How long should it take for a well developed negative to print on printing out paper?" That depends upon the density of the negative and the variety of the paper employed. The print should be examined in subdued light from time to time. Plates that lack density but possess plenty of detail must be printed in the shadow and require a long time.—Edward H. Robie, Washington, D. C.: The combination of metal and hydroquinone, we believe, is superior to the other developers you mention. Some workers think an acid fixing bath possesses some advantages; the editor is not one of them. Question 3: It means that the lens will work with an aperture of F8. Ordinary lenses seldom exceed a shutter speed of 1-100 of a second. A rapid rectilinear lens is generally preferable for an ordinary camera; a single lens will suffice, however, for landscape and portrait work. Pictures of lightning flashes may be taken with an ordinary camera and a fast plate. The films now on the market are of the gelatino-bromide variety.

Self-Developing Plates

In a recent issue of the Bulletin Belge, Dr. R. A. Reiss treats of the subject of emulsions containing developing agents with considerable detail. He refers to the experiments made in this direction by Petzhold, who added hydroquinone and sodium bisulphite to the emulsion. Dr. Reiss has endeavored to perfect a process of this kind, and in the course of his experiments has found that nearly all the usual developing agents may be incorporated with the emulsion, provided that a preservative agent is present. After exposure a simple bath of carbonated or caustic alkali serves for development. Hydroquinone proved the most satisfactory developing agent to use, and acetone sulphite answered best as a preservative agent.

A patent was recently granted in Germany for automatic developing plates. They were made by soaking the ordinary brand in a solution containing 100 parts of water, 10 parts of edinol, and 10 parts of acetone sulphite. Plates immersed in this solution and dried may be developed after exposure by simply immersing in a 25 per cent solution of potassium carbonate.—Photo-Era.

Surprised the Sitter

"It was in the old days of the wet plate method," said a photographer, "when an exposure of twenty seconds was necessary and a sitter had to be absolutely quiet. I had my subject as I wanted him, and took off the cap. I left the room for a moment, and on returning found everything all right apparently. Apparently, I say, but when I went into the dark room and developed the plate I found it most terribly blurred. It looked as if the sitter had turned a hand spring or thrown a somersault. When I went back I was angry. 'What did you do?' I asked. 'Nothing,' was the innocent answer. 'Why?' 'Look at that plate,' I said, 'and then tell me you didn't move.' 'Here my sitter began to laugh at his picture. 'Well, I declare, I wouldn't 'a thought that just going over to the window a minute would have done all that. I sat right down again.'—Pearson's Weekly.

Magic Photographs

A magic photograph is a photograph which can be made to appear on an apparently blank piece of paper. The process of making it is as follows: Make a photographic print on a piece of printing out paper, printing it the exact tone desired in the finished print. Wash for three or four minutes and place, without toning, in the fixing-bath composed of one ounce of hypo and eight ounces of water. Leave the print in the fixing-bath for five minutes, wash thoroughly, then place it in a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury until the picture has entirely disappeared. Leave it in this solution just long enough to bleach out the print, then wash and dry as for

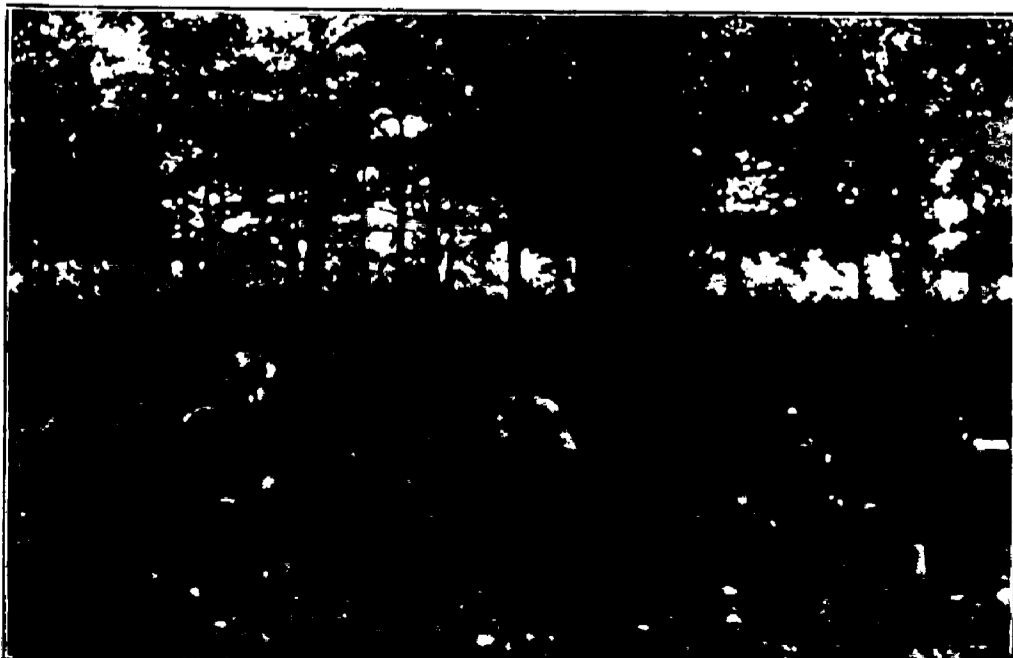


FIRST PRIZE PHOTO

By Archie Goehring, Key West, Fla.

Our Portfolio

The following photographs deserve to head the list this month, as they are all very good: "A Winter Scene in Kansas" and "On the Banks of Fall River," by Edison Belt, of Fredonia, Ka.; "What's the Matter With You?" by George Thomas, of Ravenna, Mich.; and "The Old Footbridge," by Geo. Detwiler, of Scottsdale, Pa.; "Just As the Sun Went Down," by Sidney P. Hines, of Rochester, N. Y., is technically perfect, but defective from an artistic standpoint; the horizon must never be placed in the center of a landscape. Trimming the foreground would improve this photograph. The same fault is apparent in "The Overhead," by R. E. Rohn, of Canton, Ohio; interest should never center in the center of the picture.—In a marine photograph by Chas. Smith, of Detroit, Mich., the main point of interest, a sailing vessel, is also too near the center. Judicious trimming would greatly improve this seascape; the cloud effects are fine.—A night photograph in winter, by Harlan Bartels, of Denver, Col., is noteworthy; backed plates, to avoid halation, should be used for this purpose.—Charlie Buntz, of Shenandoah, Ia., sends us a print of three girls that is commendable; but the pose would have been more natural if the girl holding the tire had been looking at the wheel instead of at the photographer.—A view of the Washington Park (Chicago) conservatory, by Eugene Rosacrans, of Tecumseh, Mich., has only one defect: it lacks detail.—Geo. McClusky's photograph of a bridge at his home in Minneapolis deserves special mention.—"Out for a Good Time," by Harry F. Blanchard, of Ticonderoga, N. Y., shows the folly of outdoor portraiture in glaring sunlight; boys will squint when looking at the sun.—William P. Sibley, of New Haven, Conn., may also profit by the above. Otherwise his "A Young Protector" is above the average.—A view of a lake, by David J. McGrath, of W. Roxbury, Mass., would have been improved by the omission of the figures.—"The Bayou Bridge," by Julius Purvin, of Farmersville, Tex., is interesting.—Willis Elliott, of Buffalo, N. Y., sends us a batch of prints that are not bad, but they hardly deserve the appellation of excellent.—Two prints submitted by Frank J. Metcalf, of Washington, D. C., have been spoiled in the toning bath; the negatives are apparently all right.—Photographs of Yuccas by William Hooper, of Los Angeles, Cal., are curious but devoid of photographic interest. They are nearly technically perfect, however.—We will conclude our symposium



THE ACORN HUNT

Second Prize Photo, by Henry Bettke, Marinette, Wis.

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DECEMBER 17, 1903

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other prints. The paper now appears perfectly white, but it contains a latent or invisible image. The magic by which the picture is made to appear is the action of hyposulphite of soda. Soak a piece of clean blotting paper in a saturated solution of hyposulphite of soda and dry. When it is desired to make the picture appear, moisten the blotting paper slightly, and place the picture on it face down, rubbing it to insure a perfect contact. In a minute or two the picture will begin to show, and will soon be as bright and clear as when first printed. When one wishes to show this magic photograph it is more surprising to the uninitiated if the blotting paper has been moistened and placed inside a book. Show the apparently blank piece of paper, slip it in the book next the blotter, shut the book tightly, and in a minute or two take it out, and what was to all appearance a piece of plain white paper will be found to have a picture printed on it. The picture will disappear after being exposed to the light for some time, but it can be made to reappear indefinitely.—Camera News.

A Method for Making Brilliant P. O. P.

Take six grains of gelatin, soak it in an ounce of water for one hour, then melt it by placing in another vessel, surrounded by boiling water, on the fire. Let the vessel containing the gelatin be scrupulously clean.

When the gelatin is fully dissolved, add to it while still warm, and stirring it gently during the mixing, five drachms of a solution of white lac in alcohol (wood alcohol). The lac solution is made in the proportion of six ounces of alcohol to one ounce of lac, digesting it until fully dissolved.

This mixture of gelatin and lac forms a creamy-looking emulsion. Now add to it four grains of chloride of sodium, and when fully dissolved filter through fine muslin into a clean porcelain dish, and it is ready for use. Apply the solution warm with a flat camel's hair brush, crossing the paper until an even surface is obtained. When dry the paper is ready for sensitizing. You may either float the paper on the silver solution or apply it to the surface with a brush free of metallic mountings.

The sensitizing solution is made as follows:

- Nitrate of silver..... 50 grains
 - Nitrate of ammonia..... 50 grains
 - Distilled water..... 1 ounce
- Filter the solution after it has been thoroughly mixed and allowed to stand for half a day.

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The fixing bath is one part of hypo to eight parts of water.—The Camera.

Taking Silhouettes

Take a white sheet (one without creases) and place in front of a window or a strong light, place sitter in front and make a quick exposure. Flashlight is equally as good, and oftentimes handier.—Exchange.

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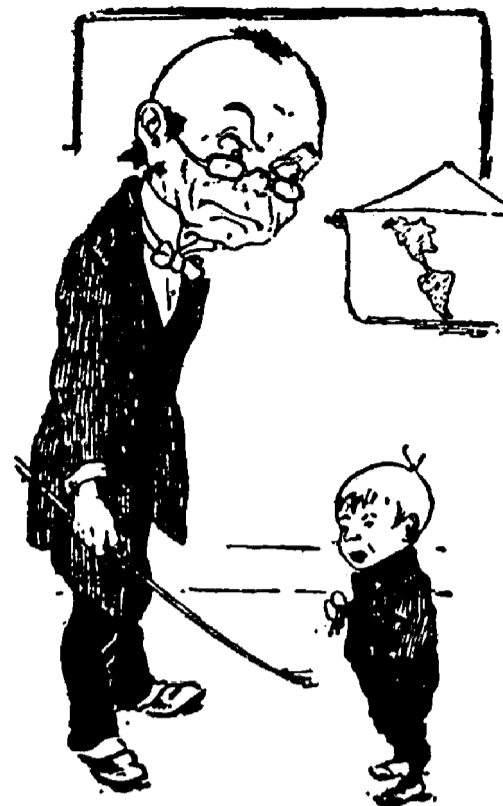
A philosopher has said that true education of boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

First—To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read and be true and genuine in action rather than to be learned in all sciences and in all languages and be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things teach the boys that truth is more than riches, power or possessions.

Second—To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body. Third—To be unselfish, to care for the feelings and comforts of others, to be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

Fourth—To be self reliant and self helpful even from childhood, to be industrious always and self supporting at the earliest possible age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable; that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas part of him, however poor or however rich, he has learned the most important things he ought to know.—Exchange.



Teacher—Now this will hurt me more than it will you.
Willie—Den let me do de wallopin.—
New York Times.

The Juvenile City League

Miss Catherine H. Leverich, of New York city, has conceived the idea of forming the boys and girls into a league to assist the street cleaning brigade in keeping clean the pavements and streets of the great city. The boys and girls of each block are formed into a club and there are now twenty two clubs, with a new one being added every day. The district being covered is that known as the tenement district.

"What induces the children to join?" you will ask. The answer is, a circulating sporting goods library; that is, a supply of baseball bats, boxing gloves and other athletic implements which are taken out in much the same way as books are taken from a public library. A military feature forms a prominent part in the work, each of the companies being officered by captains and lieutenants chosen by the privates themselves. Each member of the company is supplied with a stick with points at the ends with which to pierce garbage or paper and remove it easily from the street. These sticks are used in the military drill. Every week a printed card of directions is issued to the members. A topic is selected for the week and printed matter consists of short sentences telling the members of the companies what to do in certain cases. For instance, card No. 2 deals with garbage. It contains minute directions about keeping the tin can dry, washing it with hot water every morning, not using it for a soap dish, etc. "Ashes," "General Rubbish," are titles of other cards.

Two Remarkable Little Minds

Belvidere, Ill., boasts of two remarkable small boys, one being Laurence Church, age eight, and the other Richard Arthur Whitney, age ten. What we shall say about these boys is vouched for by very good authority. At the age of two Laurence could read. Now, at the age of eight, he displays a wonderful knowledge of history. In an interview with him our correspondent asked: "Whom do you consider the greatest American general?" "Well, I have never made up my mind whether it was Washington or Grant," he replied. Then he went on to tell of Grant's campaigns and the final surrender of Lee, giving dates as if reading them from a book. "What did Washington do to win your admiration?" "Why, everything that was good, true, noble and brave. I couldn't begin to tell you all." "What was the greatest battle of the Civil War?" "The battle of Gettysburg, the first three days of July, 1863."

So, in answer to questions, the boy continued to give dates of battles, names of generals and losses on both sides. He was asked where Napoleon was found in the Civil War. With a disgusted look he replied that Napoleon was a Frenchman and was not in



the Civil War but was defeated at Waterloo by the Duke of Wellington in 1815. He seemed to know as much about the wars of ancient times as those of modern, giving the dates of the beginning and the end of the Trojan War and particulars with reference to the fall of Troy and the battle of Marathon.

The parents of this boy are endeavoring to keep him ignorant of the fact that he is precocious. He is allowed to read only a certain length of time each day, and must devote the remainder of the day to out-of-door living. He is sent to bed at seven and is withal a healthy lad.

Richard Arthur Whitney is a boy with a remarkable memory. At the age of four he could give the names of the presidents and vice-presidents of the United States from Washington down, besides giving the dates of the beginning and the end of nearly all the administrations. He could also at this age repeat the names in order of the books of the Bible. Richard is a boyish boy. Six o'clock in the morning finds him up ready for the day. He is fond of play and a natural leader. He reads much regarding animals, war and travel. He is in the seventh grade of the South Belvidere public schools and last year carried an average of 95 5-7 in a class of children whose ages ranged from fourteen to sixteen.

Something About College Boys And the Money They Spend.

A recent issue of the New York Herald devotes a page to the subject, "Wealth and Work in College Life." In which some interesting statements are made. It says, for instance, that the class that was graduated at Yale last spring numbered many young millionaires and many others who will inherit great wealth. This class in four years spent \$1,104,920, an average for each man of \$4,316. By way of contrast, it mentions the fact that some students in the class have gotten along as little as \$350 a year. The wealthiest member of the class was Gifford Alexander Cochran, of Yonkers, N. Y. Another rich member was Robert Rutherford McCormick, son of Robert McCormick, United States Ambassador to Russia and a grandson of Joseph Medill, who founded the Chicago Tribune. Other rich members were Franklin Farrell, Jr., of Ansonia, Conn., son of a well-known manufacturer; Stephen Carleton Clark, of Cooperstown, N. Y., whose mother recently married Bishop Henry C. Potter; Henry Wilfred De Puy, Allegheny, Pa., son of Herbert De Puy, a steel and coal promoter.

The graduating class of Harvard last spring was conspicuous in its lack of wealthy students or members of wealthy families.

The great majority at Yale and Harvard are poor men, many of them working their way through their college courses. Dr. Kitchel, at the head of the Yale Bureau of Self Help, says that more than \$30,000 is annually given at Yale to students needing aid. A part of the work of the bureau is to assist students in getting work and making themselves self-supporting.

The cost of getting through Yale university is stated as follows: Lowest per annum, \$350; general average, \$445; very liberal, \$800. Of those working their way through the courses last year twenty five were in the senior class, twenty four in the junior class, thirty two in the sophomore class, and thirty one in the freshman class.

What Is Your Highest Aim?

Chandler P. Yarnall, Ventnor, N. J., suggests that we ask our boy readers what is their highest aim in life. He thinks the answers would make good reading and, at least, would cause every boy to think a little on the subject; so we ask the question. Write us on a postal card, boys, after you have given the subject a little thought, what is your highest aim in life. Perhaps you haven't any aim. If so, it is time you were thinking about selecting one. Perhaps you have several targets at which you are aiming. Then, let us know what they are. We will publish them, with your name or not, as you prefer.

Teaching the Duties of Citizenship in Cuban Schools.

(Continued from page 57.)
tem is a means of making children learn and practice sentiments of morality and of justice, as well as a method for teaching them today the great duties which, as citizens, they will have to fulfill on the morrow. The maxim contained in the first paragraph of the first chapter of the School City Charter, 'Do unto others as thou wouldst have them to do unto thee,' and 'Love others as thou wouldst have others love thee,' are, in my opinion, the granite pillars which serve as a foundation to morality and to all religion."

The School City method of training is rapidly finding favor in American schools. It is also to be introduced into the Philippines. In time the system is to be extended so that groups of schools can be formed into miniature state legislative bodies. It will be the fault of the American boy and girl of the present generation if he or she does not know more about municipal government than the average adult.

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The Blue Dragon

(Continued from page 39.)

flight of the enemy revealed his nephew flushed, breathless, hatless, swinging a badly battered tin can in one hand, and with milk streaming from every part of his figure. "Yes, chimed in Constable Jones wrathfully, "what does it mean? You can't say that you didn't know my orders against scrimmaging on the common, and yet here you be, caught red-handed in the very act." "I'd call it white-handed," replied Rob with a grin, at the same time holding out a grimy milk-dripping paw. "I don't want no sass, young feller, but a plain statement of facts," retorted the constable, sharply. "Well," replied Rob, "all I know is this, that gang of 'Muckers' were killing my friend, just because he happens to be a Chinese and I got here just in time to save him." "Chinese is he?" queried the constable, gazing curiously at the lad whom Mr. Hinckley was assisting to his feet. "Looks like he'd been doing some killing on his own hook," he added quickly, as he caught sight of the small "Mucker" who had become involved in Jo's fall, and who still lay motionless on the ground. He had been knocked breathless, but as the constable knelt beside him and lifted his head the boy gasped. Then he opened his eyes. "I'm kilt, an' de Chink done it," he murmured indistinctly. "It looks like a serious case, Parson," said the constable, solemnly, "more especial as there's a heathen Chinese mixed into it. I believe it's my duty to arrest all parties concerned and hold 'em for examination by Squire Burtis." "You needn't arrest these two," replied Mr. Hinckley, indicating Jo and his nephew, "for I am just as anxious for an investigation into this affair as you can be. It is my belief that a most wanton outrage has been perpetrated, for which the guilty parties should be punished, and I give you my word that both these lads shall appear with me before Justice Burtis whenever summoned to do so." By this time curious spectators were beginning to gather. The dispersed "Muckers," reinforced by others of their kind, were shouting taunts and derisive epithets from a safe distance, and rather than invite further trouble the constable hastily agreed to the minister's proposition. So he departed in one direction, taking with him the small tough, and thus diverting to himself the unpleasant attention of that element among the rapidly increasing spectators. A number of those who remained walked towards the parsonage with Mr. Hinckley and his companions, plying them with questions, and gazing curiously at the tattered young Chinese, who, frightened and unhappy, walked silently between his friends. Realizing that this was neither the time nor place for explanations, Rob's uncle did not demand any, but cautioning the boys not to talk, replied to all questions that the whole affair would shortly be investigated in court. When they reached the parsonage and Mrs. Hinckley in the back of the house, heard their voices, she called out: "Is that you, Rob? I'm glad, for I want some milk right away." "Here it is, Aunt Alice," answered the boy, presenting himself with his battered tin can, a little ruefully, but at the same time with a twinkle in his eyes, at the kitchen door. "Good gracious, Rob! What has happened?" cried the astonished woman. "Only a little scrap, Aunt Alice, that I couldn't help getting into on Jo's account." "Was that China boy mixed up in it? But, of course, he was. I've felt it from the first that he'd make trouble." "But it wasn't his fault, Aunt Alice, I'm sure of that," asserted Rob, earnestly. "He was being shamefully abused by the 'Muckers,' who came mighty near killing him." The next half hour, with breakfast entirely forgotten, was devoted to explanations; and, by the end of that time, the whole affair was pretty thoroughly understood. Jo's sufferings at the hands of his tormentors had the one good effect of transforming Mrs. Hinckley's mistrust of him into a warm sympathy that afterwards developed into a real liking for the gentle fellow. A little later, while they were at breakfast, came the expected summons for Mr. Hinckley, his nephew, Robert Hinckley, and a Chinese lad known to be an inmate of the parsonage, to appear at ten o'clock that very morning in Justice Burtis' court for examination in connection with the recent fracas on Hatton Common. While Mr. Hinckley went to see the Justice and prefer charges against several of the young "Muckers," whose names had been given him by Rob, for assaulting his ward, Joseph Lee, the two lads changed their clothing and prepared to make a respectable appearance in court. While they were thus engaged, Rob, to the delight of both of them, found his early knowledge of Chinese returning to him so rapidly that he was able to understand much of what Jo said. Acting on Mr. Hinckley's advice, the latter arrayed himself in his very richest robes, and Mrs. Hinckley's sympathy so far overcame her prejudice that when she discovered him making a sorry attempt to do up his queue, she offered to braid it for him. "To think that I ever should do such a thing!" she exclaimed. "But, Rob, what do you suppose he wants all this white stuff worked into it for?" she added. "I'm sure his pigtail is long enough without it." The white stuff thus referred to was some strands of silk braid and a silken tassel, and after asking Jo concerning it, Rob explained to his aunt that as white is the Chinese color for mourning their young guest wore it in memory of his mother, who had died less than a year before. "Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Hinckley. "But what a curious custom." At length both lads were pronounced presentable, each according to the fashion of his own country, and Mr. Hinckley having returned, the whole family set forth towards the little building in which Justice of the Peace Burtis held court. "It is not of my first day the manner I had expected to spend it." Jo confided to Rob as they walked down the street. "I should say not!" replied the latter. (To be continued.)

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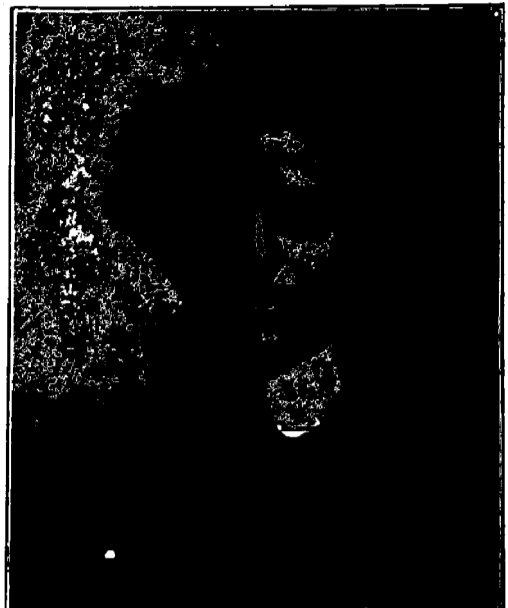
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Boy Money Makers and Money Savers

The American Boy For Life

Bert Fenn, of Tell City, Ind., a town having a population of about 2,500, has obtained fifty subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY and is, therefore, a Tenth Degree member of THE ORDER OF THE AMERICAN BOY and receives a life subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, besides receiving the regular commissions given to subscription agents. Young Fenn has been a reader of THE AMERICAN BOY for the past three



BERT FENN

years, but began his work of securing subscriptions only last February. He attends the City High School and after school hours works as office boy in a chair factory. If a boy thus employed, in a small town, can obtain fifty subscriptions, what may not other boys do who are more favorably situated? Bert is sixteen years old and a member of a Boys' Club (O. A. B.), which meets in a club room fitted up by his father. The club is composed of ten boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen. He will spend the money he earned by obtaining subscriptions in visiting the World's Fair at St. Louis next year.

Our Experience Meeting

ROY E. McDEARMOND, age nineteen, Greensburg, Ind., has been an active, energetic, thorough American boy all his life. When a mere boy of six or seven, he began selling newspapers and kept up the work until a short time ago. He has bought his own clothes and furnished himself with everything needed, and has a few hundred dollars in bank. He now has a position with the American Express Company, of Greensburg, and earns a neat little sum. He has a wheel and punching bag, and is enthusiastic in all exercises.—GABE, HUGH and TOMMY MAUPIN, Shipman, Tenn., aged respectively ten, eight and six years, are three enthusiastic AMERICAN BOY readers. They earned the money with which to pay their subscription by raising potatoes and onions. They also raise and sell white rabbits. Gabe owns a fine mare given him when a colt by his grandfather. He recently sold her colt for \$125. The boys all attend school and stand well in their classes. Hugh has some talent for cutting and drawing pictures.—JOE T. SEEDON, Osmond, Neb., his dollar to pay his next year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY is now in the bank, he having earned it by buying old rubber and shipping it away.—ARTHUR BOOT, Boise, Idaho, is working on a ranch ten miles from home. He says there are a great many gophers on the ranch and he gets ten cents apiece for every one he catches. He has earned in this way \$1.40, out of which he paid his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. He says there is no other paper in the world like it.—A. M. HUNT, Cho, Ala., age thirteen, earned the money to pay his subscription by keeping books for his father. He says THE AMERICAN BOY is always at his side when at work or play.—EDGAR H. RUE, Sunbury, Pa., age twelve, earned the money to pay his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY by running and winning the 100-yard dash on the Fourth of July, 1922, his prize being \$3. He says he read the article in our June, 1922, number entitled "How to Race," and so practiced up. Edgar is interested in stamp collecting.—FAIRFAX L. MORRIS, Elm City, N. C., age thirteen, tallies lumber for a lumber company of that place and earns fifty cents per day. He says he and his brother have about \$200 in bank. They have bought a bicycle, shotgun, rifle, boxing gloves, Indian clubs, two pistols, and about 150 books. They like Lieutenant Jaynes' and Henty's books best of all. Fairfax has won two medals at school, one in 1898 and the other in 1900.—BENJAMIN F. WADE, Golden, Colo., is working on a farm this summer. He says that one dollar of his wages will go to pay his subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. He recently passed from the ninth into the tenth grade at school with an average of 97.2-3 per cent.—CURTIS D. CONRAD, Lenover, Pa., earns money working in a machine shop for \$2.75 a week. He also has a paper route which nets him quite a nice little sum, and besides this he makes toy machinery and sells it to the boys, clearing, on an average, in this way one dollar a week.—THOMAS RAUSTON, Mt. Pulaski, Ill., age sixteen, worked in a printing office after school and on Saturdays last winter, for which he received five cents an hour. He is now earning five dollars per week, and out of this money he is paying for a course in mechanical drawing. Besides this he has purchased a suit of clothes out of his earnings, and says he expects to have some money in bank before the summer is over. Thomas is in the second year of the High School. He writes, "I cannot praise THE AMERICAN BOY too much for the good it has done me."

Newsboys Who Rose Fast

HERE are three stories of ragged newsboys who made their way in real life just as well as if they had been in novels, and that through the very qualities that give newsboys their start in books. The manager of a big hotel in a western city walked one day into the office leading two dirty, ragged and altogether disreputable looking youngsters by the hand. He marched his charges up to the desk at which the proprietor was writing. "Jones," began the manager, "I found these two youngsters fighting on the street. They're newsboys, and every morning for the last six months, as I've walked downtown, I've noticed them selling papers and fighting between times. "Today, as I was walking along, and had just caught sight of them in daily battle, the thought flashed through my mind that we needed two new elevator boys, and maybe we could make use of them. It would be a blessing to get 'em off the street. What do you think?" "Would you boys like to go to work for me?" he asked. "And at \$5 a week?" he added. "Gee!" was their astonished response. "All right, start 'em right in," said the proprietor to the manager. About two weeks after the boys had been liberally bathed and scrubbed and dressed in hotel uniforms, the patrons began making comments about them to the clerks, and often to the manager and proprietor themselves. "Pretty nice chaps you've had on the elevator lately," said a chronic kicker. "Always accommodating and not fresh." "That day elevator boy's a bright chap," was another guest's remark. "He's been telling me how I can get over the town. He's a regular human signboard. The year-in-and-year-out boarders also sang their praises. Then one of them was promoted to the cigar stand. His did as well there as in the elevator and presently they made him a clerk. His companion was put in his place at the cigar stand. This happened five years ago. Today the two boys are still in the hotel—the one head clerk, and the other next in charge at the desk. One of the buyers for a department store in New York city got his opportunity in the regulation dime novel way. This particular man, fifteen years ago, sold papers, morning and evening, along Fifth avenue. He was there crying his wares one winter's day when a finely dressed woman emerged from a shop and started for her carriage, which was standing at the curb. When she was half way to it she slipped and fell on the icy pavement, and the newsboy, seeing her predicament, threw down his papers and rushed to her aid. By the time he got to her side she had regained her feet, but he gathered up her purse and a few scattered belongings, which he handed to her with Cheshire, terfieldian grace and a "Permit me, lady." Now it happened that the boy had rushed up while men hesitated, and the woman was impressed by the fact. But the boy did not know this until years after. The next day a man stopped him on the street and asked him to come with him. That man was the woman's husband, the proprietor of the store in which he was set to work as a bundle boy. In fact, the boy never knew what led to his good fortune until five years ago. Then his employer told him, when he was advanced to his present post, and at the same time the merchant made it clear to his new buyer that the latter's proved ability had caused his rise; his chivalric deed on that winter's morning ten years ago had merely given him the chance to prove himself. Then there is the case of a certain assistant superintendent in one of the biggest steel mills of America. He is the youngest man ever to fill the position—he is not yet 23—and less than a decade ago he was earning a living by selling papers and blacking shoes on the streets of Pittsburg. It was his ability to do these two things at once successfully that got him his opening. He was shining shoes and selling papers in front of the Duquesne club one day when a man stepping out of the club beheld him and, after studying him a moment, walked up to him. "How do you manage to do both things at once?" he asked the boy. The reply was ready: "I keeps me eyes open and me hands goin'!" "Very well," said the man, "if that's the way you do it, I can find use for you," and with that he bore the youngster off with him to a steel mill. The boy was started in at wheeling iron; later he was put inside and became a helper to this man and that; still later on he had helpers of his own, and all the time he kept his eyes open and his hands going. Moreover, he studied at night to improve his store of knowledge, so that when he was summoned into the superintendent's office and informed he was to be that officer's assistant, he knew the business from the ground up. He is today recognized as one of the most promising of the coming men in the steel industry around Pittsburg.—New York Sun.

A Boy Wins a Prize Dressing Hats

Earl E. Hodges, a nineteen-year-old boy, won the prize for the best dressed hat at the milliners' convention at Chicago early in September. While other milliners had been in readiness for weeks with their entries, young Hodges did not begin his work until the opening day of the convention. The prize was given because of the hat's beauty of workmanship, design and general style. Millinery has been the boy's ambition and he means to climb to the top in it. He is self-taught and does no copying from models. He may be another Worth.

Don't fail to renew your Subscription to **THE AMERICAN BOY** Promptly. See Page 66.

A XMAS SUGGESTION FOR BOYS.

BOYS' BUSINESS BEGINNER

\$5.00

SANTA SUGGESTION

Boys should receive as a Christmas gift something that will please, entertain and at the same time encourage the beginning of a business career. No machine now on the market will do this so well so effectively or so cheaply as one of our Automatic Printing Machines. You will surely make no mistake by putting into the hands of any wide awake boy one of these little printers, with which a boy can earn a goodly sum of money and at the same time be kept employed during spare moments. Don't furnish your boy with a company of undesirable street companions and then be surprised if he turns out badly. Give him something that will keep every moment happily and profitably employed, and see what a different boy it will make of him. For further suggestions and full particulars, send a draft for \$5.00 and you will have the machine there for Christmas.

The Automatic Printing Machine Company, 20 and 24 East Canal Street, Cincinnati, O.

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Learn the Art of making Wire and Shell Jewelry. The material is inexpensive and the Jewelry can readily be sold at big profits. Complete outfit as shown above including all parts catalog of Supplies and designs sent by mail for express prepaid for \$7.00.

SPECIAL OFFER
Send 1c for a beautiful Gold Filled Ring with Bagle, any initial engraved, and catalog showing everything pertaining to the manufacture of Wire and Shell Jewelry.

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Manufacturers of Wire Workers Supplies, etc.,
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THE MOST ACCEPTABLE HOLIDAY GIFT IS THE NEW SELF-FILLING COLONIAL FOUNTAIN PEN!

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

This Pen combines all the important features of a perfect fountain pen, with the self-filling feature—an advantage that is at once apparent to people who value convenience, and have a horror of the possibility of spilling ink on their clothes, table-covers, desk or carpet. The New Self-Filling Colonial is made of pure para rubber, fitted with a 14k gold pen. It is perfect in construction and writes with ease and a steady, unvarying flow of ink. No ink dropper needed. It is filled instantly by merely twisting rubber sack and dipping the Pen in ink. This Pen is handsomely finished, simple in construction and absolutely clean in operation. Has highly polished barrels. Sent prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.00.

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Sample by mail, No. 3 for 2c; one doz. 20c postpaid. Instructions for spinning parties sent with tops.

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Over \$5000 in imitation Confederate money and our BOY'S MAGAZINE \$3.00 for dime. Send for a pack and show the boys what a wild you carry. Friendship, Jr., Dep. H. Child, N. Y.

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PHOTO BY FLORENCE S. HINDLEY, (AGE TWELVE) ANDERSON, ILL.

"HOW BAD I FEEL!"

"I WONDER IF HE IS SINCERE"

SOME CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS

FRANK H. SWEET.

YOUNG people are always glad to have new ways of amusing themselves and their friends during long evenings and rainy days. Puzzles and games help to fill in between the study or reading hour and bedtime, and perhaps some sleight-of-hand or magic may tend to keep the interest unflagging. But if there should be a break, or if something new should be desired for part or the whole evening, then the following experiments with chemistry would not only prove amusing and interesting, but instructive. And they are all simple and easily managed.

THE MAGIC SHRUB

Place a sprig of rosemary, or any other garden herb, in a glass jar, so that when it is inverted the stem may be downwards and the sprig supported by the sides of the jar; then put some benzoic acid upon a piece of hot iron, so that the acid may be sublimed in the form of a thick, white vapor. Invert the jar over the iron, and leave the whole untouched until the sprig be covered by the sublimed acid in the form of beautiful hoar frost.

THE SILVER TREE

Dissolve an ounce of fine silver in three ounces of strong aquafortis in a glass bottle. When the silver is dissolved, pour the aquafortis into another glass vessel (a decanter will be best) with seven or eight ounces of mercury, to which add a quart of common water; to the whole add your dissolved silver, and let it remain untouched. In a few days the mercury will appear covered with a number of little branches of a silver color. This appearance will increase for a month or so, and will remain after the mercury is entirely dissolved.

FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

Dissolve camphor in spirits of wine, and deposit the vessel containing the solution in a very close room, where the spirits of wine must be made to evaporate by strong and speedy boiling. If any one then enters the room with a lighted candle, the air will inflame, while the combustion will be so sudden, and of so short a duration as to occasion no danger.

TO MAKE A ROOM APPEAR ON FIRE.

Take sal-ammonia, half an ounce; camphor, one ounce; aqua vitae, two ounces; put them into a round earthen pot, narrow upon the top, then set fire to it, and the room will appear to be all in flames, and the spectators will actually appear to be enveloped in them, to their momentary uneasiness. But there is no danger, as it is just the reflection of the combustibles.

A FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.

Take two parts of zinc, finely granulated, and add to it two parts of phosphorus (or say ten grains of phosphorus and twenty of zinc) and pour on it half an ounce of water with a quarter of an ounce of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) and in a short time phosphuretted hydrogen gas will be produced. Extinguish the lights, and beautiful jets of blue flame will be seen to dart from the bottom of the liquid, while its surface will be covered with a luminous smoke. This is a beautiful experiment, and is easily performed.

THE MAGIC FLASK.

Take a glass bottle, put in it some volatile alkali in which has been dissolved copper filings, which will produce a blue color. Give this flask to some one to cork up, while indulging in some pleasantry, and then call the attention of the company to the liquid, when, to their astonishment, they find the color has disappeared as soon as it was corked. You

can cause it to reappear by simply taking out the stopper, and the change will appear equally astonishing.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

Take a square box, about six inches long and twelve high, or of any proportionate dimensions. Cover the inside with four flat pieces of looking-glass, placed perpendicularly to the bottom of the box. Place at the bottom any object you please, as a piece of orification, a castle, tents, soldiers, &c. In the top place a frame of glass shaped like the bottom of a pyramid, and so placed as to fit on the box like a cover. The four sides of this are to be composed of ground glass, or covered inside with gauze, so that the light may enter, and yet be invisible except at the top, which must be covered with transparent glass. When you look through this glass the inside will present an astonishing prospect, of boundless extent, and if managed with care will afford much amusement.

TO BLACKEN HANDS AND FACE.

Take a few galls, bruise them to a fine powder, and strew the powder nicely upon a towel; then put a little ground copperas into a basin of water, which will dissolve and leave the water perfectly transparent. After any person has washed in this water and wiped with the towel on which the galls were strewed, his hands and face will immediately become black. But in a short time, by washing with soap, they will again become clean.

MAGIC PICTURES.

These pictures are nothing but a very ingenious application of the properties of the salts of nickel and cobalt, which become respectively green and red by being heated. In painting a winter scene, the trees, base, and so forth, are done in water color; then the foliage is painted with a solution of the nickel salts, and the fruits on the trees, the roses, and the other red flowers are painted with the cobalt salts mentioned. When warmed before the fire the trees become green, and apples, roses, and red flowers appear, and it is a summer scene. When again exposed to cold (and especially to moisture) the green and red disappear, and it presents a winter scene again. This may be repeated an indefinite number of times.

BEAUTIFUL ORNAMENTS.

Dissolve in seven different tumblers, containing warm water, half ounces of sulphate of iron, copper, zinc, soda, alumine, magnesia, and potassa. Pour them all, when completely dissolved, into a large evaporating dish of Wedgewood's ware, and stir the whole with a glass rod. Place the dish in a warm place, where it cannot be affected by dust, or where it may be agitated. When due evaporation has taken place, the whole will begin to shoot out into crystals. These will be interspersed in small groups and single crystals among each other. Their color and peculiar forms of crystallization will distinguish each crystal separately, and the whole together, remaining in their respective places where they were deposited, will display a very curious and remarkable appearance. Preserve it carefully from dust.

FREEZING WITH LIQUID.

Ether poured upon a glass tube in a thin stream, will evaporate and cool it to such a degree that water contained in it may be frozen.

THE FIERY FLASH.

Pour iron filings upon the flame of a candle, from a sheet of paper about eight or ten inches above it; as they descend in the same they will enter into a very vivid scintillating combustion.

THE WHITELY EXERCISER

Tell Santa Claus You Want the New

Juvenile Whitely Exerciser

This Christmas

an entirely new size—especially made FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

There is more good sport in a Whitely than in any other one athletic device and it combines the fun and benefit of all others. Indian clubs, dumb bells, rowing machines, punching bag, etc., etc., are put aside when the Whitely is present, for with the Whitely you can do all their movements and many more.

Girls enjoy the Juvenile as much as boys and they gain bright eyes, rosy cheeks and strong, graceful forms.

The Juvenile is a playfellow who never gets tired and is always ready. It has rubber muscles and strong hands for you to grasp and is just your size. It always plays the game you like best. The Chart in Colors comes in the box and tells all about it.

CHRISTMAS OFFER

FOR

American Boys and Girls

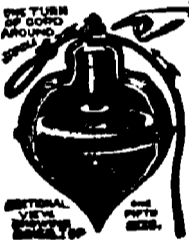
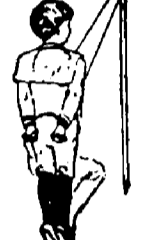
On receipt of the price we will send one Juvenile Whitely Exerciser to any address and we will pay express charges. If it fails to please we will refund the money on its return. Size for those under Six, \$1.25; size for those over Six, \$1.50.

OUR REGULAR WHITELY FOR ADULTS at \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00, will be sent prepaid during the Holidays. Give height and weight.

Send postal for new Whitely booklet.

WHITELY EXERCISER CO.

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A Merry Christmas Assured

to the CHILDREN and ALL who witness the marvelously mysterious performance and antics of absolutely the World's Most Scientific Mechanical Toy:

IRVING'S WIZARD TOP

Performs over 40 TRICKS

Surprise, Delight, Wonderment and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Briefly, this little enigma is TWO TOPS, one within the other, made of STEEL; a veritable ROTARY ENGINE; makes 20,000 revolutions per minute; spins in a pocket or anywhere at any angle it is placed; its average spin is 8 minutes; NO SPRINGS, NO WINDING; a child can spin it in three seconds.

Complete outfit, BEST NICKEL PLATED TOP, Pedestal, Swing, Ring, Wire Walking Attachment, Cord and Illustrated Directions sent postpaid for..... 30c

Or as a SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER, we will send postpaid, 4 Tops, with complete outfits, for \$1.00.

POSTAGE STAMPS ARE ACCEPTABLE

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AN INTENSELY interesting and exciting book for boys by the ever popular COL. HENRY INMAN. The story of the Delahoyde Boys is not fiction. The characters are drawn from life. This is a story of two boy hunters, one of them a naturalist and a very close observer of nature. Along this line, the author, who has always been a close observer, has supplemented his own knowledge of the habits and characteristics of the animals, birds and fish referred to. Withal, the most popular boys' book of the season. Full cloth, profusely illustrated, price \$1.00 prepaid. We have a list of many interesting books by Col. Inman and other authors. Also a line of works on western history and travel. Send for catalogue.

CRANE & COMPANY, Publishers, Topeka, Kansas

MY FIRST MONKEY

By R. GARNER.

Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is a monkey which my father bought and gave to me as a pet. I was then less than four years of age, but the impressions made by that monkey upon my childish mind have been as enduring as my complexion and have gone with me in all my rambles and researches in monkeydom.

The monkey's name was Joco. He was a brown capuchin of the ordinary hand-organ type and had been for a long time engaged in that precarious business. But I forgave him all his past, however wayward, and looked upon him as the highest ideal of all that was rare and beautiful.

As a rule, he was tame and playful; but like all rules, this one had its exceptions and when Joco was provoked he had no regard for anyone of whom he was not really afraid and those were very few. My father and a negro man were the only two about the place that he would obey. But he held them in the highest degree of respect and he had good reason for doing so. He had no more regard for women than some men have. He knew that they were afraid of him

The doll had evidently been immersed in the basin, the monkey himself was soaking wet from the tips of his digits up to his neck. He was not at all disturbed by my mother's approach for he knew that she was afraid of him and he only glanced at her to see who it was, greeted her with that soft whistling sound, peculiar to his species, and continued making the doll's toilet as though it was his special duty. My father being absent the black man had to be called away from his work in the garden to come and chain the little criminal.

At the time that Joco was an inmate of our home, we had also a little white poodle called Dash. The dog and monkey were mutually fond of each other but the latter being much the stronger and more active of the two, simply did as he pleased with the other and while his conduct was often very amusing, he was sometimes very cruel to the dog.

Dash was my private property, but he was the pet of the entire home circle and Joco got much scolding though little punishment for his bad behavior towards his companion. The dog had learned to rock the cradle of the baby sister referred to and was as attentive to his self-imposed duty as a mother could be. Joco had observed this and evidently knew the purpose of the act. Whenever Joco saw the baby in the cradle, whether she was asleep or awake, he drove Dash away and assumed the duty himself; but instead of standing with his feet on the floor and his hands on the edge of the cradle as the dog did, the monkey made use of his labor in order to amuse himself. He mounted into the cradle, sat down in the foot of it, caught hold of the sides with his hands and by thrusting himself from side to side, rocked it with such violence that he sometimes almost capsized it.

When Joco once got started to rocking the cradle no one except those mentioned dared try to stop him, and the louder the baby cried the harder he rocked; but it was a singular fact that he never attempted to rock the empty cradle.

Another little diversion that Joco found great pleasure in was that of combing the long, shaggy hair of the dog. But as a tonsorial artist the dog did not hanker after him, for he sometimes lifted poor Dash quite off the ground in trying to get the comb through his matted locks. He often broke a few teeth out of the comb. My mother protested against his cruel treatment of Dash until that part was cut out of Joco's repertoire. However, his was one of those happy temperaments that never miss such trifles and one kind of mischief afforded him about as much pleasure as another did.

There was one other person on the place that Joco feared and that was the black cook, who was equally afraid of him. Whenever he ventured too near the kitchen she defended her little realm by douching him with a pail of water. He did not like that and always tried to keep out of reach; but he appeared to know the limits of her authority and out of range of the kitchen she could do



and when he got loose, which he often did, he simply did as he pleased about the house unless my father or the black man was near. Everyone else he defied and threatened into acquiescence.

As long as Joco was not molested or hindered from doing what he wished he was one of the most amiable of creatures, but at heart he was an outlaw. I often played with him but when he wanted to get into mischief I could not control him. He never tried to bite me, but simply ignored me. He bit my elder brother and made a very bad wound on the back of his hand. After that I became afraid of his temper and that greatly lessened my pleasure in playing with him.

There was one domestic operation which had for Joco a singular attraction, and whenever permitted to witness it he did so with the deepest interest and sometimes offered to assist. That was in bathing and dressing my baby sister, then only a few months old. When restrained from taking a hand in the work he would sit by and look on with a face as serious as that of a judge on the bench. The gravity of his conduct on those occasions never gave way to levity, and nothing induced him to play, while he was permitted to watch the proceedings.

My elder sister, then about seven years of age, had a large and handsome wax doll with bright, red cheeks and long, yellow hair that hung in curls down to its shoulders. In those days such toys were rare and expensive and girls regarded them as treasures. On entering the family room one day, my mother found Joco perched upon the washstand with the doll in one hand and a comb in the other, combing or rather shredding the hirsute of the doll. He had stripped the last thread of its clothing from it, washed every trace of the paint from its face and neck and had combed almost the last hair from its head. Soap was smeared over everything, water splashed over the washstand and rug.



no more with him than anyone else could. Elsewhere about the premises he was as defiant of her as he was of the cat. Nothing, however, could entice him within ten feet of the kitchen door.

I have heard it said that all wild animals know by instinct the danger of snakes, bees and similar enemies, but I seriously doubt their having such instincts. At any rate it is quite certain that Joco was not so well endowed, as may be inferred from the following incident:

Along the garden fence was a row of



bee hives and several times the monkey passed near by them without receiving any injury or apparently suspecting any danger. On one occasion he leaped from the garden fence and alighted on the top of one of the hives. By the time he had seated himself there, a bee stung him. Joco resentfully slapped at the bee and crushed it; but by the time he had destroyed the offending insect a dozen or more were tickling him with their little tails. The monkey cut some funny capers and then retreated, but not in time to prevent two or three dozen of them stinging him. For two or three days afterwards Joco's face was entirely too big for his head.

After that experience he was never known to go near the hives again; but it was not instinct that kept him from it. It was something better than instinct—it was knowledge.

Among the horses on the place at the time that Joco lived with us was a pair of sorrels named Rock and Dave. The monkey took a great fancy to the former and an equal aversion to the latter, and both horses returned the sentiment in kind. Joco was fond of riding on horseback and gentle old Rock permitted him to ride on his back at any time that he had an opportunity; but Dave hated the monkey and often tried to bite or kick him. Joco, however, was aware of his purpose and was always on the alert.

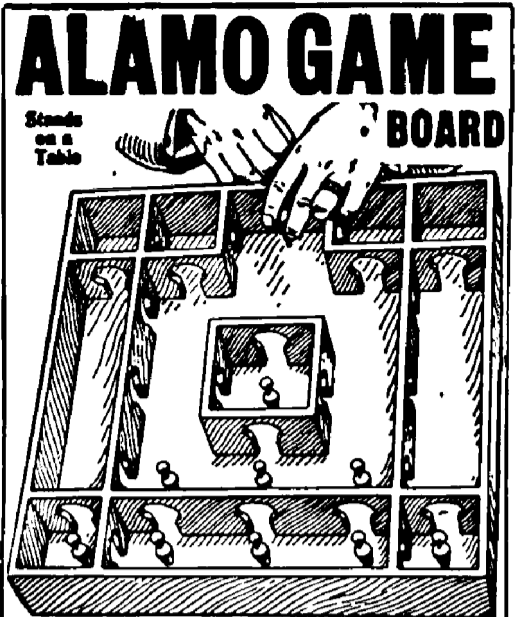
When Rock had on a saddle or harness the monkey could mount without difficulty, but when the horse was grazing in the lot Joco resorted to quite a novel method of mounting. He sprang from the ground and caught the long hairs of Rock's tail and pulled himself up by them. He often climbed up and sat on the broad loins of the horse while the latter continued grazing as though he was not aware that the little jockey was on his back.

Joco frequently went about the stable and sometimes mounted and sat on Rock's back while the horse was in his stall. Dave in the adjoining stall could not reach him; but he often resented the presence of the monkey by showing his big teeth and kicking the sides of the stall.

One long feed trough ran through all the stalls but was divided into sections for each so that one horse could not reach the food of another. Through the boards separating the sections was a hole large enough for the man feeding the horses to pass food through from

one stall to another. One of the chief articles of food for horses in that part was corn or maize and was usually fed on the cob. It was more than once observed that Dave left but few cobs in his trough while Rock left more than had been given him. The mystery was explained when the stable man caught Joco stealing the corn from his enemy and drawing it through the hole into the trough of his friend, thus rewarding him for his kindness while the same act punished the other for his hatred.

(Continued on page 61.)



ALAMO GAME BOARD

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SPECIAL XMAS OFFER—We will send the Alamo Game Board complete, with tops, men and directions for playing the different games, on receipt of \$5.

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If so, this is not for you; but if interested, you can increase your earning power.

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A large 8-inch Globe, 4 Goldfish, Castle, Live Plants, Sand, Shells, Box of Imported Fish Food, etc., only \$1.50. Its expires at receiver's expense. Will be well packed and reach you safely. Address, **M. C. BURKEL'S GOLDFISH EMPORIUM, 1092-1094 Summit Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.**

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with poultry. Profit greater for amount invested than any other business. Our paper, the finest in the world, covers the entire poultry field. By sending 50c now for a year's subscription you will receive FREE a book, "Plans for Poultry Houses." Sample copy for the week ending—**Indiana Poultry Journal Co., 22 Cord Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.**

THE WONDERFUL DOUBLE-THROAT

Only genuine bird call and whistle which you can imitate any bird or animal. Assist your friends by making them believe you are a Veery, Thrasher. The instrument is concealed in the roof of the mouth and does not show. If you like to see one inside a mouse and see them grab their throats and other birds. Boys, if you like fun, send 10c. for this instrument with full instructions. Catalogue of birds, novelties and books for stamp. Address, **H. W. HARBERT & CO., 1231 A Central Ave., NEWPORT, R. I.**

Your Chance BOYS

For 50c. we will mail you the popular ball trick that has startled the magic world. Generally sold for \$1.50. Write for particulars. **THE MAGIC TRICK AND NOVELTY CO., 18 Hoyt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

DOG TRAINING BOYS

If you want to train dogs, write for circular to **The Amateur Sportsman, 27 B. Park Place, New York.**

SHADY GROVE PET STOCK FARM.

Pedigreed Belgian Hares. Best Stock at reasonable prices. Booklet and list sent upon request. By writing now you can obtain a trio of beauties at a bargain. Stock shipped in exhibition cage. Pedigrees and score cards furnished. **JOS. WILSON, Proprietor, Warrenton, Ohio.**

LOOK! GOLDFISH!

Just to introduce my Goldfish in every home, I will send the following: 1 8-inch globe, 2/3 cup goldfish, 1 silverfish, 1 tadpole, box fishfood, 1 pedestal, all for \$1.00. Ship anywhere. I have cheaper outside. Agents wanted. Dept. 7, **DOUGARDINER, the Goldfish Man, Mattick, Mass.**

DOGS, HOGS OF ALL KINDS

Pigeons, Ferrets, Lop-eared and Belgian Hares. Send 5 cents for catalog. **Landis, Box 6, Boner's Station, Pa.**

\$1.75 Each Fine SINGING CANARY \$3.

with Suitable BRASS CAGE \$3. shipped anywhere in perfect safety. Cash with order. Pet catalogue for the asking. **HOPE'S PET ANIMAL EMPORIUM, NO. 55 N. NINTH ST. PHILADELPHIA.**

Teddy's Christmas

By Annie M. H. Card

It was Christmas Eve. A cutting wind scurried through the streets, whirling the thickly falling snowflakes into the faces of the hurrying throng.

The brilliantly lighted stores with their tempting displays and the home pictures seen through many an open shutter made the half-fed, half-sheltered children of poverty feel more keenly than ever their desolation.

"Sairey Ann," said a small ragged boy, to an equally ragged and still dirtier girl—as his gaze lingered on the sweets in a confectioner's window—"do you b'leve they's any Santy Claus?"

"Well, Teddy," said she, straightening herself. "I b'leve Santy Claus is your fathers an' mothers what sneaks into your rooms Christmas eve's, an' puts lovely things into your stockin's, but when you hain't got no parents, nor no stockin's, nor nuthin' you don't have no Santy Clauses. That's what I think. Do you b'leve they is one what's all dressed up in furs, an' drives 'round with billy-goats hitched to a sleigh full o' drums an' horns, an' doll babies, an' candles?"

"I used to think so when my mother was alive, but mebbe it was her after all," said Teddy sadly, "anyhow, I used to hang up my stockin' and git nice things in it."

"My eye, Teddy! You don't mean to say as you ever had a mother? I ain't never had none. Mis' Pegg got me off the township, down in Jersey, she says, an' I can't never remember nothin' on'y nussin' babies, an' draggin' water, an' pickin' coal, and"—with a half laugh, half sob—"gittin' licked, an' havin' my hair pulled. Mis' Pegg she says to me this here very day—she—she—Sairey Ann Stoop, ef you don't let that blessed little Billy amuse hisself a pullin' your hair, I'll break every bone they is in your missible body."

"That's turrrible!" said Teddy, "an' you're hair'd be real purty ef it was redd up a little."

"One night," continued Sairey Ann, "I drempt I'd run away from Mis' Pegg, an' I was awful rich, an' I had me face wash'd an' me hair all fixed up grand, with long gold arrers run all throu' it, an' I had on a elegant pink satin dress with a great long tall a draggin' awee-e out behind me. An' I had on a fur coat, an' I drempt I had one o' them large carr'ges what folks rides to funerals in, an' two grand hosses a silingin' their heads, an' a rattlin' their chains, an' a snortin', an' I got in an' the driver he says to me, says he, 'Where do you want to be druv to, Sairey Ann?' An' I says to him, 'don't you call me Sairey Ann, says I, 'thout you want to git hit with sumpin'! I don't know no se'ch pusson. My name's Maud Rosalendy Mortimore,' says I. I thought that was se'ch a elegant name. Mis' Pegg's sister sh's told me about a young lady down to the 'Dime' what had that name. Then I says, you drive to that restarant where I used to go to smell the eysters a fryin'."

"Well, I drempt I lay back in the carr'ge, an' when we got to the place, I stuck my head out o' the winder an' holered 'stop here!' an' then I got out an' walked in, so—mncing across the sidewalk—an' I hid me head a one side, an' me pocket hankercher in me fingers jist like the wax ladies in the store winders, an' now I drempt I says to the colored gentleman, 'fetch me a thousand fried eysters,' an' he fetched 'em, an' I et 'em, um—um I kin taste 'em yit. An' now I woke up, an' I says to Josephine, (she's my doll, I fished her outen a ash bar'l) 'Josephine,' says I, 'I had sich a lovely dream, I wish't I'd a died a dreamin' it.'

"She never said a word, but she looked so sorry an' I'm most sure they was a tear in her sweet brown eye—she on'y got one. I don't know what I'd do ef it wasn't for Josephine. I tell her every blessed thing, an' she don't mind bein' poked in under my old bed day times, 'cause she knows of Mis' Pegg was to find her things 'ud be wuss fur her an' me both. I found a little green bush today an' some red berries, an' I've hooked a candle end an' a match an' tonight when they're all asleep I'm goin' to trim up a little tree fur my darlin' child. She'll think they's a Santy Claus, anyhow. Good night, Teddy, Mis' Pegg 'll lick me ef I ain't in afore seven."

Teddy and Sairey Ann were neighbors; they lived in the same tenement, a miserable barracks known as the "Crow's Nest." He had become acquainted with her by offering to carry some of the heavy burdens she seemed everlastingly dragging up and down stairs. He blacked shoes, sold newspapers, and did odd jobs, picking up an uncertain living to be sure, but feeling withal so brave and self-reliant that he could afford to pity from the bottom of his warm heart the wretched child whose condition was so much worse than his own. Teddy pondered. What could he do to make it seem a little more like Christmas for Sairey Ann?

Suddenly he thought of the "Widdy" O'Hara who kept a little shop in the basement of a tenement just around the

corner, and concluded to make her a party to his plan.

Ting-a-ling-ling! went the little bell attached to the door, and immediately the portly form of Mrs. O'Hara emerged from the small room "ayant." Very cosy and comfortable it looked and felt, too.

Mrs. O'Hara was thrifty and neat; her rooms were clean, her light and fire bright, and her little stock of tarts, cakes and candies temptingly arranged.

"Good evening, Mrs. O'Hara," said Teddy. "I thought I'd come in an' see you a little while."

"Sure, ye're welkim, me lad; come in an' take a sate by the fire—thrade is a little dull, an' I'm glad o' your company, an' it's a Chrissymus ave, too."

"Yes'm," said Teddy, "that's one reason why I kem in; tomorri 'll be Christmas, an' I thought mebbe you'd know what 'ud be a nice present fur a young lady 'round the corner here in the 'Crow's Nest.' Let me tell you," continued Teddy, hastily, as he noticed a broad smile beginning to overspread Mrs. O'Hara's face, "she's a girl, a little smaller'n me, an' I'm ten. She lives with Mis' Pegg 'round there, an' she does have to let little Billy Pegg pull her hair out by the roots when he wants to, an' one day last summer Mis' Pegg cracked her over the head with the fryin' pan 'til her eye swelled up the book o' that!" holding up a very solled little fist. "We was a talkin' this evenin', her an me, about Christmas, an' she don't b'leve they's any Santy Claus, but she thinks it jist lovely fur little childer to b'leve they is one, an' so she's got a green bush she picked up, an' she's goin' to try an' trim it up for Josephine, that's her poor little doll baby, and make her believe they's a Santy Claus, an' he's been to see her."

"Ye're a brave little lad, Teddy, bless

ye'r swate heart. F'what was you 'inkin' about givin' her? Mebbe I can help ye out."

"I'll tell you, Mrs. O'Hara, I was thinkin' about a dream she told me she drempt. She drempt she was all dressed up fine, an' had a carr'ge an' druv to a place where she used to go to smell the oysters a fryin' and she drempt she went in an' called fur 'em to fetch her a thousand, an' she et 'em all; an' when she was a tellin' me she j'est shot up her eyes an' looked so sweet, j'est as ef she was a tastin' 'em. I'd jist been a pricin' finger rings with large big stones in 'em when she come along, an' her an' me got to talkin', an' after she told me about that air lovely dream I thought about your seillin' eysters sometimes, an' I thought mebbe you'd fry a thousand of 'em tomorri, an' I'd mind little Bill whilst she snuk in an' et 'em."

The laugh which had begun to shake Mrs. O'Hara's fat sides now rang out into the room, overflowing into the little shop and flooding the place with its merry ripple, while poor Teddy sat puzzled and mortified beyond measure.

"Oh! ye darlin' child," cried Mrs. O'Hara; "sure it's a throe Irish heart ye have in ye—I niver t'ought it 'ud be possible fur me to let sich a laff out o' me again in this wurruld wid all the thrubble I've had. Who are ye, anny how—that ye're sich a little man, takin' care o' yersel' an' lukin' out fur other folk? Have ye'es e'er a father or mother, or anny kin at all?" "No ma'am," politely responded Teddy; "I've no kin. Me father died of a gallopin' consumption, then me mother tuk down with a fever, an' I died in the hospital—that was in Philadelfy. Then some folks that knew me father an' mother in the old country sent me here to me grandmother, but the directions was wrong or something fur I never could hear no tell of her. That was when I was eight—two years ago—an' I've been lukin' out for mysel' ever since."

"Well—well," mused Mrs. O'Hara, "an' sich a babby to be casht on the wurruld!" and the tears which filled her eyes were not those of laughter. "These Chrissymus times," she continued, "do be very sad ones fur me. I mind me of the toime when I had a little bye, a swate, blue-eyed lad, wid a heart as warrum as the wan batin' undher ye're own little ragged jacket. He was borrun on a Chrissy-

mus ave, an' niver a wan passhed over his hid that he didn't have the full of his stockin's of cakes an' goodies. An' where he is this noight, whether he bees dead or alive, is more nor I know."

"Where did he go?" ventured Teddy, after Mrs. O'Hara had wiped her eyes. "Well, he got marrit when he was growed, to a foine young woman, an' they'd wan little babby when they shtarted to America. I had a beautiful letter from him when he was afther gettin' settled, tellin' me he'd an illigant job in the city o' Pinnsilvany, an' that he was in hopes to be sendin' fur me an' his father soon. Everybody in the neighborhood knewed him, an' looked him, an' I'll go bail that the whole o' Ballyfergus thurned out to hear that letter read. Then the toime passhed on, an' I heard no more from Owey, an' the next year, at the pullin' o' the flax, his fatner died an' I was all alone. Thin the neighbors begun askin' when had I heard from Owey, an' when was I goin' out to him, till I cudden't shtand it no longer, so I ups an' sells me cow an' pig and household goods, an' shtarted to America to foind him. I t'ought the life 'ud lave me when I asked about the city o' Pinnsilvany, shure they laffed in me face, an' said it wasn't a city at all but a whole shtate itself! 'An' f'what is a shtate?' says I; 'anny how, says I, 'there's where I want to go, fur me son's there wurrkin' on a foine job."

"Some kind folks told me I better stay where I was an, put a bit of a note in the papers askin' about Owey. Well, I did. I shpent dollars, but sorra a wurrud I ever heard. For awhile I was sick—wid me heart layin' like lead in me—sure I wasn't able to do a thing, but I found I'd have to be afther scratchin' me livin', so I set up a little shtand on the corner beyant. Thin I got acquainted wid a nice old man that kep' this little shop, an' he was a widdy, an' so was I, an' he was lonesome, an' so was I, so we got marrit—but he tuk down wid a fever in less'n a year an' laid senseless an' spacheless fur tin days, howlin' an' scratchin' to be tuk home, an' he a layin' in his own bed. Thin he doled, an' I lift enough fur me to give him an illigant funeral an' keep the little shop agoin'."

"My father's name was Owey," said Teddy, who had been very much interested in the "widdy's" story, and as she lapsed into silence felt he ought to say something.

"Owey phwat, dear? Sure I never waited to hear who you were, afther askin' ye." "Owey Gallagher."

"Owey Gallagher! Don't tell me a wurrud as isn't throe, child. I cudden't shtand it!"

"No, ma'am, that's the truth. Me father's name was Owen Gallagher—me mother was called Nora—an' me gran'-mother's name I've had pinned on me shirt 'till its most wore out."

"Phwat is that?" gasped Mrs. O'Hara, pale as death.

"Ellen Gallagher!"

With a swoop she caught the child to her arms, and after mashing his nose flat against the buttons of her gown, began to berate herself—"Oh, the old fool that I was; here's me own fish an' blood huntin' the world over fur his gran'-mother—him dhirty an' ragged an' manny a toime half athraved—an' me a livin' clane an' comfortable wid old O'Hara's name a hidin' me. Bad luck to the day I ever set eyes on the blarnev'n old idjit." "But," says Teddy, feeling that injustice was being done to the memory of the departed, "mebbe you wouldn't a had this nice home if it hadn't a been fur Mr. O'Hara." "Throe fur you, me darlin'. May the hivers be his bed, me head is thurned entolrely wid the procedins o' this evenin'."

"Oh, Teddy, dear, I've another bye come to me on a Chrissymus Ave. An' sich a dinner as we'll have tomorri—you an' me an' the little shtarved crayture from the 'Crow's Nest.' We'll get her away from that murthin' ould Pegg. I've been wantin' a gurl of her size this many a day to give me a lift wid the wurrud. Now, Teddy, I know ye feel like a big boy to yourself, but if ye don't mind I'd love to rock you to slape in me arms this blissid night—they've been empty so long, me darlin'!"

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"PHWAT IS THAT?" GASPED MRS. O'HARA

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AMUSING Prize Game

To any one sending us a list of 5 different words made from the letters in

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With a 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, postpaid, a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty called the *Triplet*, a key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, and an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day.

What one boy says about the Triplet

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Address Dept. 2.

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Look like various colored opals. Over 600 of these sparkling gems from the South Pacific Seas, in one string, 2 yards long, as shown in picture. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$2.00. Guaranteed to please.

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Like picture, handsome hand-carved pattern on both sides. A fine example of the Leather Carving Art. Sent postpaid upon receipt of \$1.00.

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TICK TACK CLOCK

This clock is a novelty; it is a correct time-keeper; it is artistic. One of the most novel features of the clock is the fact that it is so made that any one can take it apart and set it up again at will. The clock is sent out in pieces all numbered with definite instructions for putting together so that a child 10 or 12 years old can put it together in perfect running order. A MECHANICAL KNOWLEDGE can thus be imparted to the young, which stimulates inventive ideas. \$10.00 invested in anything else would not attract so much attention, or be so much admired and furnish so much instruction and real good service as this wonderful little clock at only \$1.50. Its wheels are made of brass, the pivots and pinions of best machinery steel; every construction is the very best. Our pictures show the clock running, also a boy who has just received a clock and is putting it together. Anyone wanting more particulars can have a handsome 6-page circular sent them free. Clock sent on receipt of only \$1.50. Address: KIRTLAND BROS., 90 Chambers St., New York.



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 cannot undertake to return rejected puzzles nor to reply personally to letters.

Joseph M. Heinen, "The Gopher," Hastings, Minn., wins the prize for best original puzzles pertaining to Christmas received by October 20. Chas. W. Rannels, Troy, Ohio, wins the prize for best list of answers to October Tangles.

Honorable mention is accorded the following for excellence of original contributions or answers or both:

D. F. Butler, Robert Louis Scharring-Hausen, Harold R. Norris, Erval Newcomer, Edward Langdon Fernald, Robert Abbott, H. L. Busch, D. Killon, Jr., Ralph W. Westcott, Sam P. Parks, Sarah Giles, Jo Mullins, Sam Turrentine, Jr., Lot W. Armin, Kenneth Moffat, Vattel E. Daniel, Clement Barnes, Litta Voelchert, Thomas DeWind, G. W. Hodgkins, Raymond Helm, Osborn J. Dunn, Charles Stewart, James Mulvehill, Joe Phillip Smith, Anna Marquette Newburger, Alfred Wyker, James Nelson.

A cash prize of two dollars will be given for the best list of answers to December Tangles received by December 20.

A prize of a new book will be given for the best lot of original puzzles received by December 20.

Answers to November Tangles

38. 1. Bill. 2. Wing. 3. Tail (tale). 4. Eye (I). 5. Claws (claw). 6. Fowl (foul). 7. Toe (tow). 8. Two feet. 9. Half back. 10. Crown. 11. Bird's-eye. 12. A bird. 13. Gobbler. 14. Head and tail. 15. Neck. 16. Mouth. 17. Breast (brest). 18. Feathers. 19. Wattle. 20. The white feather. 21. Curves. 22. Quill. 23. Spur. 24. Beak.

39. G r a n d e u r
d o m i n o n
s a v a n n a h
h e v e r a g o
w i n d f a l l
h e a d l o n g
r e c e p t
r e c e a v e d

The star and dagger paths spell Governor Bradford.

40. P o t a t o C o f f e e
c r e a m s p e c a d a s
s q u a s h p a l a n d a
w a l n u t c h e e s e
o y l e r c h a s t r y
a p p l e s t u r k e y
k i d n e y o n i o n s
p i m o n e k a p e s
b r a n c h p a n u t
r a i s i n t u r n i p
g o l d e n a p o n g e
o l i v e s p i c k l e

The four diagonals are prunes, celery, kisses and orange. The central letters spell toys.

41. 1. P e t r e l
2. G o o d H e r e r
3. B e n A v e r
4. F e n N e c o
5. E s k i m o
6. W e a p i c l e
7. M a g p i c
8. E r m i n e
9. R a v e n
10. W a p t i l
11. G a n g t
12. Q u a c k

The central zig-zag spells Thanksgiving.

42. 1. S t- e e l. 2. S t- a g e. 3. S t- a i d.
4. S t- a l l. 5. S t- a i r. 6. S t- a r t. 7. S t- o u t.
8. S t- i l l. 9. S t- a l e. 10. S t- r a y.

43. 1. T u o l u m e
2. H e r i d a n
3. F l a t h e a d
4. G u n n i s o n
5. F r a n k l i n
6. A n d e r s o n
7. C u y a h o g a
8. M i s s o u r i
9. S a r a v e v o
10. S e d g w i c k
11. G u e r n a y
12. H o d g e m a n
13. E l d o r a d o
14. H a r r i s o n
15. Y o r k t o w n

The star path spells Thanksgiving Day.

44. T e e t h. H a v a n a. A p r o n. N e c k. K i s s e s.
S t u f f i n g. G a l l i p o l i. I v a n I v. V e r m i c e l l i.
I n d i a n. N u t m e g. G i l e a d. D e s d e m o n a.
A n c h o v y. Y e a s t.

45. 17. (Red, white and blue) Howard U.
19. (Steel gray and crimson) Atlanta U.
8. (Crimson and blue) Richmond College.
18. (Rose and gray) Vassar College.
14. (Orange and blue) Alabama Tech.
6. (Cherry and white) Rensselaer Tech.
16. (Red and gold) Denver U.
15. (Red and black) Wash. and Jeff. College.
20. (White and purple) Iowa Wesleyan U.
5. (Brown and white) Lehigh U.
11. (Maroon and white) Lafayette College.
9. (Crimson and cream) Indiana U.
7. (Cream and maroon) Alma College.
13. (Navy blue and white) Marietta College.
4. (Brown and gold) Adelphi College.
21. (Yellow and brown) Neb. Wesleyan U.
3. (Blue and white) Dakota U.
10. (Green and white) Manhattan College.
12. (Navy blue and gold) Allegheny College.
1. (Black and lemon) Randolph-Macon College.
2. (Blue) Yale U.
The initials of the colleges in the order here given spell Harvard, William and Mary.

46. 1. Alexander Graham Bell. 2. James Watt. 3. Samuel F. B. Morse. 4. Elias Howe. 5. Robert Fulton. 6. George Stephenson. 7. Eli Whitney. 8. Charles Goodyear. 9. Samuel Colt. 10. Cyrus West Field. 11. Richard M. Hoe.

47. S a w. p l a n e. h i t. h a m m e r. f i l e. g i m-
l e t. a x. c h i s e l.

48. 1. Harbona. 2. Abihall. 3. Mor-decal. 4. Memucan. 5. Ethlopla. 6. Dalphon. 7. Adar. 8. Teresh. 9. Hatach. 10. Aspatha. Initials spell Hammedatha.

New Tangles

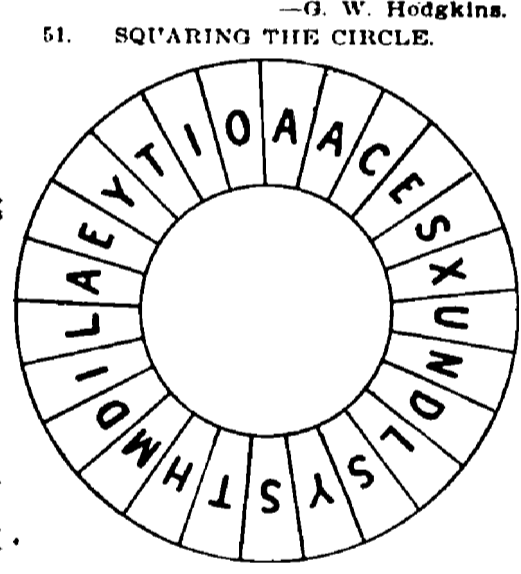
49. CHRISTMAS TREE PROVERB.



Write the numbers 1 to 36, and below each place a letter from the names of the presents on our tree, in the numerical position indicated by the subjoined list. The whole will be an expression suggested by the season.

(1) Grandma's Christmas present was a 34, 3, 7, 11, 13, 32, 28, 5, 1, 18, 27. (2) Grandpa's proved to be a 28, 21, 22, 6. (3) Mother's was a 28, 25, 35, 33, 9, 14, 21, 31, 22, 26, 16, 1, 20. (4) Father's, a 12, 10, 14, 15, 6, 4. (5) Sister was made happy by a 30, 13, 19, 20. (6) My present turned out to be a beautiful gold 21, 24, 28, 29. (7) Our youngest brother's was a 16, 31, 28, 8, 28, 15, 26. (8) Last, but not least, baby received a 4, 18, 2, 29, 23, 17, 36, 9.

50. O. A. B. CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.
The initials of the names of the following O. A. B. companies, taken in the order given, until all are used once, when Kris Kringle makes his annual visit. The nickname of each state is given and the state number of the company.
Wolverine State, No. 36.
Golden State, No. 19.
Hoosier State, No. 12.
Badger State, No. 19.
Keystone State, No. 25.
Wooden Nutmeg State, No. 7.
Webfoot State, No. 13.
Sunflower State, No. 17.
Hawkeye State, No. 33.



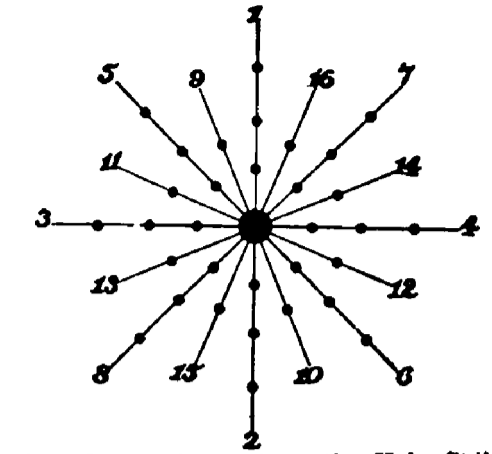
51. SQUARING THE CIRCLE.
Beginning at the correct letter, go twice around the circle in the direction the clock moves, taking every other letter as you go, until all are used once. Place these letters, as they are taken from the circle, in perpendicular rows in a square like the following. When correctly arranged, reading horizontally from left to right will give three names of a holiday celebrated in every Christian land.

1	6	11	16	21
2	7	12	17	22
3	8	13	18	23
4	9	14	19	24
5	10	15	20	25

52. CHRISTMAS CHESS.
By the king's move in chess, which is one square in either direction, using every letter once and as often as required, but repeating no letter without first moving from its square, find the following: The first Christmas greeting; the most beautiful Christmas story ever written; its author's name, and the names of eight or more characters in the story:

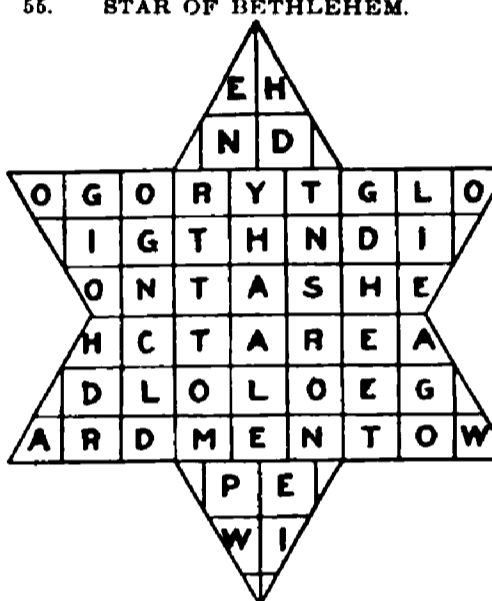
T	M	A	R	T	H	A	B
Y	I	C	S	I	O	O	D
F	N	T	H	R	L	G	E
Z	E	M	A	C	E	S	R
Z	O	T	S	Y	D	C	F
I	L	H	G	N	I	K	T
W	L	W	T	O	E	P	O
G	I	D	O	R	A	C	P

53. CHRISTMAS WHEEL.



1 to 2, the place where the Holy Child was born. 3 to 4, a Christmas decoration. 5 to 6, the mountain on which Pontius Pilate's ghost is said to walk every night save Christmas eve. 7 to 8, what the angels sang. 9 to 10, part of the Christmas music. 11 to 12, Christmas wreath. 13 to 14, one of Christ's titles as king. 15 to 16, to be eaten with turkey.

54. CHRISTMAS TREE.
A letter in Joseph Jacob's seventh son. Father of Peter. An apostle. The first to greet Christ after His resurrection. Our Savior. The town of His birth. Eleventh of the twelve minor prophets, who wrote a book of the bible bearing his name. The father of three sons who founded Bethlehem. A letter in Gethsemane. The trunk of this tree spells an annual Christmas visitor.



55. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.
Cut the above star into ten parts and fit these parts together so as to form a parallelogram nine squares wide by six squares high, that will contain a seasonable quotation from Saint Luke.

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My First Monkey

(Continued from page 61.)

Whether Joco was fully aware of the double purpose he was serving or not, it is quite certain that he had in view one or the other of the two ends accomplished. But poor Joco was thereafter forbidden the freedom of the stable and, although he was not in disgrace, he was kept in exile from it.

Having acquired a taste for riding and found an easy means of mounting, he tried his skill a few times on other horses, some of which he very badly frightened. One day a spirited young horse was quietly nipping grass in the pasture near the house and Joco decided to have a ride. Without warning he sprang to the tall of the horse; but before he had time to climb to his back the horse kicked sky-high and as his heels went up he threw poor Joco straight into the air about ten feet and before the monkey reached the earth again the horse was five lengths away. For a long time he continued running and snorting, but he never quite knew what caused



him such alarm. When Joco once more reached the ground he was so badly stunned for a time that he could scarcely move. Thereafter he confined his riding to his old friend Rock.

On those days, long before the advent of the canning industry, it was the custom to dry fruits in the sun and store them up for winter use. Living just beyond the limits of the town, which was the county-seat, we had a large orchard and a variety of fruits, a good quantity of which was annually preserved in the manner mentioned. At the rear of the dwelling house was a long porch with a southern exposure, and the sloping roof of it was an ideal place for drying fruit.

Custom in Flying the Stars and Stripes

In the flying of a flag there may not seem to be much deserving of particular attention, yet there is a right and a wrong way even in hoisting, lowering, and saluting with a flag, as there is with everything else. In the first place a flag should be hoisted at sunrise and lowered at sunset, or as near those hours as possible. This is invariably done on all government buildings, ships, and forts, with only one very marked exception; namely, when such places are in a state of siege, for the reason that a flag lowered in the face of an enemy is regarded as an acknowledgment of defeat. So, if you fly your flag all night in reality you desire to intimate to your friends that your house is beleaguered presumably by robbers, the sheriff, or the police. As is generally known, a flag at half-mast is a signal of death, and, when the union is reversed, one of distress; but, when a flag is seen both at half-mast and upside down, it is a sign of dire peril and the most urgent need of assistance.

In the actual hoisting and lowering of a flag, there is a rule to be observed, like most other rules, upon reason. A flag should not be run up with jerks, but hauled up steady, by pulling hand over hand, until it reaches the block. Then the lines should be hauled taut and made fast, so that the flag will not fly perhaps half a foot from the top and two or three feet out from the staff. In such a case, apart from its slovenly appearance, a flag thrashing in a high wind is more likely to snap the ropes, and it will wear out much quicker. A glance at a flag flying over a fort or a man-of-war will show how much care is taken in this respect.

In the matter of saluting with flags, yachts and merchant vessels dip, or lower and raise their flags, three times in quick succession; but a man-of-war, or a vessel on which there happens to be a high officer of the government, never lowers its flag first. The practice is for what one may term the civilian ship to lower its flag three times, and then permit it to remain drooping over the stern until the acknowledging salute is made. Another custom, that applies to civilians as well as to those in the service of the government, is that when you set your foot on the deck of a man-of-war, whether in home or foreign waters, it is proper to turn for a moment toward the national flag at the stern of the ship, and slightly raise, or touch your hat. This, too, is a fitting mark of re-

spect to the emblem of your country, just as is rising to a standing position when a band plays the national anthem. —Success.

Professor R. L. Garner, who contributed the foregoing story to the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY, sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool on the "Noordland" in September, whence he will go to the west coast of Africa on an expedition into the jungles for the purpose of continuing his observations of monkey life. He took with him on the trip more than a ton of material, including the famous iron cage in which on former expeditions he sat while making his jungle observations. He also carries with him a very delicate phonograph made under the personal direction of Mr. Edison, having diaphragms so sensitive that they will record the slightest jungle sound. Mr. Garner will be gone several years.

From that hour the door of Joco was sealed and that very night my father gave him to a young man who was on his way to the frontier of Texas. From that time to this I have never heard of poor Joco; but I have never forgotten him and I think I may justly attribute to him much of my life-long interest in this naughty race, which in later years led me to a more thorough and methodic study of their speech and habits.

There was no one to prevent him, and before the black man could be summoned from the field, he dragged the 10ths into the window of the family room as I left them scattered over the floor. Apples, peaches and pears in various stages of drying were hopelessly mixed and scattered from the front of the room to the back yard and the labor of again assorting them was greater than the original task of preparing and drying them.

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A Suicide's Dying Advice

After writing a farewell letter of advice to the youth of the land, warning them against the many temptations and pitfalls which are strewn in life's pathway, John Flitt, of Alton, Ill., committed suicide by shooting himself. His letter was as follows:

To All Youths—I am going to give you a little advice. I am twenty four years old, left school when I was fifteen; had an excellent mother and father who loved me. I secured a position in a bank, began to go out nights, and there is the foundation and the starting point of all my blasted hopes. Boys, do not go out nights or frequent saloons.

"Always choose your company. Guard your honor, as it is priceless. Make a confidant of mother. If circumstances permit, stay by the old home, be it ever so humble, for it is far superior to the grandest hotel life. Yes, boys, I have stopped at the best of them from New York to San Francisco, and even in parts of Europe, but the surroundings of a happy home will make you susceptible to the best influences that can be brought to bear on your lives."



"Say, Bob, look at dat kid; he will git a bicycle, an' maybe a sled an' a gun, an' he can hang up his mudder's stockin'."

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Boyhood Homes of Three Great Men

By W. FRANK McCLURE

There are three unpretentious homes in Ohio which should be an impetus to every boy who hopes some day to fill an important place in the world, demonstrating, as they do, that humble beginnings are no barrier to success. In the little town of Lisbon is the boyhood home of Marcus A. Hanna, United States Senator, industrial giant and one of the most famous politicians of our day. In Cleveland there yet remains the modest residence from which John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, as a lad, went forth in search of work. At Niles still stands the humble birthplace of our lamented President McKinley, whose fame was world wide.

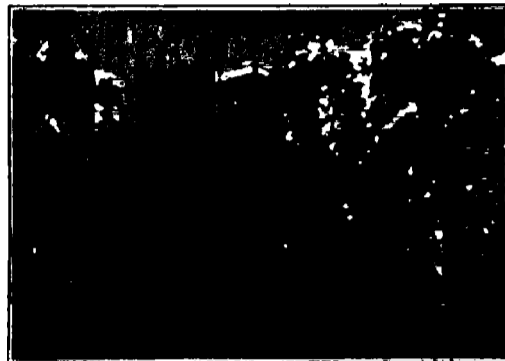
church and his associates are fully aware of its scope.

Mark Hanna began his career as a clerk in a store in the country town in which lived President McKinley's grandfather, and from which went forth Clement Laird Vallandigham—the leader of the Ohio democracy in the strenuous times of 1863. Although a genial and efficient clerk, who could have made a decided success of a country store, Mark Hanna early decided to do greater things. Like young Rockefeller, he came to the city of Cleveland and entered one of the public schools of that day.

Mr. Hanna's business capabilities asserted themselves early in his career. It was in his father's store that he worked as a clerk, and when his father died he succeeded him in the business. When Mr. Hanna entered the iron ore and coal industry it was in its infancy. The vessels of the lakes were wooden ones and there were no such great combinations as the United States Steel Corporation. Coal was then not mined at all by machinery and the railroad transportation facilities for both coal and ore were meager. Today Mr. Hanna is the owner of large coal mines in Ohio, as well as extensively interested in the ore resources of the upper lakes and the modern steel steamers which ply between upper and lower lake ports. To him belongs much of the credit for the development of vast industrial enterprises.

The house in which President McKinley was born is the humblest in appearance of the three which are pictured with this article. Within the last two or three years it has been moved from a spot on one of the business streets of Niles to Riverside park, a pretty, shaded spot not far away. Many people have visited this home in the last few years and have been shown the room in which President McKinley was born.

William McKinley as a boy used to fish in Mosquito creek and gather blackberries from the bushes at the rear of the



THE OLD SEMINARY WHERE PRESIDENT GARFIELD ATTENDED SCHOOL

A half century ago Mr. Rockefeller was attending school in the city of Cleveland with other boys of more means and apparently better prospects. He studied diligently and graduated from the local high school. Then, not feeling financially able to take a college course, he went out in search of work and for days walked from place to place without success. Not daunted by failure, he persisted, finally securing a position in Hughes' commission store as a bookkeeper at a small salary. His employer told him that the pay would be small, but young Rockefeller said he didn't care about that. He went at his work with an enthusiasm and determination that soon made him a very valuable man in the business, and his salary was forthwith increased. Later, after learning all the ins and outs of the commission business, he started a store of his own in partnership with a man by the name of Clark, the firm name being "Clark and Rockefeller."

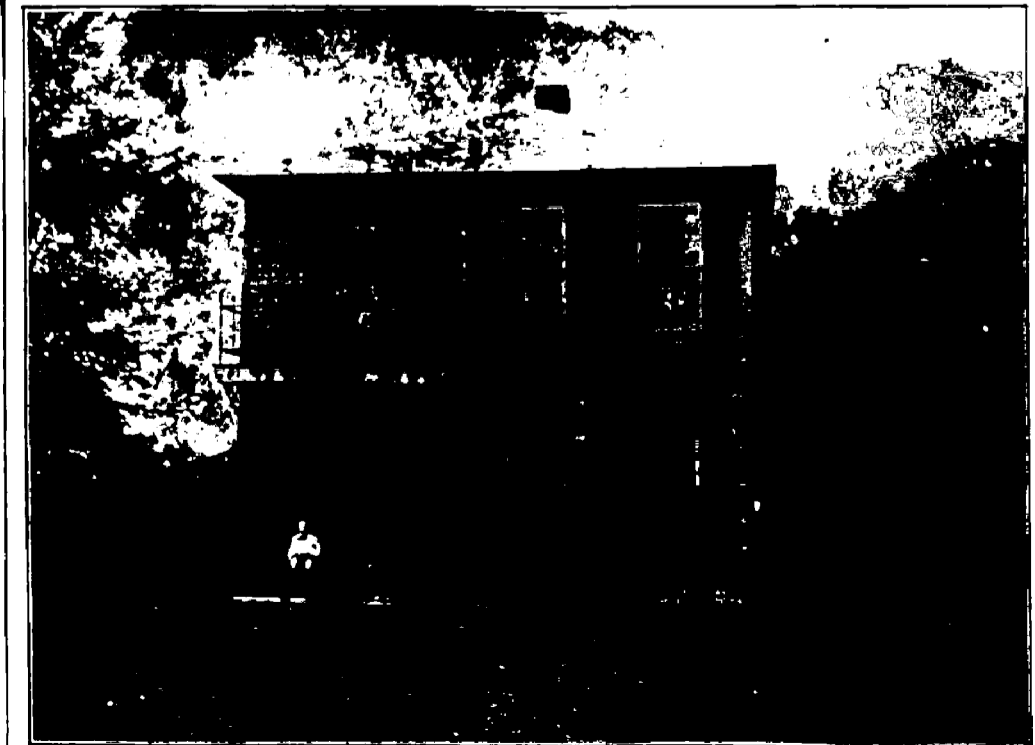
From this time on Mr. Rockefeller's rise in the world was very rapid. In fact, it was little more than fifteen years from the time that he began his career as a bookkeeper until he was chosen president of the Standard Oil Company—that great business organization which today makes itself felt throughout the entire world. Of course, his remarkable business tact and ability is unquestioned and has had a great deal to do with making him one of the world's notable men, but, on the other hand, his strength of purpose and his habits have played no small part in his success. In talking of his career, he places all the stress upon these latter elements of success. From a lad he has been a regular attendant upon church services and a participant in church work. He has shunned the use of intoxicating liquors and today is lending his influence and money to eradicate the liquor evil, which is standing in the way of the success of so many young men. His work along these lines is carried on quietly, but the members of his



BOYHOOD HOME OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

little red schoolhouse, which is not far from the center of the town. As a fisherman he is remembered as being an extremely patient one. He would sit for hours upon a log with his fish line in the water, after his playmates had become discouraged, with the result that he would at last be rewarded by numerous "bites" and a goodly number of fish. This was when he was eight years old.

I have been told by a man in Niles, who was a playmate of Mr. McKinley in his



BOYHOOD HOME OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

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A BOON TO HUMANITY!
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This brush when properly applied is also invaluable to those who suffer from Nervousness, Insomnia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lassitude, Exhaustion, Brain Fog, Paralysis, Lack of Energy, and all kindred diseases which are attributable directly or indirectly to such afflictions as are traceable to the spinal column.



We are not advertising a "CURE-ALL" nor do we claim medicinal or electrical properties peculiar to this brush, but we do guarantee relief and relief instantaneous to all such who suffer from any of the many troubles which can be cured by circulation, friction or stimulation.

Recommended by the medical profession.

Sample Brush sent postpaid on receipt of \$1 by

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- A Watch
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Write today to receive your chance.

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In place of spending thousands of dollars advertising our MARVEL WASHING BLEACH, we have decided to give away this beautiful engraved watch to anyone who will help introduce our Bleach, and sell only 30 packages at 10c. each.

This watch is manufactured by the New Haven Clock Co., who are the leading manufacturers of watches in the world. This firm guarantees all their watches to keep perfect time.

Send us to-day your full name and address and we will send you absolutely Free, postpaid, and trust you with 30 packages of Marvel Bleach. Sell the 30 packages at 10c. each; when sold, send us \$3.00 and we will send you, at no charge, this beautiful engraved watch. Write at once, E. J. Morgan Bleach Co., Dept. 2, 172 Greenwich Street, New York.

\$50 FREE \$50

A SOLID DIAMOND SET GOLD MEDAL given as a prize to users of FAUNT'S PATENT MYOGRAPH.

Any school boy could win this prize. Write today. Send \$50 (our sample price, postpaid) in silver or stamps, and we will mail you an elegant German Silver Myograph; also enroll you as a competitor for the Gold Medal and send instructions. No work on your part—simply write a specimen. Users of Faunt's Myograph are always good winners. It records and cures writer's cramp. Auto Pen & Ink Mfg. Co., 73 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Youth's size 12 to 2, per pair, 4 lined.....\$1.50
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SPLENDID PORTRAITS

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Advertise in The American Boy



BOYHOOD HOME OF SENATOR HANNA

young days, that William could never be induced to engage in any mischief and that he always seemed to frown upon any attempts of his playmates in this direction. In disposition he was quiet and agreeable. President McKinley's subsequent career is well known to the boys of the United States.

One of the accompanying photographs

illustrates another interesting Ohio landmark connected with one of the nation's great men. An old seminary building at Chester in Geauga county, which still stands, is pointed out as the school attended by President Garfield when but a young man. The building was erected in 1843 and is still used for educational purposes.

The Way to Braid a Real Cowboy Whip

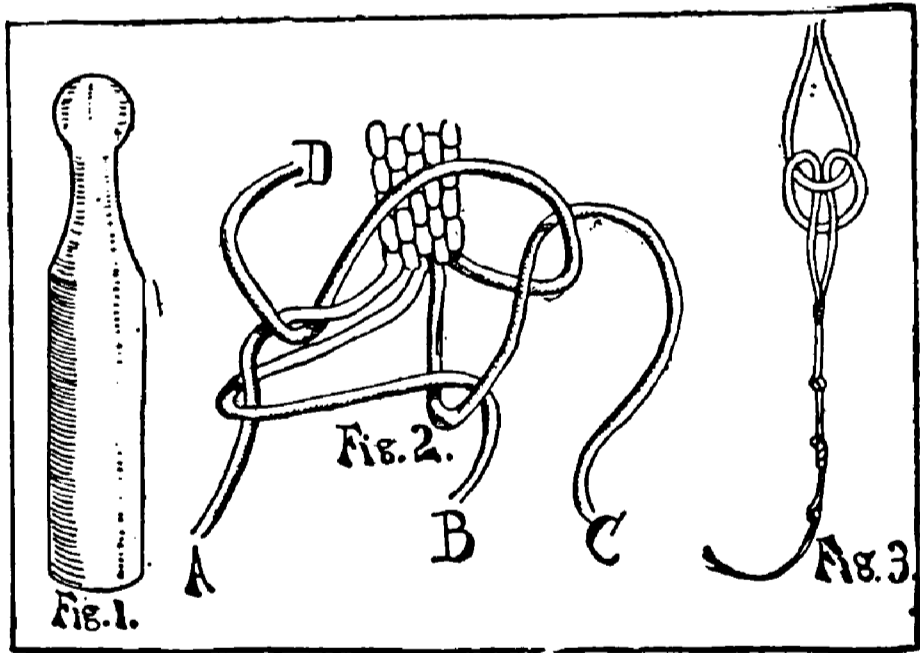
By J. CARTER BEARD

Until a few weeks ago my faith in the skill of the cowboy with a whip was absolute. I did not think that anywhere on the face of the earth there existed a people who could attain greater skill in whirling a lash; but now I am in doubt about the cowboy's supremacy.

My change of view was caused by a fat, jolly-faced, little Eskimo. He looked like a bundle of old furs very much the worse for wear, and it did not seem possible that he could even attempt any sort of athletic work, much less excel in it. He soon proved, however, that it was possible by handling a huge dog whip. The man seemed to have as much control over the fourteen-foot lash as if it were merely an extension of his arm. It is said that cowboys can strike a horse off the back of a moving steer. They kill the fly and do not hurt the steer. The stroke is accomplished from a distance of eight or ten feet. If cowboys can really perform such an exploit,

the principle of the work is understood. Take four strands of equal length and knot them together at one end. Separate one of the strings from the rest. We will suppose that it corresponds to A in the diagram. Separate a second string from the rest and lay it across the string A. The second string will correspond to B. Lay a third string across the string B. The third string corresponds to C. Lay the fourth string across C, and then run it under the string A. The fourth string corresponds to D. Pull all the strings tight and repeat the process.

It makes no difference how many strings there are in the braid. Lay them in turn one across the other, and then tuck the last one under the first one. A little experimenting will enable any one to understand how the braiding is done. To make the lash gradually diminish, begin with a large number of strands, and, as the whip lengthens, gradually cut them away until only three are left.



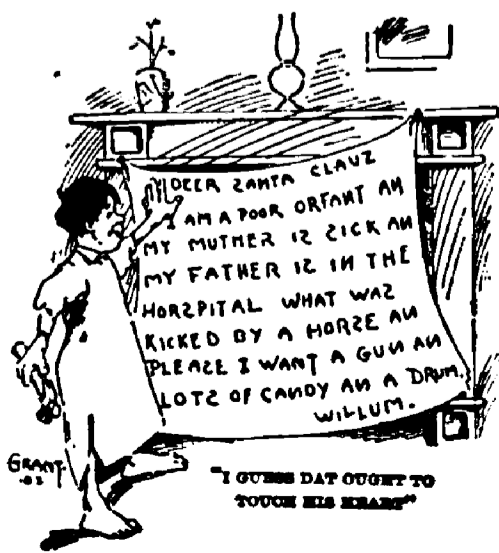
they may be the cleverest handlers of a whip in the world; but I have never seen a cowboy do anything which even approaches killing a horsefly in the manner described. On the other hand, I have seen the Eskimo, at a distance of twelve feet, coil the end of his lash about a penny and bring the coin within easy reach. I have also seen the Eskimo send his lash into the crack between two boards and bring out a penny which had been placed between them. The boards were separated by less than half an inch. A whip contest between the Eskimo and the cowboy would prove a very interesting spectacle.

Boys will hardly attain to such skill as either the Eskimo or the cowboy, but with a little practice some very pretty work can be done. A great deal depends on whether the right kind of whip is used. If a whip does not taper toward the end, it is hopeless, and not even an Eskimo could do anything with it.

Figure 2 of the diagram shows the proper way to braid a whip. To make the drawing simple, only four strands are used, but by exactly the same method any number of strands, from three to fifty, may be braided.

It will, however, be better to experiment with four strands until the prin-

Make a loop at the end of the whip and attach a snapper, as shown in Figure 2. Figure 1 shows the handle of the whip, which should not be more than one foot long. A whip braided as I have described may be perfectly controlled by the hand, and will snap like the crack of a pistol.



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Picture shows calendar greatly reduced
Actual size 7 x 10 inches

3 separate panels of charming baby heads, magnificently reproduced in 12 colors from Miss Waugh's well known paintings.

Send for one and you will want more to give your friends for Christmas

Now ready to mail PRICE 10 CENTS Stamps or coin

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8 GOOD FRIENDS Means this Rifle Is Yours.

BOYS count the houses in your neighborhood, count the ladies you know, then write to us and learn how easily you can get this

SPLENDID WINCHESTER ACTION
Long Distance Repeating Rifle. 1000 Shots without Reloading.

No money required. You can do it easily and quickly. We will tell you all about it if you write to-day to HOME MAGAZINE CO., Dept. 240, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Remember, this is not a polishing powder, but actually silver-plates your articles. The Paragon Silver-Plating Powder we believe will give a long felt want for home use, and it is our intention that this Powder shall be introduced into every home; and we have decided to give a Gold-Plating Outfit to anyone who will send among their friends twelve packages at 25 cents each. We will be glad to send any one a sample of it, so that they can demonstrate to their friends what we claim for it.

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The American Boy

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THE LEADING BOYS' PAPER OF AMERICA

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Post-office as Second-class Matter

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, Editor GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Ass't Editor

A Word From the Publishers

To School Teachers

We have a plan whereby, with a little work on the part of teacher and pupils, the school room can be equipped with a fine library of standard cloth bound books. The list to select from numbers 1,543 books, and comprises The Poets, Young America Library for Boys, Selected Books for Girls, Library Edition of Eminent Authors, The Cambridge Classics, Young People's Library, etc., etc. For full particulars, address

School Library Department, The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Renewals Should be Prompt

A prompt renewal of your subscription, if it expires this month, ensures your receiving our handsome New Year's number and a copy of Mr. Albright's great picture for boys, entitled "On the Village Green," the size of which is 11 x 15 inches. You will want to follow the fortunes of the Three Yankee Boys in Ireland and Kirk Munroe's "Heathen Chinese."

Our Christmas Number

Our readers will note several unusual features this month. First, our cover is from a photograph of a clay model made specially for us. How do you like it? Second, our pages have been enlarged to admit of the increased demand for space on the part of advertisers. Third, we have added four additional pages, making thirty six in all. You noticed that we did this last month. The four extra pages are a gift to our subscribers. Fourth, our great story by Kirk Munroe starts this month. To write this and another story which we shall start next summer, Mr. Munroe made a trip around the earth. Fifth, the advertising columns drop with fatness, thus cheering the hearts of the publishers and ensuring a better and better paper for the reader. Something else has happened this month. This number is printed on a new Hoe Perfecting Magazine Press, brought to Detroit especially to accommodate the demands of our wonderful growth. We shall tell you something next month about this big press and give you a picture of it as it stands, printing and folding and delivering, ready to be mailed, 3,000 copies of THE AMERICAN BOY every hour.

Next Month

Here are some of the good things for next month's number of THE AMERICAN BOY: "The Three Boys in Ireland" visit Queenstown, Cork and Blarney Castle; Kirk Munroe's "Chinese Boy" gets into trouble before an American judge; third paper on "How to Become Strong;" "Britain's Boy Soldiers;" "Archie Roosevelt as a Sailor Lad;" "My First Steeple Chase;" "Young Art Students;" "Boy Firemen;" "The Cheyenne Attack;" "Arty's Guardian;" "Boy Drummers and Buglers;" "Sons of Fighting Sires;" "The Mysterious 'Grizzly!'" scores of lively pictures and short items; all the usual departments full to overflowing.

USEFUL AND "BIG VALUE"

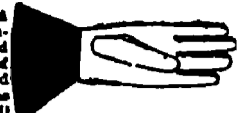
REGULATION HALTERS

Are made up from Heavy Oak Tanned Black Harness Leather, all of which had passed U. S. Army inspection, consequently exceptionally strong. Good Value at \$1.00 each, but as a SPECIAL DRIVE, we offer them at 50 cents each or 6 for \$2.50. Sample by mail 25 cents extra.

50 Cents Each



FEW T. S. ARMY GAITHERS, A desirable Holiday Present. Regulation Gloves as used by officers and cavalry of the U. S. ARMY, made of selected buckskin and leather lined at wrist. Specially designed as Riding or Driving gloves, but well adapted for all outdoor exercises where gloves may be used and where good service is required. Cost U. S. government \$2.00 per pair. Our special price, \$1.00 per pair. If by registered mail, 20 cents additional.

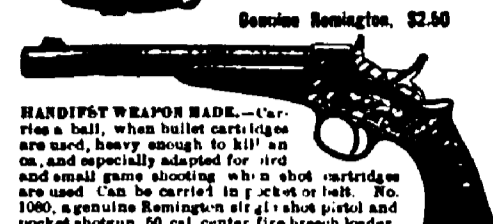


WAR RELICS and souvenirs. Artistic Beautifiers of Home, Club or Den. Send 2 cent stamp for special 48 page booklet of these goods.

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A most necessary article for Hunting, Riding and Wet or Rough Weather affords Big Comfort at Little Cost. No. 11—Knee Legging, made from extra heavy brown canvas, extra well stitched and reinforced. Laced sides, per pair 90 cents. Sample pair by registered mail 25 cents additional.



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HANDIEST WEAPON MADE.—Carries a ball, when bullet cartridges are used, heavy enough to kill an ox, and especially adapted for bird and small game shooting when shot cartridges are used. Can be carried in pocket or belt. No. 1000, a genuine Remington air shot pistol and pocket shotgun, 50 cal center fire breach loader, 1-in. barrel, 2 1/2 lbs., cost U. S. government \$10.00. Our special price, \$4.50, if by reg. mail, 50c extra.

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HAMILTON TAKE DOWN RIFLE, \$2.00. Our winter woods are full of sport for the happy owner of a HAMILTON RIFLE and intending buyers of Christmas presents should head their lists with a "Hamilton." Every member of the family (except the baby) can enjoy using this ideal weapon and will highly appreciate it as a Christmas gift. It is light and strong, shoots long and short 22-caliber cartridges and has automatic ball ejector. For small game and target practice it is absolutely unrivaled. Price \$2.00. Our No. 15 Model, with a four inch shorter barrel, is practically the same weapon reduced to boy's size, price \$1.50. Ask your dealer to show you Hamilton Rifles. If he cannot, we will deliver rifle for same by express on receipt of price. Illustrated folder—FREE. THE HAMILTON RIFLE CO., Box 10, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

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A GREAT Picture FOR YOU

IF YOUR AMERICAN BOY subscription has run out or runs out this month, and you do not renew it, you will miss the handsomely illustrated

New Year's Number. If you renew promptly, we will send you free of charge a half-tone reproduction, suitable for framing, of the great painting by A. E. Albright, the most famous painter of American boy subjects, entitled: "On the Village Green"; size of picture, 11 x 15 inches. The original of this picture sold for hundreds of dollars. The picture will be ready for delivery January 1st. Don't fail to renew promptly. You will want to follow "The Three Yankee Boys in Ireland," and forthcoming chapters of Kirk Munroe's new story, "The Blue Dragon," which started last month. ADDRESS Sprague Publishing Company Detroit, Mich.



American Boy Lyceum.

Address all communications for this department, Editor of Lyceum, care THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

The editor will be glad to make this department a means of communication between those interested in debating and in declamation. Reports of Debating Society meetings, school and college debates, prize-speaking contests and pictures of clubs or members, are desired. Personal answers cannot be given, but the editor will answer questions and meet your needs so far as space and the general plan of this department will allow.

A prize of a book of selections, listed at \$1.25, will be given to the one sending the best selection suitable for a prize-speaking contest, taken from a recent oration. Selections, with name and address of sender must be received not later than December 20th. A similar prize will be awarded during each of the months of January, February and March. Freshness, unity, virility, interest, action, style, will be important points in favor of a selection.

THE GREATEST "LYCEUM."

The assembling of Congress at Washington calls attention anew to the greatest "Lyceum" in the world, and arouses in the ambitious American boy a desire to make a success of his work. For may not his success in his small Lyceum Club lead at last to the House of Representatives? To some who have "infinite capacity for labor" it doubtlessly will. And to all who try to do something it will be worth while. A larger measure of living and a greater success somewhere comes to him who heroically does his best.

HOW TO BEGIN

When a subject for debate in which you are interested has been selected, seek to give your attitude toward it in a single sentence. This may be called the rhetorical proposition. This single clear-cut sentence should be in your mind constantly. All facts, evidence, incidents, arguments must have a bearing upon it. If you were discussing the question of Co-education, you could lay down the rhetorical proposition: "I propose to show that co-education is undesirable from an intellectual, social and moral standpoint." From this beginning, go out in all directions for material to prove it, and reject everything which does not contribute to the proof.

THE OUTLINE

For securing system and value to the work the outline is necessary. If the question for discussion is that of the canal: "Resolved, That the United States should proceed at once to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal," you might think of some reasons and give them a logical arrangement, without any special study. It might shape itself as follows:

1. The canal is necessary.
 - (a) From a commercial view.
 - (b) From a naval view.
2. It is possible.
 - (a) From the standpoint of engineering.
 - (b) Its cost is within our range.
 - (c) It would leave a profit on the investment.
 - (d) No other way is now feasible.
3. Construction must be by the United States.
 - (a) The Monroe Doctrine would prevent any foreign nation.
 - (b) Our interests are paramount.
 - (c) But it would benefit the world, and be in keeping with the policy of the United States.

THE DEVELOPMENT

This outline expresses the best view of the subject, which one debater had at the beginning of his work. It grew, and was modified as he read and studied the subject more and more. But even when crude, an outline helps to hold one's thought steady. It is the scientific method, and the debater goes forward with the pleasure of a discoverer. He should, however, have an "open mind." He should not try to prove anything, right or wrong, but should try to find the truth. This often requires him to "suspend judgment" until he has investigated the points at issue.

REFERENCES

On some questions there is more material than you can read, so that skill in selecting your reading will be of importance. Begin with dictionary and encyclopedia for the most general and comprehensive view of the question. Consult Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature," and for the latest references, the "Cumulative Index," while for any question which is being discussed in current magazines the best weeklies are "Literary Digest," "Public Opinion," "Outlook" and "Nation." The monthlies of most value for political or social questions are the "Arena," "McClure," "Review of Reviews" and "World's Work." AN HOUR'S WORK IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

References—"The Nicaragua Canal," Pub. by Nicaragua Canal Co., 1891. "No. Am. Rev.," Feb., 1893; "Forum," Feb., 1894. National control—"Public Opinion," Dec. 31, 1892; Monroe Doctrine—"Nation," vol. 52, p. 125.

NOTES

"The Suez Canal is a source of revenue to England, but more tonnage passes through the little byway on Lake Superior, Sault Ste. Marie, in six months, than through Suez in a year."
 "This canal would open up a new commerce to our people. It would increase our commerce in the varied productions of the Pacific States, Central America, Mexico, Western So. Am., the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Australia and the East Indies."

"Since 1885 about \$4,000,000,000 worth of cotton has been exported from the United States, largely to England, where it is manufactured for distribution all over the world. Great Britain has 100,000,000 spindles; the United States 60,000,000. China in 1890 imported \$60,000,000 worth of cotton goods, only \$5,000,000 worth from the United States. In 1898 we furnished only \$7,000,000 of China's cotton trade. With the Nicaragua Canal in operation the United States could manufacture and furnish cotton goods to China and Japan cheaper than any other country."

DIGESTING THE MATERIAL

After extensive reading and note-taking, the real work of the debater begins. He must sift and sort, reject and group. Let him not forget his rhetorical proposition. That clear-cut sentence must determine what shall be saved and what rejected. But thorough knowledge of the subject and clear, connected, thinking will enable one to use effectively historical or poetical allusions, and an array of facts and arguments which to a less skillful debater would seem useless material.

SUBJECTS FOR DEBATES

The following list of subjects for the debates have been announced at Bowdoin College: "Resolved, That Canada ought to be annexed to the United States."

"Resolved, That the great industrial combinations known as trusts are likely to prove of benefit to the wage earner."

"Resolved, That the Federal Government should enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments so as to secure Negro suffrage."

"Resolved, That the United States would be justified in regarding the peaceable cession of St. Thomas by Denmark to Germany as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine and a cause for war with Germany."

"Resolved, That in municipal elections in the United States there ought to be a moderate property qualification for suffrage."

"Resolved, That in the Webster-Hayne debate Webster's view of the constitution was historically more correct than that of Hayne."

The Art of Eloquence.

Every American youth, if he desires for any purpose, to get influence over his countrymen in an honorable way, will like to become a good public speaker. That power is essential to success at the bar, or in the pulpit, and almost indispensable to success in public life. The rare men who have succeeded without it are the men who value it most.

The eye and the voice are the only natural avenues by which one human soul can enter into and subdue another. When every other faculty of an orator is acquired it sometimes almost seems as if voice were nine-tenths and everything else but one-tenth of the consummate orator. There are exceptions, of which Charles James Fox, the most famous debater that ever lived, is the most renowned. But it is impossible to overrate the importance to the orator's purpose of that matchless instrument, the human voice. In managing the voice, the best tone and manner for public speaking are commonly those which the speaker falls into naturally when he is engaged in earnest conversation. Suppose you are sitting about a table with a dozen friends, and some subject is started in which you are deeply interested. You engage in an earnest and serious dialogue with one of them at the other end of the table. You are perfectly at ease. You forget yourself, you do not care in the least for your manner or tone of voice, but only for your thought. The tone you adopt then will ordinarily be the best tone for you in public speaking. You can, however, learn from teachers or friendly critics to avoid any harsh or disagreeable fashion of speech that you may have fallen into and that may be habitual to you in private conversation.

Next, never strain your vocal organs by attempting to fill spaces which are too large for you. Speak as loudly and distinctly as you can do easily, and let the more distant portions of your audience go. You will find in that way, very soon, that your voice will increase in compass and power, and you will do better than by a habit of straining the voice beyond its natural capacity. Be careful to avoid falsetto, either in tone or style. Shun imitating the tricks of speech of other orators even of those most famous and successful. These may do for them, but not for you.

Never make a gesture for the sake of making one. I believe that most of the successful speakers whom I know would find it hard to tell you whether they themselves make gestures or not, they are so absolutely unconscious in the matter. But with gestures as with the voice, get teachers or friendly critics to point out to you any bad habit you may fall into. I think it would be well if our young public speakers, especially preachers, would have competent instructors and critics among their auditors, after they enter their profession, to give them the benefit of such observation and counsel as may be suggested in that way.—GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, in Success.

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